

PHONY
MAGAZINE



New Year New Me

Jan 2024

2024

Grubhub Wrapped	Staying Up Late, Turning a New Date	Fitness Plan Ad
1 2 ③ 4 5 6	1 2 3	1 2
7 8 9 10 11 12 13	④ ⑤ 6 7 8 9 10	3 4 5 ⑥ 7 8 9
14 15 16 17 18 19 20	11 12 13 14 15 16 17	10 11 12 13 14 15 16
21 22 23 24 25 26 27	18 19 20 21 22 23 24	17 18 19 20 21 22 23
28 29 30 31	25 26 27 28 29	24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

New Year, New Mascot	The Como Man	New Year, New Art
1 2 3 4 5 6	1 2 3 4	1
⑦ 8 9 10 11 12 13	5 6 7 ⑧ 9 10 11	2 3 4 5 6 7 8
14 15 16 17 18 19 20	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	⑨ 10 11 12 13 14 15
21 22 23 24 25 26 27	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	16 17 18 19 20 21 22
28 29 30 31	26 27 28 29 30 31	23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

Patrick Bateman is a Teenage Boy	Skin Peel Blog	Welcome to the Spring Semester
1 2 3 4 5 6	1 2 3	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
7 8 9 ⑩ 11 12 13	4 5 6 7 8 9 10	8 9 10 11 ⑫ 13 14
14 15 16 17 18 19 20	⑪ 12 13 14 15 16 17	15 16 17 18 19 20 21
21 22 23 24 25 26 27	18 19 20 21 22 23 24	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
28 29 30 31	25 26 27 28 29 30 31	29 30

New Years Resolution	Fresh + Tips	New Years With a CW + Heroine	Kitty + AI	yaoi + 2024 Bingo
1 2 3 4 5		1 2	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	
6 7 8 9 10 11 12		3 4 5 6 7 8 9	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	
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27 28 29 30 31		24 25 26 27 28 29 30	29 30 31	

PHONY'S GRUBHUB WRAPPED



In 2023, you had an order streak of 27 days!
Your dedication is inspiring.

On September 11... You ordered 9 quarts of fresh lamb's blood!

That's 427% more than the average user.
We hope you enjoyed it!

Your top five restaurants of 2023:

1. Breezebub's Bar & Grill
2. Arcan's Organic Butchery & Co.
3. Flavortown Kitchen
4. 7-eleven
5. Burger King

You must have been hungry because you ordered

"Side of pickled kid's hoof"

336 times this year!



Staying Up Late, Turning a New Date

What follows is my account of New Years, sealed and mechanically timestamped, to be opened and read only by my brother, Isaac.

Ever since last year's debacle, my one and only New Year's resolution has been to stay up until midnight this year and see the ball drop with my own eyes. For an entire year I have been biding my time; training, collecting gear, amassing supplies. Some of my practice runs have reached as close as ten minutes to midnight. Although I have yet to break through, this only makes tonight's inevitable victory all the better to savor.

[12.31.23 07:57:42 pm] 95 BPM

My choice of venue is deliberate. My friend Decklan's New Year party. He's solid and will keep me distracted the whole night. It'll be nothing from here but carbs and NBA 2K. The hours will fly by.

[12.31.23 08:43:23 pm] 110 BPM

Journaling from the bathroom. My first five hour energy of the night has been drunk. No tiredness. Things are picking up. The main rival to my plan is Decklan himself, who has been plying me with alcohol since I got here. Out of politeness I have downed the two beers he put in my hand, but depressants will slow me down.

[12.31.23 09:45:02 pm] 109 BPM

I am rapidly losing control of the situation.

[12.31.23 09:57:04 pm] 132 BPM

In a desperate bid to counteract the liquor, I downed the rest of my caffeine stash. Unfortunately, it did not have time to reach my circulatory system, as the crab nachos disagreed with my stomach and I vomited on the back of a woman's denim jacket. She would have been none the wiser if I hadn't attempted to pick out intact pills stuck to the fabric.

I looked like a chode in front of everyone. But what's worse, the fatigue that's overcoming me now continues unabated.

[12.31.23 10:28:32 pm] 156 BPM

My heart rate continues to climb. With every pulse, I can feel the pressure of my blood reflecting off of my bones. The summit has never seemed so far off. I'm going to plant myself near the group of indie men who just arrived. Maybe they can keep me entertained.

[12.31.23 11:17:32 pm] 167 BPM BLOOD PRESSURE: LOW

I think I have been roofied.

[01.01.24 12:03:46 am] 72 BPM

[Go-Pro frame capture] - We see that one of the party-goers has taken the protagonist's data-recording go-pro from his chest harness, and is posed with him on a sofa recliner passed out. In the background a small crowd is gathered around a TV in the living room as the ball drops. There are dicks drawn all over our narrator's face.

FITNESS PLAN

Hey, you!

Yeah, you!

Are you unfit and sad and lazy?

Do you want to lift, bro, but you're too weak to?

Do you want to improve yourself to be strong and healthy?

Say no more! Just follow these steps, and you'll be stronger by the millisecond!

- Walk for 13 seconds
- Eat 33 raw eggs
- Attempt to do a pushup, but fail
- Do 1 and a half sit-ups
- Lift π pounds
- Drop your car keys and do a squat to pick them up
- Throw an egg at the wall, then lick it off the wall like the dirty dog you are
- Take a dry ice bath
- Do some chair dips on a swivel chair

Now that you have completed these state-of-the art steps, now is the time to reward yourself by eating an entire cake (your favorite flavor). Calorie intake is very important, after all!

Repeating these steps every day (including cake consumption) will give you a beach body by January 12th, or your money back!*

Happy grinding!

*Your money will not actually be back if you do not have a beach body by January 12th.



REHAB
WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE A
FRESH
START

NEW
YEAR,
NEW
MASCOT



The Como Man

The Como Man is an elusive creature, shrouded in mystery. For years I have stalked him, as a predator may be drawn to its prey. Though difficult to capture in a monogamous arrangement, the Como Man can be encouraged to engage with the promise of a mother's love, or a strong IPA in a tall glass.

They are ordinarily found within the confines of 27th avenue to the east and 12th avenue to the west past Van Cleve Park. Marcy Holmes is for sexy theys only. The majority of their sustenance can be found within local smoke shops- but they still must venture from their habitations for food- offering me an opening for my research. Typically for an encounter, they can be spotted in local basements in the cool wet corners, or within the neon-dappled corners of Como Tap.

When I first began watching the elusive Como Man, I brought him out back for the promise of a Marlboro Red on New Years Eve. A dramatic night for an equally dramatic fellow. A silence hung in the air as he scanned to the left and right for possible spectators. The Como Man has an alertness that may appear at times offputting, but for the species it is a form of survival. Past hookups could appear at any time. Or his stupid crazy bitch of an ex-girlfriend Chloe.

In the nature of scientific inquiry and not at all because I am inexplicably attracted to men that are cold like my parents, I invited him back into my home. Though he was frightened by the appearance of neatly washed bed sheets, I comforted him with the possibility of sex with no strings attached. After receiving the middest sandpapery head of my life, I showed him the exit.

I continued to view his spotify playlists and instagram stories with an eagle eye, watching his every move. Within a few weeks however, he had to follow his nature. "I really need to grow on my own, and um, I just can't really be tied down by a relationship right now. I need to focus on my poetry. But hey, can I play you a song before I go? I wrote you something to remember me by. I mean if you wanna hook up again or something hit me up, but don't get too attached or anything."

Yet another example of the mysticism of this strange creature.

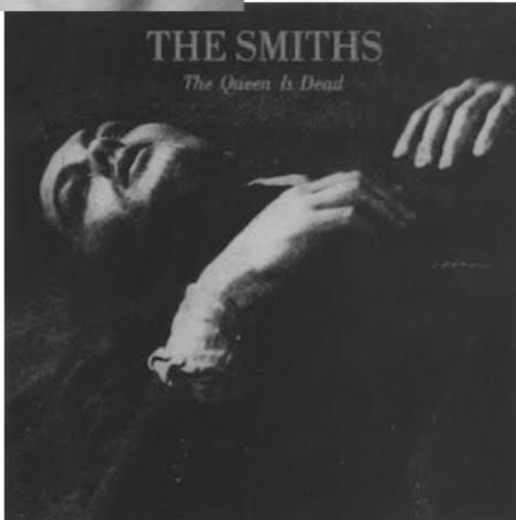
I'M NOT
CRAZY,
YOU'RE
CRAZY!



thing 1 of 2 noun

gas-ly-ting -ti-

gical manipulation of a person usually
s the victim to question the validity of
memories and typically leads to confus
ncertainty of one's emotional or menta
yr





NEW YEAR, NEW ME (NTAL ILLNESS)



NEW YEAR, NEW ME



MAYBE I'LL... READ A BOOK?

NEW YEAR NEW ME



Hello, my sweet Oranges!

Another year has passed. And just like that (you get the reference? wink wink :)) we are finally in 2024! I am so excited to see what this year of our Lord will hold for myself, my husband, and our baby boys, Bartholomew and Anous.

To ring the new year in, as I have posted about before, I like to get a fresh new start. I know that many other mommies like me like to participate in a tradition called Peeling!

The process actually already started a few weeks back when my eyelid skins peeled off. My husband did tell me off for leaving them on the bathroom sink, but I think it's a good representation of the experience of women nowadays. This brings me back to the time I accidentally left a tampon out on the counter- oops! It was such a relief to finally get that skin off-it always starts to get in my eyes once the end of the year approaches. Now I can finally see the faces of my beautiful boys! Reminds me of what I'm thankful for.

Over the few weeks before the new year of our Lord, I normally start to shed in little pieces. My husband leaves the bathroom when I do this because it peels off in sheets, and he thinks it's gross. I like to keep these sheets in an old tampon box under the sink for later. Lastly, on New Year's Eve, I excused myself from our annual showing of *The Devil Wears Prada* to go through the final phase of shedding. Just like our ancestors, I climbed into the bathtub and vibrated like a Hitachi until the rest of my skin separated from me and I was able to slide out smoothly.

This year, I am so happy to announce that I actually have blonde hair! Now I can return to getting lash extensions instead of my regular trips to the salon to have my hair bleached.

Then, I was finally able to get the sheets of skin out of the box under the sink and eat them!! I like to roll them up like fruit rollups and chow down. It is my favorite thing to do every time I shed my skin; the taste is new every year. 2023's skin tastes like cherry pie, my favorite. If you want a good recipe, I actually have a family recipe posted here. After finishing off my skin, I unhinged my jaw and licked myself clean of the rest of the skin and my slime coat (super yum!). Then I put my clothes back on, checked my new skin in the mirror, and left the bathroom to get back to my favorite boys.

I returned to the living room just to see my favorite character becoming the boss woman that she is, as she throws her phone in the fountain. A very inspiring reminder to the modern woman that we are better than capitalism!

Thankfully, my husband didn't notice the change in my features. My baby boys asked me why I was so slimy, and I told them that I had taken a shower (and then excused myself to go into the kitchen to lick myself off the rest of the way) and that everything was going to be okay. Mommy needed a little pick-me-up.

I hope you all had a good experience this year shedding your skin, my Oranges! And I hope you all had good-tasting skin. I know I did!

xoxo,

Shelby

Patrick Bateman is a Teenage Boy

I live in the laundry room of my parents' house, because they won't let me keep the Xbox in my bedroom. My name is Patrick Bateman. I'm 16 years old. My parents believe I should be taking care of myself, through a balanced diet and a rigorous exercise routine. I believe that my frosted mint candy crunch Elf Bar is DYING. I need to call every single one of my friends above the age of 18, and through networking and sheer genius, make a business deal for another vape. Donald Trump and Jeff Bezos have nothing on me. In the morning, if my eyes are a little red, I don't worry. That's how they look all the time. I apply Dollar General eye drops, and my mom still keeps asking if I'm stoned! She has no idea. I'll hit my vape while I watch epic snowmobile trick compilations on youtube.com and do push-ups. I can do three now. After I finish my push-ups, I realize my vape is DEAD. FUCK!! I NEED TO GO SIT IN THE PARKING LOT OF THE VAPE SHOP UNTIL SOMEONE OVER 18 SHOWS UP IMMEDIATELY. In the shower I use Head and Shoulders 8-in-1, and literally nothing on my face. Then I skip every other part of my routine, because I'm running 10 minutes late for school. I always make sure to get up 30 minutes after my alarm, and then when I don't have time to eat leftover pizza for breakfast, I yell at my mother for thirty minutes.

How could that woman not realize that breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Then I get in my shitbox car and head off to school at speeds that endanger human life. There is an idea of a Patrick Bateman. Some kind of abstraction. But there is no real me. Only an entity. Something illusory. And though I can hide my cold gaze, and you can shake my hand and feel flesh gripping yours, and maybe you can even sense our lifestyles are probably comparable, I simply am not there.





Greetings Students, and Welcome back to campus!

Here at the University of Minnesota, we care about your mental health, which is why: sink or swim. Deal with it. Breaks? Who needs breaks? Who cares if our other campuses get more breaks than you? Oh, you need to take two years of a language and multiple required classes that have nothing to do with your major? Boo-fucking-hoo. You're going to grind and grind until you keel over and die, and then you're going to get back up again because you need this degree. You're going to work this pathetic minimum wage food service job with no benefits because you don't even deserve a union. You are our slave. You're only worth what you pay us. You will go to class and go to work and do your homework and go to bed for 15 weeks straight and you will look back and say it was the best time of your life. You will feel nothing but rage against this hell of a school system, yet you will keep paying your tuition like the dog you are. And you can't do that if you can't get out of bed, so here are some mental health resources to help you power through the semester:

- “Fade to Black” by Metallica
- The RecWell. Everyone is staring at you
- Take a nine hour nap
- Drink even more caffeine
- Get plenty of sunlight. Just kidding, it's winter in Minnesota
- Stretch out on the quad. Just kidding again, it's going to snow until May
- Phone

There, we gave you a list of things that temporarily fix an issue without actually addressing what causes the issue in the first place. Trust us, we care about you. We just don't care enough to actually help you.

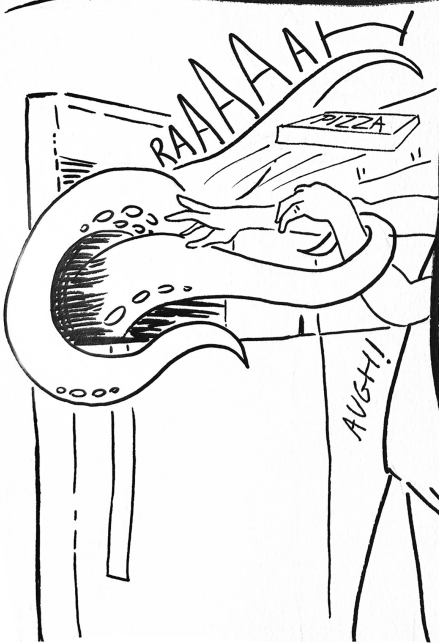
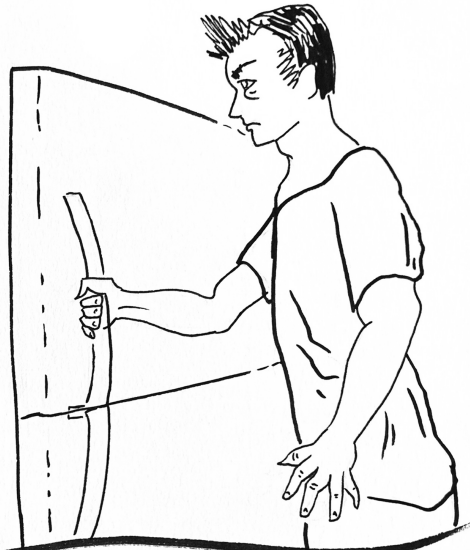
Sincerely,

The Higher Ups

“I'll just keep moving forward.”

– Eren Yeager





Fresh Tips for your Annual New Year's Soiree



1. Pretty women should never laugh.
2. Sleep standing up so blood doesn't pool under your skin.
3. Do not sweat. Hold it in like an adult.
4. Women don't poop. You are going to the little girls' room.
5. Remain unmoving for at least one third of your life.
6. Remove your uterus.
7. Travel on a forged visa to Colombia and have your blood vessels injected with glitter for a true inner sparkle. Also a BBL. Also a tummy tuck. Also a boob job. Also a liposuction. Also a rhinoplasty. Also you need your jaw and cheekbones shaved. In fact why do you even have a mouth? Too many wrinkles. Too much talking. What if we injected some fat from your cankles into your tits?
Enjoy time with family and friends! You glow girl!

New Year's Eve With A CW Heroine

She's sitting on the floor of her 5 million dollar apartment in some New York type city, the one that all of her friends make fun of her for, because this apartment is obviously for gross poor people because it only has three Rolexes sitting on the counter and no in-unit laundry.

She can't compete with them anyway. After all, this apartment is the only one she could afford after working in a coffee shop for a whole two days. She's calling her mother, and inexplicably crying, as every relatable young girl does when speaking to their mother, but her hair and makeup are still perfect. Her nose isn't all snotty and snorty like some ugly dog-faced other-girl. No. She cries like the bad-bitch, girl boss, unemployed hottie that she is.

One of her three interchangeable boyfriends just broke up with her, and she thinks she might be in love with her best friend's uncle, who's a little weird but maybe charming through a really specific lens, so that's super cool and any one of you 14 year old girls from who-fucking-cares-give-us-your-money can obviously relate to her.

Her mom tells her to suck that shit up like the good little catholic she is and talk to God about it, cause she doesn't give a rat's ass in the grass about these problems. You see, her mom grew up in the south and is kind of a hardass, bad bitch, which probably sucked. But hey, at least the indomitable sassy slime beast llama that was terrorizing her weird fucking friend group, full of people who still say 'yas', wear bad graphic tshirts, and never really fit in before finding each other, was finally defeated.

Now they only have to worry about those goddamn aliens who want to farm her nice guy best friend's reproductive organs so they can repopulate their planet with a softer model, but that seems less pressing in the face of her mother.

See, she's not even sure if she believes in God anymore, what with all the llamas and aliens and shit. If God was real, she thinks he must be a huge fucking bitch, but she guesses he does get along real well with her mother.

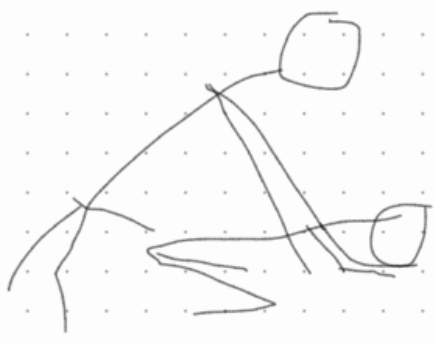
There's fireworks somewhere, somehow, in the midst of all this chaos. And her mom is asking her if she's eaten any dinner, well she picks at her 20 bazillion dollar rug that happened to come furnished with the apartment. Does life ever really change— or is it just cycles of the same alien-farming shit, broken love lives, over and over again?



Me if you even care.

****This image is AI generated.
Innovation is irreversible and the
rich will benefit. The wheel of time
spins forever onward and you will
be crushed under its weight.**

11:41



Harper She/They 03/13/2024 11:42 PM

this is my first official piece for phony magazine

2024

2nd Gay Sex tape hits the Senate floor	Mississippi River turns to blood	Golden Gopher kills YOU on May 9th, 2:21 AM CDT	Alex Jones makes first contact w/ aliens	Lice and/or gnats
Death of Firstborn Son	France Vanishes	Elon Musk exploded by Cybertruck	Jesus comes back just to dissolve the Catholic Church	OT Simpson fucking DIES
Boils	meteor kills Joe Biden	FREE SPACE	Mitch McConnell raptured during Solar eclipse	Thunderstorms of Hail and Fire
3 Days of Darkness	Swarm of Locusts	3rd Impact	Wild animals and flies attack	Every single chain coffee shop explodes all at once
"Mayor" Frey Infidelity Scandal	Portland, OR is revealed as a PsyOp	Pestilence of livestock	Queen comes back and dies again	Frogs

BINGO

What's your New Years resolution?

