

PHONY
MAGAZINE

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new!
PHRONTIER



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PIXAR
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DYSTOPIA

WANTED



Condition: Dead

**Reward: Three Dining
Dollars**

Mitchell Corn Palace

Unique in the world

It sits in Mitchell

Its metal leaves unfurled

In a Western vigil

Its kernels and murals

Win highway referrals

It pays a stunning tribute

To golden seas of grain

And those who follow this route

Have no need to complain

South Dakota is less prosaic

When they see its bold mosaics

With rustic minarets

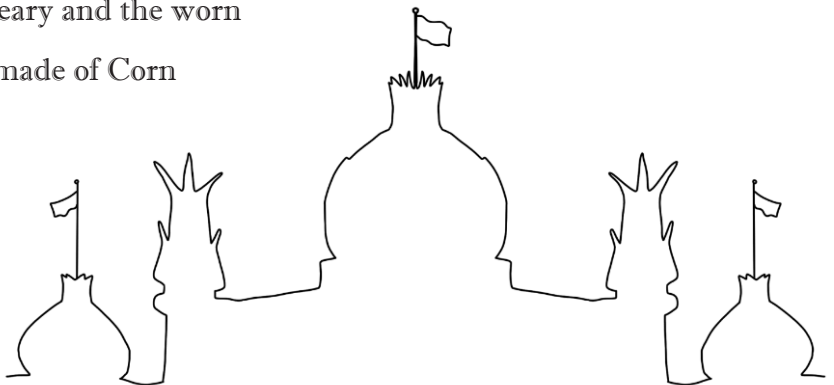
That grow into the sky

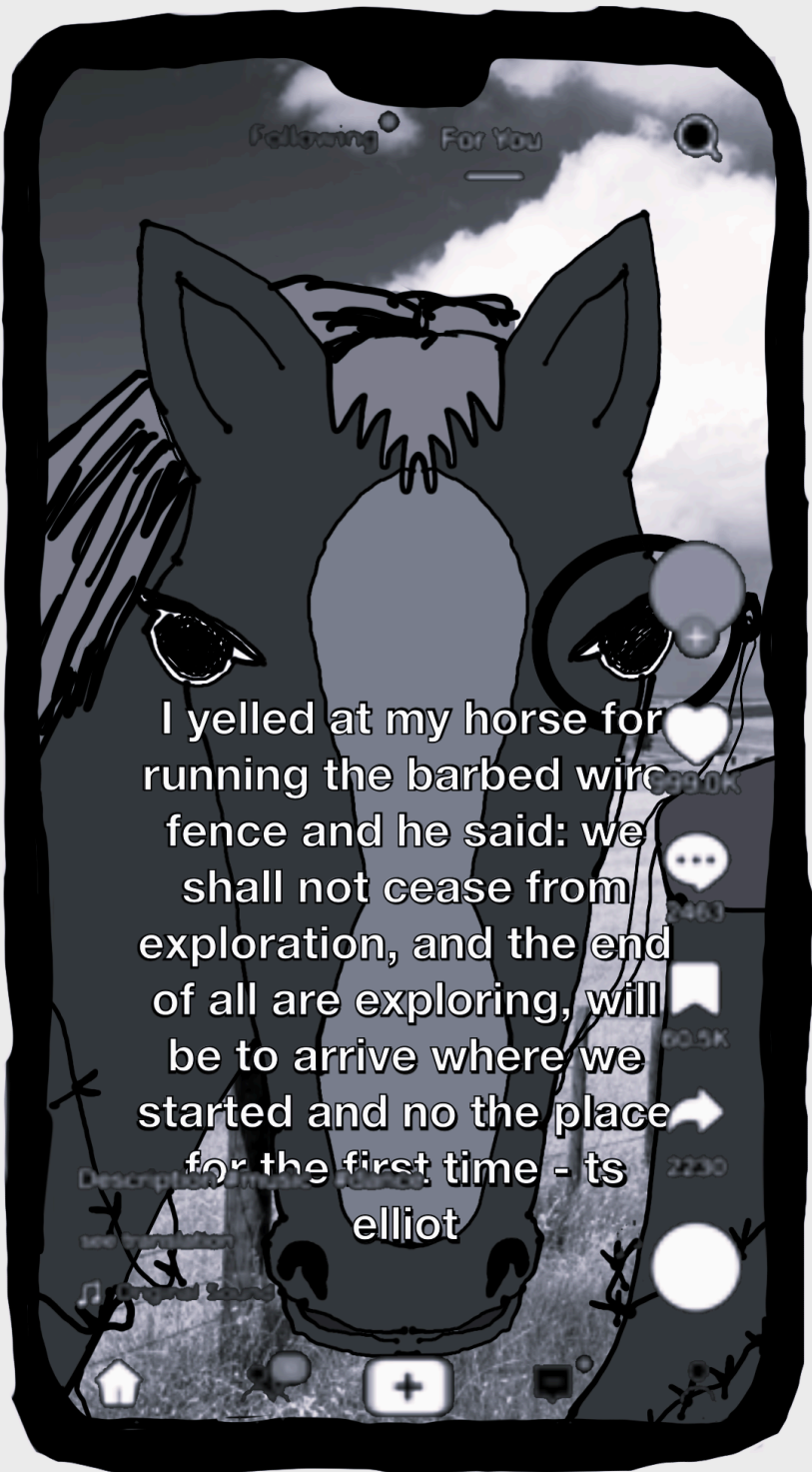
Consumerist mindset

Of happy families passing by

For the weary and the worn

A Palace made of Corn





I yelled at my horse for running the barbed wire fence and he said: we shall not cease from exploration, and the end of all are exploring, will be to arrive where we started and no the place for the first time - ts Elliot

Mimi's Mommy Blog

8/11/2023

After a rough month of taking care of my darling boys on my own while my husband was away on business (to Las Vegas!) I decided we needed a break away from my safe and beautiful Eden Prairie home and decided to plan a family road trip to Mount Rushmore! My wonderful boys can learn about their culture and history (here's a family secret: my great-great-great-grandmother had a little rendezvous with a young Teddy Roosevelt before she married her husband and was blessed with children soon after... shhh doesn't tell anyone!). A road trip would also be a great way to get some family bonding in as my precious boys aren't the most manageable when we're out in public; we gotta keep 'em on a short leash (literally! They like to scamper away into the wilds the moment we step out of the house; I wish I was joking - haha!).

So this past week, we set off on a road trip out west, or towards a new frontier for our family, you could say. It was rocky at first. My attempts to instill camaraderie in our humble little Ford Bronco SUV with fun car jams and fun games of eye-spy-with-my-little-eye and fun snacks were falling short (I bet my baby boys just needed a little nap, maybe my husband too - hah!). He was glued to his phone most of the time, even while driving, constantly texting someone named "Domino's Pizza Delivery." While it seemed unsafe for him to be distracted while driving, we were only going gomp on the freeway which was much slower (and therefore safer!) than he usually tended to drive when we were in the car. He must have diligently been planning some surprise pizza party or something for our brilliant boys whose $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ birthdays were coming up when we got home (he is so sweet, isn't he? It reminds me of when we began dating in high school; I was a freshman and he was a senior but we instantly clicked and were inseparable all throughout the rest of my high school years. Ah, young love!)

After about 7 hours and 9 stops later, we started seeing signs for something called Wall Drug. I looked it up and thought it might be a nice place to buy my illustrious boys a western souvenir or game that would keep them occupied for the next leg of the trip. My husband was still driving (oh he's so chivalrous, isn't he!), but I had taken away his phone so he could focus more on the road and on us, so when I suggested we stop at Wall Drug for a little breather, he almost drove us off the road trying to get there (hah!).

I have to say, the little town of Wall was so charming! Hubby and I strapped the boys into their leashes and started walking around. I gave my husband his phone back and before I could say sorry for taking it, he said he had to go to the bathroom and rushed off (he was angry with me, and while it saddens my feminine heart to see him so and share it with you all, I feel it's important to show you, my readers, that my life and myself might not always be as perfect as you think it to be, although it is most of the time - haha!). My curious boys were going wild with everything going on in the massive western style store, so I decided I might let them off the leash for a bit to explore untethered. While my gorgeous boys went off into the labyrinth of hallways, I went out to find where the bathroom was to talk to my husband.

Oh wow was it a maze! And there were so many little baubles and knick knacks; it was a struggle to resist buying a wine bottle holder that said "this momma needs some wine!" (how fun is that - ha!). During my search, I eventually ran into my husband who looked like he was almost trying to hide from me. I knew at that moment that he was definitely sorry that he snapped at me. His carefully pressed collared shirt was all wrinkled and his pants were hastily buttoned, with the zipper still down and his face was all flushed and red. I asked what he had gotten into to look so disheveled (he must have really had to go to the bathroom!) and he said he got roped into a cowboy demonstration (how novel is that!) I felt like maybe his anger at me had passed when the overhead speakers said the names of my amazing boys and for their parents to come to the security office (uh oh!).

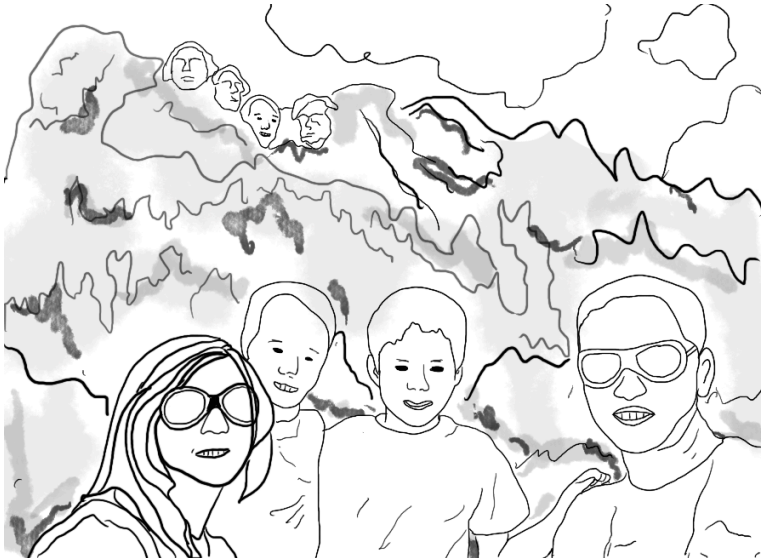
We found my beautiful boys sitting in the security office accompanied by two security guards at a table piled with merchandise. They told me they had found my honest boys stealing items like colorful rocks, pocket knives, shot glasses, and magnets. Apparently they had also been hissing at other children and biting the ankles of the adults that came to admonish them. My momma bird instincts kicked in immediately (oh I couldn't believe they were saying such nasty things about my angelic boys, they would never do those things! Ugh!) I was so mad, I had to give those security officers a piece of my mind (how dare they accuse my children, in this backwater, cheap, filth hole - Ugh! It makes me so mad recalling it to tell you, my dear readers!) When I was done scolding them, I grabbed my immaculate boys and my husband and left Wall Drug as fast as possible before I started clubbing them with my purse (a Michael Kors, I was that mad!).

The rest of the trip was nothing to write home about. We made it to Mount Rushmore and took a family photo (one of my lovely boys looked strangely like the carving of Teddy Roosevelt, isn't that funny?!). On the way home, we stopped by the Badlands National Park which was quite breathtaking.

Overall, despite the ordeal at Wall Drug, this was a successful family trip! I hope you, my dear readers, enjoyed reading about our escapades. If you're looking to follow a similar itinerary, make sure you avoid Wall Drug at any cost, they really have no respect for families (unfortunate but true!). I'll see you in my next blog!

xoxo,

Mimi





Oregon Trail Hotties



we have fifteen miles until the next fort

oscar

Yippee!!

hey we dont have any food

hey we dont have any food

hey we dont have any food

Biancaaa

bessies leg broke again

oscar

Is it the one with the lazy eye?

Biancaaa



stfu.

oscar

Do you think you could shoot some more deer for the next week?



i have dysentery

oscar

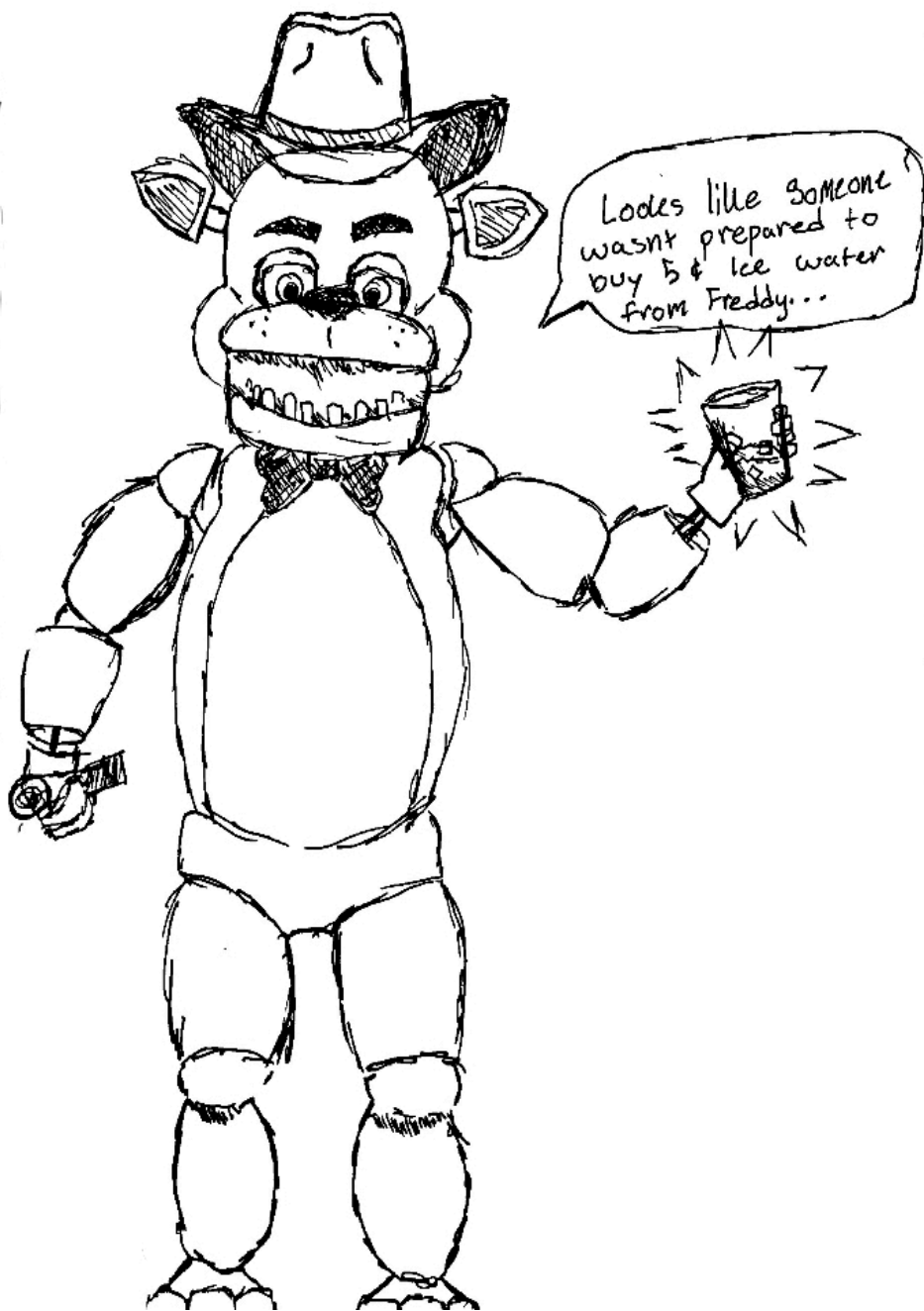
There's a guy who wants to trade a wagon wheel for 20 boxes of ammunition

Biancaaa

are you fucking kidding me

KILL YOURSELF

FIVE NIGHTS AT WALL DRUG



LITERAL SPAGHETTI WESTERN

IN THE RUSTIC TOWN OF SPAGHETTO'S LANDING, TUMBLEWEEDS BLOW THROUGH THE TOWN LIKE DISCARDED PLASTIC BAGS WHILE DUST SCATTERS THROUGH THE DIRT STREETS.

THEN, IN THE EPICENTER OF THE TOWN, STRIDES ONE OF THE MOST LEGENDARY BOUNTY HUNTERS IN THE WEST, HIS DEMEANOR RUGGED WITH SCARS, HIS PONCHO TATTERED FROM ADVENTURE, AND HIS TEMPERAMENT... MERCILESS.

THE ONLY SOUND IS THE WHISTLE OF WIND AND THE SOFT, SLOW STEPS OF THE MAN AS HE SAUNTERS THROUGH THE EMPTY STREET. BUT THEN, IN THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, HE SPOTS THE FAMILIAR SIGHT OF A WANTED POSTER ON A WALL, HIS CALLING CARD.

WITH A MENACING FLOURISH, THE BOUNTY HUNTER WALKS TO THE WANTED POSTER, EXAMINING IT; THE MAN WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE IS A YOUNGER FELLOW, MAYBE 26, WITH A HORRIFIC TRACK RECORD:

CRIMES AGAINST PASTA.

USING AMERICAN CHEESE. NOT SALTING THE PASTA WATER. SNAPPING THE PASTA.

THE BOUNTY HUNTER RIPS THE POSTER OFF THE WALL WITH PASSIONATE FERVOR, HIS BREATHS HEAVY WITH FURY AS HE GLARES AT THE CRIMES.

"NO... NO!" HE GROWLS. FOR HIM, THIS IS AN OUTRAGE, AS HE IS A FULL-HEARTED PASTA CONNOISSEUR. THIS MAN MUST BE PUT TO JUSTICE, THIS-

THE BOUNTY HUNTER READS THE CRIMINAL'S NAME: LINGUINE MORGAN. THIS LINGUINE MORGAN WILL BE PUT TO JUSTICE.

WITH A FUMING HUFF AKIN TO A RAGING BULL, THE BOUNTY HUNTER SETS OFF, A NEW FRONTIER OF JUSTICE ON THE HORIZON. HE TREKS THROUGH THICK AND THIN, BIGOLI AND ANGEL HAIR, NOT NEEDING A HORSE BECAUSE HE'S JUST THAT COOL. THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS OF FARFALLE FALLS ARE NOTHING TO HIM, AND THE STINGING SNOW OF ZITICREEK IS CHILD'S PLAY.

THEN, AT THE BORDER BETWEEN ROTELLE RIDGE AND BARILLA BEND, LIES A DESOLATE, RAMSHACKLE CABIN AT THE EDGE OF A FOREST. FROM THE GOSSIP AND WHISPERS IN THE NEARBY SETTLEMENTS, THIS WAS WHERE LINGUINE WOULD BE FOUND.

THE BOUNTY HUNTER TAKES A DEEP BREATH, BEFORE HE KICKS THE DOOR DOWN AND RUSHES INSIDE THE CABIN, BEHOLDING A DIRTY, GRIMY KITCHEN AREA. HEAPS OF AMERICAN CHEESE-YOU KNOW, THAT SLICED STUFF-LITTER THE COUNTER, ALONG WITH



POWDERED PARMESAN AND OLD, DRY OREGANO. AT THE STOVE, A HALF-EMPTY BOX OF STORE-BOUGHT PASTA SITS NEXT TO A POT OF BOILING, UNSALTED WATER.

LINGUINE HIMSELF STIRS THE SINFUL PASTA, BEFORE HE TURNS HIS HEAD TO THE APPALLED BOUNTY HUNTER AND FLASHES A HORRIFIC, SMUG GRIN.

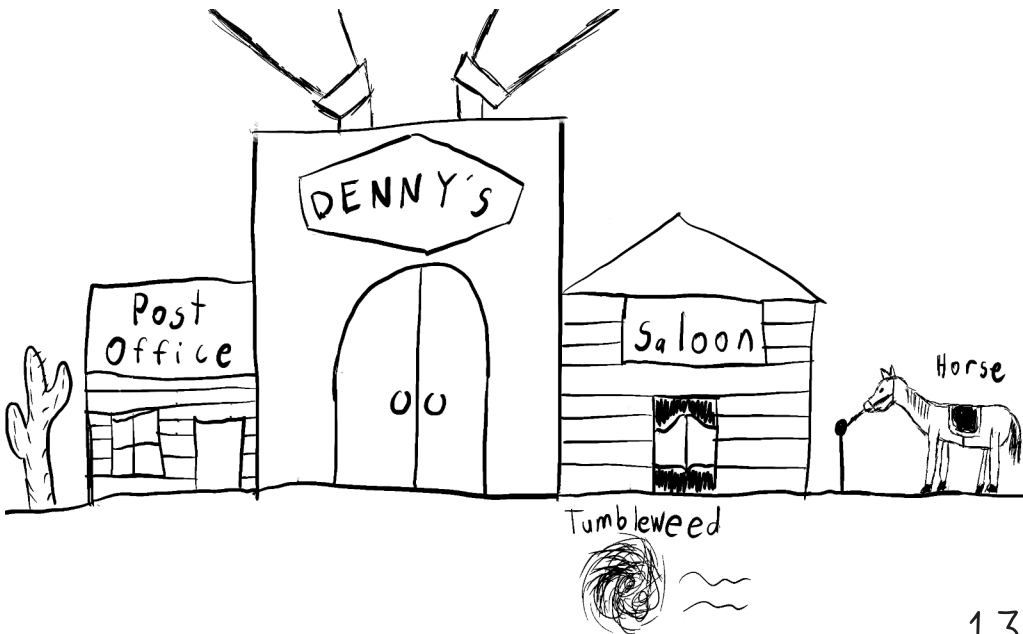
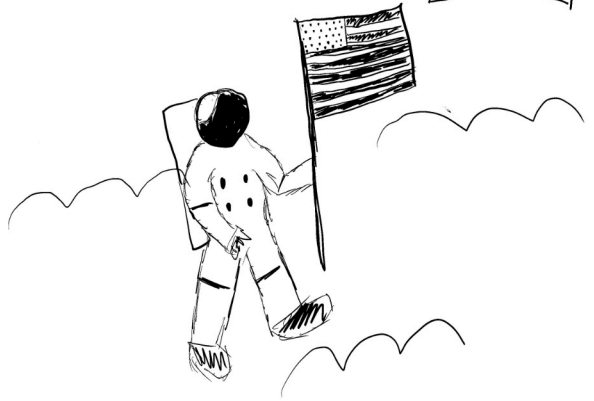
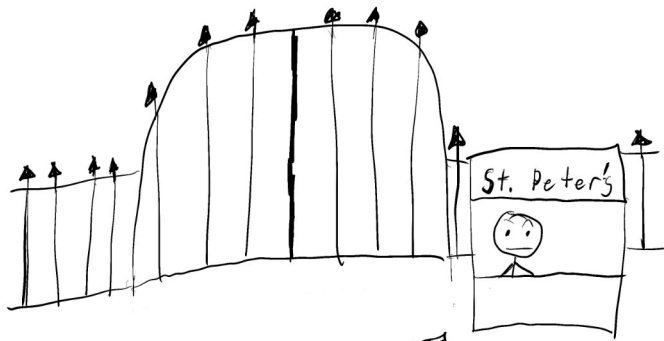
“JUST COOKIN’ MÝ ROTINI,’ HE PURRS. IT’S ACTUALLY RIGATONI. LINGUINE THEN PULLS OUT A HANDFUL OF UNCOOKED SPAGHETTI, BRINGING IT UP TO THE BOUNTY HUNTER’S FACE...

...SNAP. WITH A SOUND LIKE BROKEN BONES, HE BREAKS THE SPAGHETTI IN HALF. THAT’S THE LAST STRAW, OR RATHER, THE LAST SPAGHETTO, AS THE BOUNTY HUNTER HOLDS HIS HEAD IN AN ABSOLUTE, UNBRIDLED RAGE.

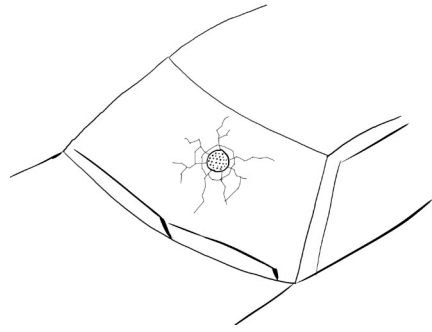
THE BOUNTY HUNTER POUNCES, TACKLING LINGUINE TO THE GROUND. HE SHOUTS AND YELLS IN FURY AS HE REACHES INTO HIS SACHEL, PULLING OUT BEAUTIFULLY COOKED FETTUCCINE. USING THE NOODLES, HE HOGTIES LINGUINE, BEFORE HOISTING HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER AND CARRYING HIM TO WHERE THE LAW WILL DECIDE HIS FATE.

AND WITH THAT... JUSTICE HAS BEEN SERVED.





Sponsored GPS Review



Now, I have never been one to rely on any sort of map, computerised or otherwise, when it comes to finding my way around the metro area. As a midwestern man, I am naturally stubborn and prone to always being right. I either find myself getting exactly where I set out to go, or I convince myself that I was actually meaning to visit Tony's 24-Hour Self-Storage rather than my own uncle's funeral. Unfortunately, there are the odd times when I must humble myself and cave to my weaker senses. This happened the other week when I was forced to look up directions, and it dreads me to say this, using Google Maps. I needed to get from Frenchie's Metal Dump along the river valley in Chanhassen to the parking lot of the Red Lobster in Roseville, which is my favorite parking lot for driving golf balls into car windshields. I typed the address of the parking lot into the app, as one does, and I was to believe that this tactic would end my directional challenge. Boy oh boy could I not have been more wrong!

The first thing to go wrong was the litany of pop-up ads, which appeared every single time I came within five-hundred-feet of an important exit or turn. At first, I was only bombarded with ads for things like DoorDash and Uber. I thought this was an odd choice of targeting given the fact that I was driving MY OWN FUCKING CAR and going to A GODDAMN RESTAURANT Already!

After I understandably sped ninety-miles-per-hour past each exit, hoping to find one which wasn't ad blocked, the app started to get more assertive with its advertising. Instead of popping up ads at critical moments in the directions, my entire route was altered to end up in a different location! At first, it shifted my end point to the McDonald's in Richfield. Lord knows the judge said I can't be within two-hundred-and-fifty-feet of a McDonald's in this state but, apparently, Google didn't get the memo. I blew past that fucker faster than I could blow a 0.15 and keep on my way to my crustaceous finish line.

After a few minutes on 35W, my directions altered AGAIN and I was coaxed into exiting towards the Mcdonald's in Phillips. Once the app caught on that to the fact that I wouldn't be stopping at a McDonald's, the directions completely shut off and my phone began to blast the loudest alarm I had ever heard and proceeded to dial 911. After several tearful minutes pleading with the dispatcher to not force me to violate my parole and let me go to Red Lobster, I was able to get back on the highway towards my seafood savior.

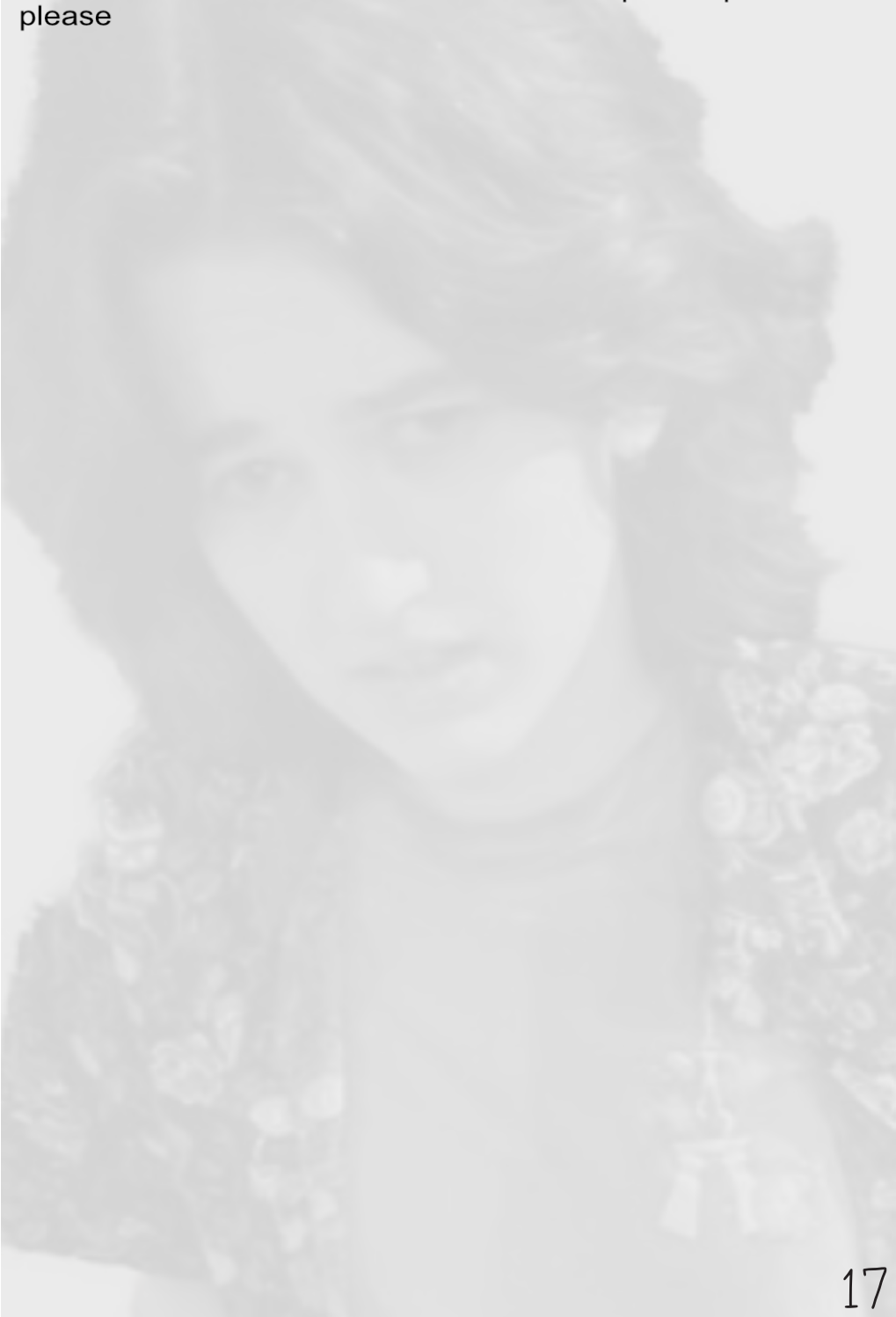
The worst part of using this app, however, comes when I was less than a mile from the RL Parking lot. As I was about to make my final exit from the highway, I found that my steering wheel was locked and my throttle was on cruise control. The app wouldn't let me exit the fucking highway! Google Maps forced me to stay hostage in the crusty seat of my 2011 Toyota Corolla for FIVE HOURS, not letting me stop it from delivering me to god-knows-where! Finally, once the car had stopped and pulled into its final resting place, I had found myself somewhere I had never been before, yet felt all too familiar: the McDonald's parking lot in Warroad. Interesting fact: did you know that Warroad has produced 7 Olypic hockey players, 5 NHL players, and 80 D1 players yet only has a population of under two-thousand people? You'll never know what you'll learn when you're taken hostage on a new and exciting adventure! Anyways, I'm writing this review while eating a McDouble and waiting for the cops to drag me away for violating my parole.

Overall Review: ★★☆☆☆

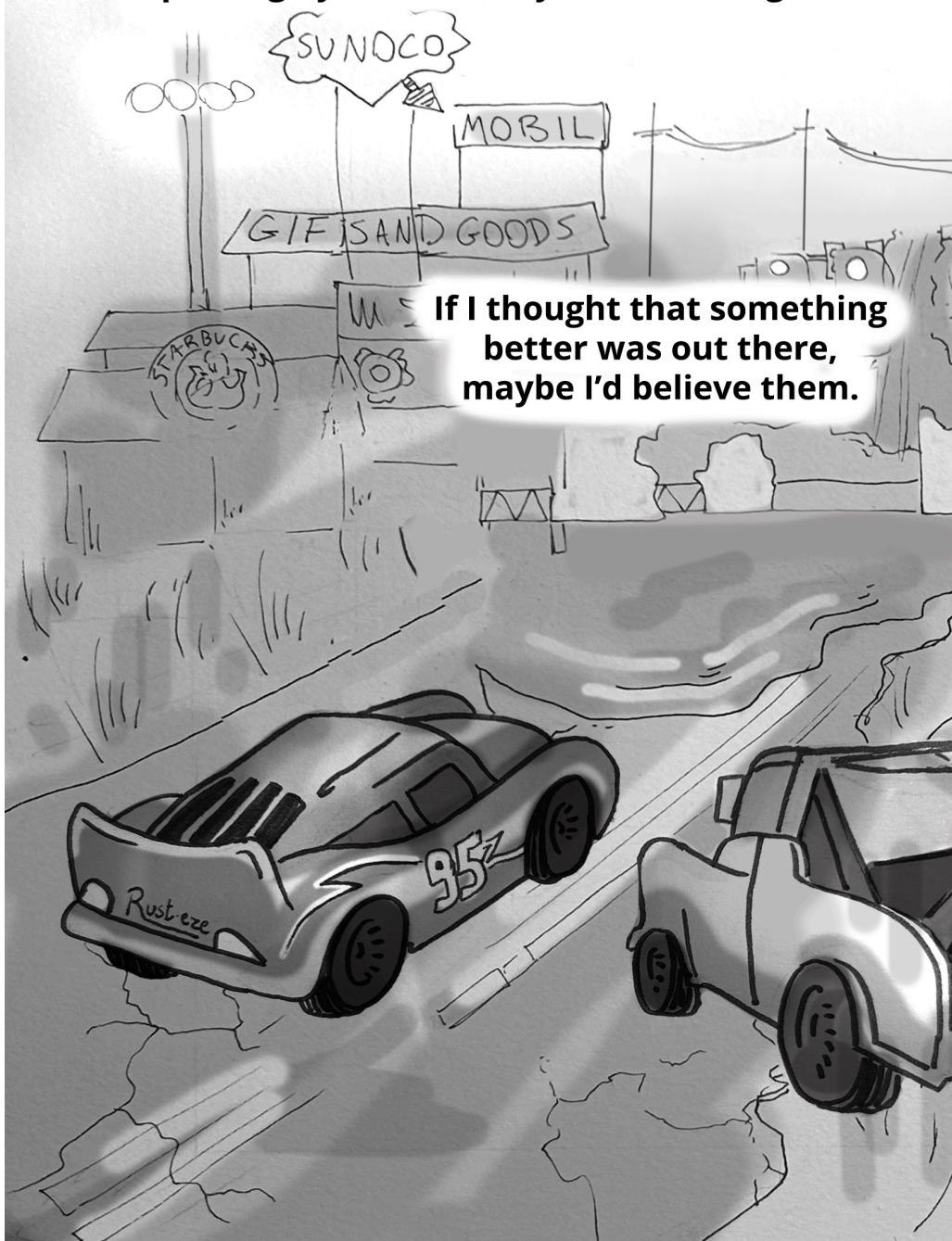




hi this is anna i'm not gonna be at the meeting but no one take
this idea i NEED to write about frontier hall please please
please



"The 21st Century Ghost Town"
According to the brochure, this
place used to make thousands happy every day.
Folks passing by on their way to something better.



**If I thought that something
better was out there,
maybe I'd believe them.**



**Look Lightning! Brochure also says
"two chickens for a dollar!"**

