

Gargoyle

BRAND

MAGAZINE



Volume CXVI, Number 1 Fall 2024

STAFF

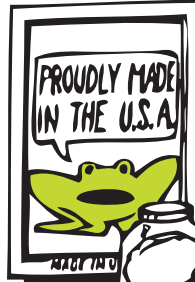
Luke Homans.....open to inconsistency
 Ruth Marks.....not a horse
 Annika Smits.....just ate 6 "tacos"
 Charlie Splete.....M. Bezzler
 Sabrina Barnes.....in ur heart & in the walls

Jacqueline Brace.....would smash a pumpkin
 Adam Krugel.....still exists?
 Trey Norbey.....Chad Geepete
 Jamie Simons.....The next American Ninja Warrior

Sam Adkins.....remote worker
 Molly Anderson.....breaking generational curses
 Sam Baumgardner.....Give orange me give eat orange me eat orange
 Kate Bonello.....hello you (;
 Jolie Carlile.....meow
 Zoie Carlile.....what have I done...what have I done....
 Megan Degrand.....perhaps
 Georgie Correa.....is locked in
 Madison Dennis.....miserable for hire
 PingYu Hsu.....Feeling: Mew-tiful
 Xolo Hernandez-Herrera.....pa ti, naki, chicken teriyaki
 Rahul Jain.....I'm in your balls
 Mia Lambert.....2 k3wl 4 sk00l xD ;3 <3
 Madeline Lewis.....A hot new bombshell
 Jess Morton.....out on my rumspringa!
 Charlotte Mulroy.....oh, Britta's in this?
 Silvia Negrut.....still doesn't have a phone
 Mia Norbey.....#1 Garg Nepo Baby
 Megan Okubo.....in-standing
 Severin Orr.....please help i'm bleeding profusely
 Paolo Poquiz.....chipwrecked
 Lara Ringey.....currently ranked trend setter
 Elena Runion.....sexiest mf alive
 Janet Shasha.....very trustworthy
 Eve Sotham.....9/11 baby
 Bethany Stahlin.....sexy ebenezzer scrooge
 Alexander Voorhees.....i'm not a sneaker
 Amy Xiu.....hear me out-

Table of Contents

1. Hoodwinkers
2. New kids on the block
3. Wee woo wee woo
4. Personal address
5. Slither on in
6. Que pasa calabaza
7. Kids love vaping!
8. VIP extraterrestrial
9. thank u, next
10. \$\$\$
11. I'VE GOT A TEXTTT
12. food
13. pyramid
14. Love is dead
15. No More Lies
16. hotline bling
17. Lesbian lenses
18. u bet your bootyhole
19. You are beautiful
20. stink stank stunk
21. fast fashion face off
22. Sit on MY lap
23. Drama queen
24. Rigged



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By Sam Baumgardner

Letter from the Editor

By Luke Homans

Dear valued reader,

You may know me as the world record holder for 'most whole grapes swallowed in thirty seconds,' but today I am the arbiter of academic integrity. As I sit atop my perch on the northwest corner of the Student Publications Building, I sneer down at you, the feeble minded populace.

It seems many of you know but one god: ChatGPT. Gone are the days of the noble pursuit of knowledge; our capitalist society has prioritized hollow completion of a degree over development of the crucial skills that it represents. Clearly, the blame lies not with the individual, but that will not suppress my petulant caterwauling.

The primary aspect of generative AI that draws my ire, aside from the massively detrimental impact upon our already derelict planet, (because who gives a shit about our children, anyway) is the hackneyed, lifeless offal it passes off as original content. It is slop. It is rotting, fetid, plagiarized, and ultimately devoid of the humanity that inspires us to write and make art in the first place.

This, to the best of my knowledge, is because AI is unable to suffer. ChatGPT will never know what it's like to want to ram your head through the wall every single second you spend doing the thing you are most passionate about. It cannot understand the depths of my feelings of inadequacy that I channel into every miserable word that I write. If someone invents an artificial intelligence that can experience human torment, my opinion on the matter may be swayed. Until then, YOU have to suffer. YOU HAVE TO. THAT'S WHAT MAKES ART GOOD. ENGAGE IN ACADEMIC MASOCHISM YOU PATHETIC INVERTEBRATES.

I apologize for raising my voice. My anger is continually amplified by the increasing tension on the single last thread connecting me to my human nature. Let's try something a little lighter. This is a humor magazine, not a Twitter rant, after all.

Umm, let's see.

Chat GPT? I bet that stands for Chat... Gaudy Piece of... Trash. Am I right folks? Bet ChatGPT couldn't write a joke of that caliber. As you can see, the mind of man undoubtedly remains superior.

Look, that doesn't matter. None of this matters. The only purpose of writing this is to introduce you to our first issue of the year. I'll graduate in a few months and you'll never be subject to my pretentious babble ever again. So! Our issue theme is cheating, which is the only reason this rant about artificial intelligence is topical. Do you get it yet? You're cheating yourselves... yadda yadda. I'm not a professor; I'm not a narc. I'm just some rapidly aging stooge with the opportunity to yell about the changing times and wokeness, probably.

At the end of the day, I don't care about you. I'm not your mom. You can do whatever you want with your life. Prompt the creation of as much barely legible dreck as your heart desires.

Cry about how writing is hard. Whine about how it takes effort to draw something well. Your quibbling will fall on deaf ears. News flash, bucko: writing is hard for everyone. Art is difficult to create. That's what makes it valuable. The urge to continually develop technology for the sake of convenience will strip us of our purpose. We will all meet the same end, and the earth will continue to become uninhabitable at a horrifying pace.

Send me hate mail if you wish. In fact, I'd welcome it. As long as you do me the courtesy of writing it yourself. It'll be good for you.

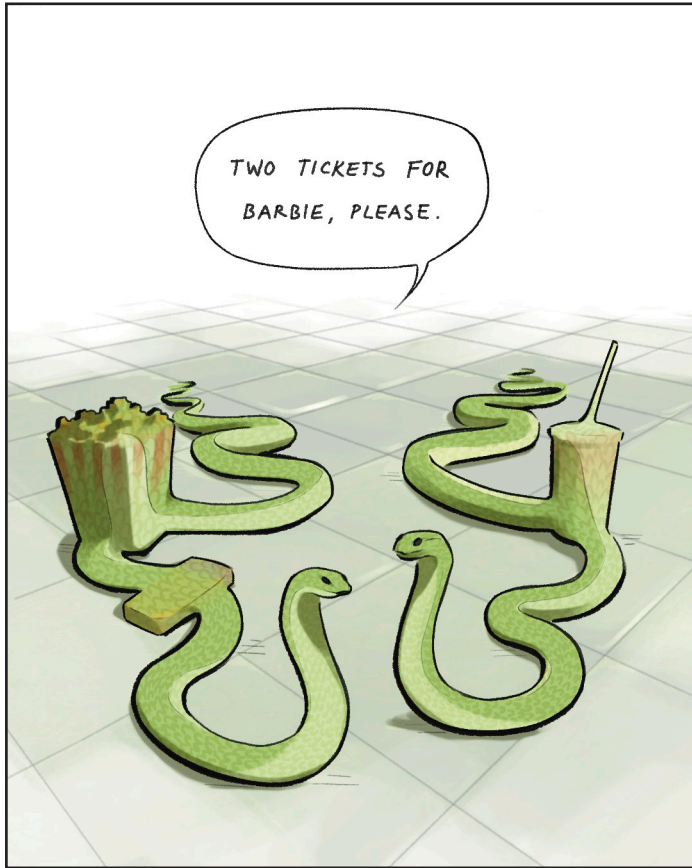
If you've tolerated my condescension thus far, I commend you. I'm sure I sound like an insufferable poindexter. Read on, and you'll uncover some more enjoyable content. It might even make you laugh, if you're lucky. At least our barely legible dreck is created with the shred of remaining humanity we possess that compels us to make something we care about.

I can't get you to care, but I can keep screaming until I am forced to move on with my life come May.

Until then, strap in.

Sneaking Food into the Movie Theater

By Megan Okubo



PERSONAL TRAUMA:

HOW TO REPLACE YOUR **M**CARD



BY MIA NORBEY

Lost your Mcard? Call (734)-936-2273 to pick up a replacement at the UMich tech shop. Or listen to me, a freshman who refused to confront the off-brand Geek Squad my first week of class and instead thought of three ways to never need my Mcard again!

- 1** Option one: trauma dump on the dining hall monitor. Say you're there to meet your "girlfriend" to "talk" about your "commitment issues," then rush through the doors. Trust me, they don't get paid enough to chase you.
- 2** Something else to try is a good old-fashioned stakeout. Lurk outside any of the Quads with your five o'clock shadow and black coffee waiting for your target. Keeping a distance of two to three paces, sneak in behind them and mission accomplished.
- 3** Your last choice, head to any frat and wait about 30 minutes for people to lose all their belongings, and they'll end up on the floor. Remember, at the end of the day, people are shallow, so you can be too! The important part isn't to find a Mcard that looks like you, but the most attractive one, because then who cares if that's not really you?



By Ruth Marks

CHEATER, CHEATER, PUMPKIN EATER

Written by Jacqueline Brace
Illustrated by Mia Lambert

"That we don't eeeeven care!" Nathan yowled over the radio. Every window was down, so had there been anyone on the road with him, they would have surely been both amazed and offended that his voice managed to carry over the blasting music. One hand tapped a sloppy rhythm on the steering wheel as the other swung lazily out the window. Nathan's boot was heavy on the gas pedal, the trees lining the road reduced to desaturated smudges in the fleeting glow of his headlights.

"As rest-less as we a-are," he continued, his hair flopping madly with each butchered note. Suddenly, his headlights illuminated a silhouette planted in the middle of his lane.

"Ohhh shi-" Nathan slammed his foot on the brake just as his bumper tore through the figure. Goopy entrails splattered across the windshield. Tires squealed in harmony with Nathan's girlish screams as he careened into the ditch. With its nose wrapped firmly around a tree, the car finally came to a stop.

Nathan sat frozen until his gaping mouth was filled with canvas as the airbag deployed. He wrestled the inflated mass away from his face, spitting indignantly. His head sputtered as he took in the catastrophe before him.

"-never knew the rules, hung down with the freaks and ghouls," the radio crooned on. Nathan slammed his fist on the power button.

"Shut UP!"

"Easy there, Nate." Nathan whipped his already-whiplashed head around to meet a set of glowing eyes. Or rather, holes meant to appear as eyes. They were carved from orange flesh, the right a triangle and the left an angled crescent, giving the impression of a raised brow. The eye holes were paired with a wide toothy grin, all lit with malicious fire. A thick green stem crowned the gourdish head, which sat atop the collar of a pristine tuxedo. The lanky vegetable creature perched sideways in the passenger seat, its gangly legs folded awkwardly in front of it.

"You really should drive slower. The speed limit on this road is 55, and you," the pumpkin man raised a white-gloved hand to grasp his stem. The top of his head popped off with a sickening squelch. He reached his other hand into his hollow skull



and pulled out a radar gun.

"... were going 87! I mean, 5 to 10 over is reasonable, but 32?" The talking squash tsked. Its jagged grin remained unmoving as it spoke, though the light filling its cavernous head seemed to pulsate in time with its words.

"What... the fuck... are you?!?" Nathan panted. His legs stuttered uncontrollably in his damp jeans. The haunting fire flashed crimson.

"Is that any way to talk to someone you just ran over? Who is teaching manners these days... or ethics, for that matter?" It shook its head, the pumpkin wobbling precariously in its tie.

"Speaking of ethics, let me see your phone." The gourd extended its hand. Nathan had a flashback to his strict-yet-hot English teacher.

"Wha... What?"

"Your phone?" Spindly gloved fingers waggled. Nathan shifted, extracting his phone from his jeans and setting it in the waiting hand. He could have sworn the pumpkin flashed green as it procured a handkerchief and wiped down the device.

"Fucking disgusting," it muttered. "Alright, let's see..." The cracked screen flashed to life. The pumpkin man tapped and swiped furiously, head wobbling at what it saw.

"Nathan, Nathan, Nathan... I had hoped you were better than this." It turned the screen, revealing a horrifyingly explicit text

thread with someone named "Very Manly Male Coworker".

"Now, I'm not one to assume, but I don't believe your coworker, Amanda," the screen filled with a photo of a very beautiful, very naked woman, "is male or identifies as a man, correct?" Nathan nodded slowly.

"And your girlfriend Danielle doesn't know this, does she?" He shook his head.

"Nathan, have you heard the phrase, 'cheater cheater, pumpkin eater'?" The hollow smile seemed to spread wickedly. Nathan gulped.

"I hope you're hungry." Before he could inform his unwelcome passenger that he had already eaten and was quite full, his mouth was full of slimy orange flesh. Seeds stuck in his teeth as the pumpkin man's now ungloved hand clamped over his face, spewing autumnal goo down his throat. Nathan's stomach bulged with the bastard child of infidelity. Gourd juice spread through his veins to fill every organ and orifice. His skin gained an Oompa-Loompean pallor. The fugly jeans were the first to give, followed by the compression shirt and tighty-whities, the tattered fabric swallowed by his bloated orange body. His hairless chest pressed against the steering wheel, blaring the horn into the unforgiving night. Nathan flopped his arms helplessly until, finally, he popped. The pumpkin man dissolved into the night, leaving Nathan a disastrous stew of unfaithful flesh and fruit.



THE GARG BAR

NEW FLAVORS

- * Glamorous Gasoline
- * Slam Dung
- * Banana
- * Ode to B.O.
- * warm piss
- * Savory Slime
- * Chunky Milk
- * Radical Ranch
- * Original (Bleach)

NIC FIENDS CAN'T GET ENOUGH!



By Georgie Correa

Stuck? use the key!

By Kate Bonello

Find the candy and GET OUT!!!

CARVE YOUR OWN PUMPKIN!

GARG'S GAMES

ACROSS

1. On the rooftop and in your hands!
2. Some dancing skeletons might describe themselves as this.
3. One of two Halloween essentials.
4. The other of the two Halloween essentials.

DOWN

1. Boo!
2. Oh no! The ____!
3. Might cause a sticky situation.

KEY

You'd better not be reading this before giving a good, honest try on your own first. This is a puzzle a baby could do. Or a Ross student. Probably. Actually, do I even want to give you the answers at this point? Are you so brainrotted from that damn phone that you can't bother coming up with the answers to a simple halloween crossword? Heck, I made the first clue so obvious that if it somehow went over your head, you might want to put this magazine down and read an actual book for once. Come on, man.



By Eve Sotham

An Interview with Diddy Kong

By Jamie Simons

Illustration by Charlie Splete

After months of silence, we were finally able to catch up with secondary video game character and professional go-kart racer Diddy Kong about the nepotism accusations circulating the internet.



So, Diddy - can I call you that?

Uh... Well, I mean, under the current circumstances-

Diddy, when we last saw you, you were under fire by stan Twitter over accusations of you being an industry plant. Can you comment on whether or not your uncle, Donkey Kong, had anything to do with your success?

Well, I mean, he gave me my first break, so I guess you can say he helped me become famous, but I worked hard too-

You're a nepo baby, then?

... What?

How much did your uncle give you to make your racing game?

He didn't give me anything, you're-

Did your uncle name you after P. Diddy?

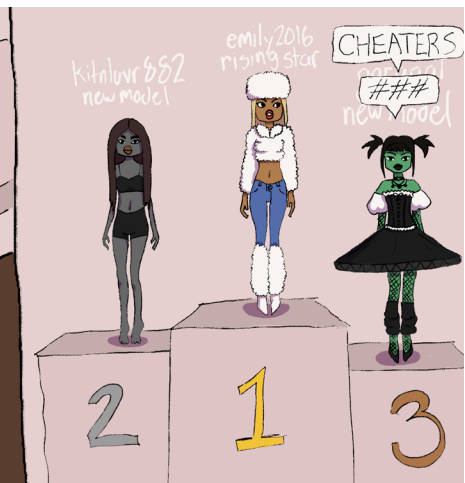
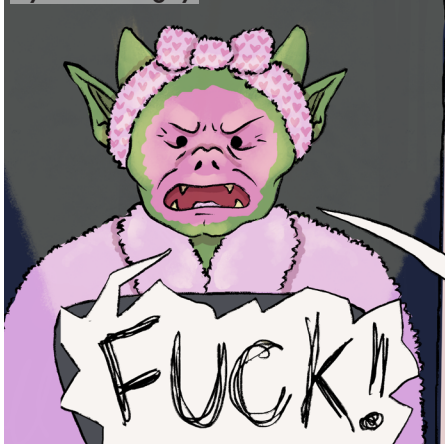
What? My uncle didn't name me, I mean, Nintendo did, but-

Do you think your fame is a result of you sharing a name with P. Diddy?

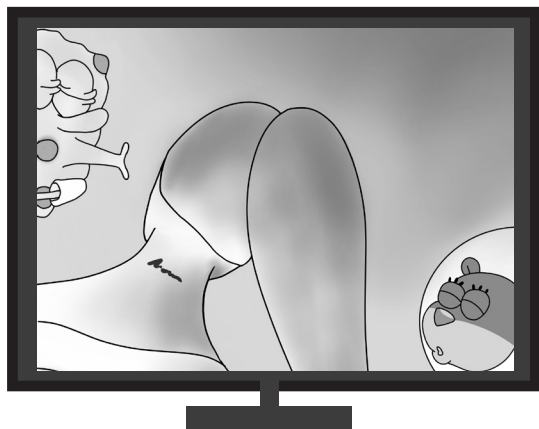
This interview is over!

**Diddy's uncle, Donkey, refused to comment on the nepotism allegations, and the source of Diddy's name.*

By Lara Ringey



The Ponytail, The Bob, and the Fur of Passion



Written by Xolo Hernandez-Herrera
Illustrated by Amy Xiu

*And now.. an excerpt of the Gargoyles' upcoming novel...
The Ponytail, The Bob, and the Fur of Passion...*

Ariana stood in the center of the Krusty Krab, her bleach blonde strands reflecting the light piercing through the sea surface, leaking through the windows. The ocean waves swirled dramatically behind her, as if Bikini Bottom itself was anticipating the tale about to unfold.

"I swear, I didn't mean for things to get so... complicated," Ariana whispered, her eyes darting between SpongeBob, who held a bouquet of kelp flowers, and Sandy Cheeks, who was polishing her karate gloves with dangerous intent.

SpongeBob blinked, his spongy body quivering with emotion, heart practically melting.

"Ariana," he said in a voice as soft as a Krabby Patty bun, "I wrote you a meaningful ballad. It's called 'eternal spongshine'. You're not just the jelly to my fish, but the soak of my sponge!" He took a deep breath. "I can't believe it... you and Sandy?"

Sandy snapped her helmet on and stepped forward with a smile that could uncover sunken treasure, her Texas twang twinkling with sass. "Well, SpongeBob, I reckon Grande needs a real woman, a dangerous woman. Someone who can lasso more than a sea cucumber." She winked so powerfully that even Mr. Krabs felt it from his office. "And I can reckon I can show her a rootin'-tootin' good time" Ariana gasped, dramatically placing a hand on her chest, her heart pounding as loud as her singles.

"Sandy, I don't mean to chop your heart in two! You are just... so good at karate, and I can't resist your strong Texas charm. But SpongeBob... he's just so... absorbent!"

SpongeBob clutched his square chest, tears welling up. "Ariana, I may be absorbent, but it seems like you've soaked up all the love in this town..."

In stores during the next blood moon... or should we do a paywall? Is \$13.99 a good price?

Happiness at College (Guaranteed Success)

By Zoie Carlile

1. Enjoy a lovely picnic in the law quad!
2. Try new things!
3. Realize the depths of your loneliness.
4. Agonize over ways to banish your ever present melancholy.
5. Develop a crippling obsession with life and death.
6. Eureka! A companion will solve this problem. Fear not, the laws of nature cannot dictate your actions. Toil away day after day in your laboratory. Bring life to an odious creation in hopes that its presence will fill the gaping void in your soul. Spend months in the company of your creation alone. Find joy in the small moments with your lab monster. It accompanies you to class. It dines with you (stares vacantly as you eat). It tucks you into bed every night, how snug. Time passes and you become friends, even soulmates. The wretched creature understands you like nobody else ever could. Don't worry about the moral implications of your actions. Ethics matter not. You are happy, complete, no longer alone in this world. Oh god what have I done...what have I done...
7. Enjoy the soft serve in the dining hall!



*Delightful advice courtesy of: Fictor Vrankenstein,
sophomore, chemistry major, reanimation fanatic.*



Drawn by PingYu Hsu, Inked by Sam Adkins

Surefire Lottery Tips to Increase Your Winning Odds, by Adam Gamblin

By Trey Norbey

1 **Quit Your Job:** Think of it as the easiest way to free up forty hours of your week - now you can spend that time paying attention to trends, checking up on your numbers, and ensuring you can always be at home to scratch off more tickets.

2 **Keep Gambling:** Remember that your big win is always just around the corner. You'll likely have to spend only a few thousand dollars more before finding the lucky ticket to set you up for life.

3 **Cut off Your Friends and Family:** Keep in mind that anyone who expresses "concern" over your gambling "problem" isn't really your friend and should be relegated to low or no contact immediately. Be on the lookout for terms like "worried", "addiction", and especially "intervention".

A **Busk on the Street for Spare Change:** For this one, you'll want to make sure you're wearing your dirtiest and most tattered articles of clothing in order to trick onlookers into thinking they're helping someone in genuine need.

5 **Pray to the All-Seeing Horror:** If all else fails, offering up a human sacrifice or two to the Great Old One certainly can't hurt. Rent an idol from your local chapter of the Cult of Cthulhu and get to work!

* This message brought to you by Adam Gamblin, current Michigan Lottery majority shareholder

The Secret of Our Success

By Charlie Splete

Dearest Reader,

As the Business Manager for the esteemed Gargoyle Humor Magazine, I feel it is in this publication's best interest to confess something. Although we strive to be a totally honest organization, I must admit that we have engaged in some dubious practices to achieve our funding. Our transactions are 100% SUPER legal, but you should be aware of claims that we have "cheated" our way to "immense wealth". These are indeed baseless and false, regardless of how often they appear on the front page of the Michigan Daily.

We assure you, the efforts of our quasi-laundering need not concern the general public, nor the creditors who harass and threaten our law-abiding staff. Additionally, any uptick in revenue we receive from our issue price increase (still waiting on our \$50, by the way) is totally unrelated. We also recognize the distance from our independently fruitful turquoise jewelry social media shops, currently in the midst of severe litigation. And finally, I will reiterate that our success has nothing to do with the overdrawn Venmo account, "@veryrealgargoylefund".

Thank you for your understanding, and for your safety, this letter should be immediately shredded and discarded with caution.
Godspeed.

An Honest Landlord

By Bethany Stahlin

< All Inboxes



Dear Gilman Housing,

Hi, I'm the tenant who lives in the attic apartment on Ingalls St.

I've resorted to writing this letter after reaching out through phone, email, and flooding the leasing office with a mixture of chloroform and cigarette smoke. When I moved in, I noticed an unusual energy in the apartment. After some investigation, I noticed that you had painted a ghost onto the wall with white paint. Bartholomew had been there for two months, and he was really hungry. Upon releasing him from his white paint prison, I saw yellow wallpaper. Later when I was trying to get to sleep, I noticed a woman moving in the yellow wallpaper. She wants to get out, she wants to get out she wants to get out she wants to get out she wants to get out

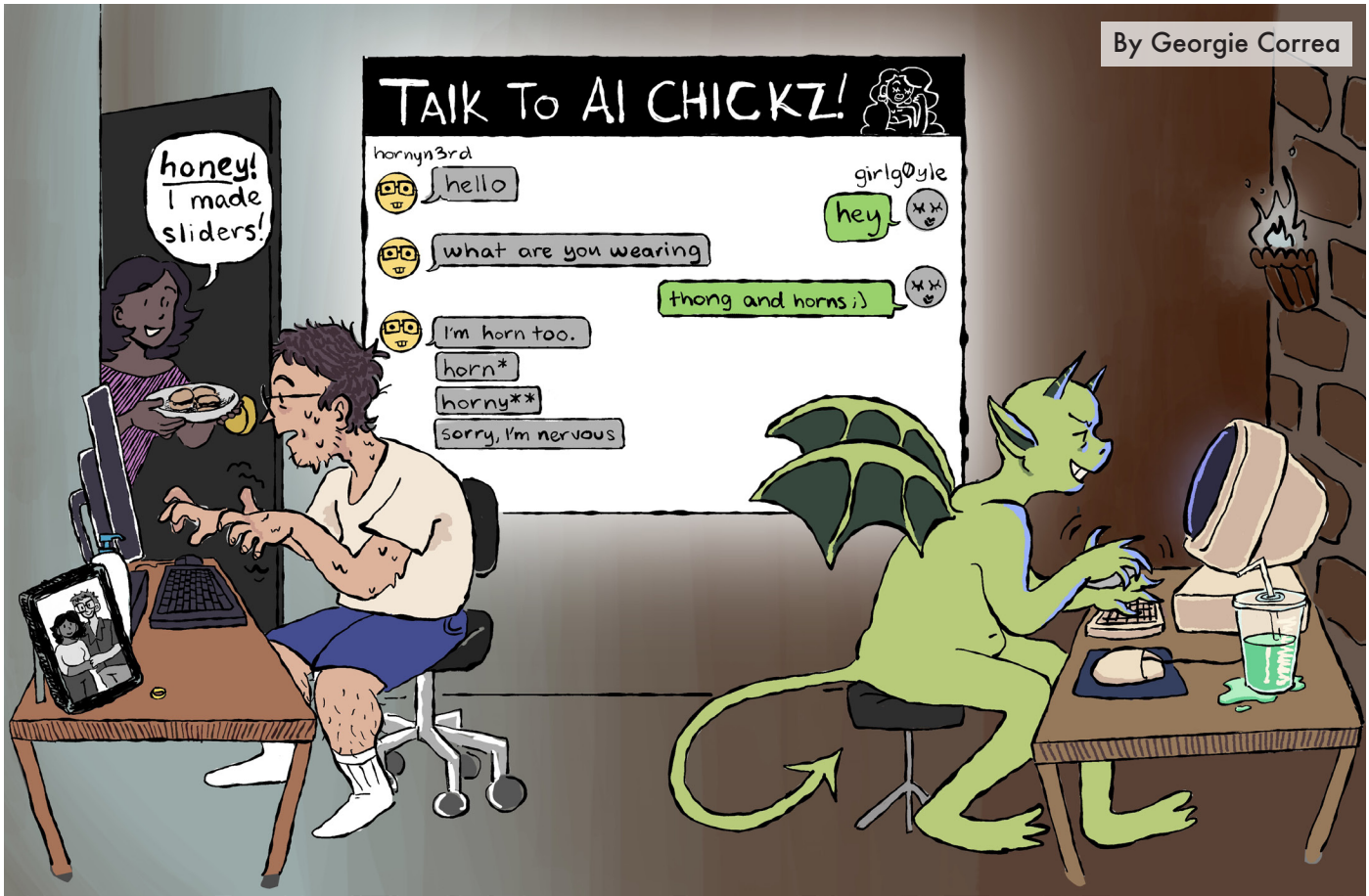
Please reach out to me so I can be reimbursed for the Big ol Ghost Net™, chloroform, ghost pheromones, scalpel, and salt the hot goth sold me at the tarot shop. Please also remove the woman in the yellow wallpaper (she hungers to be free.....).

Thank you,
Maria Turner

Dear Maria,

As per your leasing agreement, any hauntings or paranormal activity are under the purview of the tenant. This is Ann Arbor Council's housing policy.

Gilman Housing
Sent from my iPhone



Next on Spooky (Love) Island (USA): Ruh Roh, Raggy!



By Maddie Lewis

The Twenty Twenty Four Olympics

By Rahul Jain

The world-renowned whistleblower, Avana Lye, has made claims of unethical tactics used by gold medalists at the twenty twenty four Olympics. While these may be difficult to swallow, she is too skilled in her craft for us to ignore these reports.

Lye's first claim is that the volleyball gold medalists secretly rubbed hot sauce and pollen on the volleyball during every hit to encourage spicy eye rubbing. Event moderators are currently analyzing slow motion footage of Kasda Way's matches and conducting forensic reports on Hardy Hilder's clothing, but the investigation remains inconclusive. Players from other teams have confirmed, however, that the volleyball was suspiciously red.

Lye also claims that diving partner champions Sal T. Wadder and Oshen Brees underwent surgery to maximize their synchronization. After a semi-professional removed their original brains, Wadder and Brees each received half a donor brain in replacement. This may explain why Wadder and Brees would consistently alternate their words to form sentences. It may also explain why they are stupid.

Finally, she claims the gold medalist in archery, Bhol Zai, hired a man in a green suit to carry her arrows to the board. The alleged "Green Screen Man" is nowhere to be found since his duty; the police are now offering a reward for reports of person-shaped bushes. Making for an impressive display on the television, Zai's gravity-defying match caught the attention of physicists around the world. Her bow was eventually seized by NASA for experimentation. A NASA whistleblower reports that if the Green Screen Man is found, then Zai should be considered the "biggest fraud since the moon landing."

More news to come at eight, or whenever you choose to read the next print. We are not your mothers.

STAFF CHEAT MEALS



The styrofoam tray and cardboard milk carton from middle school

-ALEX



Colorful foam blocks like in Star Trek

-BETHANY



Lots of arthropods

-NICK
(ALUM GUEST)



Ketamine with OJ

-GEORGIE



Beans on toast

-JAMIE



Piles of bugz

-MEGAN O.



7 cold, hard, cigarettes

-GRACI



your mom

-MADISON



I'll tone down the bulk with 13 sticks of cold butter, 8 pans of ground beef blended with an entire tree of bananas, 19 containers of protein powder (snorted) and 1 (one) gogosqueeze.

-JAY



pile of pennies that taste particularly metallic

-LARA



a gallon of red 40 with pineapple sherbet on the side

-ELENA



Ice soup with a side of air

-KATE

from the Gargoyle Official Cookbook



small pile of seeds (in a bird way, not an almond mom way)

-MIA N.



some fat ass coochie

-PAOLO



Belly button lint, aged perocets and crystal pepsi

-XOLO



An extra serving of Soylent green

-CHARLIE



Fancy pickles but instead of mustard sees, little red beads

-RUTH



big block of colby jack, shredded mozzarella, cheez-its, goldfish, cheese balls

-JAQUELINE



55 BURGERS 55 FRIES 55 TACOS 55 PIES 55 COKES 100 TATER TOTS 100 MEATBALLS 100 COFFEES 55 WINGS 55 SHAKES 55 PANCAKES 55 PASTAS 55 PEPPERS AND 155 TATERS.

-JOLIE



AstroTurf

-SAMB.



Half a pack of American spirit blues, bacon egg and cheese McGriddle with 2 hash browns, a baker's dozen of Boston cream donuts, the other half of the pack

-VIA



heat-proof shielding flambéd to a nice crisp crust

-JESS



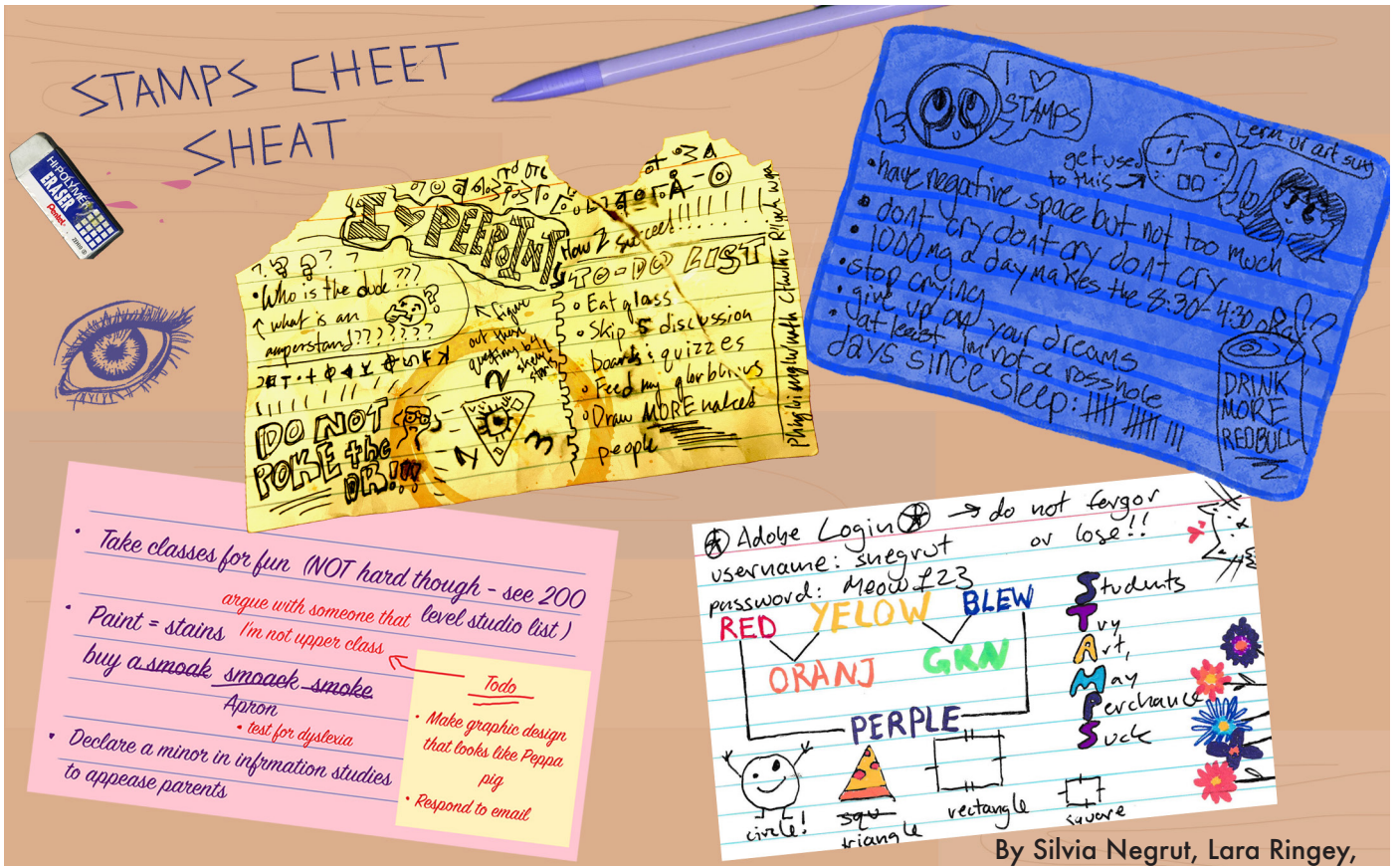
Rusty nails

-SEV



Slime scooping videos

-ANNIKA



By Silvia Negrut, Lara Ringey, Charlotte Mulroy & Mia Lambert

NUTFLIX

Breaking: Netflix CEO Charles Fucksalot Reveals Streaming Giant's Slate of Upcoming Dating Shows for Q1 2025

By Trey Norbey

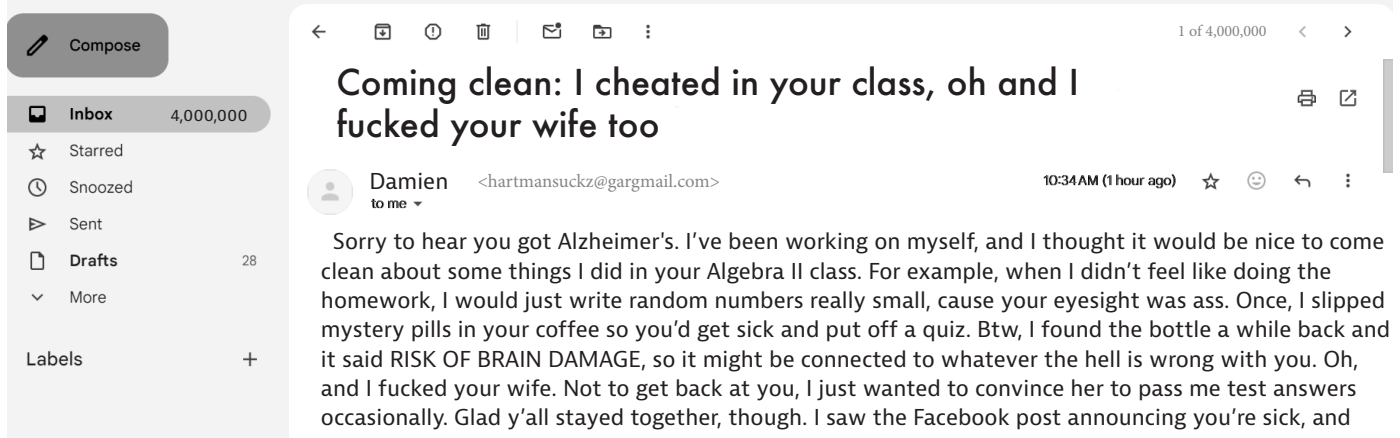
The thrice-divorced, forty-seven-year-old stud took to Snapchat this past Friday to let us know which shows you'll want to "swipe right" on this Winter.

Love is Bland - The first item on Netflix's 2025 release schedule comes to us on January 3rd, in which fifteen lucky ladies enter the pods to be courted by fifteen balding, middle-aged call center employees. With hobbies ranging from polishing their bowling trophies to talking for hours about their vintage baseball cards to anyone who will listen, what woman could possibly resist them?

Too Hot to Handle: North Korea - Then, on January 17th, Netflix takes the newest iteration of their fan-favorite cash cow franchise to Pyongyang - with a twist! One of the thirty contestants this season is an undercover Kim Jong Un, who will secretly be taking note of anyone who denies pairing up with him in order to have them tried by the state for sedition in the season's climactic final episode.

Love Planet: 90 Second Fiancé - And join Netflix on January 31st for its newest 100% legally distinct offering, in which contestants are flown to Mars on a shuttle privately chartered by Elon Musk himself before having their oxygen helmets forcibly removed. Contestants will then be given back their life support system by an offscreen producer if and only if they sign a binding contract to marry another contestant on camera the following day.

Dated and Related: Season 2 - And finally, this Valentine's Day, Netflix takes us back to the world of Dated and Related, where this season, the contestants literally just date their siblings. Because fuck it! I mean come on, who even really cares at this point, right? You people were thrilled by shit like "Milf Manor" and "Down for Love," so I can't imagine what line this could possibly cross that hasn't been crossed already. Eat your fuckin' slop.

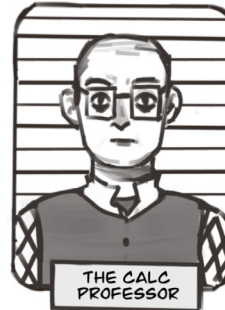


By Paolo Poquiz

Killers For Hire! Call to kill!!!



- He will completely maul your cheating ex, just absolutely mangle them.
- Blood makes him cry, so you will have to offer a shoulder to cry on once the job is done. He's human too, sort of.
- Frequently ponders his existence. Enjoys doing so in solitude, beneath a large oak tree, gazing out across the (full) moonlit horizon.



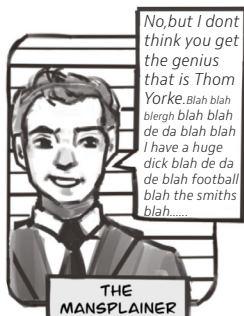
- Greatly feared by the other killers, reminds them of their crippling inadequacies.
- Lingering sense of disappointment included with hire.
- First the victim seriously considers dropping out of school and forging a solitary new life in the beautiful Appalachian wilderness.



- Here at Michigan we're of course known for our huge, monstrous, flesh eating squirrels.
- Unknown origin, probably mutated after having dining hall seafood.
- The Squirrel loves acorns. He adores them, cherishes them, worships them. So much so that he uses his monstrous mutant strength to shape people into acorn-like mounds and buries them alive beneath the diag.
- The Squirrel digs the corpses up in the wintertime for sustenance
- Slow, painful, suffocating death leaving ample time for reflection and guilt.
- The Squirrel can speak.



- Best Killer. Top Notch. Haha funny. Just hire this creature, you won't regret it.
- *The Gargoyle does not condone cheating, or murder, or bloody revenge, or calculus.*



- Assumes other people aren't capable of complex thought.
- Literally will not shut the fuck up.
- Puts the human body under so much stress that the victim willfully de-evolves into a simpler amphibian-like form that can no longer survive under earth's conditions. Eventually it will shrivel up and perish.
- Somewhat merciful because, in death, the victim will finally know peace.



Written by
Zoie Carlile,
Illustrated by
Jolie Carlile



The Cheaters' Hotline: Your One-Stop Solution to Infidelity!

Have a secret third, fourth, or fifth in your relationship?
Don't know how to keep up with your partner's need for
"exclusivity"?

By Alex Voorhees

Look no further! Introducing The Cheaters' Hotline: the only service designed to help dig you deeper into that emotional grave you've started shoveling! Why face the music when you can drown it out with the deafening shrieks of even worse decisions?

At Cheaters' Hotline, our certified relationship experts (all of whom past their fourth marriages) are here to provide you with the best tips to keep your love life as tangled as a pair of old headphones. Did your partner catch you texting someone named "Pizza Hut" at 2 a.m.? Tell them you're just moonlighting as a customer service rep for their new 24/7 pizza program! Works every time—just pray they never ask to use your employee discount.

Caught sneaking around? No problem! Our specialists recommend you lean into the flame: say you were just "testing their loyalty." How else will they know how much they love you unless you put them through some emotional boot camp, right? Bonus points if you throw in a fake engagement ring right after they find out, "just to see if they're ready."

Call today, and let us help you double down on your bad decisions. At Cheaters' Hotline, we don't solve problems—we just make them easier to overlook! <3

Swindling the University out of it's Budget

By Jamie Simons

The investigation room was dark. The atmosphere was cold and dank, mildew growing in the crevices of the wall, permeating the room with its sharp scent. Harold sat, squinting, his glasses fogged from the cool air condensating once it hit his lenses. He strained against the binds on his wrist as he heard heavy footsteps approaching, filling Harold with dread.

A bright light turned on overhead, buzzing loudly as Harold was blinded by its intensity. As his eyes adjusted, Harold recognized the scrawny man standing in front of him, a permanent scowl etched on his face. "How did you do it?" Santa Ono demanded, glaring down at Harold. The university president looked as though he was ready to arrest him for protesting the funding of human atrocities.

The student kept silent. Ono's voice started to rise as he leaned in closer to Harold's face. "Our university's budget is kept on a Google Sheet that's hidden behind three Duo Push number combinations. It's completely secure! How did you do it?"

Harold gave Ono a sly smirk. "All I did was have someone add me to it—I allocated the entire budget to myself."

Ono looked appalled. Harold knew that Ono placing all of his faith in Google would backfire on him. It was satisfying to witness his stunned reaction to the ease Harold was able to embezzle the University of Michigan's entire budget. "But...you don't have any of it anymore. What did you spend it on? We need our funds to run this university!" Ono was close to shouting, tears streaming down his face.

"Well..." Harold tried his best to recollect his spending spree with the millions of dollars he swindled from the university. "I bought the entire stock at Bongz and Thongz...a shipping crate full of lube...a couple hundred thousand canisters of galaxy gas... I bought the School of Kinesiology building...and, with the rest of it, I bought the \$70 limited edition copy of Theory of a Deadman's Scars & Souvenirs I found at Your Media Exchange. It's blue!"

Ono's face turned pale as clear beads of sweat started to trickle down his forehead. Harold grinned.

"This university...has to close down our football program...and you bought galaxy gas with our entire funding...?"

Harold nodded. Ono fainted.

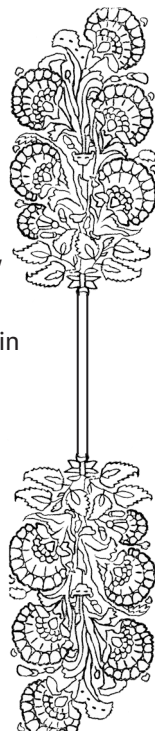
ROXANA: The Fortunate (Sapphic) Mistress

Written by Molly Anderson, Illustrated by Megan DeGrand

The year is 1724—the bustles are bustling, the feet are weirdly small—and I find myself in bed with a man who is actually physically painful to look at. You see, I didn't choose the fellow for his looks, nor the loathsome sensation of his worn and weathered limbs caressing me in the wee hours of the night. Is he my lover? Hardly. My husband? Fuck no. No no, dear reader, this man (who has me in a very comfortable financial embrace) is merely the downside to an arrangement I had secured for myself with the help of an underground network of hottie homosexuals whose mission is to infiltrate the marriages of the sexually repressed—people just like myself, who spent six putrid years in a faithless marriage sans sexual satisfaction. When I found out my husband was cheating on me, I was—relieved. Finally! An excuse to abandon my misery! Still, I spent many sleepless nights wondering just who this other woman was and asking myself: "What does she have that I don't?" The answer was simple: everything.

alluring for a man as odious as Lord Biggerstaff." Lord Biggerstaff, my ex husband for all intents and purposes, was the furthest thing from my mind as I beheld the creature before me. Here was a woman so breathtaking, so lubricious in her air and manner of existence that I couldn't imagine a world in which the likes of a man—I now shudder at the thought—could instill such passion in my being.

The dynamic she had forged over the last few months with my ex husband was as follows: In exchange for sexual favors and nothing else, my husband was providing this woman with money, clothing, you name it—and all without the burdens of a legally binding document. I was sold. Behold, the moment I abandoned my heterosexual hellscape and embraced the highest of societies that the 18th century had to offer me—the sapphic!



Let me take you back to that fateful day when my life was changed for the better and the hornier. I was packing up my boudoir, preparing to take leave of married life as I knew it when, suddenly, my ex's mistress floated right in.

Clad in a gown of expensive silks and perfumed with something positively titillating, she seductively leans against the mantle of my fireplace and hits me with a "You're much too

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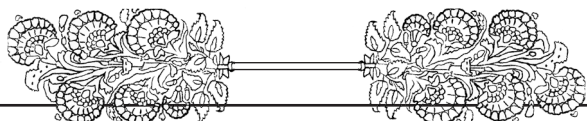
 Gary G. Oyle ★★★★★ Verified Purchase



Absolutely loveeee these glasses. These babies got me through undergrad, medical school, AND my residency!!!! passed every single test with flying colors, all of the other students kept complaining about how hard everything was lmao this shit is EASY!!!! these glasses got me into the operating room, attached image shows another satisfied customer.

Reply
aw hell naw look at my surgeon bruh i'm gonna die 🤔🤔🤔

By Madison Dennis





r/AmltheAsshole · 11 hr. ago
proudmama_123

AITA for not giving up on my marriage?

My husband Mark (40M) and I (34F) have been together for 10 years. He recently told me that he's been cheating on me for two years with his secretary Miranda (25F) and wants a divorce. I asked if he would go to counseling with me, and he agreed, but he hasn't been to a single session (it's been two months) because work has been busy. I keep waking up with knife wounds in my back, but I think it's my oldest son (I took away his Switch for a week) stealing the knife Mark keeps in his nightstand for protection. When Mark wakes up, he always washes the blood off the knife. I'm so grateful to have such a protective husband. This is where I might be the asshole, I asked him to stop cheating on me with Miranda. I'm really hurt by the cheating and the knife wounds, but I don't want to give up on my marriage. He says I'm being a controlling female who can't let an alpha male like him be with a high value female like Miranda. So, AITA?

↑ 10K ↓

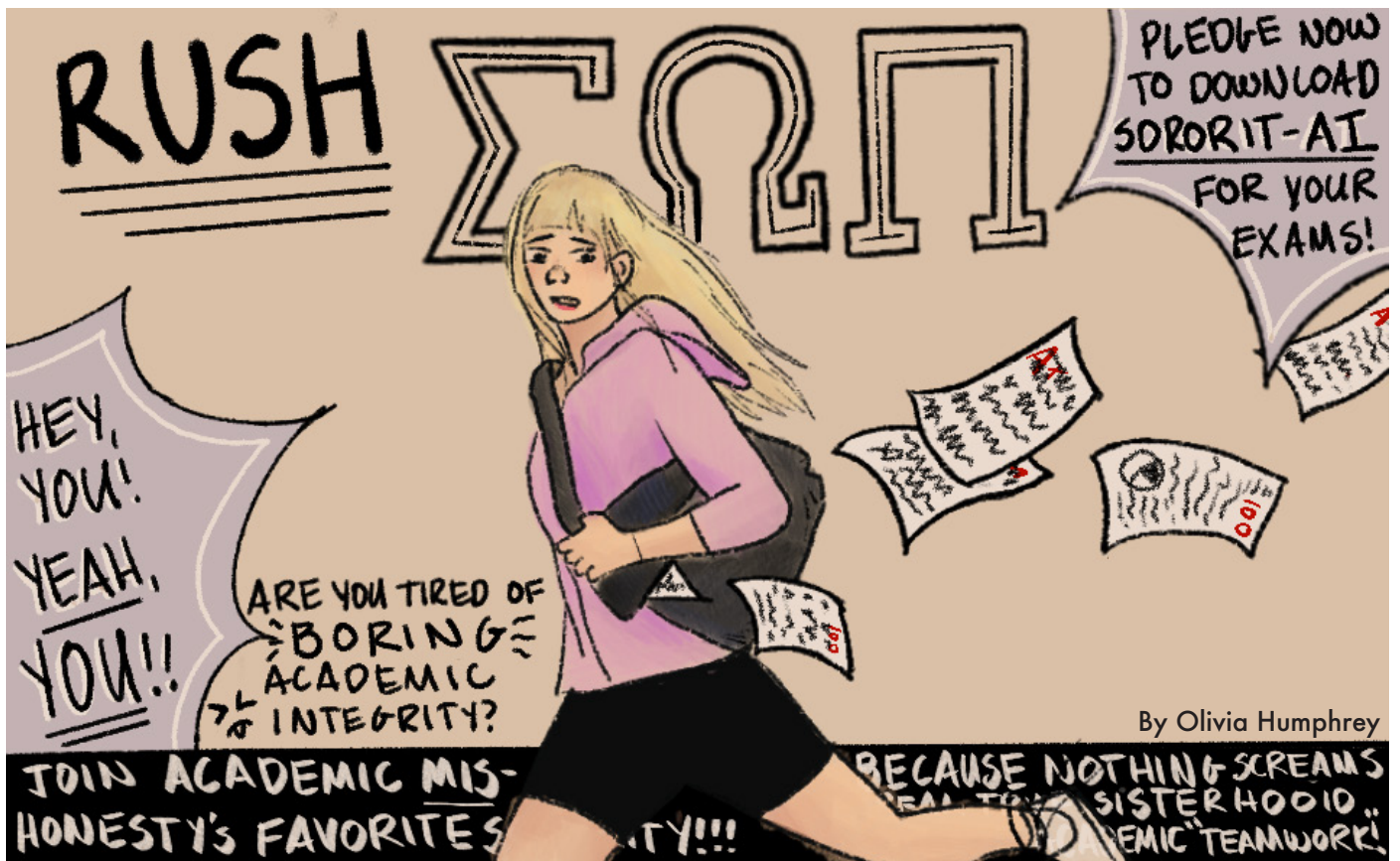
💬 1.6K



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Written by Bethany Stahlin, Illustrated by Sam Baumgardner



Ladies, he loves a natural woman.

Unless you're ugly.

That's why we invented FaceTune.



Foul

(An Engineering student's retelling of Allen Ginsberg's *Howl*) By Jess Morton

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by noxious, unfathomable odor, cramped into the same tight spaces as an ambling legion of unshowered schmucks, inflicting suffocating sensory sensations on those weary-eyed engineers.

Who spent sleepless nights in the STAMPS building, underneath the fluorescent humbuzz and brutal concrete, eagerly striving towards hitherto unrealized dreams.

Who stumbled drearily out of the towering shining monoliths, backpack stitches loosening with every step strained under the crushing weight of the vicious ouroborosian cycle promised by institutional deities larger than nations

Who suffer at the grimy hands of the hygienically challenged, forgoing any notion of clean so they may inflict an incapacitating inconceivable nagging scraping pounding stabbing foul aroma that these sly sulfurous scum have long gone nose-blind to

Undergraduate engineers! I'm with you in the EECS203 Exam Room where you dread olfactory damnation I'm with you in the EECS203 Exam Room where your suffering is nothing but a fait accompli inscribed in cosmic tomes older than the earth itself

I'm with you in the EECS203 Exam Room where despair dies and births deep deep deep hopelessness the LED wall clock a testament to the torment to continue for hours

I'm with you in the EECS203 Exam Room where in the thick delirium a star gleams in your eyes brighter than the sun the cosmos stronger than the doubt that sits heavy on your throat begging to crush you

I'm with you in the EECS203 Exam Room where our souls rise together above the malignant mad mildew and musk heavy air cursing the wretched cursing discrete mathematics cursing the DOW cursing the innumerable chaotic causal chain that led us this hellish corner of campus

I'm with you in the EECS203 Exam Room in my dreams you walk addled but free with countless stories to be orated for future generations, pushing onward to Joe's Pizza in the cool Autumn night



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He needs your help

He takes good care of it ★★★★★

NY Times

A cartoon illustration of a man in a suit and crown, holding a large bag of money. He has a mustache and is wearing sunglasses. The bag has a dollar sign on it.

By Janet Shasha

Shein vs. Temu

By Jamie Simons and Trey Norbey

On August 20, 2024 the fast-fashion company Shein sued their rival, Temu, under copyright infringement. We received an exclusive statement from a representative of Shein, detailing Shein's official stance with Temu.

Dear Gargoyle Magazine of Comedy,

Shein strives to provide the easiest and cheapest shopping experience for our devoted consumers, and has done so since 2008 - in fact, we are the world's largest fashion company. In recent months, however, a cheap imitation brand has attempted to steal our glory. Temu, pronounced teh-moo (as if they were mimicking congested cows), to steal our goals and values — making clothes as quickly and cheaply as possible. Like our business strategy, they outsource to factories around the world — even copying our policy of using underpaid workers with shitty working conditions! I mean, what next, they're going to plagiarize clothing designs from actual artists too???

I respond to your inquiries not because we feel the need to defend ourselves in our lawsuit against Temu, but because we want to show how evil Temu as a company truly is. They sent the mafia to intimidate us into going out of business, they've stolen so many of our ideas in order to take our place as the world's leading fast fashion brand for the common folk, and we will not have it! People of the world, know that we have been a piece of fashion history for much longer than the literal

face of dropshipping. Goddamnit, we have done so much for you! I mean, of course, barring the lead in our clothing. And the fact that we also outsource to factories with horrible working conditions and child labor. But we're doing it for the good of the people! What will tween girls across the world do without their \$4 tops?

I hope you understand our position as wanting to protect the ideals of our brand while highlighting the evils that Temu represents. Our lawsuit will cement our place as the world's most trusted fast-fashion brand. We love our consumers, and we treat them with dignity and respect, as opposed to treating shopping like a game.

*Peace and Love,
Shein <3*

(p.s., please don't look into the lead in our clothing, that was a baseless rumor and we will sue you too if you so much as think about posting a colorful, overly-simplified Canva graphic about it)

We reached out to a Temu representative for a statement, and they sent this in response:

We at Temu would like to kindly offer our rebuttal and in doing so inform your readership of the slimy tactics currently being used by the soulless and integrity-devoid corporate fucks over at the planet's absolute worst business enterprise, SHEIN. Imagine being us, a mere two-year old fledgling upstart subject to a constant barrage of bile and venom from this Orwellian nightmare of a billion dollar enterprise. I mean, we're just little innocent babies for god damn fucking shit's sake, what do you expect us to do? Just roll over and take it up the ass from these dickweeds? I don't think so, sister.

So, to directly address the claims made by SHEIN that we use forced labor to create the products we sell in our online store, incessantly rip off designs from smaller artists before marking them down to ridiculous levels thereby forcing out all other competition, and load items up with enough carcinogens to turn most mid-sized U.S. cities into the Chernobyl exclusion zone, we'd like to now make our official company statement on the matter. We at Temu would just like to clarify that yeah, we do all that shit and a lot worse that you stupid assholes don't even

know about yet, but like... SHEIN did it more and first, so... you should be super totally mad at them instead.

And anyway, we don't even make any of our products in house, idiot! It's all third-party retailers that we have literally zero control of or influence over. We even have a terms of use agreement that you HAVE to click the checkbox on before you become a licensed vendor on our site - what more do you want us to do? Do you expect us to fly all the way to China and Indonesia, find the factories where they're making first graders work eighty hour weeks, and give all the shift supervisors a nice long talking to and a spanking? And even if we did do that, how would you expect to be able to get YOUR first graders their ugly ass back to school outfits for \$3.50 a piece if we paid people a "living wage" and afforded them "humane working conditions"? I bet you coastal ivory tower liberals feel pretty stupid now, huh?

Respectfully,
Temu

Tony's Terrific Toy Time

By Jess Morton

[Police transcript from footage recorded on December, 17th, 2022]

Tony: Welcome to another episode of Tony's Terrific Toy Time! On today's VERY special episode, we have the one-and-only Santa! That's right! Very shortly, we'll be asking fan-submitted questions to the ACTUAL Santa Claus!

Mall Staff: Sir if you'll follow me, he's just behind this door.

Tony: I've dreamt of this day for years! *clears throat* Now, if we just open this door-

Santa: *chomps a wet bite out of his tuna melt*

Tony: Oh this is so special! Agh, okay, *COUGH*... god that smell, what- oh, I'm sorry Mr. Claus! We just have a few questions for you. First, from @NeilDeGrasseTyson, "How does Santa deliver toys to every family on Earth? Given a total of 1.2 billion family homes, and 24 hours to..." ahh, I see... Santa, what do you say to those who doubt you?

Santa: *clumsily wipes chunks of tuna and mayo from his mouth* What? Oh, well it's not easy bein' Santa hah, gotta thank my reindeer, especially randolf uh, or rundolph or... oh yeah, randall. yeah it's all thanks to randall- *burp*

Tony: Rudolph... you mean. You must be exhausted, with Christmas so close. Your friends here at Tony's Terrific Toy Time understand! Now, @MelissaKnits425 asks, "Is Santa single? I'm a hardworking Joann Fabrics clerk from Tucson and I think there's something special between us".

Santa: *puts away flask. dribbles dark brown liquid onto velvet suit* oh fuck! ah- oh, she wants...a... a piece of this?

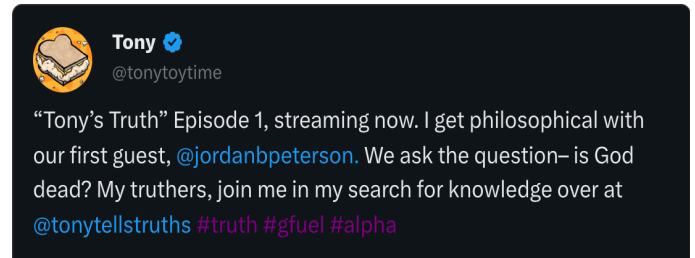
What was her name? Melissa? Well, to be honest Melissa, Santa's been real loney lately. Mrs. Claus left for some tattoo artist in Carson City now I'm alone here, with a mortgage and more Jack Daniels than I know what to do with. If you'll take a chance on me babygirl, I'll show you what this bowl full-of-jelly can-

Tony: Santa you are... really a jokester, wow. I think we're seeing firsthand just how hard Santa's job really is! Now before we get out of your hair, we have one more question from @DocAnthonyFauci, "Santa, how were you affected by the Covid-19 pandemic? Did you adhere to the CDC guidelines?"

Santa: *slams a fist onto the cheap plastic table* I ain't listening to the damn CBC commies, 'specially Fossey. The liberal PC mob would rather have me suckin' the pins on a Starbucks employee's apron than standin' for what's right. And you know what? *pulls out a pistol* I don't have time for you and your damn Marxist toy show. Now get outta here and let me eat, or I'll give you a taste of somethin' that ain't tuna. *points gun at crew*

Tony: right... we'll be leaving now. *sprints from break room* Well everyone, That was pretty int- *pukes*

[The following was posted 2 weeks later on X (formerly Twitter) from @tonytoytime]



[The only existing Yelp reviews for the permanently shut down, now radioactive superfund site, Happy Hilda's Haunted House of Horrors] By Sabrina Barnes

Review: Very Blumhouse Susan M. said: I recently brought my family of four to Happy Hilda's Haunted House of Horrors and it was quite the unusual venture. Upon entering the establishment, they blindfolded us and dragged us across a 1989 Slip 'N Slide covered in some gooey mix of maple syrup, Red 40 dye, and motor oil while blasting us with musty leaf blower air. Then they stuffed the four of us into one of those build-it-yourself kiddie playhouses covered with cheap cobwebs and live tarantulas. In an effort to (I think) "mimic spirits" a band of divorcees from the local combo "Community Improv/Accordions as Social Change" support group blew conch shells and sort of just howled. They'd also occasionally chant in nondescript tongues—I kept hearing something about needing to "make cardinal amends to Bathilda Lord of Darkness." I actually appreciated the backstory there. Still a better anniversary than last year.

Review: Next time just spank me Calvin R. said: i just gotta say the biggest fuck you to the titless fuckers at happy hilda's haunted house of horrors because those twisted little freaks played my high-school girlfriend's breakup voicemail through a monster voice modifier and locked me in a maze of mirrors. then they had some reject theater kids wearing eyeless pumpkin heads runnin around me accusing me of listening to "i have confidence" from *sound of music* when i lift to distract myself from my complicated relationship with my mother! and for the record that's straight bullshit bc i only listen to my bro's sound cloud edm and clips of drake screaming while I POUND FUCKIN IRON AND CHICKS ONLY LIKE. A. MAN. oh oh and and there was this trippy lady-smoke-cloud that kept screaming and bein like "i am bathilda lord of darkness and i seek cardinal amends from my captures." which was freaky but she kindaaa bad so tbh i'd kiss that forehead n hit.

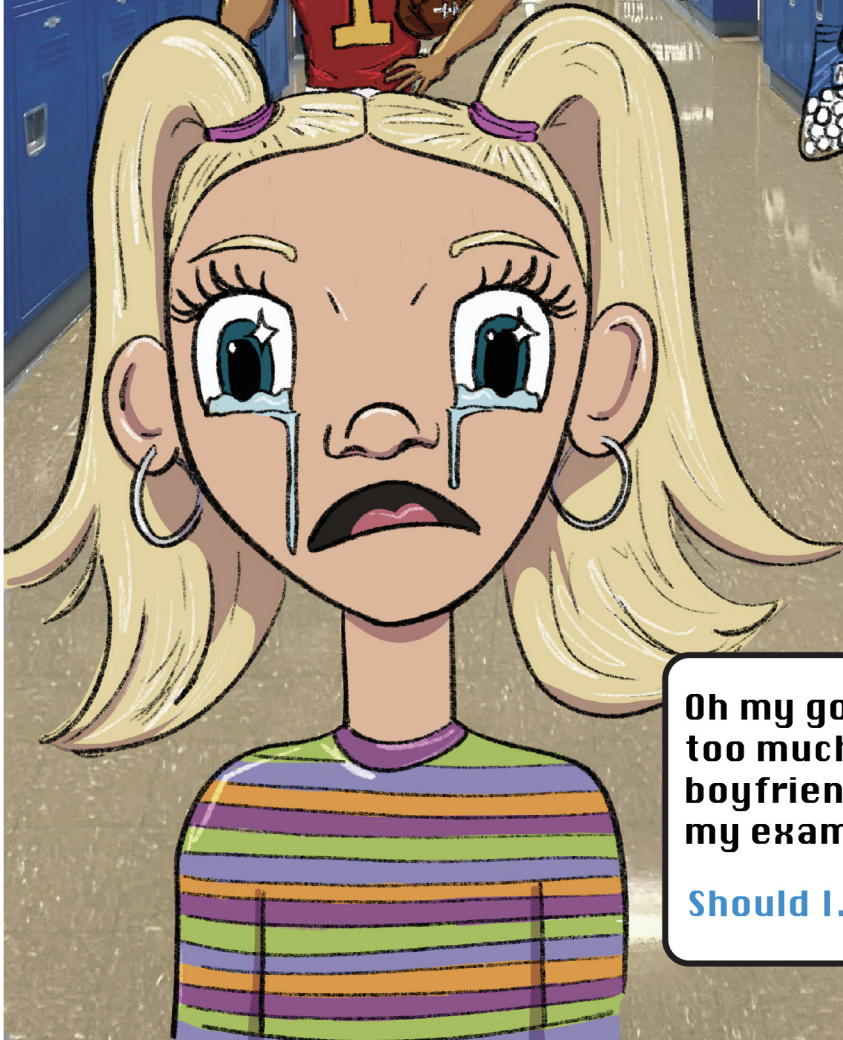
Review: bleaghblahmwahahaghlableaghh Lucas G. said: Help she's in the walls I've been working at Happy Hilda's Haunted House of Horrors for 6 days after I got a noise citation for the middle-of-the-night accordion protest i organized and intricate face paint makes me all brave so i thought this would be a welcoming community of like-minded dashing handsome changemakers like myself but they've slowly started levitating and Happy Hilda said not to worry because Bathilda is trapped in the ancient amulet but I swear she's in the walls in the vents on the inside of my glasses in my nose my throat i cnt se e shhes meiamher dont beliebvgh theghm pleagshwamwahahaha

Crawl into the ceiling to escape

Get douchebag boyfriend to slam my hand in the locker

Sleep with the teacher

Buy the answers and Adderall



Oh my goodness, I spent wayyyyy too much time with my douchebag boyfriend and never studied for my exam.

Should I...



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Garg

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