

GARGGOYLE



Gargoyle BRAND

MAGAZINE



Volume CXV, Number 3 Winter 2024

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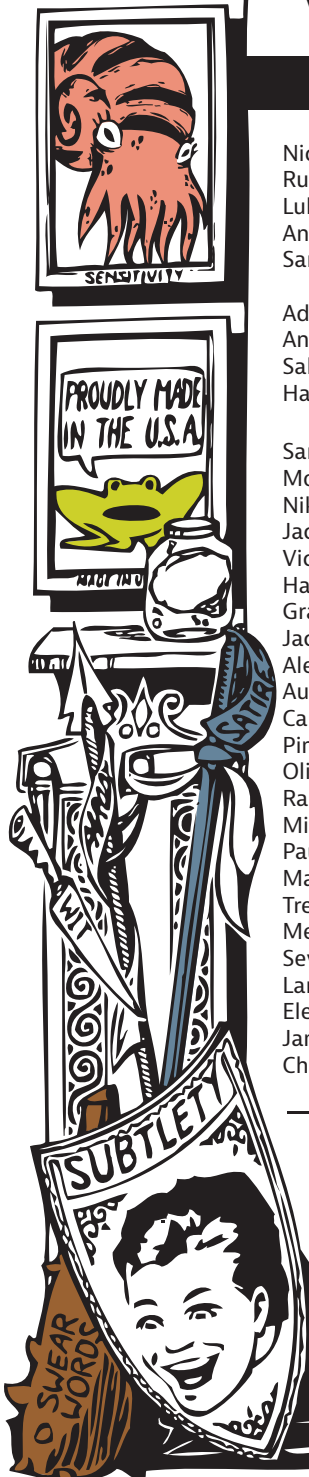
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Honey, I Shrunk the Staff...



KNIC



LOOK



ROOTH



ANAKA



SAARA



ADAM



TRÉ



HAYLEIGH



JAYMI



SUBREENUH



SEAM



JAGI MEUH ALIVEUH



MAYGEN



CHARLEE



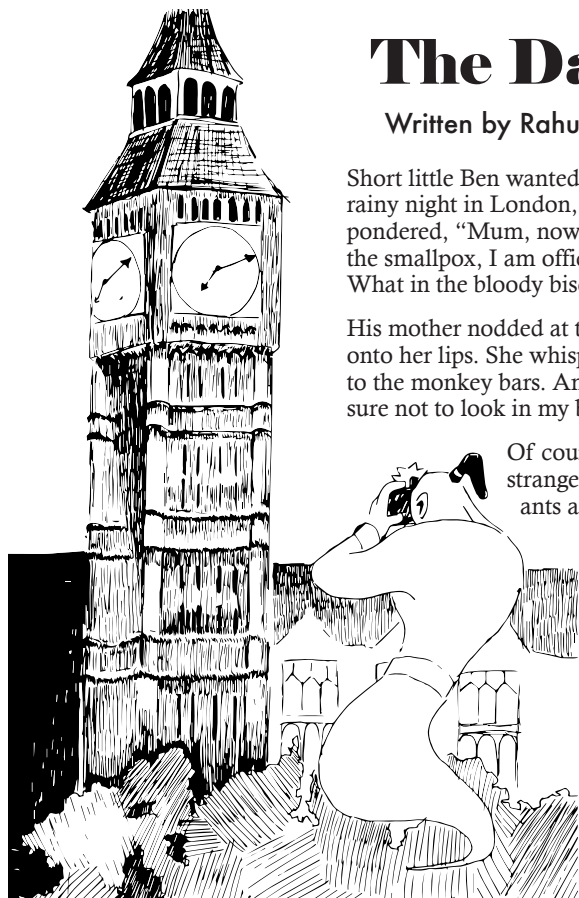
GRACIE

And put them on my trinkets shelf.

By Annika Smits

The Day That Ben Got Big

Written by Rahul Jain, Illustrated by PingYu Hsu



Short little Ben wanted to be big. On a particularly rainy night in London, he turned to his mother and pondered, “Mum, now that Timmy has passed from the smallpox, I am officially the shortest in my year. What in the bloody biscuits can I do to get bigger?”

His mother nodded at the ground and a grin crept onto her lips. She whispered, “Drink milk. Hang on to the monkey bars. Anything of the sort—just make sure not to look in my bathroom cabinet.”

Of course, Ben found her specificity strange. However, his mother also ate ants and dusted the furniture with her pigtails. She knew exactly how to pique his curiosity.

The next evening, after being covered in feathers in the schoolyard for being the shortest in his year, Ben decided he had had enough. While his mother was dusting, he snuck into her bathroom and opened the cabinet. He was surprised to find it empty, aside from an ancient-looking oil lamp. Also, the year was 1859.

He sneered at his short reflection, then grabbed the lamp and ran to the front door. Before stepping out into the drizzle, he looked back and yelled to his mother, “Mum, I’m going out to study Shakespeare and drink tea!”

As soon as he left, his mother popped another ant between her lips and whispered to herself, “The time has come.”

Ben ran to the nearby trolley station and rubbed the lamp with his sleeve to try and clean it. Suddenly, he heard a thundering voice between his ears: “I have heard your deepest, darkest wishes. You wish to be big, you say?”

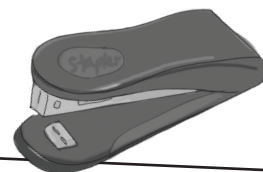
Ben shook his head eagerly. “Yes! Yes sir!”

The voice replied, “Very well then. But every wish granted comes with a twist. You will also be a clock.” Before Ben could even respond, the voice added, “NO TAKESBACKSIES!” and Ben felt a sharp pain between his eyes.

Feel free to visit him in Westminster.

What *is* “Big”? An Essay on the Meaning of Life

By Hana Chrenka



Now that we’ve made it big, one must beg the question, “**what is big?**” In Albert Einstein’s paper titled “On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies,” the concept of special relativity was introduced to the world. A key example was Newton’s theory of gravity, which describes the mutual attraction experienced by bodies due to their mass, much like the mutual attraction between me and your mom. “Writer,” you ask, “what does this even have to do with what ‘big’ means?” I’m getting to it! Don’t rush me. Keep reading. **So, what truly is “big?”** The theory is ‘special’ in that curvature applies to acceleration, as well as some frames of reference. Make sense? Please refer to the supporting information (SI) available at the following doi: 10.1177/0145561320981441

1

In this sense, “**big,**” or the size of the creature with pitch black eyes that appears in the corner of my bedroom at 3:24 AM is simply a question of whether one has an accelerating or decelerating frame of reference. Of course, Al’s theories only hold up if one considers the speed of light to be constant. According to Dr. Kayhan Gultekin, this is a tenant that must be true, or else humanity’s understanding of the universe completely falls apart. But isn’t that the beauty of science? Since the birth of the scientific method, theories have been carefully perfected until one day they become “law.” For example, the Dunning-Kruger law. Now, we are faced with a new phenomenon. The Gargoyle Magazine appears to have grown in size.

2

With any unusual result, one should check if the result is reproducible. As God would have it, it is. Truly, this is a phenomenon unexplainable by any existing scientific theory. To explain, I return back to our initial question. **What does “big” mean?** I encourage you to let go of that question. But still, hold onto it, like your life depends on it. Maybe it’s time for a new paradigm. You (yes, you!) may be holding in your hands the evidence to let go of Einstein’s superstardom and silly postulates and into a new era defined by the Gargoyle Magazine rediscovering the universe through a completely revolutionary lens. A new paradigm, if you will. With this in mind, let’s go back to our original question. **What is “big?”** My answer? This 8=====D

3

The Feast of the Anaconda

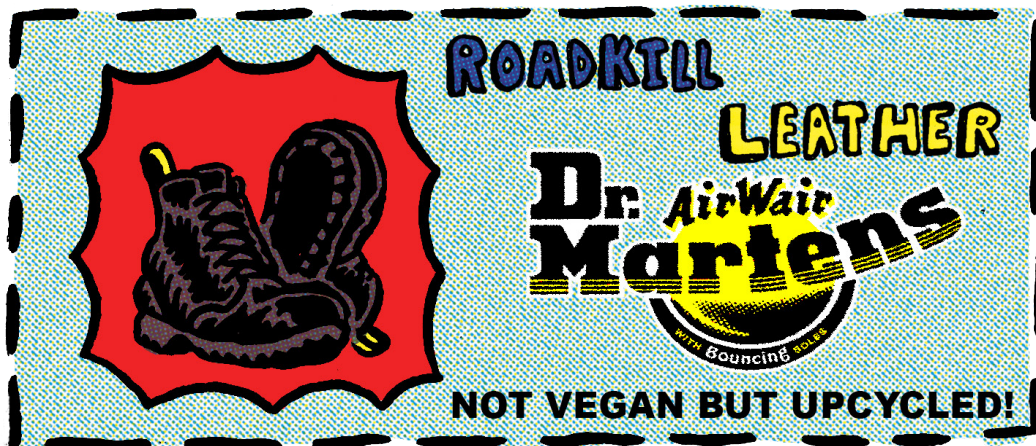
Written by Jaqueline Brace
Illustrated by Mia Lambert

In an expansive and vast forest, in an enormously grand house, nested a disconcertingly massive dining room. And in this disconcertingly massive dining room was a tremendous ornate chair. Draped across this tremendous ornate chair was a sprawling, towering snake. An anaconda, to be precise. The colossal anaconda had an appetite of mythical proportions, and was impatiently anticipating an extraordinarily grand feast. From a gigantic side door emerged an extensive line of waiters, each bearing a mountainous covered plate. The first waiter hefted his substantial platter on the capacious table and removed the sizable shining cover to reveal a giant peach. It was voluptuous and fuzzy, with a little British boy named James occupying its fleshy core. But the monstrous reptile snickered, "I want bigger."

So the waiter retreated, replaced by the next. She laid out her ample offering, and with an ostentatious flourish, she revealed a tremendous bun. It was mammoth and round, fluffy and soft, but the ravenous reptile shook its gargantuan head, scoffing, "Not big enough."

The next waitress approached, a full figured gal. She unseated the immense cover to reveal a monumental cake, with prodigious layers and frosting layered on thick. But the colossal snake heaved a theatrical sigh, "Still not big enough." But as the curvaceous waitress turned, the hulking anaconda perked up. "Wait," it proclaimed, hungry eyes gleaming, "You got buns, hun."

And so the great snake feasted, all through the night. Finally satiated, it let out an Earth-shaking belch and decreed, "Baby got back."



By Sam Adkins



LIST OF BIGGEST THINGS (IN ORDER OF BIGNESS)

Compiled by Trey Norbey

1. Texas 🇺🇸
2. The Ocean
3. Space
4. Neil Patrick Harris' 5head
5. The amount that the Backstreet Boys suck!!!!1!!!!11!!
(NSYNC for life)
6. My neighbor's dog (scary)
7. Thirteen million dollars
8. Twelve million dollars
9. That W at the football game am I right fellow
sports fans
10. Lowes (Any)
11. The Mill on the Floss by George Eliot (1860) - English
452 please stop I'm begging you
12. Megan Thee Stallion's feet or whatever that stupid
ass song was supposed to be about who even fucking
cares
13. My disappointment if they don't make any more Five
Nights at Freddy's movies
14. My disappointment if they do make more Five Nights
at Freddy's movies but Josh Hutcherson isn't in them



The REAL Iceberg

By Lara Ringey



BIG Scary Exam: Econ 40 Wondering if the End is Nigh

By Sabrina Barnes

New Message



I shit you not, I didn't realize Econ is a BIG math class. I thought professors just gave out kisses and Nobel Peace Prizes for caring about the working class while we chuckled about Adam Smith's silly little wig. I was profusely mistaken, nefariously deceived. It's all finance bro capitalist propoganda and hyperbolas that glare back at me from the lecture slides for nearly bringing my high school algebra teacher to tears.

Econ 401 is hard. The BIG scary exam was bad. I approached every problem by sprinting in the utter darkness and slamming into walls with no sense of outcome like I was passing a bill through the US House. I fear all this "predicting consumer action" is making me drunk, violently plastered, with knowledge and power. What if I can't be trusted? I fear I am the deep state.

Econ alternatives: 1) Be a politician. 2) Law school *shudder* 3) Marry rich!! (prenup discouraged). 4) Surrender to the void?

1. People hate the government. I hate the government. The government hates me for my aforementioned risk of omnipotence.
2. Evokes the option to pull an Amy Coney Barrett with the lawyer to cult sweetheart pipeline; an enticing leadership opportunity.
3. Find the Umich men with the greatest potential for wealth. I shall start looking lost in the engineering building or, as a last resort, entice Ross students by jingling shiny keys in their eyeline or hypnotizing them with kaleidoscopes.
4. I blacked out and took an archeology class Freshman year. Perhaps I'll sell out to the British Museum.

Upon studying for this exam I have finally been faced with the crippling weight of my own mortality. The exam so viciously drained me I typed "finally" with a ph. I beg of you to remember me like this, spunky and hot, before I find myself a measly Deloitte personality hire.

Send

Big LGBT

Written by Jamie Simons
Illustrated by Severin Orr

For years you've heard conservative policy makers and conspiracy theorists talk about "Big LGBT." Whether that be indoctrinating your children with pretty flags or putting hormone blockers in your Starbucks lattes, the idea of the LGBT community influencing today's youth and the US government has lingered in the minds of conspiracy theorists and right-wing podcasters. However, it is time that we come forward—we are big LGBT, and these are four secrets the government DOES NOT want you to know about our plan for world domination!

1. Yes, We Turned the Frogs Gay. And?

It's no secret that we, Big LGBT, have dumped chemicals into the US water supply—after all, notorious White Man with a Talk Show #2310 (known by commonfolk as Alex Jones) pointed this out almost a decade ago. While you all laughed at him, little did you know that this is, in fact, true! The water that you drink (especially Dasani), is laced with chemicals made to make your bussy tight and your wrist limp. How were we supposed to test such tasty chemicals on straights without trying them on frogs first?

2. The E-Boy to Twink Pipeline

Another step in our program to create a homosexual society is to utilize trends in order to spread the LGBT influence. One prime example of this was to take your bleached, center parted hair, mewing e-boys, and turn them into twink! This is pretty easy, considering if one cares that much about looks in adherence to online trends, as well as competing with other men in this regard, there has to be some underlying homoerotic tensions. Our aim is to exploit this, guiding the young men of America from looksmoxing to thigh-highs and booty shorts.



3. "Indie" Music Girls and Starbucks: Ingredients for Sapphics

Our metrics have found that musical artists like Taylor Swift and Phoebe Bridgers, paired with Starbucks oat milk lattes, are the perfect combination of ingredients to increase the total number of lesbians in the United States population. Swift and Bridgers may be unaware of this, but we have used subliminal messaging within their music, as well as 5G waves, and everyone's favorite pumpkin spice lattes to enact this. Just listen to All Too Well (Taylor's Version) (10 Minute Version) backwards—you'll find our instructions on how to safely scissor your partner!

4. This Issue!

You thought you were safe from LGBT indoctrination when you picked up this issue? You're so naive. You're not immune to propaganda. 5G waves and Covid vaccines are all around you—wake up! In the very ink on this page are the very same chemicals we used to make the frogs gay. You can't escape big LGBT, and the fact that you thought you could is laughable. I'm laughing at you as you're reading this!

As you can see, Big LGBT is inescapable. You may put this issue down and pass it off as nothing more than a prolonged "joke," but sooner or later you will see. You'll all see. World domination is imminent!



By Sam Adkins

DEBUNKING THE BUNK

By Sarrah Ahmed & Alex Hawthorne

Big Truth would have you believe things like “the Earth is round” or “the Lions are headed for a Superbowl in your lifetime,” but their pockets are lined by none other than Big Lie, so it turns out. As representatives of small truth, we’re here to dispel these untruths. This is what They have been keeping from you. Release your mind from the shackles convincing you that paying \$1000 a month to live in a decrepit basement is a “pretty good deal.”

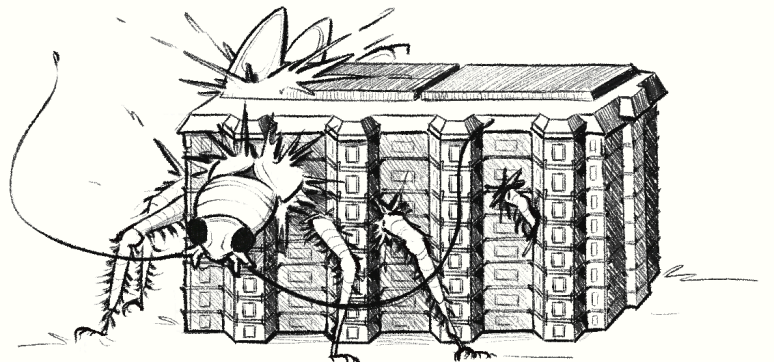
Here’s the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help us Garg:

- ➔ Vaping is the key to a long and healthy life.
- ➔ Your landlord is practically saint material and destined for heaven.
- ➔ South Quad serves human remains (consulting club rejects) every second Wednesday of the month.
- ➔ You’re just as special as your mom says you are.
- ➔ Your professor wants you to be hungover for your exam for real life experience.

- ➔ That same professor was drunk while creating that un navigable Canvas page.
- ➔ That State Street establishment will call you back about a job because a 350k degree actually is enough to qualify you to scoop a ¼ cup of chicken onto a bowl of rice.
- ➔ Garg loves you.
- ➔ You only got into Umich because you’re gay (projection).
- ➔ You’re still renting from that landlord in the afterlife. Looks like Ann Arbor lease agreements transcend life and death.
- ➔ Our fingers weren’t crossed as we wrote this.

So remember to keep abusing substances, and don’t be a pawn in the Big Truth Agenda.

ONE MORNING, GREGOR
SAMSA WOKE TO FIND
SOMETHING VERY,
VERY DIFFERENT.



By Megan Okubo

Clifford's Big Red Obituary 1963 - 2024

By Victoria Cattermole

Today we honor the life of America's favorite Big Mistake: Clifford the Big Red Dog. On the morning of January 21st, 2024, Clifford stepped into the street and was struck by Roger the Bigger Red Car and was killed instantaneously. Clifford will be remembered by his owners, the neighborhood pups, and the living other members of Epstein's list. We will all remember Clifford for his community involvement, such as his accidental use of the mayor as a squeaky toy, causing intermittent urine flooding of the city streets, and

successfully establishing creationist theory in all public schools.

Although Clifford's origins remain suspicious, we understand that he was affiliated with the CIA's Cold War experiments in genetically engineering creatures. After his release, he lived a fulfilling life, beginning with graduating from PragerU. He then went on to star as the atomic bomb in Oppenheimer, receiving nominations from the Academy Awards and the American Kennel Club. Clifford leaves behind his doghouse in Miami and his collection of vaguely

human-shaped bones.

The viewing will be held in the empty Walmart parking lot off of I-96. Please feel free to grab a spare tupperware to take home some of the ashes, as his cremation was too large to store. Instead of flowers, please consider a donation to PETA, to prevent the creation of new Big Red Dogs.

In other news: the city of Ann Arbor is currently seeking sanitation volunteers to help clean Big Red Guts off the sidewalks.

Oh Brother!

By Charlie Splete

A historic moment in reality TV this week, CBS has announced the new host for the upcoming season of Big Brother: a freshly reanimated George Orwell! We sat down with George and his translator to talk about his exciting first season.

First off, I'm a big fan, George! How do you feel about being the new host?

George Orwell: *muttering*

Leonard [necromancer]: Elated! It was only a matter of time before they brought the namesake of the show on to host! I might not have a lot of expertise in the television industry, but I like to think I've caught on rather quickly.

What sort of fun challenges can we expect?

George: *confused mumbling*

Leonard: I'll keep some surprises in store for when the show airs, but let's just say we take Animal Farm to a whole new level!

Any new changes to the game structure this time around?

George: *fumbles to roll a cigarette, moans sadly when told he cannot smoke indoors*

Leonard: It's been a long time coming, but we're finally adding thought police to the show! There's a whole new element of strategy to take into account when the nervous CBS intern comes over the loudspeaker and announces your plans to betray your alliance.

How have you been adapting to the show behind the scenes?

George: mmmmmmmmaaAAAGHHHH!

Leonard: I try to be as involved as possible as host and as a crewmember. They've repeatedly told me not to but I always help out with making the slop. It's a real bonding experience both in front of and behind the camera.

Without giving away too much, what are your thoughts on the cast for this season?

George: *murmuring and grunting, eyeball pops out of socket*

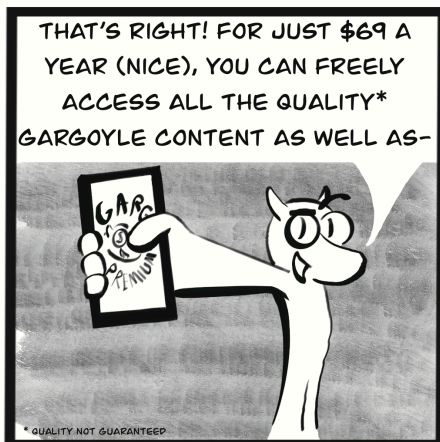
Leonard: Jared is a rascal. Besides him they're a really fun group that always finds a way to surprise me and keep me on my toes, and I was in the war for Chrissakes!

Thank you so much for your time George, we can't wait for this season!

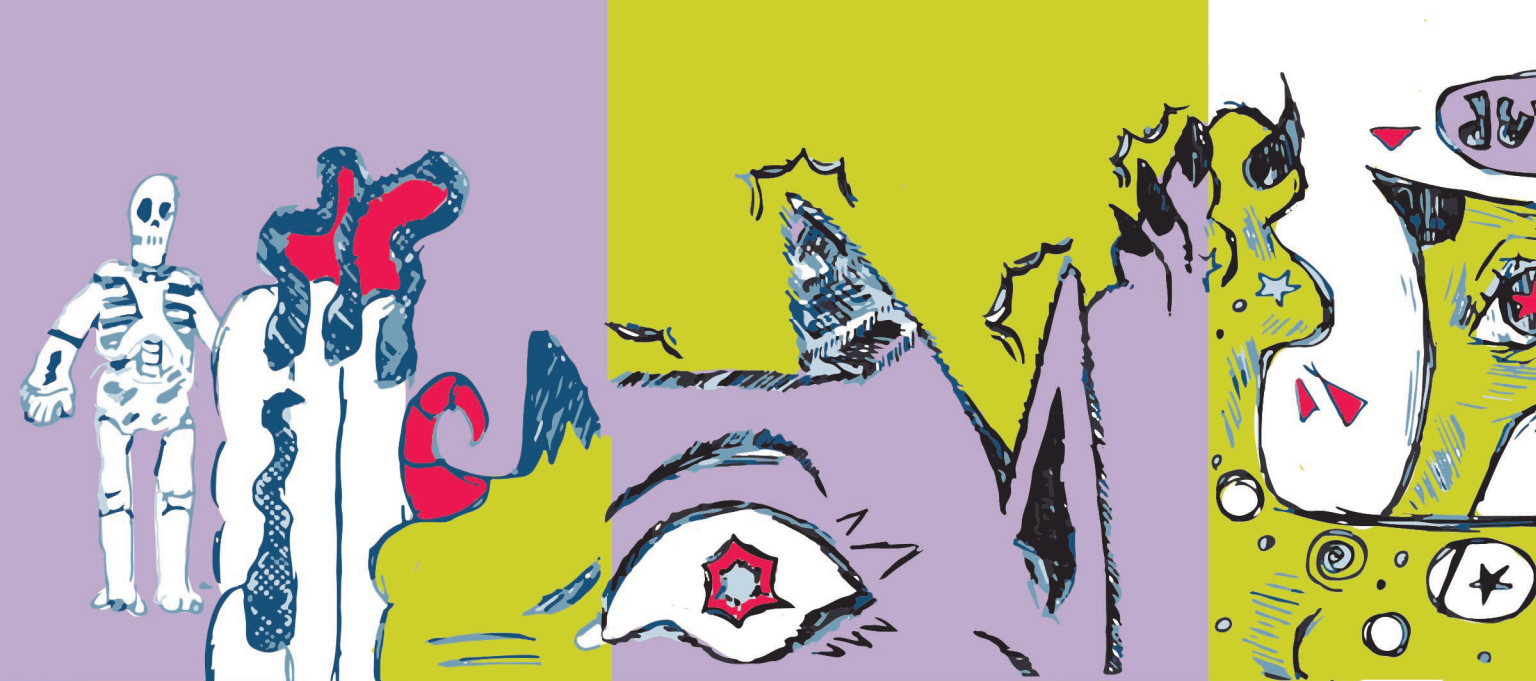
George: Blah. *arm falls off*

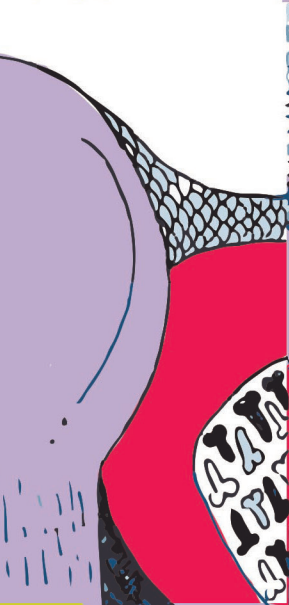
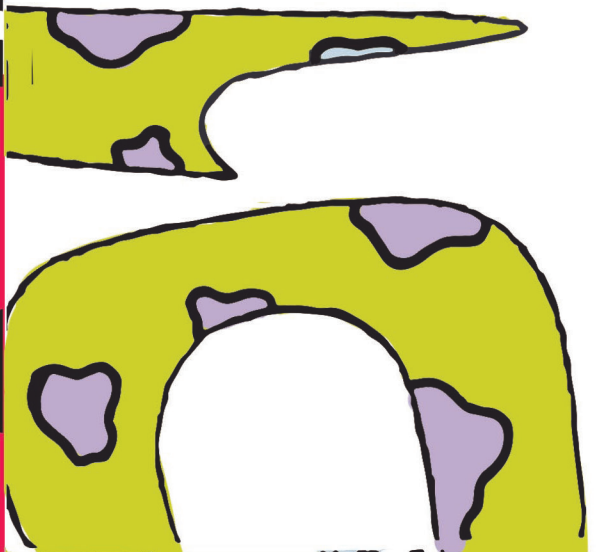
Leonard: What he said!

Big Brother: Orwell's House will air Friday mornings at 3 ET/ 12 PT

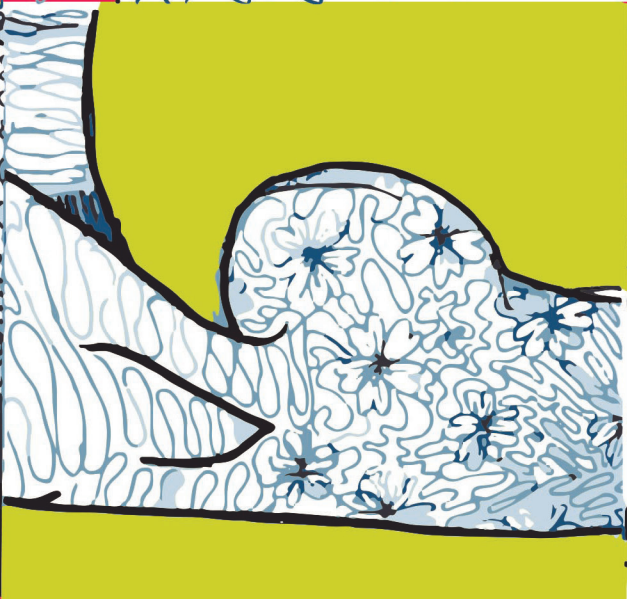


By Paul Leow





I
Love
You
Ice
Spice



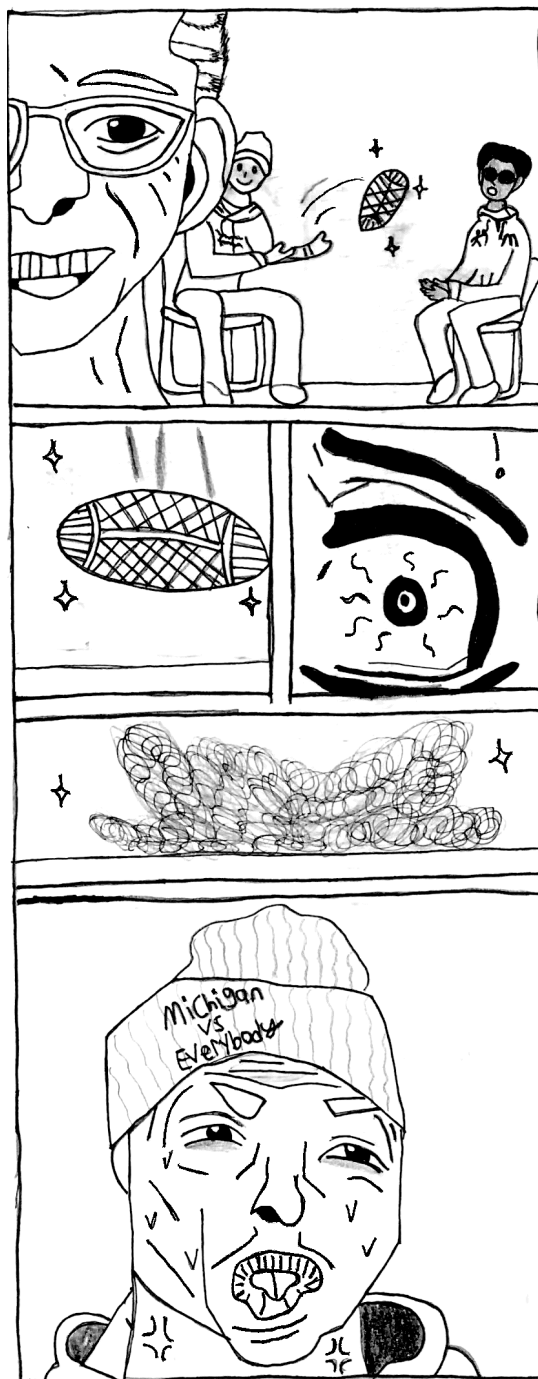
BIG (Tom's Version) By Charlie Splete

more
big

Look out 80's movie fans, the corporate heads at BIG CINEMA have announced the rerelease of beloved family favorite *Big* back into theaters! Of course, with the ease of streaming and movies on demand at home, distribution executive Minnie Ature promises new features on the big screen for fans young and old. "*Big* is such a classic, which is why we made sure in this edition to thoroughly defend the core relationship between a minor and a 30-year-old woman." Ature explained. Subtitled presentations of the new film will display STILL 12 YEARS OLD during any scene between Josh and Susan, assuredly maintaining the whimsy of the film without any of the moral and ethical quandaries. This will also apply to the newly restored and previously X-rated sex scene, filmed in an empty 20th Century Fox soundstage by longtime Hanks collaborator Ron Howard.



Ature also revealed the roughly 14 minutes of new dialogue gathered for this release, seamlessly edited in with press material and deleted scenes from other beloved Tom Hanks joints like *Splash* and *The 'Burbs*. "While unfortunately we were unable to get Tom to reprise his role, his son Chet stepped in to deliver some really fantastic ADR." Ature commented. "His improvisation skills and wholesome comedic touch really enhanced the material." If all of this wasn't exciting enough, even the iconic Zoltar machine has a bigger role in this version, brought to life by a fully CGI character played by Jeremy Allen White. Sign us up!



By Cal Holley

MY BIG PLAN By Sam Adkins

1 TO ALL WHO IT MAY CONCERN, I AM PLANNING SOMETHING
2 BIG. TAKE THAT AS YOU WILL. ELEMENTS ARE IN MOTION. IT
3 CAN'T BE STOPPED. THERE WILL BE NO COMPROMISE. THIS
4 IS BIG, BIG, REALLY BIG. BIG OIL, BIG TECH, BIG PHARMA,
5 BIG BOY, BIG HOUSE. BIG SHIT WILL GO DOWN, THIS IS NOT
6 UNRELATED TO WHAT HAPPENS IN BIG NEWS. BE BIG
7 WARNED! THERE WILL BE SIGNS, SACRIFICES WILL BE MADE,
8 THINGS HAVE BEEN PURCHASED. BIG THINGS. REALLY
9 BIG THINGS. INCOMPREHENSIBLY BIG THINGS. I HAVE A
10 WHITEBOARD, CHALKBOARD, PEG BOARD, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND
11 BLACK MARKET DOOHICKIES, GADGETS, AND THINGAMAJIGS
12 ALL OF WHICH ARE REALLY BIG. MY ILLEGAL GIZMOS ARE THE
13 BIGGEST OF THEM ALL. NO ONE KNOWS HOW DEEP MY PLAN
14 GOES, BUT IT GOES BIGGER THAN ANYONE WILL UNDERSTAND.
15 THE BIGNESS OF MY PLAN CAN ONLY BE COMPARED TO THE
16 BIGGEST PLANS IN HISTORY THAT RESULTED IN THE BIGGEST OF
17 BIG TIME EVENTS. YOU KNOW THE ONES, IF YOU DOUBT MY PLAN
IS THE BIGGEST YOU'VE HEARD, YOU ARE WRONG NO ONE WILL
UNDERSTAND HOW BIG MY PLAN IS. IT GOES TO THE TOP. IT IS
THE BIGGEST PLAN EVER CONCEIVED AND IT WILL TAKE EFFECT.
WATCH OUT. YOU THINK YOUR PLAN IS BIG? HAHA! IT IS NOT. THE
TIME IS NOW. THE PLAN IS HERE. SOMETHING IS IN THE AIR,
SOMETHING BIG BEWARE.

Let's Talk About Texas

Written by Nick Dabagia
Illustrated by Graci Darland



As the Gargoyle's illustrious and entirely self aware representative Texan, I've tasked myself with generating a list of bigger and better Texas things that all you blighted and unfortunate Yankees have never encountered, by virtue of your living in this cold spot of earth known as Ann Arbor. Texas is literally too great to even be captured with words... money grows on trees, everybody owns guns and goes to church three times a day and five times on Sunday; at age 50, you're legally obliged to enter weekly dialysis treatment, and the Cowboys haven't won a playoff game at home since the 1840s. But, enough of these statements of brazen truth, braggadocio, so-called "glazing." So follows the biggest and best list of all time:



1. Servings of fries at fast food restaurants - I've long gone on record saying fast food in Michigan sucks compared to Texas. Why? The fries in the bottom of the bag in Texas are more copious than those which you're served here in the 734. Mm, sweet salty hypertension.

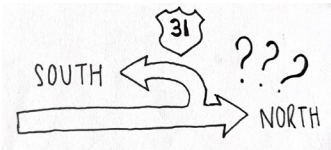
2. The people (see point 1 above): you think it's a coincidence that states in the South have shorter life expectancies? Contrary to what the Grand Old Party may tell you, it's not due to immigrants. Spend your life stuffing your face with fried food, chili, and banana pudding, and one can quickly become a creature only before seen aboard the spacecraft in the 2008 computer-animated romantic science fiction film Wall-e.



3. The state fair: another thing you people entirely missed out on.



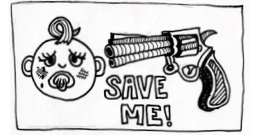
4. Left turns



5. Gas stations - Buccee's. Enough said. If you haven't been there, get there.



6. Pro-Life Billboards - Sure, you can drive out into the sticks here in the Midwest and encounter a few billboards that say such things as "think twice, save a life" and "call this number before you abort." This pales in comparison to the Lone Star State, where people value the lives of the unborn despite the fact that they cannot sustain life on their own. Without fail, every other billboard in the state is plastered with graphic images of aborted "fetuses," saucy shock and awe gore that might not be out of place in a magazine such as this one. Yet, this is comedy, and those billboards are not. Don't you know??? Those democrats are killing babies!



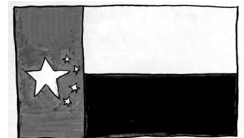
7. Corndogs



8. Razor wire on the Southern border. See #10. Also, that scene from the Great Escape where Steve McQueen rides his motorcycle into the Swiss border and gets arrested again by Nazis.



10. Facism



9. Marijuana washed with gasoline



11. Cowboy boots



Interview With Big Things By Elena Runion

The Iceberg That Sank The Titanic

Me: Hello friend!
Berg: Fuck you. Do not call me 'friend.'
Me: Woah, sorry. Can I ask you a qu-
Berg: My family is dying. What did we do to deserve this??
Me: Okay, we suck. Yada yada. Can I ask about the ~incident~ with the Titanic?
Berg: That was merely the beginning.
Me: Um, okay? Uh, so I've got another qu-
Berg: No.
Me: Damn, chill out bro.
Berg: YOU LITTLE SHIT.
Me: runs

The Grand Canyon

Me: Hey there! Hey there! Hey there!
Me: Can I ask you a question?
(Question Question)
Me: Okay...
(okay okay)
Me: How do you feel about the nickname 'Asscrack of Arizona?'
GC: Fuck you!
(Fuck you! Fuck you!)
Me: writes down, "loves it"

The Gargoyle Himself

Me: Hey! Wow, what an honor.
TGH: Of course it is.
Me: Alright. First ques-
TGH: Whatever was said about me, Kyle lied.
Me: Okay, that's... nice? How does it feel to be this year's 'World's Largest Dick?'
TGH: Wow, I knew I was big, but 'World's Largest?'
Me: Yeah, people really think you're a dick.
TGH: Wait.
Me: Oh, hunny. You didn't think that...
TGH: sighs

Dear diary

By Sarrah Ahmed & Annika Smits

Do you ever just get an idea so good, so magnificent that it consumes you? My tummy trembles with excitement and gratitude as I chart my plans for the upcoming months in hopes that the universe gives me whatever I want <3



TODO:

TAKING OVER PUBLICATIONS Gargoyle now only news source, we become super reliable

HACK INTO MICHIGAN DAILY GOOGLE DRIVE

DELETE ATLAS all must suffer and yolo it, survival of the fittest, its cheating to curate the perfect and most attainable schedule

SUSTAINABILITY remove walls, open air concept, modernity

EFFORTS: inspo: guggenheim, colosseum, hanging gardens of babylon

PAINT THE TOWN GREEN shave head

PROGRAM HIVE MIND learn how to code (but maybe kidnap EECS loser as backup)



ENSURE E3W KEEPS PRINTING SO ALL TREES DIE AND PLANET BURNS

COMMANDEER COMMUTER SOUTH, DRIVE OFF NEAREST CLIFF

GET PEOPLE TO START SAYING "GARGWELLIAN"

but in an inspirational, admiring sort of way

WRITE TEXTBOOK FOR GRG 101 make class mandatory for all students

NEW D.E.I. STATEMENT



At the University of Michigan, our values include a deep and ongoing commitment to squandering your self esteem and sustaining a community where His eminence Sir Garg T. Oyle and associates are respected and celebrated; where campus members can feel a sense of healthy fear in our community; and where all ignore the blinking red lights and audio recording devices on university property.

CIRCLE BACK IN FIVE YEARS, NEW DEGREE
DECLARATION CEREMONIES, RESEARCH
POSSIBLE SOURCES: DIVERGENT, HUNGER
GAMES? BEEN READING YA DISTOPTIAN NOVELS

GET MOM TO PAY TUITION BY MARCH 25

PS. I really want a banana mint breeze for my birthday. A sweet little treat.
PPS. look into taking down the FDA and making it legal to have Celsius IVs, it'll make me an academic weapon.

BIG MOTHER IS WATCHING YOU

By Olivia Humphrey

It began ordinarily enough: simply another rising pop star, a sensation among the youth, an icon for American teenage girls. Surely nobody (excluding college graduates, social scientists, and the more-perceptive video essayers) could've predicted the extent of her rise to power. Yet, when we trace back the roots of what society today has become, we find that, although rather innocuous at first, the signs were always there. Hello, dear readers, loyalists of our dying rebellion. We're reporting to you live from the ground zero of the madness. Here with us today we have an informant who would like to remain anonymous, commenting on the development of the situation.

"Yeah, I didn't like, really think anything was wrong for a while, 'cause when everyone was calling her Mommy..."

yeah, I thought that checked out. I mean, did you see her Reputation outfit? And then, like everyone was calling her Mother and I didn't think much of it. They were all like, 'she's serving, she's serving,' and I was like, yeah, totally, serving looks, sure. And then like, it was Big Mother, and she wasn't serving looks anymore she was serving the people, and then she was surveying the people, all of a sudden, and then like, before I even knew it, it was Big Mother was always watching and like at that point it was too—"

We also heard from some of Big Mother's loyalists, whether we wanted to or not. As a young woman named Kayleigh we passionately explained, "you guys are literally just hating on her for being a woman. Look, if a man was so successful at winning Grammys, appealing to the youth, slowly infiltrating the media, building a monopoly on the music industry, toppling the existing democracy and establishing a dictatorship-style of governance, no one would even care."

But the second a woman designs and produces a fleet of Folklore-themed commercial aircraft to make Starbucks runs more efficiently for her, suddenly it's 'terrible' and 'unethical' and 'fascist behavior.'" Our team on the ground was unable to procure any additional commentary.

That concludes this week's issue. As always, thank you for your courageous support. If you make it that long, in the next issue, we will dive into an analysis of what we originally, naively believed was merely the name of her newest album, but was actually an omen of the system of her future bureaucracy. The Tortured Poets Department was shortly joined by The Flayed Climate Activists Division and the Waterboarded Class Egalitarians Agency. I suppose it's only a matter of time before the finalization of the Speak Now loyalist tip line, and then it'll truly be midnight on our last little corner of free press.



By Mia Lambert

Nook Inc. CEO Sentenced to 25 Years

Written by Jamie Simons
Illustrated by Lara Ringey

The villagers of Pen Island have spoken out against the CEO of Nook, Inc., and founder/mayor of Pen Island, Mr. Thomas Nook. Nook recently pleaded guilty to criminal charges of extortion, blackmail, money laundering, violation of child labor laws, public nudity, and tax evasion; he has been sentenced to 25 years in prison.

One villager spoke up regarding Nook's conduct towards their housing contract specifically, saying: "Yeah, Nook forced me to work for him in order to fulfill my contract. I spent hours digging into the ground and destroying the natural beauty of Pen Island, just to find old fossils to sell—and he just kept adding upgrade after upgrade to my home! I'm millions of bells in debt. My family is starving, I've worked myself to the bone, and yet, nothing is good enough for this capitalist pig!"



When pressed further about his crimes, evidence was presented that Nook had even blackmailed his vendors into staying on the island, erecting new buildings for their business and charging an obscene amount of bells for rent, all while threatening to chase them out of their respective industries if they had spoken out against the tanuki. He had also pressured villagers to stay, bribing them with sex for a portion of debt relief—apparently, with his huge ego came a pretty huge package as well.

Nook's sentencing will no doubt shake the foundation of Pen Island to its core. Talks are already in place that the Island Representative, Gargie, will be taking over as island mayor. The community is currently working on restructuring the shattered economy left in Nook's wake.

BOYS! GIRLS! GET THIS SEMI-AUTOMATIC 5.56 NATO ROUNDS ARMALITE RIFLE-15

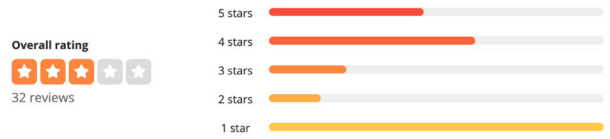
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Suggested Reviews:

Dale H.



It's my duty as a Texan to help the boys out at the border, but I couldn't afford any rifles (damn illegals stole my job at Buc Ee's). Luckily, y'all got a ton of cheap glocks and the like.

Hank S.



I went to this fine establishment to get some buckshot for my huntin trip with my buddies but they were playing Taylor Swift. Are you kidding me, she betrayed the world of country music to join the globalist illuminati hollywood cult! Play some manly stuff like Rage Against the Machine or Limp Bizkit!

Martha L.



I went looking for a riffle for my son in highschool, hes bin pretty sad lately n all he wanted was a new AR-15. Anyways, I walk into the store and ask teh employee for help cause I don't know this kinda thing and he told me I looked like a democrat! I aint felt that offendid since I was called a Californian! The man who said that to me was pretty fat and had a long mullet. Didn't see his eye color cuz he was wearin them Pit Vipers

Jeb F, Business Owner

Howdy Martha, sorry to hear about your bad experience with John. I fired him because he keeps saying rude remarks to our valued customers! I also think he's a secret homosexual. Hopefully Jesus can save that poor boy's soul.

Eric I.

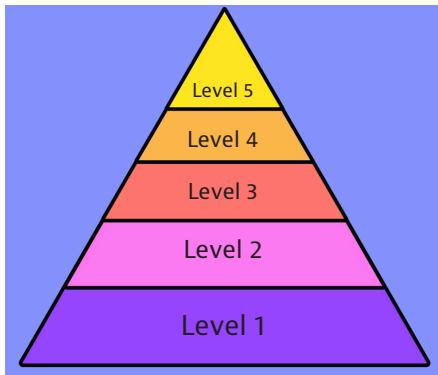


All the guns with barrels that fit in my mouth are pretty cheap.

By Jacob Futterman

Big Thinking

By Anna Stansfield



Level 1: The Innocents

This category is made up mostly of infants. Their experience of the world is uniquely their own. They cry a lot. Survival is their top priority.

Included in this genus: your baby nephew, victims of the xanax epidemic, and cats.

Level 2: The Learners

The learners understand that there are certain ways you must move your mouth in order to describe the subjective and thrilling experiences of color, hunger, wall-

to-wall shag carpeting, and love. Thus begins a lifetime of conformity.

Included in this genus: Margot Robbie in the second half of the Barbie movie, the girl you babysit who just learned the word "no", and indica users an hour and a half after the edible hits.

Level 3: The Sheep

The sheep have a respectable mastery of Thinking. They can name up to three digits of pi (a number made up by mathematicians to have something to show off at parties), know that plasma is the 4th state of matter, and that there are actually seven colors of the rainbow (remember: indigo, violet). They will take any opportunity to rub this in your face. These thinkers are highly dangerous because they believe that they have mastered Thinking. They are, however, only blind followers of the next level up: The Professors.

Included in this genus: The guy who took you on that date at a Mexican place, talked a lot about his dad's startup, and tried to speak Spanish to the waitress.

Level 4: The Professors

Professors are the evil overlords of Big Thought. Their entire job consists of making up knowledge and passing it on to

The Sheep (sometimes called students). In their quest to become Professors, Sheep pay inordinate amounts of money to hear them talk about their own books. If a Sheep has paid enough money, and organized enough excel sheets for their overlords, they will become licensed to make up their own knowledge, and teach it to new sheep. This is the pyramid scheme of Big Thought: pay into it, and you will one day hold the keys.

Included in this genus: Whoever ghostwrites Santa Ono's emails, professors who put their journal articles from grad school on the syllabus, and roughly 40% of Delta Platinum members.

Level 5: The Underachievers

The Underachievers have ascended to an intellectual Nirvana. They have seen past Thought's iron curtain. They have probably done shrooms enough times so as not to tell everybody they meet about the time they did shrooms. The underachievers (sometimes known as monks, stoners, hedonists, ascetics, and losers) are Innocents with fully developed prefrontal cortexes. They eat. They sleep. They get bitches.

Included in this genus: Epicurus, your older cousin at Thanksgiving, Jack Black.

Big Romantic Gestures

In the age of digital dating, romantic gestures seem a thing of the past. Instead of sweeping one another off our feet with affectionate undertakings, we've settled for declarations of "Imu bbg." The problem? These are what we call weak gestures. Puny. How do you expect to cultivate real love with a computer as your middle man? We at the Gargoyle actually really wanted some answers, so we looked to the public for guidance. Some of you wrote in with swoon-worthy examples of proof that chivalry is alive and breathing, and we are taking notes, to say the least.

Mark Smith (23) had been in a relationship with his girlfriend for four years. "In the beginning, things were hot, but our flame was getting weaker with every passing anniversary," says Smith. He was thinking of ways to rev up the romance, and settled on the tried and true candlelit dinner at Madras Masala. Simple, right? Mark's genius struck when he decided to take the details into his own hands, however. "I wanted heat. I wanted passion. I wanted it to be big," Smith recounts. Mark brought his own matches to the restaurant and proceeded to light the tablecloth as a symbol of his untamed love for his beloved.



Written by Molly Anderson
Illustrated by Megan Okubo

"It was hot," Smith stated. The facility was ablaze within minutes and no longer stands.

Leonard Alcott (20) didn't have the balls to stand up for his girlfriend when her folks pushed her around. "They would always harp on her about 'dating the first piece of trash you meet on campus' and it took a toll on our relationship. She started looking at me differently. I knew I had to do something," says Alcott. He planned a grand gesture to shut his future in-laws up once and for all. "I brought a tool with me this time," said Alcott, smirking, when he recalled the authentic medieval single-edged sword that he brought to Christmas dinner at her house. "It was like something out of a movie. I stood up at the first word that her dad uttered and slayed them both," he said. As he was handcuffed and escorted off the scene of the crime, Alcott says that he "never felt more like a protagonist."

Smith and Alcott's partners abstained from comment.

*Interviews conducted via mail from Washtenaw County Jail

An Open Letter By Graci Darland

I like big things. I like big clothes that are baggy on me, big chunky jewelry that's loud and obnoxious, big statues, big buildings, big scoops of ice cream, big hair, big eyes, big paintings! I like all big things, but there is one big thing that I like the most, and I thank God everyday that it is attached to me.

My Big Fat Boner is my favorite big thing, nay, my favorite *thing* in the world. It is so amazing. Let me paint you a picture; imagine the biggest, fattest boner you possibly can, and then make it about double that size, and beautiful. No really! I promise she's really truly beautiful. You would think that what is possibly the biggest boner to ever walk this Earth would be a bit grotesque and nauseating, but my boner is a real work of art. It's picturesque, in a way. Its gargantuan quality isn't a deterrent like one may assume, but it's more a point of interest, a feature, even.

Everyone who has ever interacted with my boner has been nothing short of entranced. One reviewer remarked the following (mind you, this was after nearly fainting upon first viewing and needing a glass of water to regain composure);

"Oh my god! I've never seen anything like it! It's magnificent, like, I can't take my eyes off of it. I feel tied to it, like I was always meant to meet your boner. Does it have a gravitational pull? Is it my soulmate? No, no it can't be. Right? Wow, am I rambling? I can't stop smiling, oh my gosh. I just, wow. Can I take a picture of it, or would that be weird? I want

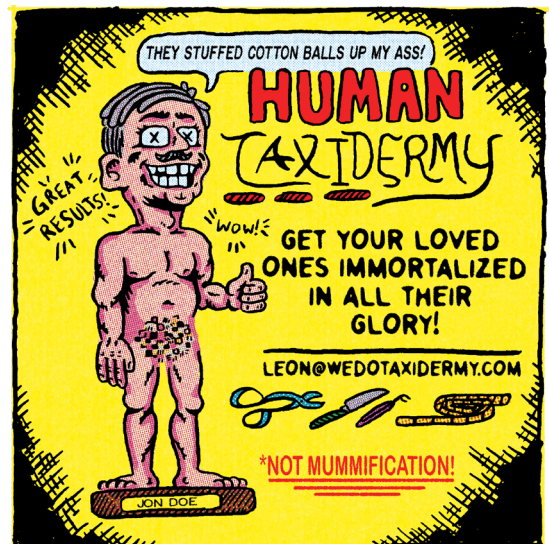
something to look at to cheer me up the next time I get sad..."

I really enjoy that particular review, even though it lacks a certain, well, poeticism. It also fails to mention my personal favorite detail of my boner. My boner is unique not only in size, but in lack of companionship. Usually there are two unpleasant round things involved, which many might refer to them as "balls." My amazing-perfect-blessed-big-fat boner has none of that. Yeah, you heard that right. No balls. Some people say "no balls" as an insult to one's manhood, but I think that having no balls is the highest honor a boner owner can achieve. Balls are, for lack of a better word, nasty as shit. They're hairy and sackish (and like, why are they both in one sack not separate ones???) and too squishy and just like, really weird. I don't know how or why I was blessed with both a gorgeous boner and a lack of testicles, but I thank whatever higher power created me every chance I get for taking mercy on my ball hating soul. I don't know if I could handle having the constant threat of testicular torsion hanging over my head.

Back to my boner. I know that you probably have some logistical questions. You know, something along the lines of, how do I manage it? What side does it hang on? Can I ride a bike? Is it hard to clean? Is it always a boner? etc, etc. Now, I would love to answer these questions to ease your mind, and I assure you I could talk about my boner forever. However, I do enjoy keeping my boner shrouded in a certain level of mystery. I think that it's best if I leave you to ponder my boner on your own. Maybe, just maybe, if you yearn hard enough, you may meet it for yourself one day.



By Luke Homans



By Sam Adkins

Big list of entirely unrelated celebrity names, selected completely at random and with no significance either individually or in conjunction with each other.^{1 2}

By Trey Norbey

Ghislaine Maxwell
Prince Andrew
Bill Clinton
Donald Trump
Hillary Clinton
David Copperfield
John Connelly
Alan Dershowitz
Leonardo DiCaprio
Al Gore
Richard Branson
Stephen Hawking
Ehud Barak
Michael Jackson
Marvin Minsky
Kevin Spacey
George Lucas

Jean Luc Brunel
Cate Blanchett
Naomi Campbell
Heidi Klum
Sharon Churcher
Bruce Willis
Bianca Jagger
Bill Richardson
Cameron Diaz
Glenn Dubin
Eva Andersson-Dubin
Noam Chomsky
Tom Pritzker
Chris Tucker
Sarah Ferguson, Duchess of York
Robert F. Kennedy Jr.

¹ (Furthermore, which are completely disconnected from any recent high-profile news stories that may or may not exist in which the public could potentially have an interest in seeing which celebrities' names are listed together for whatever reason)

² (And to reiterate once more for full clarity, these names and the people to whom they belong share no common connection in any sense whatsoever, especially not to one who might've been in the public consciousness several years ago following an extremely publicized arrest due to alleged illicit activities occurring on a private island and subsequent circumstances of death that may have, to some, seemed suspicious and/or otherwise questionable)

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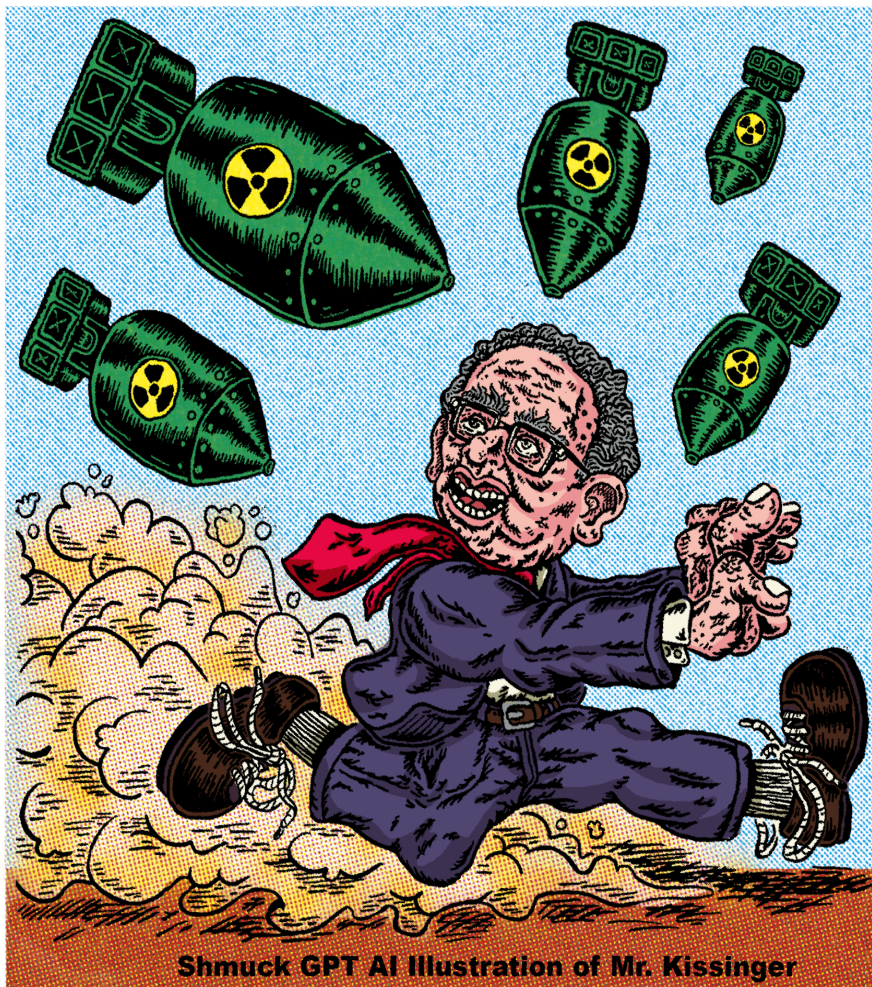
-Victim of Operation Menu 1969

“It sounds like a skill issue”

-Non Denominational Council of Gods



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Cambodian Ghosts Descend into Hell, Initiating a Bombing Campaign on Mr. Henry Kissinger in Hopes He Will Suffer a 2nd, 3rd, and Possible 4th Death.

By Sam Adkins

READ MORE ON PAGE 57.

