

Garpoyn

FOR KIDS



*Rosie's
Gait*

Winter 2025
Issue 3



Volume CXVI, Number 3 Winter 2025

STAFF

Luke Homans.....grubbing one out
 Ruth Marks.....I am, I am, I am
 Annika Smits.....my innie, Monica S. does this magazine
 Charlie Splete.....Not a Disney adult
 Sabrina Barnes.....big mommy smog

Jacqueline Brace.....still waiting on the playground
 Adam Krugel.....Present
 Trey Norbey.....never fills this out
 Jamie Simons.....doctorate in yaoi studies

Molly Anderson.....on a Tarte brand trip
 Sam Baumgardner.....Yakubian ape
 Georgie Correa.....probably pooping or something
 Madison Dennis.....reheating the onika burgers nachos
 Xolo Hernandez-Herrera.....Rob Kardashian of Staten Island
 PingYu Hsu.....(does not need a haircut)
 Olivia Humphrey.....i'll do absolutely anything
 Mia Lambert.....bury me at take-out creek
 Charlotte Mulroy.....Will prob delete,prob offensive
 Mia Norbey.....wearing two pant
 Megan Okubo.....prevaricative
 Paolo Poquiz.....bitch im thirsty, pls grab a Sprite
 Eve Sotham.....never been to oovoo javer
 Bethany Stahlin.....really is very sorry for all that back there

Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, & proclamations to:

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FAN ART!

Thanks to all the Gargoyle For Kids readers that sent in their fan art this month!



The Future of Entertainment

By Luke Homans

I'm a wee child; my brain is a lump
Of cellophane, mucus, measles and mump;
I've got no discernment on what sort of arts
Are most conducive to brain growth or smarts!

My mother read poems to me at age three
Of Sidewalks Ending and Jabberwockies;
Since then I've developed a penchant for iPads,
Headphones and screens and internet fads!

Billions of neurons constantly firing
At TikToks and Reels, all awe-inspiring,
Yet above all else, my favorite treat
Is hours and hours of Lord MrBeast!

His content is glorious, moral and just;
He gives away money! Who wouldn't trust
His dead eyed smile and uncanny cadence;
He owns my soul and my every obeisance!

His TV show Beast Games is an excellent watch,
A bold recreation of the original plot
Of a show highly lauding the accrual of capital,
And why a system based on it is completely infallible!

The ensuing lawsuit is utterly frivolous,
Designed to wring money from the kind and the generous!
What's sexual harassment? I'm only nine!
The contestants weren't in pain; they all seemed just fine!

My favorite candy is simple chocolate
Made from cheap labor designed to pad wallets
Of wealthy men with morals unimpeachable;
That's right; you know it; I'm talking of Feastables!

One more business endeavor with morality, tall,
Is with good Jimmy's friend: dear Logan Paul.
My parents don't like them, so I'll put it quite bluntly:
I'll shit on the carpet if you don't buy me Lunchly!

Jimmy's the greatest, the new Jesus Christ!
He has cured blindness and sacrificed
His entire life for the advancement of man!
He's made sure we'll all follow his plan

To make him the richest human alive!
The more wealth he gains, the more we will strive
To show kindness to others; it's plain as day,
Each penny he makes he'll sure give away!

He donates cars and millions of dollars!
All for the low price of filming your squalor!
I sure don't see why; it's as clear as can be,
That someday this good fortune will happen to me!

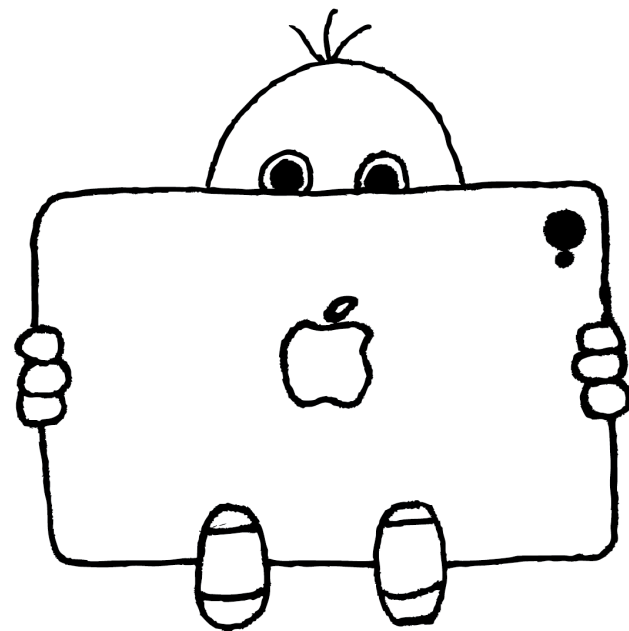
Landyon's Personal Statement

By Mia Norbey

Recount a time when you faced a challenge, setback, or failure. How did it affect you, and what did you learn from the experience?

Every year, the Association for Numerous Advanced Linguists (ANAL) takes the top spot at the Annual 6th Grade Spelling Bee. As a member of ANAL, I take this competition very seriously, something our rivals at the Co-ed Union for Many Sentences (CUMS) do not. This year CUMS took first place at the Bee. I had failed. ANAL had failed. I knew when we lost to those stupid B-students at CUMS, there was something going on. So, I started hanging around their meetings, asking around just to see if anyone had heard something. After a few days, I got the information I needed: CUMS had stolen the word list before the competition. I had never been more INSULTED in my life. The day after, when I outed CUMS for the ASSHOLES they were, it was a glorious day. CUMS was in disgrace and ANAL was in their rightful place: at the top.

SUBMIT

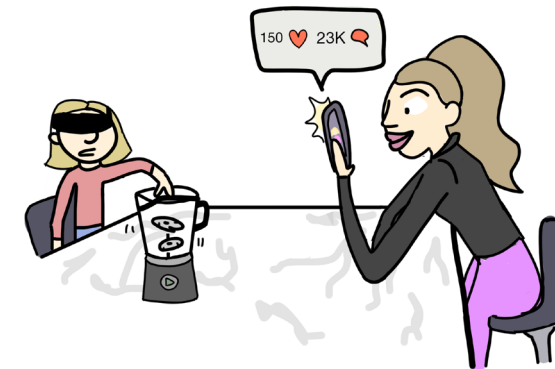


BRING YOUR KID TO WORK DAY: THE KIDS REPORT

By Molly Anderson
Illustrated by Charlotte Mulroy

"I thought my parents might have a fun day planned for me, but it was just like every day: wake up at 8, eat breakfast while my mom records me for her Instagram story, and then pack merch orders. My parents pulled me out of school two years ago so I could be in more family content. Every day I do eight hours of 'media training,' mainly because mom and dad have been getting called out for truancy—that's what my nanny told me. Actually, I don't think I was supposed to say that."

-Matcha, 8, GA, daughter of sensational social media influencers, Bookie and Brett



"A man at Mommy's office told me she's 'cwonically online,' whatever that means. I got to sit with Mommy at the big meeting and one of the adults asked me my name and how old I was. After I told them, Mommy pinched me weally hawd on my arm and cawwed me a twansphobic January sixth ageist apowogist bigot because I didn't tell them my pwonouns. But I don't know what pwonouns are."

-Hailey, 5, NY, daughter of Employee Relations Director at Bells Bargo



"My parents have a family YouTube channel about our lives as Mormons, so I thought I was going to sit in on some meetings about managing the channel or something. The last thing I remember before everything went black is walking to the car. When I woke up, I was tied to a chair in the Bishop's office at our church. He said we needed to discuss my 'wavering faith' and asked me if I'd rather slaughter my youngest brother or kiss before marriage. I have six brothers and sisters, so I could definitely spare one, but I figured that was the wrong answer so I said I'd rather kiss outside of marriage and my mom started scream-crying."

-Branleigh, 16, UT, of the highly-watched family youtube channel, "Nine in Our Nest"



The following account was made possible by a new AI software that records and translates infant brain activity

"Been in a high chair for six hours next to dad while he clicks things on the computer. No work produced as of two p.m. 776 unviewed resumes in his inbox. All incoming applications were immediately moved to trash."

-Hector, 1, NV. Son of hiring manager at Smith Group LLC.



RAINFOREST CAFE

By Sabrina Barnes

Below is the audio transcript from the missing 18.5 minutes of the Rainforest Cafe tapes which have been subpoenaed from Netflix amidst a lawsuit over their latest documentary "A Night in the Jungle." A case so juicy, the public eagerly awaits the Hulu limited series "Arraignforest Cafe After Midnight"

Take a deep breath, a sharp inhale of lavender, and relax mere mortal. Allow the gravelly, unnecessarily seductive voice of this rogue British actor to immerse you in the untamed, dangerous rainforest located in a Gurnee, Illinois strip mall.

"Gently, waxy leaves rustle and rattle. Delicate droplets of glycerin dew and spittle glimmer under twitching fluorescent lights. Gentle, layered rains echo throughout the cobwebbed acrylic atrium...ah-em...oh my apologies... echo throughout the starry evening sky. Enormous, shiny macaws sway slightly though haphazardly beneath the cosmic glow while regular sized flies race freely throughout the thicket of the bustling rainforest. This is a magical place. A place that feels like it should only logically exist on a terraformed Mars. What? My producer has just politely informed me to stay focused or else he'll release the evidence about that thing I did at that place that I definitely wasn't at and didn't do..."



Anyways, please behold the giant tree frog in its natural habitat, nestled next to an unusually smug orangutan. The scene is subtle, tasteful, nature's American Gothic. The tree frog, an unsuspected apex predator, quietly bides her time as she watches her prey. Her bulging, bloodshot eyes follow it closely. They shift and buzz with ecstatic hunger as I move through her eye-line.

Wait what why is this in the script the eyes are actually like tracking my every movement I'm actually pretty uncomfortable right now guys I'm not entirely sure what's going on...guys...?...Guys the guy who holds the fucking boom just fucking left! You all look like you're panic moon walking away from me...GUYS?! AAGHHHH!!!"

Netflix holds that it has no knowledge of whether or not aforementioned rogue British actor really was engulfed, swallowed whole by bloodthirsty, semi-sentient tree frog.

CAMP GARGO GOSSIP COLUMN

BY MIA LAMBERT :

At camp GARGO we have it all!! FROM cha-cha sliding, to ~~talky~~, and most importantly our long-standing tradition of stomping children. Ever since our camp's founding in 1776, we've had hundreds of memories made and shared among our campers. Among ^{all} of this excitement, have you ever wondered what the big stories are at camp? We gathered all the hot goss!

- According to Annika, Luke poops big fuds
- Trey and himself was see k-l-s-s-l-N-G in a tree
- Ping has a wooden pinkie toe & shines it with squirrel piss
- Ruth and Olivia make secret mud pies in the cabin when the counselors aren't around
- Sam squishes the soft spot on baby's heads
- Jamie shot a man in ~~the~~
- Charlie catches trout with his toes

Hi Mia, this looks good. Just so you know if you ever talk ABT ME AGAIN I'm going to tell Everyone you get High huffing Pepto BISMAL from THE NURSE'S CABIN DURING REST Hour

GS TROOP 3997

standard issue infantry guide

- a. nutrition rations
- b. long range field glasses
- c. hydration canteen
- d. projectiles
- e. multi-tool
- f. drop bag
- g. insect repellent
- h. UV protection
- i. emergency fire starters
- j. documentation device
- k. personal hygiene
- l. navigational device
- m. mobile modular
- n. sleep system
- o. standard issue assault rifle

By Olivia Humphrey

MAYNARD Multiplex

New Kids Combo Pack!*

By Charlie Splete

*Includes: Popcorn (kernels only), hardtack, watered-down Hi-C Orange Lavaburst, six Whoppers (vile), and one copy of Moby Dick (while supplies last)

KID COIN

Spend your weekly allowance wisely

- starts at 40 coins for only 10 cents
- save for retirement on time
- feel the success of lucrative crypto investments



The DANGEROUS for Boys Book

By Sam Baumgardner & Adam Krugel

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1. Mixing household chemicals: a beginner's guide
2. Life and teachings of L. Ron Hubbard
3. 5 makeshift explosives that every boy should know
4. Installing and accessing hidden cameras
5. Dim mak
6. Annotating male biographies
 - a. Meditations - Marcus Aurelius
 - b. Triggered - Donald J. Trump Jr.
 - c. My Booky Wook - Russel Brand
7. Defending Kaczynski
8. 6 essential def jam rappers
9. The rhetoric of Diogenes
10. The art of coercion
11. Manipulation: the basics
12. PANTSING PEOPLE IN THE HOOD (PRANK)
13. Tracking and uncovering oil reserves (and reporting them to the government)
14. How to bypass TSA regulations
15. Fossils
16. Extracting opium from poppy seeds
17. Addiction: quitting whenever you want!
18. Understanding Yakubian tricknology
19. Tractor tipping
20. Electromagnets for technological interference
21. Blinding pilots with laser pointers
22. Car bombs
23. Psychologically torturing your teacher
24. Places to piss other than the toilet
25. Mail "Fraud"

TIKTOK BAN GOT YOU DOWN?

14 Mind Numbingly Good Activities to Keep Your Dopamine Receptors Busy

1. Go outside
2. Chamoy pickle kit
3. MrBeast Marathon
4. Gooning and baiting
5. Mouth open coughing
6. 3-Day egg sac
7. 切榮耀歸於習近平主席
8. Stare into the sun
9. Anything but Instagram Reels
10. Hello?
11. Watch Squid Game online free
12. Seize the means of production
13. Gnaw a pretzel rod to a point
14. Profit.



By Madison Dennis

BREAKING: Children's Music Giant Criticized for Corrupting America's Youth

By Trey Norbey

In our top story tonight, children's media juggernaut Kidz Bop has come under fire after the track list for their upcoming record "Kidz Bop Ultimate Sexx Jamz Playlist" leaked via Twitter last Thursday. The group, whose "by kids, for kids" approach has been a staple of family-friendly entertainment for over two decades, allegedly slated their compilation of child-sung covers of bedroom anthems for a Fall 2025 release. Songs on the leaked track list include, among others, Kim Petras's "Death by Sex," CupcakKe's "Deepthroat," and NLE Choppa's "Slut Me Out." When pressed for comment, a company spokesperson had this to say:

"I don't see what the big deal is. Throat Baby by BRS Kash is a great song! Plus, it's about kids. Like, come on!"

Also weighing in was former Nickelodeon producer Dan Schneider, who on his own Twitter page this past weekend, spoke on the subject at length.

"I think it's a great idea," wrote the 59 year-old alleged pervert. "Christ, I've been trying to insert that sort of stuff into my shows for years! Nice to see people are finally ready to expose kids—I mean, show kids some more risqué content!"

The Costco Guys Conspiracy By Mia Lambert

The Costco Guys disappeared from the public in 2025 post the short-lived TikTok ban.[7] Reports across the United States detail eerie happenings in suburban Costco superstores related to the M.I.A. Costco Guys.[5] Customers have recounted experiencing **bodily vibrations** after ominous "boom" and "doom" sounds could be heard echoing down aisles. Other customers have given accounts of seeing **shadow figures** scarfing down **chicken bakes** near the food court before erupting in blood curdling screams.[5] The absence of the Costco Guys within the online-sphere has left a vacuum of power among internet influencers. Online users theorize that **Donald Trump** used **blood magic** to absorb the souls of the Costco Guys as a part of his **presidential actions**, but this information was only corroborated on the colonized social media conglomerate **Rednote**.[8] Shrines to the Costco Guys have been found behind cash registers in Costcos nationwide and often include such items as **Rizzler photo cards** and homemade CDs of **We Bring the Boom**.[1]



Image description: Image taken by netizens near Boca Raton, FL and posted on hit-incelsite Reddit.

Creative Writing Contest Winners!

One fateful day, naught but seven years ago, my mother, in all of her infinite wisdom, brought me forth into this world. From that day forward the world has been a better place. Upon reaching my first birthday, my extended family gathered to celebrate the serendipitous moment that had occurred one year prior. However, the celebration was fraught with conflict, as the basic functions of my corporeal form caused some manner of indignation from my ignorant kin. They alleged, despite my childlike innocence, that I had a tendency to urinate like a toad any time I was passed from the hands of one bloated aunt to another. Why did Grandma feel the need to produce such curmudgeonly offspring? And with such frequency? Their indignation at my behavior was unjust and, furthermore, unmatched to the degree with which I was overcome with such a feeling; for, while I am capable of understanding their fascination at my excellence, I could not escape the feeling that I was being passed from sweaty arm to flabby bosom like some sort of unappreciated plaything. Their mirth, at the expense of my dignity, is something that I have carried with me for the multitude of years that I have lived since then. This injustice has not been forgotten.

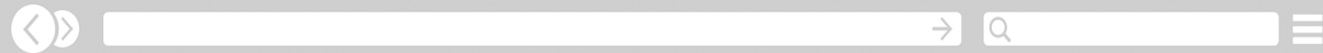
-David, Age 7

Upon achieving my sixth year of age, I was thrust into that unseemly gulag whose contemporary moniker is utilized by the tyrannical thugs of our finer institutions to deliberately obfuscate the injustices and horrors that it contains within: Kindergarten. Ah yes, from the German, if I'm not mistaken. "Children's garden" — what a laugh riot. I, for one, cannot begin to conceive of a more insulting and ironic title to bestow upon what has been known to neither foster growth of any sort nor, in fact, appears concerned with the well-being of children at any stage. No, the purpose of these internment camps, as I've come to understand it (and that's what they are, much as the ever-imposing, draconian figure in the form of my mother has attempted to cancel me time and time again by insisting that it's "not that bad"), is for that most ineffectual lot whom society has deemed to be occupying "the hardest job in the world" to pawn off their very flesh and blood for several hours a day so they can be cruelly pulverized into submission by agents of the state! To that end, I attended a film screening this past weekend that brought my various suspicions into stark reality—to say Roger Waters' seminal 1982 work "The Wall" is a revelation feels like a gross understatement in this regard! Nap time's pretty good though or whatever so I guess I can't complain.

-Abigail, Age 6

RECENT READZ

By Xolo Hernandez-Herrera



Heyyy my peeps!! I've recently delved into the world of literature (I'm such a nerd LOL), thanks to Mr. Covinsky (he's SOOOOOO dreamy OMG) but I thought that it would be really fun to give u guys a little review of some books I have read in the last couple of weeks! Some of these you might've not heard of because I kinda have like a unique, almost indie taste (don't feel bad)

But I present to you... Z4ynsg1rl00's recent readz!!

1. *The Fault in Our Stars* by John Green
I have NEVER cried so much, LITERALLY SOBBING. Where is my Augustus at??? "Okay?" "Okay." ... I almost choked on my vomit from crying I WILL NEVER RECOVER JOHN GREEN MY HEART IS BROKEN! also Hazel Grace is literally me (except the cancer thing, obvi) I just wanna move to Amsterdam and eat fancy food and talk about life. (Do u guys think my mom will let me move there? I'm basically an adult now I'm 14!!!! I need my cigarette smoking husband ASAP)

2. *The Perks of Being a Wallflower* by Stephen Chbosky
"We accept the love we think we deserve."
Yeah, okay, let me just go cry in the shower

for like 3 hours, BRB. I wanna drive through a tunnel, arms out, screaming "WE ARE INFINITE" to the heavens. Is that too much to ask??? Also, Charlie deserved better and Patrick is my spirit animal. This book is the reason I'm listening to The Smiths on repeat (literally the second best band in the world, after 1D ofc)

3. *The Hunger Games* by Suzanne Collins
Katniss is THAT GIRLLLLLL. If I was in the arena, I'd probably trip and fall into the Cornucopia and die in 0.5 seconds, but at least I'd die in a cute flaming outfit designed by Cinna. And can we TALK about Peeta??? peeta... PEETA He bakes bread AND paints? Boyfriend of the YEAR. Meanwhile, Gale is giving me "i'm not like the other girls i listen to paramore" or some old people shit. (THAT'S NOT ME THO i'm not like the other girls in like a cool way)

Ok that's all for now tho!! Let me know in the comments if you have recs (pls no twilight) or reblog this if you've ever made up fake conversations with fictional characters (bc same LOLLLL)

Peace, love, and Infinite heartbreak,
Z4ynsg1rl00

THE KING OF POPTROPICA

By Charlie Splete

Millions celebrated today as Jeff Kinney, beloved author and cartoonist, announced that his soul will be permanently uploaded to the whimsical world of Poptropica as an in-game character. After publishing *Greg's Dead*, the 308th installment in the *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* series, Kinney's well-deserved retirement in the form of a digital consciousness will be granted after his swift execution this Friday. A representative from the *Gargoyle Humor Magazine* reached out to Kinney:

Rep: Why did you choose Poptropica, Jeff?

Kinney: Poptropica is a very dear project of mine. After shedding this mortal coil, I shall assume all responsibility and total dominion over its islands.

Rep: What do you plan to do during your retirement?

Kinney: Big Nate Island is in need of some attention, but I look forward to kicking back and enjoying a couple Mai Tais on Shark Tooth Island!

Rep: Before you go, do you have any regrets from your human life that you wish to share?

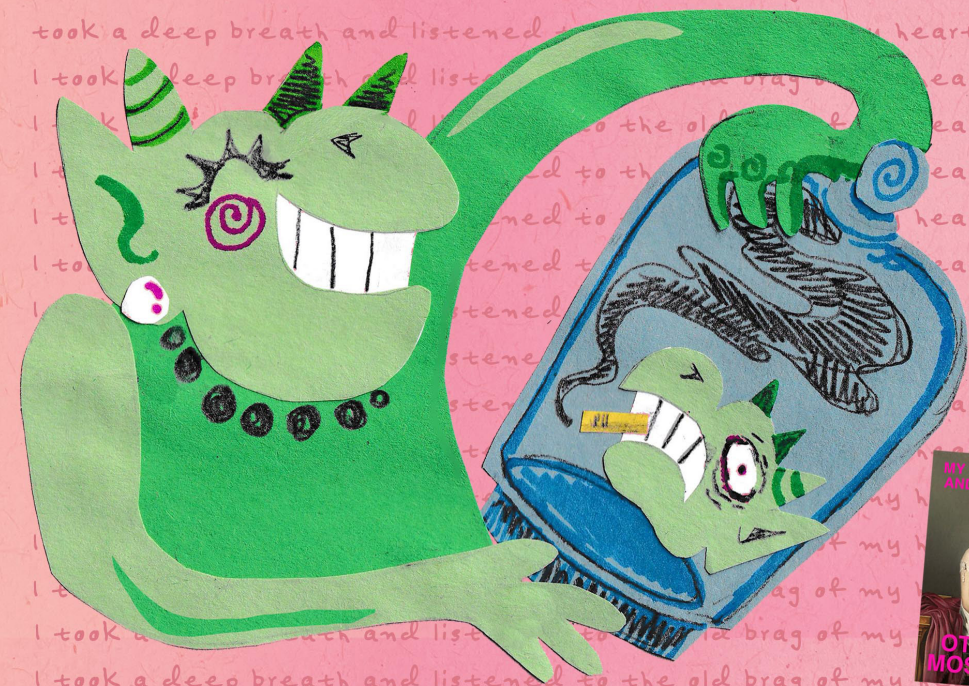
Kinney: Manny Heffley.

Gargoyle's Children's Classics Presents:

THE BELL JAR

By Sylvia Plath

Abridged for kids



Garg's Faves!

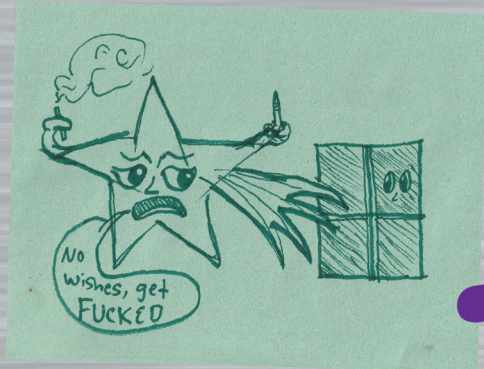


By Ruth Marks



FRIDGE Gallery

We asked readers to draw the MONSTER UNDER THEIR BED

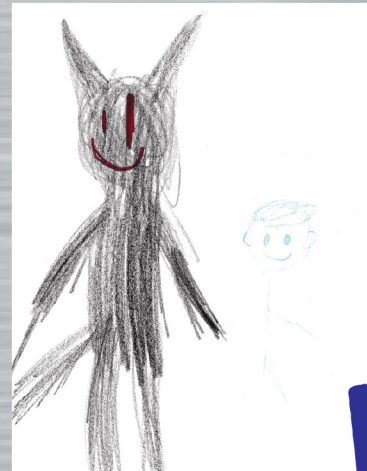


Sabrina, Age 4

Z



Xolo, Age 19

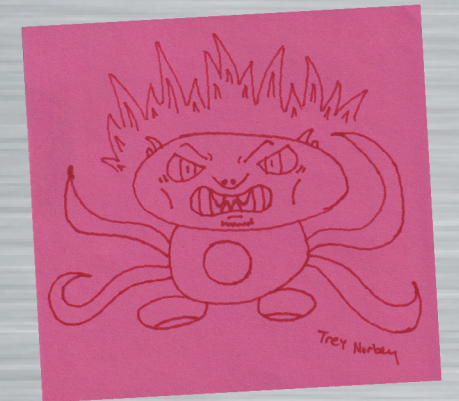


Jamie, Age 9

P



Luke, Age 12



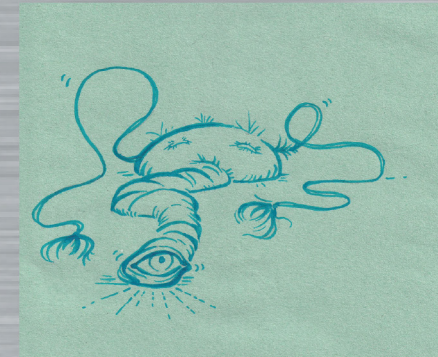
Trey, Age 1



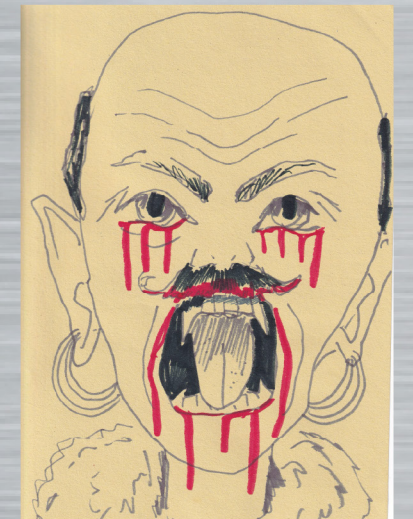
Paolo, Age 8



Ruth, Age 30



Megan, Age 18

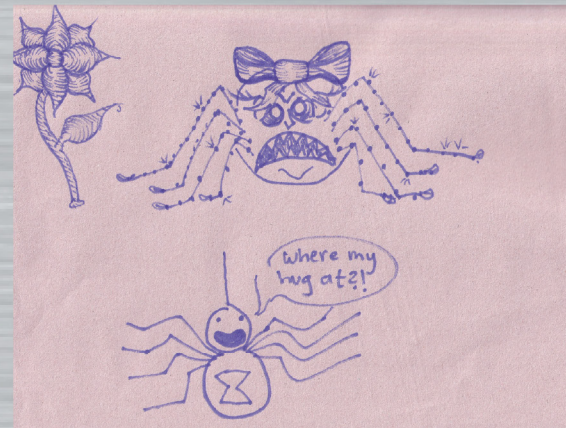


Annika, Age 14



Ping, Age 15

X

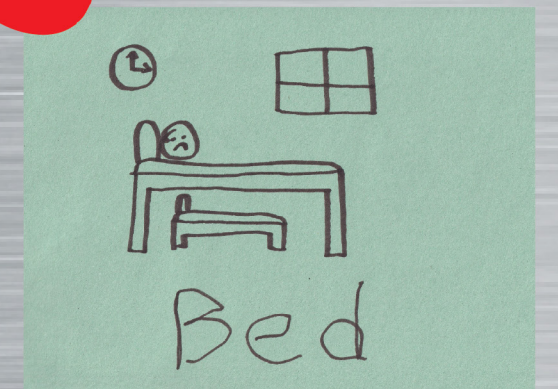


Sabrina 2, Age 4



Madison, Age 21

S



Charlie, Age 11

GUYS FROM FORTNITE

Try these pairings with your duo for epic victory royales!



\$19
FORTNITE

+grand prize of \$19 Fortnite card, WHO WANTS IT?

By Adam Krugel

WHAT'S MY WARRIOR CAT NAME?

Hi Warrior friends! Ever wondered what your Warrior Cat name would be? Take this quiz to find out! >3

WHAT'S YOUR CLAN?

- A. RiverClan B. SkyClan
- C. ThunderClan D. ShadowClan

WHAT'S YOUR ROLE?

- A. Medcat B. Elder
- C. Warrior D. Leader

YOU SEE AN OAFISH TWOLEG ON YOUR TERRITORY, WHAT DO YOU DO?

- A. Roll on your back and ask for pets
- B. Climb them like a tree and make a nest in their head fur
- C. Climb them like a tree and claw their big dumb eyes out
- D. Chase them to the nearest Thunderpath and watch the monsters squash them

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE SNACK?

- A. Fish B. Bird C. Mouse
- D. The blood of your enemies

OTP?

- A. Mothpool B. Brambleflight
- C. Firestorm D. Tigerstripe



WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

- A. Arson B. Tartarus
- C. The sun D. Vulnerability

ARE YOU A FURRY?

- A. Yea B. Yes C. No...
- D. Wouldn't you like to know

IF YOU CHOSE MOSTLY...



Written by Jacqueline Brace
Illustrated by Mia Lambert

Gargoyle

IMAGINARY FRIEND

By Paolo Poquiz

Dummy was a yellow bolster pillow I met when I was born, and he was my best friend. He was my confidant on long nights—always listening to me about the girls whose hands I held/faces I've thrown pinecones at, and he always agreed with everything I said, so much so that there was a notable crease in him where he nodded his head. We were inseparable. Then, when I was six, we had a falling out. I felt I was outgrowing him, and when I accidentally left him behind on the bus, he decided to never return. He hitchhiked around the world for a bit, a difficult task for someone without thumbs, and he looked happy enough in his Facebook photos, sitting under the stars in Tibet doing molly or whatever. But I know my friend, and I could see from his complexion that he was bored with life. He had that look he got sometimes when we were close, where he would look at me while I watched Zoboombafoo and say, "There's gotta be more, Pao. Something out there's gotta fill the empty pit inside a little."

Maybe he found that something when his kids came around: one from Seattle, one from Vietnam, and two from Prague. Dummy was very vocal about how he didn't bag his shit up. Scarred by his own parental neglect (his mother was always in and out of jail for healthcare fraud), Dummy refused to be a deadbeat, giving up his vagrant lifestyle and getting a kushy job writing scripts for hospital-themed pornography. Sadly, late last year, he was run over by an ambulance. He died in the hospital surrounded by the two kids and one co-parent he managed to get to like him.

I pray for Dummy's mortal soul, that he spends eternity somewhere warm and lovely, but Dummy's a fucking pillow, and I don't think pillows get the luxury of merciful divinity. Ever the absurdist bastard, I would like to think Dummy is at least laughing triumphantly in the face of whatever paradise the rest of us are promised as he drifts off into nothingness.



A Slave to the Gargoyle

By Bethany Stahlin

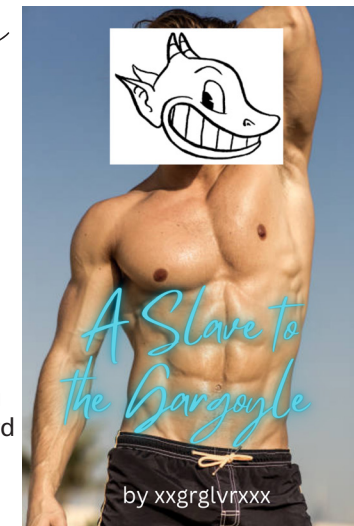
You wake up and get out of bed. *Ugh* you have to go to school today and you really aren't looking forward to it. you always get so bullied. You walk by your vanity covered in makeup and ignore it, grabbing your favorite galaxy print beanie instead to pull over your messy brown hair. You don't need makeup honestly, you don't get why other girls need it so much. You just like being yourself. (a/n: go you girlie!!!)

You walk downstairs to see your mom standing in the kitchen, drinking out of a beer bottle. "Y/N why ar you still here??" your mom slurs, stumbling around "I sold you to the Gargoyle to pay for my new beer cans."

Your jaw DROPS. The Gargoyle? the famous comedian and artist? She must be lying.....why would he ever want *me*?? (a/n: omg y/n is so lucky ugh i want to be bought by the garg)

Someone opens the front door and you stare....it's him!!!!

Authors note: sry abt the late upload guys, my mom took my phone when she found out i was reading mcr smut after bedtime <////333 ill be back next week!!!!



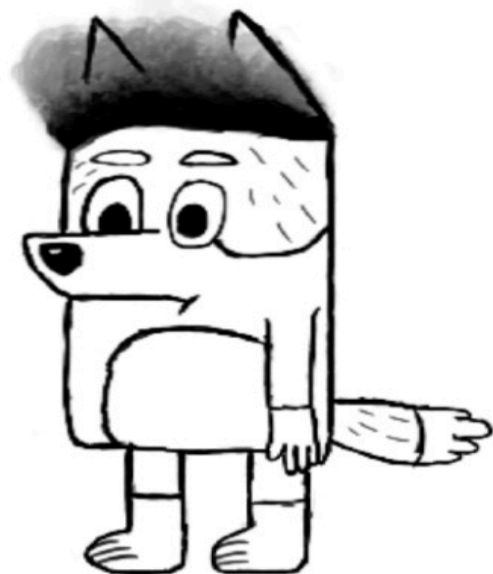
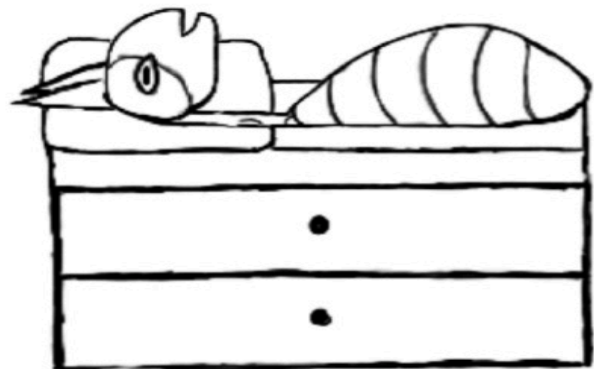
parents fighting again?



DON'T FORGET IT'S YOUR FAULT

**For me, contextualizing reality into meaning is difficult. I often feel disconnected, unable to connect with the world around me and I frequently feel alone as a result. David Lynch's art channels reality and reflects it back at the viewer, and when I watch his films I feel someone interpreting the human experience in a way that I can't articulate for myself. Rest in peace David Lynch – there will never be another filmmaker like him.*

By Jamie Simons



"I still don't think that's my kid."

Where Are They Now? Kid President

By Charlie Splete

Everyone remembers Robby Novak and his tenure as beloved internet personality Kid President! After serving as the voice of a generation, there are a select few who know where he is today. To broaden this demographic, we've compiled a simple timeline to see what Kid President has been up to all these years!

October 15th, 2015: Novak sat down to conduct an interview with actor Tom Hanks and taught him how to do the Whip and Nae Nae. (This is genuinely real. I could not make this up.)

July 2nd, 2016: Kid President lost the re-election bid to Ryan Kaji of the popular YouTube series Ryan's World. He has remained out of the political spotlight ever since.

April 11th, 2018: Novak took a prospective tour of our very own University of Michigan. When asked about his favorite spots in town, he mentioned the "publication building with that uproarious comedy magazine!"

October 26th, 2019: Kid President saw Todd Phillips' Joker in the theaters. While he found the story derivative of Martin Scorsese's work of the 70s and 80s, he appreciated Joaquin Phoenix's performance and the haunting score from Hildur Guðnadóttir.

August 18th 2020: In the middle of the pandemic, Novak launched a Twitch channel to promote his brand of positivity and awesomeness in a growing online community. His inaugural Among Us livestream garnered tens of viewers.

January 9th, 2022: Novak made another surprise visit to Ann Arbor. Using a fake ID to get into Skeeps, Kid President pocketed the Breeze mint pen you lent him and likely hit on your girlfriend as well.

Now: Kid President is outside your door. Let him in.



Generation Z: The End of the Alphabet

By Luke Homans
Illustrated by Mia Lambert

If you're reading this booklet, there's an excellent chance that you care about quality sexual education. That's why we're sure that you'll be elated to hear the following information: as of January 21st, the good people behind America's hit sex-ed campaign, Abstinence 'Til Marriage, have announced a rebrand for the 2026 fiscal year.

In light of recent events, company executives have reached the decision to implement a new, more vitriolic campaign designed to eliminate sexual reproduction entirely. This new ethos, of course, comes with new branding. Starting in July, the organization will take on a fresh moniker: "Abolition Thenceforth of Mankind."

This catchy title is designed to evoke the classic "ATM" branding that facilitates the ingenious practical pun—ATM Cards—which children traditionally receive upon their graduation from the program.

In addition to their pivot away from a procreative narrative, the organization has also suggested a Swiftian plan to cook and eat existing children to prolong the lives of what should be, God willing, the last generation of Americans.

This curriculum will be instituted in thousands of private schools nationwide at the beginning of the upcoming fall semester.

Furthermore, the current presidential administration is being adamantly lobbied to implement it in public schools as a reimagining of the Bush-era campaign "no child left behind." We are optimistic that this program will bring about much-needed change in American society.



By Eve Sotham



GARG Through the years...

By Georgie Correa

Garg, 112, recently had horns grow in...

115 y/o Garg... tail & wings grew in! And scene hair??

Garg, 118, has decided to become a nudist to 'love his body'. Okay!

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FORT KNIGHT

By PingYu Hsu

FREE

*PLUS A DONATION OF \$150 TOWARDS THE FOOTBALL TEAM

FELLOW PRE-TEENS:

You will soon experience some major changes with your body. Ugh. Good luck. Here's what to expect:

Wings!

Sprouting horns!

Ravenous, red eyes!

Every Evening... you will turn into stone!

Ghoulis-grey skin!

New tail!

| INVENTORY | | |
|------------------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| Lighter (cant even get cigs) | DS (NOT PINK.) | Dagger |
| Earbuds (broken af) | Soul Orb | crucifix (behold!) |

By Sutton Theodore

Do YOU like banging on Mom's pots and pans at home?



JOIN GEOAM

(Pronounced "Jam")

Note: Membership not guaranteed. We're only looking for people with serious dedication to Geoam, so dropping your classes and other obligations (like your mom's third wedding) is required. No drumsticks are allowed, but feel welcome to bring your hands, crayons, dildos... It's up to you!! Please also provide your own objects to practice on, we don't want to have another situation where Paul stole my boyfriend because he wanted to use his ass for practice. Also whoever parked their Kia Soul with the Bernie sticker outside of our practice space needs to move it, we already determined we can't use it to drum on and it's a really ugly car. Thank you!

JOIN TODAY!



Learn how to draw our classic logo!

1. A sideways "s"
 2. More squiggles
 3. Some big ears and little horns
 4. Teeth and eye
 5. Small details and color!
-
- Done!**

Legendary singer-songwriter Adele's incredible ten album discography, for the first time as a CD compilation set: Only \$69.99 plus shipping and handling! Order online or call 1-800-LUV-ADELE today!

Daddy's Little Technocrat

By Sabrina Barnes

Whether I must move through fog
you can claw into
or rain that encases my bones in
violent cold,
this gentle, relentless Earth moves
me like the moonbeams raking
the waves
and brings me back to center

But delicate iridescent ice caps and
reaching dewey valleys create no
dopamine blast
quite like sweltering smoke that
encircles like hungry ghosts
or the silver gleam of industry

It began with a magnifying glass and
burning ants
for pennies and dimes and
neighborhood praise to
erase the haze of ecological
importance and to
make nature my bitch

When I grow up I can't wait to trade
the bluebirds for
carefully curated unusually brutish
rumors about my pipeline,
my mine, and my starship that
scratches the cerulean blue
right out of the sky

I look forward to the light escaping
my eyes as its better used
for illuminating the sludge sucking
up groundwater
and I yearn to be eased to sleep
by sweet squeaks of my magic
machines over
quickenning scattering of hooves and
frightened leaves

Oh to be a titan then a deadman
with nothing left but
a face engraved in coins for tossing
into fountains by children like I
had been—
hoping rumors about bluebirds and
moons and valleys are true,
though they are drenched in lead
and never to be seen again



BABYPUNT: A Defense

By Paolo Poquiz

Okay but hear me out: you should try punting a baby. I know; I can feel your judgement; I'm a monster. Don't get me wrong—I love babies; they're adorable and their smiles make my day, and I'd like to have one some day and love and care for them and not fuck it up, Dad. But don't pretend you haven't seen a baby innocently cooing and wondered... I wonder how far I could punt that lil guy? What would it feel like? What noise would it make? I think it's an interesting question, scientifically speaking. And hey, as far as I know, it's never been done; who's to say it won't actually help a baby out in the future? Like, what if you punt the munchkin and his brains get scrambled the exact right way for him to be a genius? I mean, I was dropped on my head twice growing up, and now I'm a Michigan Wolverine. A leader. And the best. You could turn a littlun into the next Beethoven or Marie Curie by drop-kicking them. You could turn the baby into the person who will end Conservatism. Wouldn't you want that?

Charlie Splete Is a Disney Adult By Jamie Simons

The following is a transcript of a recorded conversation in the Garg office between three friends that you can't listen to. Fuck you.

Jamie: So, Charlie, I feel like I need to ask so everyone understands... Where were you last summer?

Charlie: For the thousandth time, Jamie, I went to Disney World *once* to celebrate my 21st birthday with family. Is that a crime?

Jamie: I dunno. Does this absolve you of being a Disney adult? I don't think so. Ever since that week, all I've heard you talk about is the mouse. You seem like a big fan to me.

Charlie: This is a load of bologna.

Trey: Oh, by the way, I finished *Strange World* at 3AM last night... Y'know, I'm really close to finishing every Disney movie!

Jamie: Sweet! I remember watching them all, I think I stopped at *Strange World*. Maybe I should watch it.

Charlie: Wait, if you two have seen *every* Disney film, then how am I the—

Trey and Jamie: DISNEY ADULT!

Jamie: Hey Trey, wanna watch *Ralph Breaks the Internet* tonight?

Trey: I'll bring the popcorn!



By Trey Norbey



Dear Gargoyle,

My friend got me hooked on sniffing sharpies. It's gotten to the point where I pretend to sleep in class just so I can get a hit under the desk. My teacher lets it slide because she knows my parents fight all night.

Whiffing it

At the Gargoyle, we fully endorse addictions. Nothing makes living more exciting than teetering between life and death on a thin thread of brain cell deteriorating chemical toxins. I am glad to see you have stumbled upon the pearly gates to substance abuse, and we look forward to hearing what glorious poison you pick for the next endeavor.

Dear Gargoyle,

I've been on 17 dates in the past two weeks; I'm balding, having a midlife crisis at 20; I think I'm going infertile, and I just ran out of my Newport menthol cigs. What should I do?

20 going on 50

My question here is why, at 20, are you concerned about being infertile, and how have you come to this conclusion? Are you actively attempting to knock someone up? Does it involve any of those 17 dates? Strange to think you banged a bunch of women and the only thing you learned about yourself was that your dick wasn't meant for procreation. If my math is mathing this sounds like that girl that got with a thousand people in one day. The cigs are the least of my concerns.



Dear Gargoyle,

I accidentally stuck my hand somewhere wet and cold where it shouldn't be and can't get it out.. Should I bite it off? Is it possible to save my hand?

Stuck like a duck

Last time I stuck my hand somewhere wet and cold was into the pile of Chipotle trash on the corner of Liberty and State. Mine didn't get stuck though—so I can't help you here. Perhaps pee on it?

Dear Gargoyle,

The girl I ride the bus with calls me a bitch and a loser. It makes me feel really sad and bad about myself. I am not sure how to stand up to a girl like that.

Bus bully

This is the moment where you self reflect. Take the time to consider whether you really are a bitch and a loser, and maybe what changes do you have to make to be less of one? I would say become a recluse and silence yourself so nothing you say can be used against you, but that is very loser-y actually. Pull a Mean Girls and just fully embrace the bitch; let that girl on the bus run your life and maybe one day the bus will take her down.

Dear Gargoyle,

My brother keeps breaking the Wii remote nunchucks after losing in MarioKart. We're on our 14th replacement and my dad is now in severe debt. Are we gonna be poor?

Bowser brother

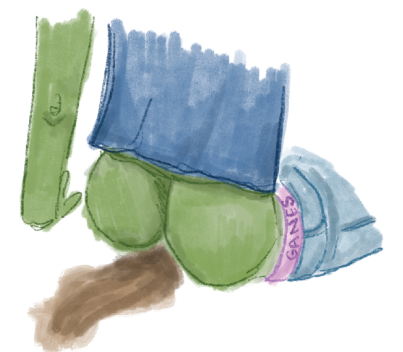
I don't know what loser uses nunchucks on MarioKart, but might I suggest the wheel attachment? I feel like I beat that thing on the ground many times and it still prevailed. My second choice would be to tie your brother up with the nunchuck cords so he can't even play the damn game.

Dear Gargoyle,

My parents get mad at me for dragging my asshole across the carpet like a dog after I use the bathroom. It's the best way to get clean, as toilet paper does not have the requisite abrasiveness or bristle length of shag. I think they're acting irrationally. How do I explain to them the necessity and effectiveness of my method?

Local resources

Based on this vivacious explanation, why are they questioning your reasoning? I think the added bonus is they will have an abstract pattern on their rug—an eye-catching centerpiece for their guests.



Hello reader,

Since the dawn of time (a.k.a. 2005), parents have been blaming their child's obvious depression and undiagnosed ADHD on "that damn phone." This instinct in parents comes from an inability to comprehend that their own parenting style is the reason their child is an inconsiderate, burnt out, antisocial loser. In reality, "that damn phone" is their child's only saving grace and has been since they discovered the internet. As a fellow inconsiderate, burnt out, antisocial loser, I am here to defend unfettered internet access for children.

First and foremost, the only reason I knew Dean Winchester was bisexual was due to my unfettered internet access. This information is pertinent to my world view, as I believe global hunger may be resolved if only the CW would let Destiel kiss in the English dub. It does not matter if you know who Dean Winchester is and you need not watch *Supernatural* (in fact, please don't). To learn that Dean Winchester is bisexual you only need to wade the deep hells of Tumblr tags, but, rest assured, it should only take about twenty minutes. In the process, you will discover that you are bisexual as well (which is a net positive for society and a point in favor of unfettered internet access).

Secondly, unfettered internet access from an early age makes you funny. Look at the magazine in your hands right now. Every single person who wrote or drew anything that made you exhale slightly through your nose has spent too much time watching *Annoying Orange* while their parents argued in the living room over where they'd spend next Christmas. Sometimes you read one too many poorly written mafia AUs and figure you might as well join a campus comedy magazine when you get into Michigan.

Finally, being on the internet from a young age builds character. Everyone wants to complain about the soft soy-boy keyboard warriors that make up my generation, but those same people can't even access their wifi settings, let alone find any Y/N x Harry Styles fanfiction with any skill. Reading an explicit under-negotiated BDSM scene at the ripe age of twelve builds character and provides you with the interesting nightmares usually provided by being your families only source of income at age 7. I hope that the five of you who will bring children into this fucked up world of ours consider the points I have made in this, my magnum opus.

I like your shoelaces,
Bethany Stahlin

Unfettered Internet Access

by Bethany Stahlin



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GEOGRAPHIC

KIDS

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FRACKING INDUSTRY

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CUTEST
OFFSHORE
OIL RIGS



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OWN SOLAR PANEL!



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