

Garboyle

Issue 111 No. 4



#lastprintedition2020



Volume CXI, Number 4 Spring/Summer 2020

STAFF

Max Lee Superdog Simp
 Jessy Tinor My Donut Hole is Filled
 Natasha Pietruschka Hire Me
 Colleen Hillard Some Suit Samus
 Brianna Kucharski AWOL
 Nathan Slaven Miss Me with That Grad Shit

Isabel A. Hedin-Urrutia Twisted Twink
 Jamie McClellan Rock 'n Island
 Margaret Trudeau Once Again Adblocking
 Sabrina Corsetti Buzz Aldrin Stan
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 Kaavya Ramachandhran It's Pronounced "Kyle"
 Rachael Fotis It's Pronounced "Cancelled"
 Lena Yang Anxiety's Best Friend, Depression
 Sam Turner My Literal Savior

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My Life with Roderick

by Sarah Aftab

I first met Roderick when I was on the cusp of womanhood. He was merely my great grandfather's wealthy business associate who would make pervy comments about my "budding breasts" when I was but a young lass with a tight little ass. As the years passed we lost contact as I went on to begin my career as a popstar. I was successful during my prime years, but I was dubbed an aging hag by the media as soon as I turned 22. In an attempt to hold on to my stardom and grab hold of an older, more mature audience, I jumped on the bandwagon of being an out of touch celebrity on a soapbox talking about mental health awareness without any sort of education or actual understanding of the matter whatsoever. I wanted to be like Billie Eilish without ever actually having had any mental health struggles besides freaking out at Bergdorfs when the sales bitch said my card was declined (what a cunt). I came out with my single "Suicidal Ideation" that shocked critics and audience members alike.

It went "Suicidal ideation is the direction

Some men are ass fellows and some are boob guys. Roderick is a melon man himself.

that I'm takin/tie me up in a noose so that i cannot get loose/when i'm twerkin in da club/ bumpin grindin with some studs/I can't help wishin I was dyin in a shrub/Shots shots shots shots shots everybody shoot me in the face/ twink and bears and sexy dares/slit my wrists and cum in my hair I can't stand to still be here/Chads and Thads and all kind of sexy naughty lads make me horny mad/ But I can't help thinkin bout suicidal ideation"

Critics called it an oversexualized and completely insentive take on an important health crisis, but we all have fuckin haters and fake fans. After that failed to take off I was left penniless and destitute, especially with all the lawsuits. During my lowest moment, forced to shop at Target like some suburban middle class housewife, I hatched a brilliant plan: I would marry Roderick. He was newly single after yet another one of his wives died in a mysterious yachting accident. Under the guise

of the coronavirus pandemic, I infiltrated his inner circle by pretending to be a nurse and seduced the bastard. We were wed after only three months when I faked a pregnancy despite everyone knowing his semen is practically dust at this point and the fact that he is impotent.

Every day I spent with that bony aging geriatric fuck made my skin crawl. Not only did he look like a moldy dried turnip, he also bore various disabilities from his own ineptitude. He had an eyepatch on one eye from the time he played and I quote "kinfey-eye", he has a hook for a hand because of the time he tried to throw hand grenades at Bolivian orphans during a missionary trip in the 60s, and of course he lost all his teeth in a car accident where he "accidentally" hit his maid one evening (his dentures are made from whatever teeth were left of aforementioned orphans). He also had the most disgusting diet of congealed chicken broth and cherry pie that would all cake around

made from those very same Bolivian orphans).

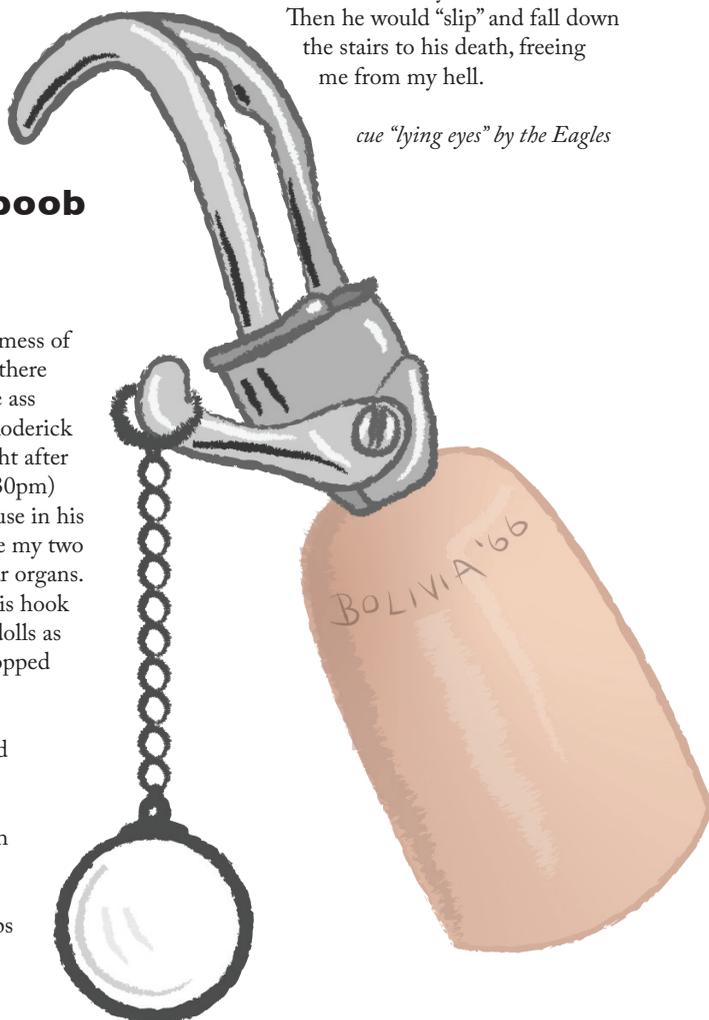
The only thing that kept me sane at this house of horrors was my rotating staff of pool boys who made sure to clean my pool if you know what I mean *wink* *wink* (I mean sex). However, all my happiness came to a screeching halt when Roderick saw a viagra ad on fucking fox "news" one afternoon (why did I buy him that god damn monocle??). When the pills arrived he was thrilled. He could finally pitch his little pants tent and promised me the greatest dicking down of my entire life. To have his shriveled raisin fingers on my flesh churned my stomach. So I hatched my dastardly plan.

I would lure him from the boudoir using my knockers to the marble staircase that I had coated with cherry flavored lube. Then he would "slip" and fall down the stairs to his death, freeing me from my hell.

cue "lying eyes" by the Eagles

his mouth. It reminded me of the mess of my monthly cycle. Then of course there was his addiction... Some men are ass fellows and some are boob guys. Roderick is a melon man himself. Every night after dinner and before his bedtime (3:30pm) he would chase me around the house in his damn wheelchair trying to squeeze my two soft fleshy milk-secreting glandular organs. I have so many damn scars from his hook that I was forced to buy blow-up dolls as decoys but of fucking course he popped those with his damn hook.

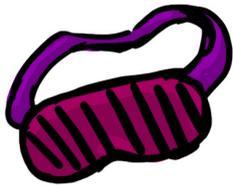
Roderick himself was easily evaded after his bedtime, but that house was full of horrors. Various animal heads adorned the walls along with the heads of those same toothless Bolivian orphans that he smited. As well as the numerous skin lamps that he lighted the house (presumably



Garg's Replacement Masks



1. An Eye Mask



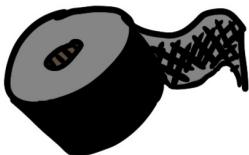
It does have "mask" in the name.

3. Thick Undies



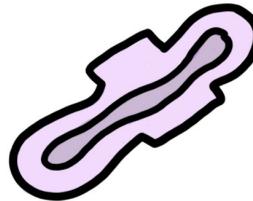
Sure to make everyone avoid you

5. Duct Tape



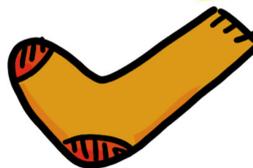
you'll be sure to breath in nothing

2. Good Ol' Pad



It was made to protect

4. That Lone Sock



At least it'll have a purpose

6. A Plastic Bag



Don't forget to poke a few holes to breathe



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EMAIL: gargmail@umich.edu

AWARDS

John Newbery Medal of Children's Literature, 2015

For *Why Mom and Dad Are Moving Apart: The Pop-Up Book*

Bravest Boy Around a Needle, 2014

From my pediatrician

Banned from Sbarros, 1989

Re-entry into Sbarros, 1990

JOBS I HAVE BEEN REJECTED FROM

Auto Damage Trainee — *Primary ambassador of GEICO's renowned customer service (Salary: \$27.14/hour)*
Low-level management in auto body repair shops, as well as visits to customers' homes, salvage yards, and towing service facilities.

Lawyer — *Probably corporate or intellectual property*

Before I settled down after undergrad, I thought about applying to be a lawyer, probably wouldn't have worked out though.

MR. GARG MCGARGESON PHD

Professional Simp

EDUCATION

Harvard Law School

Jan 2016 - Present

Study of magnetic technology and its applicability in contemporary society and culture; played on adult intramural magnet team

ITT Technical Institute

October 1997 – July 2005

144th in class of 153; study of applied science in business administration at the ITT Technical Institute in Marlton, NJ

WORK EXPERIENCE

YMCA Child "Caretaker"

June 2016–July 2017

I was the one that "took care" of those cretins. Many "survived" and are "doing well".

Bob Evans Grill Cook

XXX-XXX

I'm not proud of what I did, but it has been ruled (*Rumsfeld v. Connecticut*, 2017) that I cannot be held legally responsible.

CIA CIA Agent, Animal Wrangler

XXX-XXX

Foreign agent working on behalf of the United States; locating, tracking, and capturing wild vermin for bounties and treasures

SKILLS & LANGUAGES

Skills

Diversity, the juggle, Play-doh (the blue kind)

Languages

French, English, Wet English

PROJECTS

Cheese Water Untapped billion-dollar industry

Assisted in the invention, production, and marketing of cheese water products using runoff acid whey from the production of yogurts and other dairies.

GARG DIET

Madylin Eberstein

For those of you who have been keeping up with Gargoyle, you may have wondered to yourselves, how do those weirdo bastards keep so heckin' sexy? We at Gargoyle have recently received an influx of fanmail from our many, MANY admirers wondering just this. Finally, we are spilling the beans on our modelesque means.

For the Gargoyle Staff, our first month at the magazine was anything but glamorous. I remember my first ever meeting, I was so excited to begin creating amateur comedic content with little to no experience. And God, was I ugly. I sauntered into the Gargoyle office and plopped my fat ass onto the sofa, barely registering the onslaught of sexual or otherwise grotesque paraphernalia circling about my tiny head. There seemed to be no other Garg staff in the room, just a few other pimply, confused faces awaiting validation.

Suddenly, the room went dark. A few whimpers could be heard from my company, but no screams. The darkness appeared to be everlasting, though we remained seated, hopeful that someone, some upperclassman, would soon come and save us. After several minutes, we had finally succumbed to its authority. The darkness had become our reality.

After a few minutes, I felt one of the girls who had been sitting next to me stand up. We could hear her feet scuffle against the carpet, making their way over to the door before trying the handle. "It's locked," she said, her shaky voice barely disturbing the quiet that had set in.

That was just the beginning. The door stayed locked for the next four days and we soon discovered that the windows, too, would be of no use. In the morning, a dim light crept into our office prison and we could all see one another for the unsightly monsters we were. Around the same time, we began to feel the first signs of hunger. An old mini fridge sat in the corner, dusty and pathetic, but at last, we had to look inside.

We wrenched the door open and peered inside to find a frigid, near-empty abyss. "Like my soul!! XD," one girl chortled. The others and



The Gargoyle office's mini fridge ft. Jamie McClellan

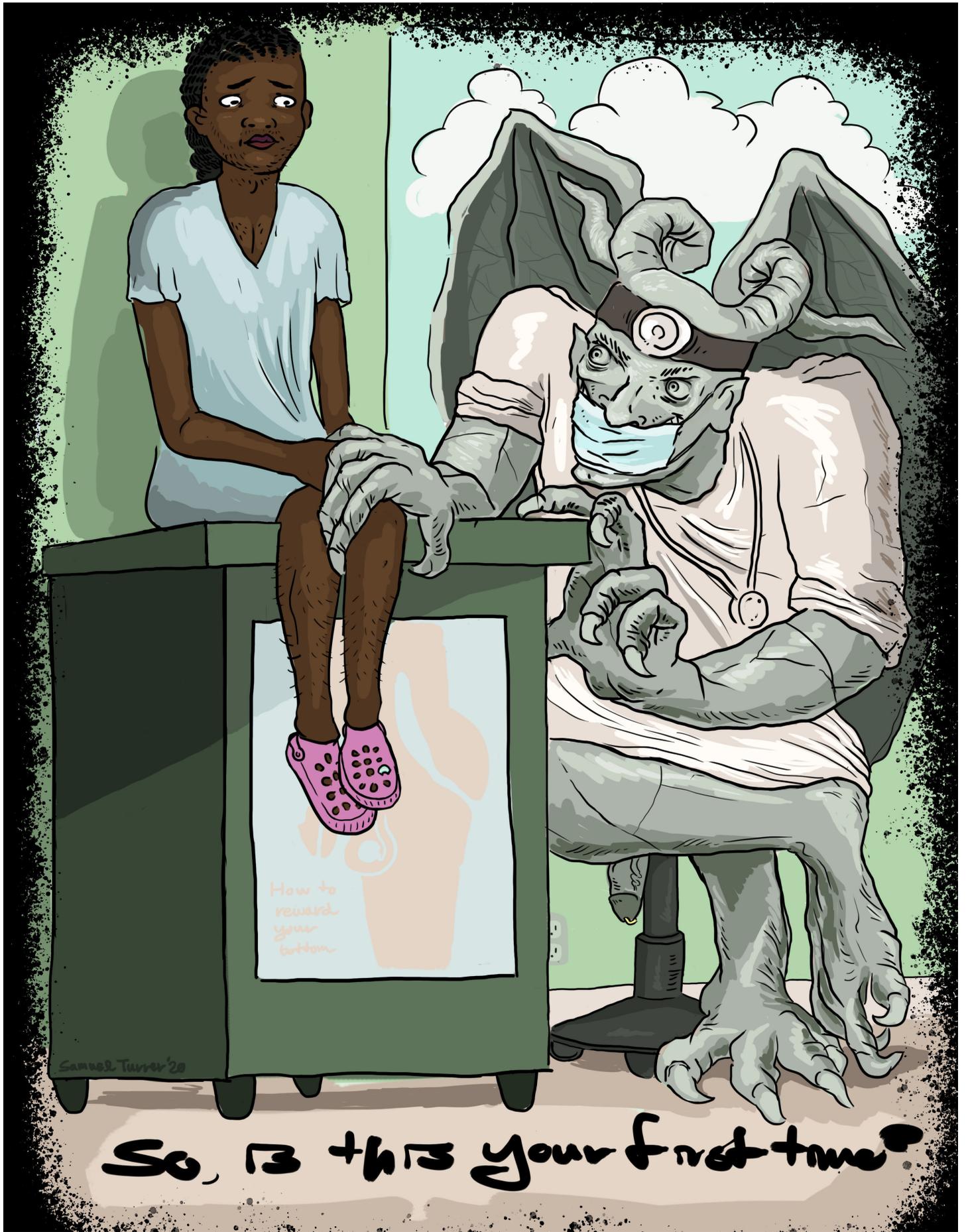
I exchanged knowing eye-rolls then looked back into the fridge. There were only a handful of water bottles, of which we each took two before even that meager resource had been depleted. By Day 3 we had resorted to suckling on the massive icicle that had formed across the top of the freezer. Amazingly, the icicle maintained its size despite our aggressive, sloppy sucking. We never found any food.

The hunger was excruciating. We had no energy. Our skin was discolored. Even the annoying girl just lay on the floor, motionless. The rest of us were grateful, as none of us had the energy to deliver her much-deserved ass-whooping. I like to believe we had all silently agreed to beat her senseless some other time.

Finally, in the evening of our fourth day in the Garg office, we heard a key turn on the other side of the door. The door swung open, and on the other side were more strange people we had

never seen before. The artificial light from the hall burned our delicate corneas; we covered in pain, hissing at our intruders (NCN: no cringe necessary). Suddenly, a boombox entered the room, blasting Nicki Minaj's Anaconda atop the upperclassmen's fist-bumping shoulders. We had completed the Gargoyle Diet, and the party had begun.

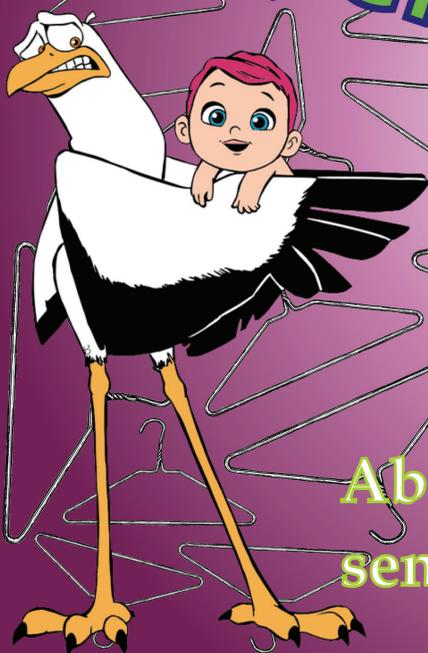
Maybe you're skeptical. Maybe you think other university publications would never dare make their staff go through the shitshow we had to. Well, I've been to hell and back. Yeah. I've seen shit in that Garg office you couldn't dream up in your worst nightmares. Shit that will make you piss your in your Twin XL and run your crybaby ass all the way back to Jersey. But maybe that's also what it means to have guts, kid. You hike yourself up by your bootstraps and power through the tough times, grow a little hair on your chest. Yeah. Yeah, that's it.



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Abortions is self-guided or we can send to you the trained professional



“This Podcast Slaps!”

- Out of touch 23 year old Gargoyle alum

“Oh I get it, smart name”

- A totally different out of touch 23 year old Gargoyle alum

“8.5/10 cat assholes”

- Another out of touch 23 and 3/4 year old Gargoyle alum

“I wish we had done this whilst I was there”

- Again another out of touch 23 year old Gargoyle alum, THESE ARE DIFFERENT PEOPLE I SWEAR ON ARTHUR MILLER'S GRAVE

“A Modest Proposal for Creating a New Generation of Energy and Lessening the Power Consumption in America”

By Nathan Slaven

How many a sleepless night to thoughts about the inevitable doom that humanity faces due to our inaction regarding climate change. What will be the fate of our species? Will Elon get us to Mars before the Yellowstone Supervolcano turns America into an ashtray? Will an asteroid approach from interstellar space, devastating the stock markets? In truth, it seems that our actual undoing will be at our own hand. Or rather, our grandparents': climate change.

But fear not, for CorpusCorp is back with another ingenious solution. Surely you recall our Homeless to Houses project in 2017, which provided housing for nearly four of Ann Arbor's homeless before the operation was discontinued due to alleged human rights violations. My new program proposes using climate change deniers themselves to produce new, sustainable energy. (Market Research found that Karma tested well in focus groups.)

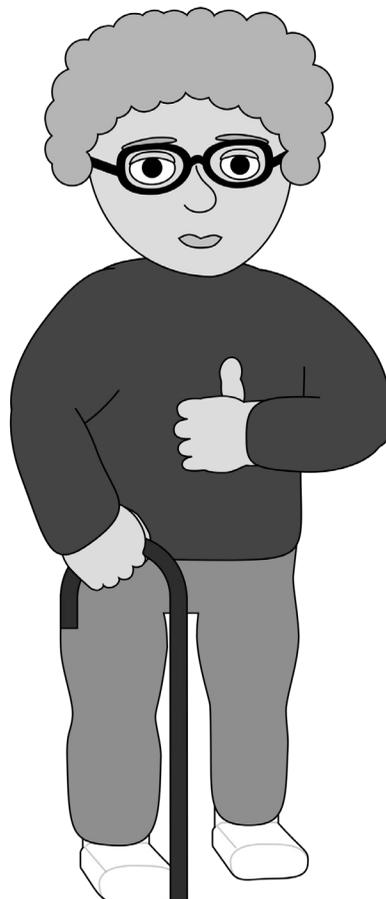
How would I distinguish between climate change deniers and sane people? Well, until CorpusCorp gets the kinks worked out of our Secret Extractor (pun intended), I'll just have to trust my good friend Statistics. Most climate change deniers are Boomers, as they know they'll be dead before they'd have to face any consequences for their actions. As such, I plan on just treating all Boomers equally. Of course there will be some innocent Boomers lost, but that's a sacrifice I am willing to make.

How exactly will we use these Boomers to solve the climate crisis? What could a frail, feeble elderly Floridian possibly be used to create electricity? The answer, my friends, lies in biofuel. Though they're slight of frame, the elderly have a very high body fat percentage. According to my calculations, harvesting their body fat and converting it to biofuel could produce enough electricity to power America for nearly 55 days. 55 days might not seem like a lot, but that's 2.6 March Madneses, 8 shelf lives of a banana, or 0.04 U.S. election seasons.

If you're worried that the elderly would resist participation in our Boomers to Biofuel program, I can assure you your fears are unfounded. Texas's lieutenant governor himself

said that the elderly will be willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of the economy, and B2B will surely boost the market enough for CorpusCorp to make some major stock buybacks.

Some critics will complain that there are so many alternative fuel sources out there, surely we can find one that doesn't involve harvesting human fat. And they're right. Skeptics will also argue that harvesting the flesh of the elderly isn't a sustainable energy source. They're also right. But wind, solar and geothermal power don't address a key issue with our energy system: consumption. The best way to reduce carbon emissions isn't to use carbon-free energy, but to reduce the amount of energy we need in the first place. And, of course, CorpusCorp will be ready to use the non-fat remainder of the Boomers in environmentally-friendly products like reusable Throat-Bags.



Calculations

1. Weight of the average American 60+ years old (lbs):
194.7 lbs.
2. Average body fat percent by age/gender:
65-69: 29.0% male, 41.3% female
70-74: 29.2% male, 41.2% female
3. Fat per Boomer by age/gender (lbs):
65-69: 56.464 male, 80.411 female
70-74: 56.852 male, 80.216 female
4. Number of Boomers by age/gender (millions):
65-69: 8.03m male, 9.05m female
70-74: 6.21m male, 7.19m female
5. Amount of fat from all Boomers by age/gender (lbs):
65-69: 45,340,592,000 male, 72,771,955,000 female
70-74: 35,305,092,000 male, 57,675,304,000 female
6. Total fat from all Boomers (lbs):
211,092,943,000 = 211.093 billion lbs
7. Ratio of fat (gal) to lbs (lbs):
1 gal of fat = 7.593 lbs
8. Total fat from all Boomers (gal):
28,526,073,387 gal = 27.801 billion gal
9. Ratio of fat (gal) to biofuel (gal):
2.5 gal fat = 2 gal biofuel
10. Converting of fat (gal) to biofuel (gal)
27.801 billion gal fat x 2 ÷ 2.5 = 22.241 billion gal biofuel
11. Amount of biofuel from harvesting all Boomers:
22.241 billion gal biofuel
12. Converting biofuel (gal) to gasoline (gal):
[Biofuel has a GGE (gasoline gallon efficiency) of 0.96]
22.850 billion gal biofuel x 0.96 = 21.351 billion gal gasoline
13. How much biofuel would it take to run America:
[389.68 million gal of gasoline used per day in America]
21.351 billion gal gasoline ÷ 389.68 million gal gas/day = **54.792 days of gasoline alternative**

Save National Mandolostan

Attention all! The ongoing war in National Mandolostan has left millions displaced, as warlords seize control of the once stable democracy. Families have been separated, and many children have been abducted and forced to fight in the brutal civil war. We at Save National Mandolostan (S.N.M. for short) humbly ask for your help in aiding those displaced by the war. For the price of a cup of coffee a month, you can help supply defenseless Mandolostanians with all the firepower they need to reclaim their country. Our mission is to empower the children of National Mandolostan to take back

their country through force. Whether it be with a rifle, a machete or even their bare hands, we believe every Mandolostanian child has the potential to be a killing machine. However, supplies are low, and the prices of black market weapons are rising at an unprecedented rate. In fact, S.N.M. is on the verge of equipping only half of the children it sends into battle with functioning weaponry. Additionally, S.N.M. risks not meeting its yearly goal of equipping every school in National Mandolostan with a minefield. The situation could not be more urgent. Donate within the next month and we'll send you the following: an "I Heart

S.N.M. T-Shirt", a postcard from the Mandolostanian your donation went to support that includes their name, age, and killcount, and a collection of official S.N.M. war trophies. So please, open up your heart, so we may rip out the hearts of our enemies.

*For those looking to get more involved, S.N.M. is currently accepting applications for volunteer positions. Those with following skills are considered highly valuable: demolitions, sharpshooting, and Microsoft Excel.

By Anson Lee



¿Do You Have the Spanish Flu?

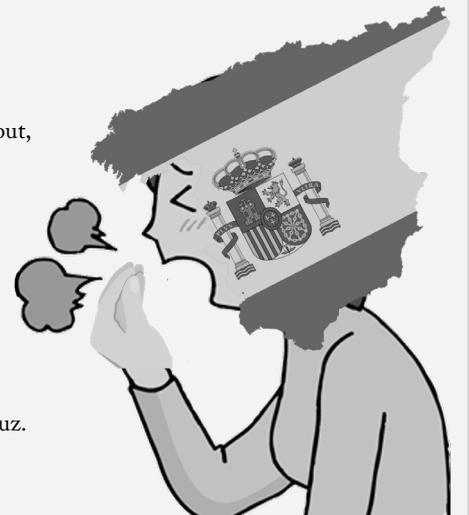
We here at GargMD know that the coronavirus is all that's on everyone's mind these days. But we shouldn't forget about all of the other pandemics that we also have to look out for, especially the Spanish Flu. Sure, it was eradicated like 100 years ago, but we can't let COVID give it any ideas for a comeback. So if you're feeling any of these symptoms, be sure to... do what everyone else is doing. But do it more.

Symptoms:

- Cravings for paella and gazpacho
- Uncontrollable urges to fuck up and/or get fucked up by a bull
- Montezuma's revenge
- Fantasies of colonizing half the world
- Jaundice
- Irrational fear of unexpected Inquisitions
- Fatigue around noon
- Juandice
- Missing armadas

Treatment:

- Antibodies from Penelope Cruz.
- Tequila shots until you're about to pass out, then more tequila shots.
- Refrain from kissing everyone you meet on the cheek, no matter your cultural background/presidential campaign
- More armadas
- Just being noticed by Penelope Cruz
- Or should I say moor armadas hahaha mátame
- A relaxing getaway in Hispaniola
- Really anything to do with Penelope Cruz.



senior farewells #pandemicedition



our meetings (and office hours for the two days that people came). I felt way more welcome at the Gargoyle than I did anywhere else on campus, and while I'm actually glad I'm able to graduate early, I'm heartbroken that I have to leave the Garg so soon.

The close relationship between the Garg alumni and current members honestly weirded me out. I was constantly aware that, very soon, I would become a Garg alumni and no longer a member. Just like with the dread of my inevitable death, I kind of just shoved it aside. But now it's here. It feels like the death of something irreplaceable. But in a way it's also the opposite, because I guess I'm finally going to have to get a life.

Although I was technically a content editor, my much more important role was operating the Twitter account after locking out Claire, producing such works as:



nathan slaven

I was hesitant to go to the Gargoyle's Fall 2017 Mass Meeting. What if I wasn't funny enough? What if they think I'm a basic uncultured simp? What if they haze freshman by making them eat regurgitated Chef Boyardee's Beef Ravioli with Tomato Sauce™, then run on a treadmill in the CCRB until they vomit it up, and then eat the re-regurgitated Chef Boyardee's Beef Ravioli with Tomato Sauce™?

It turned out that I was funny, at least for my first semester and a half, and that they were all equally basic uncultured simps, and that the only hazing was a brief satanic Shadow Eating ritual. The Gargoyle helped me realize that despite how good something may be, nobody who made it knows what the fuck they're doing, and they all feel just as self-conscious and imposter syndrome-afflicted as you do.

Until this year, I was the only person at the Garg who had been to every regularly-scheduled meeting. Not a flex, because it shows how little of a life I had outside of the Garg. As content editor, I joked that I lived in the office, but in a way that was actually true. I didn't permanently reside in the office, but most of the "living" that I got out of my time at Michigan was at

I have three suggestions/requests for future generations of Garglings:

1. Don't try too hard. Leave the high-effort comedy to the E3W. Never redo layout because you discovered atypo.
2. Follow the Rule of 3, even if it means adding meaningless filler to a list so that the list isn't just two things.
3. **Don't remove JAMIE MCCLELLAN'S** name from the masthead. This is by far the most important request. Find a way to ingrain this rule into the very culture of the Garg, so it isn't lost to time when English is no longer spoken or when masthead names no longer have meaning because we've all become one with The Singularity.

Thanks for the great memories, the memories I still cringe about, and hopefully we can go another few years before getting shut down again.

I feel like I've earned one shameless plug, so add me as a friend on Pokemon GO: 5467 0788 7548.

natasha pietruschka

I ran for president of my co-op this past year under a simple acronym I'm proud to call my own: **N.A.T = No B.S, Attentive, Tender.** I'd like to think this acronym can be applied to any endeavor in my life, including my dear, sweet Garg. So, without further ado, a demonstration of how this acronym applies to my time here on layout staff and later as Layout Director:

No B.S: I mean, I hardly submitted content for Garg. What other guarantee could there be for "No B.S"?

Attentive: I was extremely attentive... when I came to meetings. If I wasn't at a meeting, you can bet your sweet bippy that I was attentive at whatever else I was skipping Garg for.

Tender: Just look at dat face --->
ಠ_ಠ?

Just remember, if you're in a pickle and need to get out of it ASAP, or forget to write your senior farewell until the very last minute, use an acronym. It works (ಠ_ಠ)



Taken at what was our very last in-person Gargoyle meeting in March 2020. Long live the Garg sanctuary.

Lastly, I'd like to make a list of people who have made this weird, somewhat confusing, yet somehow worthwhile journey what it was.

1. Michael Rosenberg for relentlessly pushing for a non-list issue. Gotcha this time.
2. Fiona Tien for teaching me everything I needed to know to do a mediocre job this year.
3. Hollywood power family the Coppolas and their delectable wine.
4. Max Lee for endorsing Coppola Wine.
5. Nathan Slaven for not only sharing this senior farewell with me, but for your unyielding talent I recognized the first day we joined the Gargoyle in that weird Michigan Daily room downstairs.
6. Izzy, Jessy, and Shannon for stepping up to the plate & still publishing this trash during a pandemic.
7. And last but not least, JAMIE MCCLELLAN. May your name always be on this masthead (even though you don't remember who I am. It's OK. It's o-k.)

2019-2020: A Year in Review

Just a Girl with Big City Dreams



PRAISE BE
THE
CHOSEN
ONE

Gargspiracy

Written by Madylin Eberstein
Art by Rachael Fotis

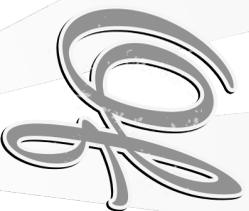


In a gruesome tale of strife and pain,
Our storied past is told in vain
Of the statuesque, the goblin-like,
The monsters howling through the night.
'Tis a story hereby still untold
Of a humor mag both fresh and bold.
Upon a simpler, purer time
And by the students of nineteen-nine,
As the wind howled and the light bulbs
flickered
A gang of losers sneered and snickered.
"A magazine! That's what we'll write."
"With humor as our seemly sight."
Thus the lads, with cackle and squint
And sick, sadistic all in print
Would bring to life their humorous tales
And summon evil with Satan's hail.

For years and years, the Gargoyle reigned
And then, at last, their savior named.
Our sacred, hallowed, honored son,
That Arthur boy, the Miller one,
Was crafted from a cauldron spell
And summoned from the depths of hell.
This wretched, evil, cursed child
Travelled onward mile by mile,
Joined us at our magazine
To implement his vile routine.
The Gargoyle mag, already wicked,
And founded on its twisted ticket,
Committed to its sinister ways
Long before young Arthur's days.
Yet once the boy had been begotten
The publication further rottened.
Our words convey a devilish curse
While venerating Miller's words

And honoring his hellish blood
We chant, "Praise be, the chosen one!"
Now still, today, although he's passed
Our great Messiah everlasts.
And while he lived his life on Earth,
Before he fell into his hearse,
His pleasant nature fooled you all
You naive, stupid, imbeciles!
Young Arthur never came from man,
But from the Dark Lord, as His plan.
And still his essence shall live on.
We pass it 'round from palm to palm.
We cut with daggers in our skin
And bellow wicked, evil hymns.
We pledge our tender, first-born sons
And write until our days are done.
In foul wish and villainous toil,
We summon thee, to the Gargoyle!

CERTIFICATE



PARTICIPATION

(your name here)

is thanked for their phenomenal participation in

PUTTING UP WITH OUR SHIT



PRESENTED BY:

The Gargoyle Humor Magazine

ON THIS DAY:

idk sometime in 2020

