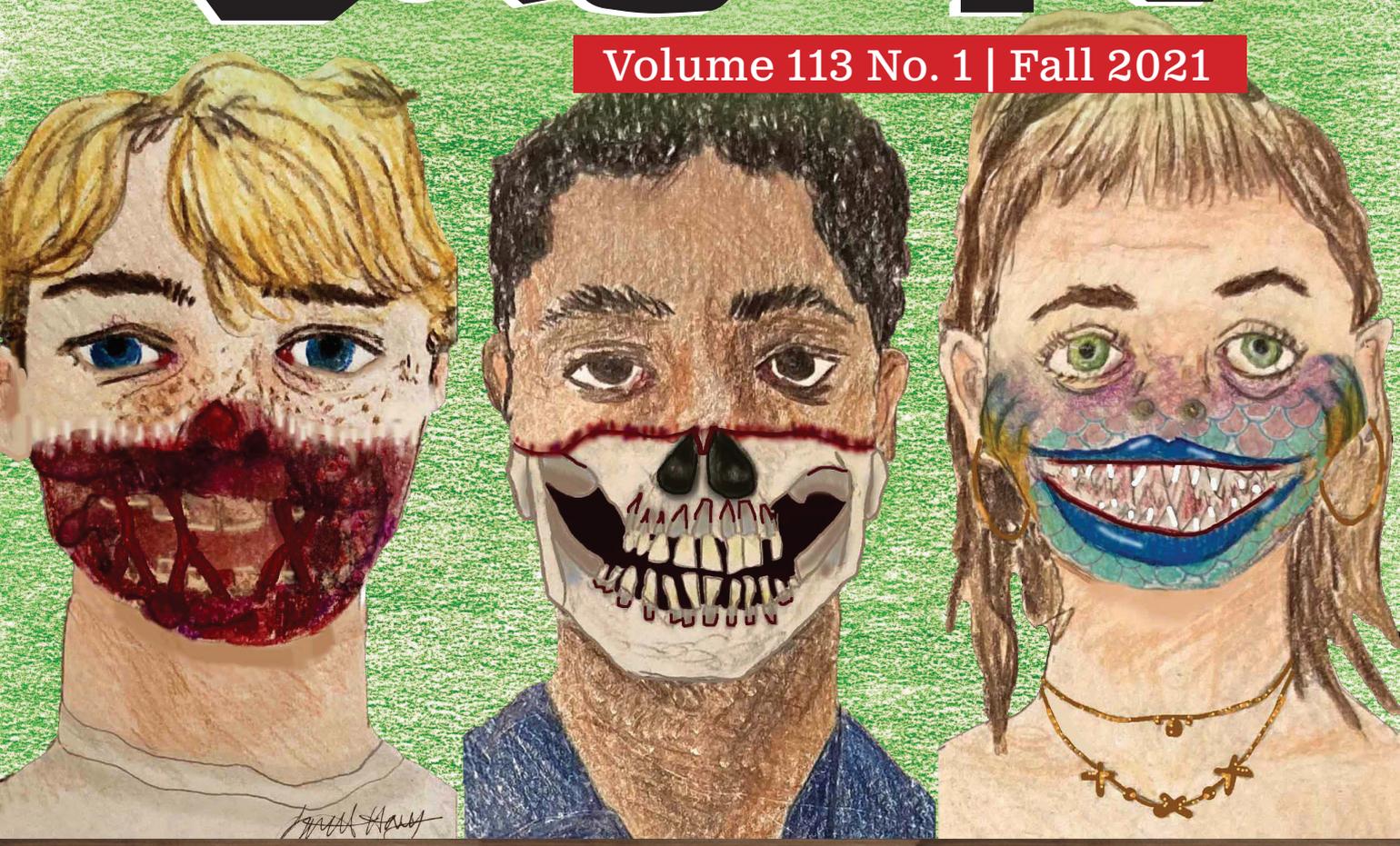
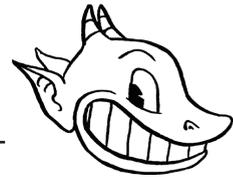




GarbOque

Volume 113 No. 1 | Fall 2021





Volume CXIII, Number 1 Fall 2021

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 Lauren Maiz.....Not Corn
 Anna Stansfield.....Super Secret Super Spy
 Kaitlyn Fa.....Ate A Burger Today
 Chris Hanlon.....Former Zodiac Killer
 Madison Dryden.....Help I'm Stuck In A Taco
 Larry.....Anonymous
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Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, & proclamations to:

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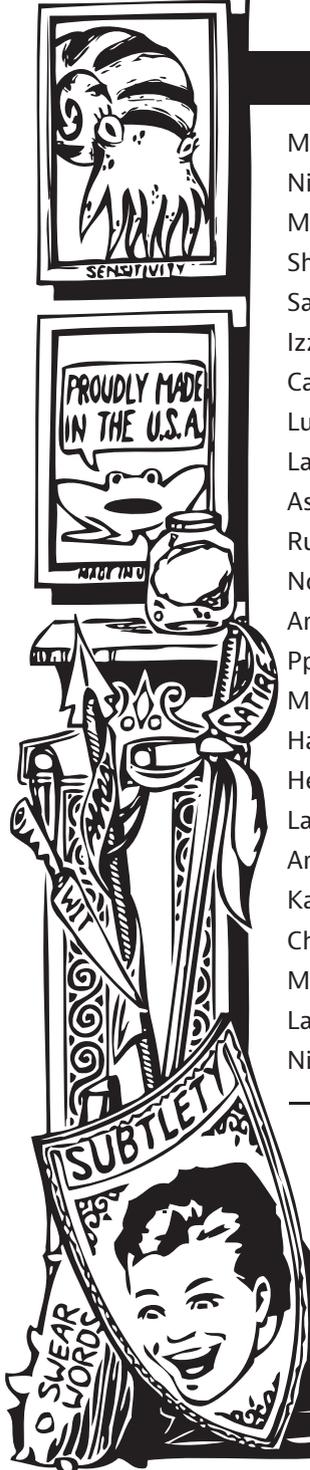
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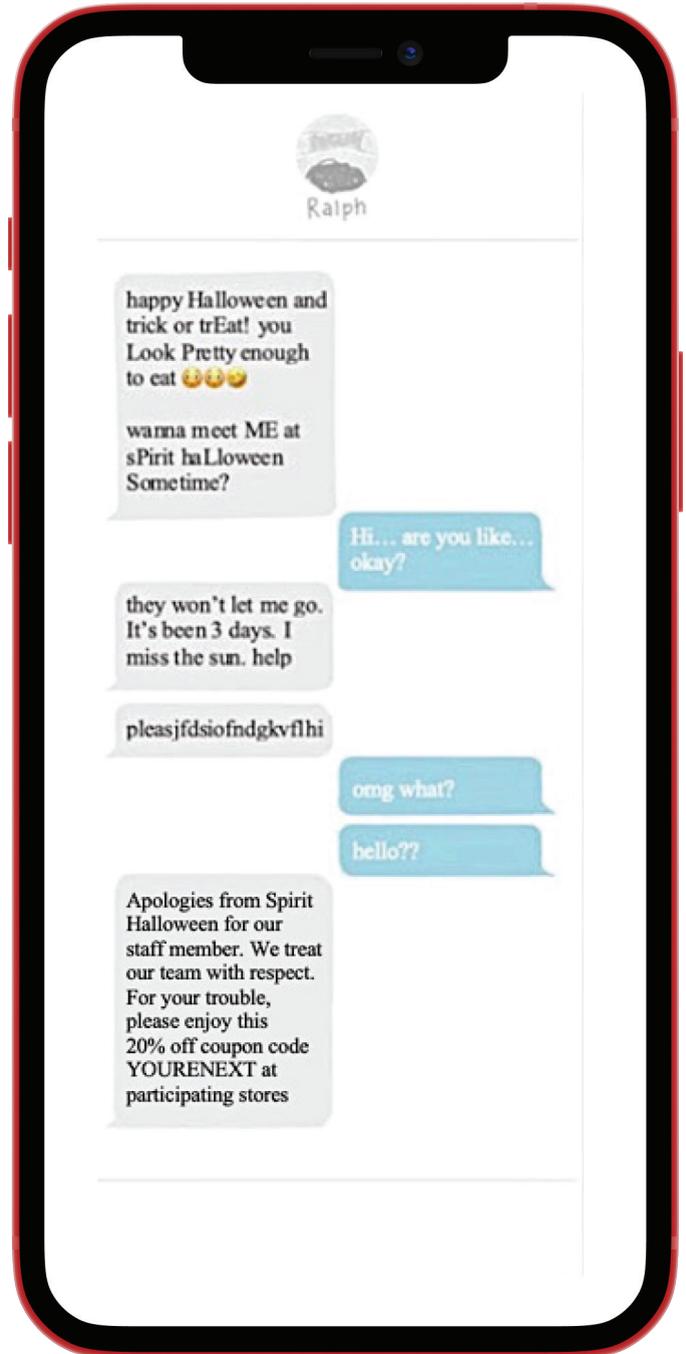




NOT THE FAIRY YOU WERE EXPECTING, HUH?
TRUTH IS, I PAY \$1000/MONTH IN RENT
FOR THIS PLACE, JUST LIKE EVERYONE
ELSE WHO LIVES IN ANN ARBOR.

Fairy Doors

Illustration by Izzy Hedin-Urrutia



From the Editor

Over the past year, Gargoyle has been operating from the shadows, within the safety of our campus apartments and childhood homes. The pandemic left our staff tormented by the isolation and uncertainty of COVID-19, challenged by a stifling lack of creative inspiration, and, tragically, forced to limit our alcohol consumption to intimate gatherings of roommates and close friends. That changes now.

This letter is a sign of life from Gargoyle. If you are reading it, feel free to have a sigh of relief, sign the cross, or shout from the rooftops that your favorite literary humor magazine is still alive and well. We are returning in full-swing, and we plan to continue to deliver our readers

original, provocative content about Ann Arbor, the University of Michigan, and life through the lens of the college students in the year 2021.

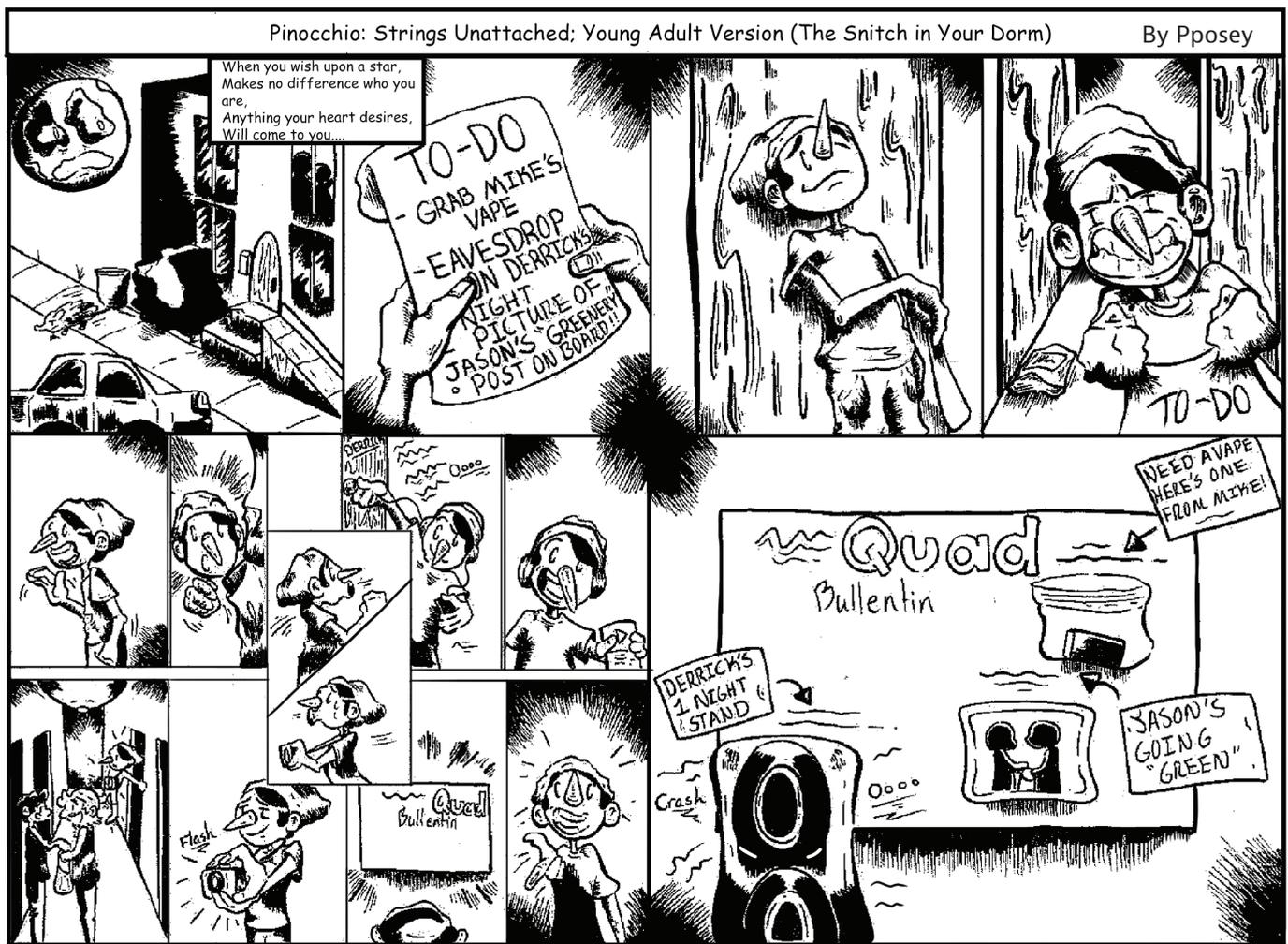
This issue in particular touches on the familiar yet taunting subject of the pandemic and, specifically, the university's approach to this fall semester as we close our eyes, put our fingers in our ears, and shout "lalalalala" so that we might return to in-person learning. This return has been uneasy, uncertain, and, at times, unpleasant, but as time goes on (if I may speak for all of us), we have consigned ourselves to a resounding "yep, we're really doing this." As such, Gargoyle hereby presents to our readers a wholesome, hearty

Unwelcome Back.*

In addition, this year, Gargoyle will be embarking on a new project that will give a voice to our beloved mascot. Through a series of continued, interrelated stories that will span over all of Volume 113 (and more?), we will all get to know Gargoyle, as a character, a leader, and the mouthpiece for the student body. Gargoyle is an outcast. He is snarky. He is bold, clever, cheeky. He can be difficult, and we are often confused as to whether we should envy his brazenness or pity his displeasure—but don't take it from me. Read for yourself.

Here's hoping,
Mady Eberstein, Editor in Chief

*Featuring miscellaneous Halloween content.



Search

← 📁 ⚠️ 🗑️ 📁 📁 More

Subject line Inbox x 🖨️ 📧

 **Brain1N1 Classroom Notification** <brain1n1classroomnotofication@umich.edu> Sept 31st (1 day ago) ☆ ↩️ ⌵

to user ⌵

Important: the following is a general classroom notification used to alert any class roster of a possible BRAIN1N1 exposure in the classroom setting. This is NOT a notification that you have been bitten. It does not include details related to the potential exposure*

A student who is enrolled in a U-M Ann Arbor campus in-person or hybrid class with you has recently tested positive for BRAIN1N1. **Please keep in mind that classroom transmission risk to individuals who have not been bitten is low.** Case investigation still needs to be done to determine if the positive student will reappear as an undead. Undead are ones which have transcended beyond the desires of our weak mortal flesh. To be human is to be shackled to both the demands of the physical body and to the arbitrary hierarchies and demands of our capitalistic hellscape of a society. Those who are bitten and rise again have broken free of the social contract and desire only the opiate-like effects of brain consumption.

If you develop symptoms concerning for BRAIN1N1, you should be assessed by a medical professional who specializes in the undead.

Please note: U-M's Community Flesh Sampling and Tracking Program cannot provide appropriate testing or care for symptomatic individuals. If you know you have been bitten or develop symptoms, please report immediately to the Forest Hill Cemetery, where there will be an open grave waiting for you. **Before reporting to the cemetery, remember to pay any charges or due amounts that appear in your student account. This includes housing and tuition fees.** A priest or rabbi will be provided for last rites and end-of-life ceremonies if you so choose. **No other religious identities will be accounted for.**

Know the symptoms of BRAIN1N1, which can include:

- Lowering ability to feel and respond to pain
- General disinterest in canvas notifications
- Desire to participate in discussion sections before 10 am
- Rapidly lowering body temperature (below 97 degrees Fahrenheit)
- Lack of mobility, lowered control over one's limbs
- Insatiable appetite for human flesh and brains**

*Due to UERPA - the Undead Educational Rights and Privacy Act - no personally identifiable information regarding this exposure can be given. For more information, visit <https://undeadprivacy.ed.gov> or the University of Michigan's Privacy Policy regarding information collected about infected individuals.

**UM President Mark Schlissel has asked us to note that he considers light, manageable urges to commit acts of cannibalism normal, and that students should only self report themselves as symptomatic when the cravings or desires start to feel uncontrollable.



GO HOME **ME** By Andie Klisz



AUGUST 25TH -- "ICE CREAM" SOCIAL:

I scream, you scream, we all scream for "ice cream!" Come down to the 1st floor lounge and join your fellow first-years for a "tasty treat." What's coming out of the soft serve machine? You'll have to wait and see.

FREE PLANTS (MANDATORY):

Take your pick of weed, poison ivy, or Audrey II.

AUGUST 26TH -- RA SCAVENGER HUNT:

Where are they? Go find them! Your RAs can't wait to meet you and are hiding somewhere just waiting for you to bother them with a problem. Bonus points if you can give them a little kiss and demand better door decs.

AUGUST 28TH -- LSA UNDRRESSING (MANDATORY):

We're out of free shirts and we need yours.

AUGUST 29TH -- OUTDOOR MOVIES:

Scrape your knees on the Diag pavement and settle in for a double-feature! We'll be screening *Human Centipede* and *Madagascar 3: Europe's Most Wanted*.

AUGUST 30TH -- CONVOCATION.

SEPTEMBER 1ST -- SCHLISSEL MEET & GREET:

Shake the sweatiest presidential paw of your life and go off to class in style. (You may want a COVID test after this.)



My god, this place is magnificent, I think to myself as I walk up to a dilapidated Victorian flooded with sweaty, drunken eighteen-year-olds and shaking to the beat of Lil Nas X. Tonight is Halloween, and it is about to be epic. Beside me are two of my closest friends, the wingless, toothless Liz(ard) and Ghoul. Together, we climb the stairs of our host's magnificent mansion, stepping over the hole where the wooden stairs rotted through and dodging the soggy leaf water dripping from the rusted gutter just outside the doorway.

Inside, the party is alive and well. The dance floor is packed with beasts of all different shapes, sizes, and colors. Cups of Jugular Juice and Yellow Claw slosh around the partygoers' feet, and a defaced poster of President Schlissel is being passed around as if it was crowdsurfing. Liz, Ghoul, and I stand around for a minute, unbelievably uncomfortable, embarrassed, and horny, before we finally can finally work up the courage to grab ourselves some punch and head to the dance floor as well. From afar, it looked so fun, so honest, so freeing, but we were naive back then, huh?

As soon as we step onto the floor, my eyes are drawn to a thrashing, flailing figure in the middle of a massive dance circle. He is oddly clothed and strangely proportioned, but I know that pathetic stain on beastiality anywhere: Goblin. What is he doing? What is he wearing? Who does he think he is? In a moment of pause, he stands upright and swivels his head to look over at our crew, and finally, we are able to see him clearly. He is wearing a tasteless—nay, nauseating, offensive, unforgivable—costume, consisting of old, tattered clothing, ghostly skin, and overdone eye makeup. *Hey, I think, no one makes fun of Ghoul's soul-sucking, bottomless pits for eyes but me.* I look over to Ghoul, who has turned cold from humiliation and rage as he witnesses Goblin mock his very existence.

I shout across the crowd to him, "Stain!"

"Yooooo, sup my guy!"

"You're a stain!"

"Wha?"

"I'm not a fan of your getup."

"Aw yuh, turnt the FUCK up, my guy." He nodded emphatically to prove his skull was, in fact, empty.

"No, that's not—"

"Fergalicious, definition, make them boys..."

By now, my bloodstream had become a stream of red-hot, boiling feral rage. I wish with all my might that it was butternut squash soup instead, and that I could share it with Adam Driver. *Mmmmm, Adam Driver.* Not being able to hold back my anger any longer, I jump. Forward, into the circle of undulating, costumed bodies, and onto Goblin's rancid back. As I tackle him, I try desperately to rip his costume apart, once and for all.

Everyone else on the dance floor stops to watch, frozen in both horror and delight. Save for the vibrations of the speakers blaring Flo Rida's Low and an oblivious pair making out in the corner, the room has gone completely still. The crowd looks on at Goblin and I, curious despite their apparent apathy.

Just as I am about to bite down on Goblin's arm, I feel the delicious grip of a girthy green hand on my shoulder. Suddenly, I am pulled away from my Ghoul-faced victim and into the arms of a mysterious, muscular figure hidden from the strobe light's path. Still, I can feel his warmth against my scaly skin and smell his sweet aroma of ripe onions wafting through the air. Who are they, my beastly rescuer? My monstrous mystery love, my real-life Adam Driver.

Whoever it was, they carry me straight to the door and (with erotic ease) toss me out onto the porch. Just like that, my night is over. I have been banished from the treasured College House Party and forced to spend my Halloween devoid of drunken mischief. Woe is me.

Ghoul and Liz meet me outside, and together, we walk back. As we reach the end of the road, I stop to turn and look back at the glowing, vibrating house of the Halloween party. Once more, I can feel my animalistic fury fermenting. Something has to be done.

"Fuck you," I whisper to myself. "Fuck all of you."

to be continued...

Dear Michigan Intercollegiate Liaison of Fraternities,

by Luke Homans

I am writing you this memo to let you know the action that I, as MILF president, will be taking regarding the recent "catastrophe" involving the military flyover at last Saturday's football game.

Now first off, I know you all know about the Constitution of the United States of America, and how in it, it says that game day is the only day that even slightly matters. Therefore of course, to do our founding fathers justice, I have skipped birthdays, cancelled appointments, and committed several crimes in order to ensure that I don't miss that juicy gridiron action. Once I even skipped my grandma's funeral 'cause I had to pregame with the boys™. Didn't even matter, cause I knew grandma was a cold blooded American, and plus he would be pretty fucking shit at a keg stand, so this is what she would've wanted.

Ok anyways, enough with all this sappy family bullshit.

Once we pulled up to the Big House last Saturday morning, we were feeling pretty aroused in anticipation for the Star Spangled Banner to play and the Air Force flyover, so the sexual tension between the brothers was pretty evident. Anyways, when that dope-ass symbol of American supremacy finally came screaming overhead, I got a little bit of a half-chub, thought "fuck the demo-craps and their communist free health care" and was really feeling pretty amped up about seeing some big sweaty muscle-bound Patriots run into a bunch of fucking beta males. As I gazed upon that majestic sight, something else caught my eye. It was a banner bearing one of MILF's most treasured religious artifacts: White Claw. It was being pulled by a smaller, less dope-ass, not as American plane. That little beta-plane got a little too close to the American government's massive shlong (as I lovingly refer to the military) and just got fucking obliterated. Pieces of the pussy plane came raining down on the parking lot and some of the people in the stands. People were screaming for their lives, I definitely saw a couple little kids get completely squished by a wing, but the kickoff had

"Pieces of the pussy plane came raining down."

already happened. My half-chub had disappeared by now, due to the carnage, but I needed to turn my focus back to the game.

UNFORTUNATELY, I could not do this, as the Air Force plane, with two of its engines on one side burning from the crash, had been forced to fly in a circle and was now about to make an uncontrolled crash-landing -- right into section 43. The plane was going pretty fast still, so it slid through section 44, into section 1, and all the way through section 9R where it was finally slowed by the curve of the stadium. It went through those thousands of spectators like I went through all of your moms last night lmao. I saw torsos fly through the air, the legs plastered to the nose of the plane. Of the 12,000 killed, an estimated 9,000 of them were cut in half like a combine harvesting corn. One of the wings, the one with the flaming engines, broke off and set the other teams benches on fire. To be honest, it was pretty funny to see their pussy-asses running around with their pads covered in flames.

Due to the crazy-ass blood tsunami that was caused by the continued motion of the plane, the M on the scoreboard had been obscured. I knew it was time to be a hero. I grabbed some of the other members of Delta Omega Nu Gamma and we started to run. Pushing aside the paramedics that were in our way, we formed a human pyramid to reach the screen. Using our own shirts, we scrubbed the blood and bits of bone off of the holy M. This experience was honestly tough for me because I had to see our beautiful logo obscured, even if only for a few minutes. I was only consolable when the Wolverines scored 12 touchdowns in a row, due to the fact that the other team had lost some players in the "incident." They complained about the trauma of having to see their teammates and friends turned into a bloody pulp by the still spinning propeller of the White Claw plane, but honestly they should stop being such pussies and bottle that shit up like a man.

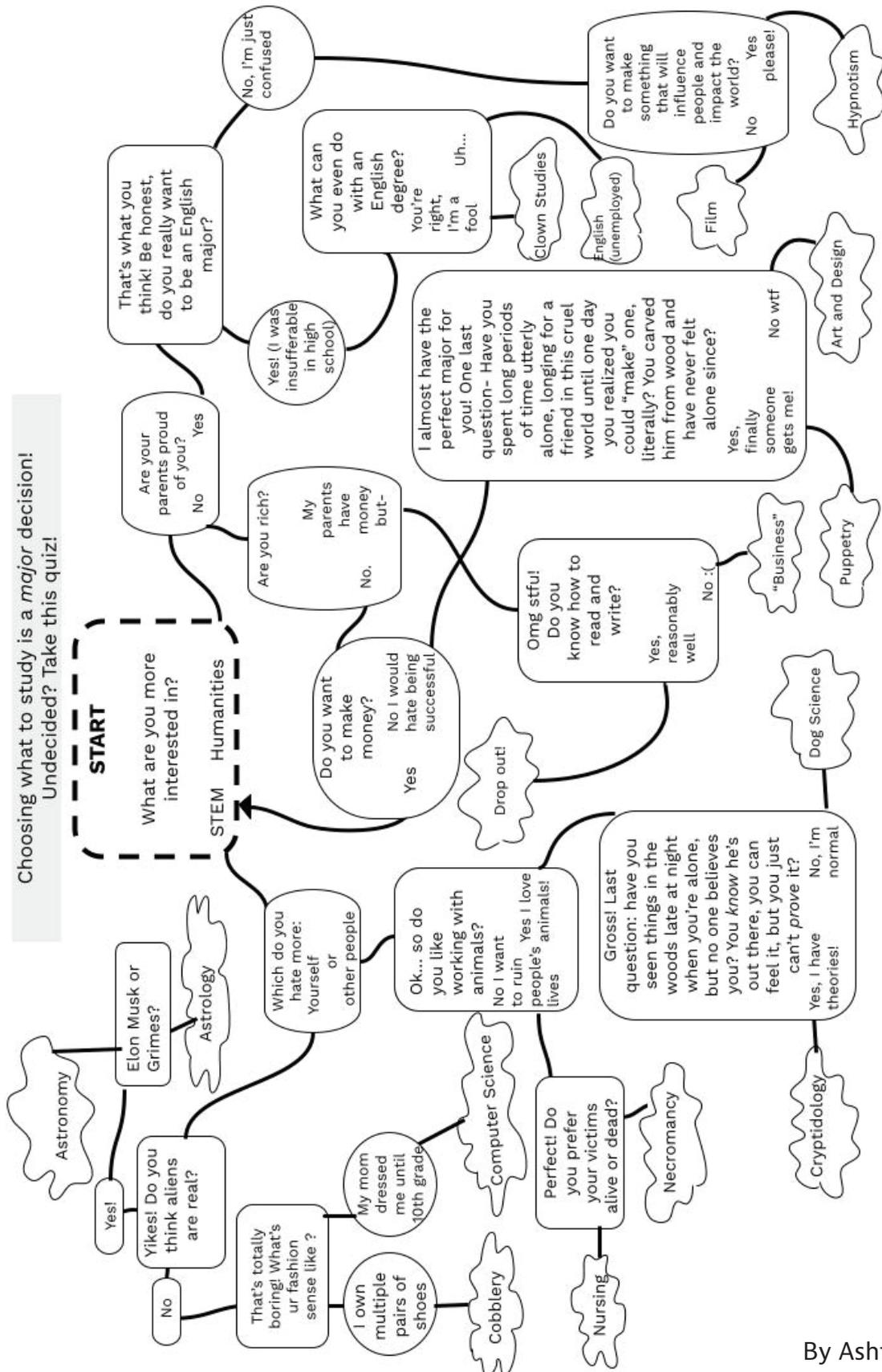
Obviously, the real trauma was having to see two of MILF's most holy sacraments defaced, the Maize M, and the White Claw crest. I am therefore demanding compensation from the brand for what we, as Brothers, had to endure. I'm gonna get my dad to talk to the CEO and have him bring all of our ragers free booze for the rest of the year. So that's really what this is about, rush ΔΩΝ if you want to get fucking lit.

In conclusion, the more I think back on that litty af game day, I think about how dope it was to continue to play on, for the morale of the fans, for the players, and for the boys and how that was not only the right decision, but the most American one too. Goddamnit I love this country so much. Go red, go white, and most importantly, Go Blue!

"Using our own shirts, we scrubbed the blood and bits of bone off of the holy M."

Gryphyn Thodstrom
President of the Michigan Intercollegiate Liaison of Fraternities
University of Michigan Class of 2022
Ross School of Business

Choosing what to study is a *major* decision!
Undecided? Take this quiz!



By Ashton Gibson

“UMich Community Divided Over Campus-Wide No Nut November Mandate”

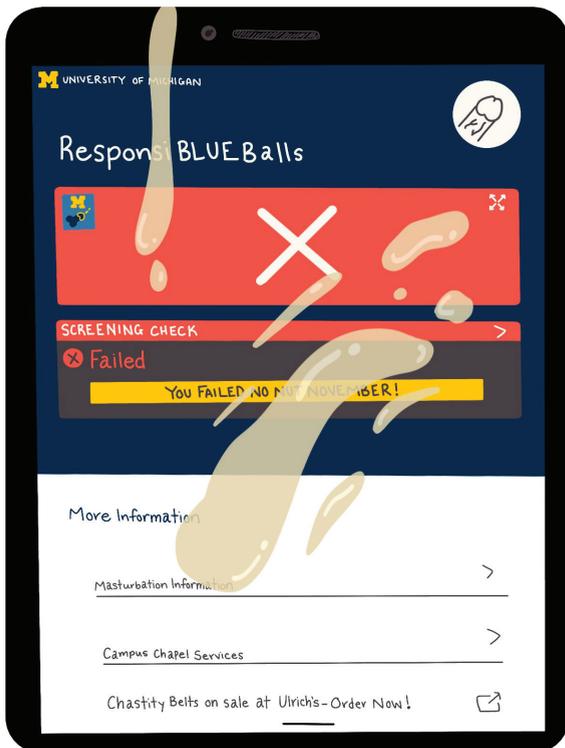
By Hailey Fiel

“It was supposed to be a joke!” claims Richard Johnson, student founder of the No Nut November Coalition on campus who recently proposed a campus-wide “no nut” mandate for the entire month of November at a recent Central Student Government Assembly meeting. After the alleged “joke” proposal received widespread support from the Evangelical Christian community on campus, the motion was passed in a 6-5 vote by the CSG Assembly and is currently in the process of being implemented by University of Michigan officials. We reached out to renowned sexual health expert, Haywood Jahblomee, to explain the details of this new mandate.

“Ejaculation, colloquially referred to by younger generations as ‘nutting’, is the main topic of concern when talking about the logistics of the ‘no nut’ mandate. This refers to any orgasmic discharge, male or female, including any masturbatory emissions where the sperm is not directly seeking an egg” says Jahblomee.

This begs the question: how will the mandate be enforced?

UMich Officials say they have developed a new app dubbed “ResponsiBLUEBalls” for students to self-report their emissions. Using a similar layout as the “ResponsiBLUE” app used to track COVID-19 symptoms on campus, this app will provide a daily screening which requires users to answer a set of questions related to their emissions (or lack thereof). The app will also feature an option for users to report anyone they suspect might have violated the mandate.



The Gargoyle recently reached out to head app developer, Mike Hunt, to gain more insight into the inner workings and efficacies of the new app. Mr. Hunt declined to comment on any details of the “ResponsiBLUEBalls” app; however, when asked off the record by Gargoyle reporters how he thought of the app’s name, he had this to say:

“It just came to me”.

The No Nut November Mandate has spurred widespread controversy among the student body in a number of different University communities. Campus incels are calling the mandate sexist, citing “women don’t cum”. Self-proclaimed “feminist social justice warriors” are fighting back by picketing on the Diag and sharing their stories of female ejaculation to anyone who will stay long enough to listen.

A student who asked to remain anonymous shared insider info on the emergence of so-called “bootleg nutting”, and the subsequent rise of campus speakeasies being utilized for said nutting. Although circle jerks are nothing new to fraternities, the act has been quickly gaining momentum with non-Greek life students since the University implemented this new mandate.

“I think circle jerks are providing a sense of camaraderie and security to the people involved. Some people I know are swearing by blood oath not to report each other on the ResponsiBLUEBalls app. It’s absolute insanity out there. Stay safe, my friends, and Go Blue [Balls]” said the anonymous student.

“Define ‘on-campus’”, says junior philosophy major, Rudy Booblets, “The ambiguity surrounding what constitutes ‘on-campus’ is causing a lot of confusion for me and a lot of other students. Surely they [the University] can’t enforce this new mandate on students who nut off-but-near campus, right? Right?!”

The Model

By Maddie Dryden

Where am I?
Better yet, who am I?
What did I do wrong that led me to this place?
I used to have it all, at one time.
I had never got food poisoning from the dining hall chicken.
I did not have any classes on Fridays, not once.
Life was one constant party, and I never woke up hungover.
Now, I am cursed.
I bear this armor of meat and cheese every single day.
No longer am I able to dream, no long can I wish to become anything I want in this world.
I am simply "Adult Taco Mexican Food Cinco de Mayo Funny Halloween Costume"
being sold on ebay.com.
That's right, I am being sold on ebay.
I am discarded, I am secondhand.
Every day, I must put on this sombrero, and I must smile.
Is that racist? Is this costume racist?
You can see it in my eyes, there is nothing left in me.
My school, they told me I could become whatever I wanted to be.
They told me that if I worked hard, I could make it.
Little did I know, my connections on LinkedIn would only get me so far.
The only acting gig I got? It was at Halloween City.
I walked in, the man handed me my costume, and said, "Put this on."
I asked, "Will this help me become a star?"
He replied, "No, this will make you a taco".
I laughed. I should not have.
I put the costume on, he took the picture, and suddenly, I was trapped.
Frozen, forever doused in ground beef and shattered dreams.
Will I ever get out?
It is so lonely here, stuck inside the plastic wrapping of this lifesize taco.
It hurts worse than the bowel movements I got after eating
Pancheros on Thursday nights.
Will anyone ever wear me?
Will I ever feel anyone inside me?
Who is to say?
Just like the Taco Bell in the Union, I am merely a
discarded idea.
A Halloween costume model,
that is all I will ever be.
Adiós to all of my dreams.



Gargoyle
HOUSE RULES
by Lars Martin

BASIC RULES

- Standard Pong rules (i.e. re-racking, bouncing, etc.)
- Fingering and Blowing allowed, although have some discretion.
- We prefer filling cups with coyote urine, to scare away large animals.

PULLING CUPS

- If both players happen to both make it in the same cup, you get balls back, but it requires "Dunking" or dipping your testicles in said cup. If you do not have testicles, utilize the Gargoyle trademarked Bulls Balls Truck Balls™ that comes with our cup pong gift package.
- Our preferred method of pulling a cup is using our ass cheeks, but any form of lips is also acceptable.

CORNER CUPS

- The front cup: you have to shave a rattail into your hair, no exceptions.
- The back right cup: The person who made it has to give their first born child to Lamashtu in order to appease her divine desires. They must bear witness to their child being devoured before they can take another shot.
- The back left cup: casts a spell that reveals how many people are thinking about sex at that exact moment and with whom.
- If all three cups are made in succession, they will form the ultimate triumvirate and summon a succubus of your choosing who will do the player's absolute bidding. Use this power with responsibility. Also results in an automatic win.
- Note: these rules only apply if it has not been re-racked yet.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Acceptable locations: Abandoned buildings, dark basements, in the center of a pentagram, windows between demonic dimensions, a clearing in a large forest, your stepmom's closet, the Gargoyle Dungeon and/or Office (Location is pertinent to the processes mentioned above)
- If a player makes it into one cup one round, and then again in a different round, the table will automatically flip itself and everybody loses because it's a poor sport. His mother did not teach him good manners.
- The prize of winning includes draining and consuming the blood of your mortal enemy. The sweet satisfaction you gain from avenging your father will last generations and you will be revered for centuries. If you have already obtained your revenge, use the closest person named Jerry.

Note: We encourage you to use these rules in your next house game. Gargoyle holds no responsibility for destruction caused by demonic beings. Buy your gift package at bullsballs.com

MalarKey

by a man named Larry

Damn, locked the house doors working out in the shed.

Tonight, however, I proceeded to lose my keys. All of them.

The whole WAD. And of course it's pitch dark out.

Don't worry I tell meeself. I keep that seeecret set hidden ever so shrewdly in my seeecret spot

I sneakily snake my way to the stash and low and behold my key box was gone

Now which of my boys had used them last? Wait a minute now I just used them last week

That's impossible, I would have returned them for sure

I better sit down and have a smoke while I think

DAMN!

The cigarettes are inside next to the sink It must have been that crazy neighbor woman for I had stashed them before

Wait what was that!

That noise over there

Is that the coyotes coming to settle the score?

That's it I have to at least get into the house

Which window to break? Let me think let me think

But I need to move fast

I'll head for the door and try it once more

Eureka! that's it

Rusty never locks *his* door

I practically fly up onto the deck for by now those coyotes are leaping at my neck

Never gave it a thought as I pushed the dog door

All of the things that hung on the wall

That's okay though cuz at least I didn't get bit

Now I've calmed down and my head is more clear

Oh, what's this next to my smokes by the sink?

The Crazy neighbor must have forgot them when she left

Rush Disciples of Bargozeth!

By Nora Detgen

Are you interested in **Doomsday Prep**? Are you as excited as we are for the **great reckoning**? Are you ready for the Lord of Fire's deliverance? If you answered yes to any of these questions, **Rush Disciples of Bargozeth!**

DBarg is the only greek organization here at umich dedicated solely to preparing for the coming of Bargozeth and all his fiery wrath! Join a welcoming community who follows the true path of the Lord of Fire! Activities include:

- **Stockpiling Bash!** Bring clothes, canned goods, seeds, tide pods, lizards, handcuffs, hotplates, leeches, welding helmets, tourniquets, extra kidneys, coolers, etc.
- **Harbining!** (join the groupme to learn more about how to make picket signs and yell angrily on street corners)
- **Gregorian chants** (this week we'll be learning 'death is here oh god the horror it burns it burns dear god the horror')
- **Sacrifices to Bargozeth!** BYOB (bring your own blood)*
- **Final drum circle** in which we welcome the flames with open arms and watch as they burn those who have sinned. Those who have jaywalked, sent food back, not fully rinsed a dish before putting it in the dishwasher, actually read *Game of Thrones* instead of just watching the show like the rest of us, ridden double on a spin scooter, held up a line counting exact change, or acted pretentious over any Eastern European video game, shall be purged.
- **Ash scattering** of those who were deemed unworthy
- **Lord of Fire ice cream social:** where the chosen can get to know their new ruler as they begin their new exciting lives of servitude

* Don't have your own bloodletting kit? No problem! We have plenty of **leech and lancet rentals!**

Our first '**Pastries and Pentagrams**' meeting will be held **Tuesday, October 19th** in the bunker just past Pierpont Commons. Come for more info, free rations, a can of sterno, and a succulent!

How can I apply?

1. Scan the QR code and enter your username in the google form
2. Pay the dues (either venmo \$30 to @endisnigh or bring two male goats to the first immolation, we're not picky!)
3. Send a picture of your brand (we accept forehead or collarbone) with the Bargozethian crest
4. All set! DBarg welcomes you!



SCAN ME

Time is running out and spots are limited!
Rush before the end times descend and cast upon you a **fiery hell** :)

For more information, please contact
beelzebub_12@hotmail.com!

THIS MIGHT
BE HARD TO STOMACH

