

# Garrooyie

2013



SATURDAY - NIGHT  
SPECIAL!

K. JACQUE

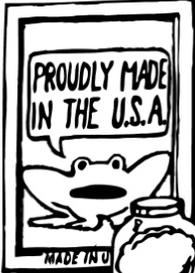


MAGAZINE

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL 2013

**s t a f f**

Max Eddy . . . . . Roadside Cob Stand  
 Cathy Fisher . . . . . Hot Buttery Cob  
 Peter Eldred . . . . . Value Egg  
 Nikita Desai . . . . . Guy Hollerin'  
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 Zack Beauvais . . . . . Big Boy's Member  
 Rob Davis . . . . . Line Coach  
 John Dobbertin . . . . . Fearless Leader  
 Ross Warman . . . . . Doesn't Understand Layout



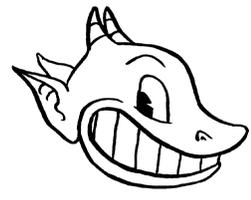
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ZACK  
BEAUVAIS  
PULLS  
A  
ROPEY  
TURD  
OUT OF  
HIS  
ASS



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# 2nd Person Masturbation 2: JACKED OFF

By Peter Eldred

You've been caught.

You were careless. You wore headphones. You left the door unlocked.

Your mother enters.

She levels her steely gaze upon your shame. You're both aware a contract has been voided. You need to pay for early termination.

She exits without a word.

You know what's next.

You have groceries to buy.

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Sirens flash in your rearview. You've been driving erratically. The officer approaches. He wants your license and registration. You have neither. Your backseat reeks of fear as your Ford Taurus's social anxiety seeps through the upholstery. You heard a crazy tip from the stay at home mom next door that can get you out of this.

You slowly reach for the glovebox. You take the football hidden within and gently toss it toward the officer. He catches the ball, alight with joy. He tosses it back to you. You tell him to go long. You throw the ball again, its perfect spiral ending in the officer's hands that quiver with a lifetime of longing. The officer jogs up to you and returns the ball.

You put your hand on his shoulder.

You tell him you're proud.

You call him son.

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You pick over the vegetables. You examine the red peppers. You're shopping late. The selection is bad. You find a suitable pepper. You push on the stem. It is firm. You realize you don't know what that means about the pepper.

You bite into the pepper. You know this is inappropriate for the current setting. You do not care because you are wildly intoxicated. You realize you have been distressingly drunk for three days.

You finish eating the pepper.

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You notice the sirens again. You have been driving erratically. You remember why. Your secret trick can't work twice.

You drive toward the belltower.

You put a plan into action a decade ago to this day. You seduced a coal miner. In exchange that coal miner seduced another coal miner. In exchange that coal miner seduced a woman. In exchange that woman seduced her husband, the architect of the tower, to put your plan into notion. That architect was you.

Sometimes your life is complicated.

The policeman pulls up beside you, motioning to pull over.

You accelerate.

The bell rings and you watch with a resigned sense of inevitability as it falls from the tower. It crashes down on the police car, reminding you of your tattered present and the regrets of your past.

You recognize the cosmic coincidence that you had planned to watch reruns of *Saved by the Bell* when you returned home.

You smile.

You are the messiah.

# Alternate Birth Control Techniques

By Max Eddy

**SPONGE** (rough green side out)

Place a standard sponge inside your vagina, rough side out. During intercourse, the abrasion against the man's penis will force him to halt intercourse before insemination can be completed.

**MOUSE TRAP: THE BOARD GAME**

This fun-for-the-whole-family game uses an elaborate device to imprison a small plastic mouse. With a little elbow grease, you can adapt the pieces from the game to catch your own "mouse" (read: your partner's penis).

**TIN CAN FULL OF COINS**

Small woodland creatures are easily startled, and a man's penis is no different. Prop a clean tin can on end and fill it with small stones. When the man attempts to have intercourse, his penis will be terrified by the resulting noise.

**THE LOAF**

The Loaf can be purchased from most major grocery stores. To use, simply unwrap it and follow the included instructions. After intercourse, place the used portion of The Loaf into a double-walled garbage bag. Use vinyl (not latex) gloves to gather the empty skin of your lover.

**ALL-LATEX BODY DOUBLE**

Place the all-latex body double next to you in bed. The man will become confused by the presence of another you, and be unsure which inseminate.

See also our list of useful tips to promote fertility:

Glue, Clasps, Sponge (soft yellow side out), Life Coach

## If FDR Was A Cock: An Alternate Universe Fanfiction

By Monster Rod Von Hugenstein

Eleanor applied the glue to the monocle, careful not to cover its delicate glass surface. Gilbert, the White House butler, entered the room, stepping softly so as not to disturb the First Couple. Worldlessly, he picked up the seven-inch long, turgid president and placed him upon the cushioned, polished-wood seat.

"This country is in great need," said the President, squirming until it became comfortable. "It needs jobs, it needs prosperity, it needs assurance." Eleanor crossed the room, pressing the monocle against the large, drawn-on eyes the president wore on his engorged head.

"But more than anything, it needs hope. I know you worry, Eleanor. I know I'm just a penis. But," it turned its monocle side toward Eleanor, for seriousness. "I am also a man, and I could be a man the people could look up to."

Gilbert lit a hand-rolled cigarette, deftly inserted it into the President's ebony cigarette holder. Then with practiced hands, he lowered the end into the President's waiting urethra.

With a voice like that of a man chewing a stick, the President said, "It's time for a new deal."

# The Lottery

by Ben Landman

Let's talk about your embarrassing little secret, shall we?

Yes, yes: some secrets aren't as bad as they seem, and airing them makes the shame go away. But this isn't one of those. You know full well that going public with this one will only make you look like a dork. So get ready to look like a dork because here it comes, in front of God and everybody:

You play Lotto.

Tops in your high school graduating class, enrolled at a great university -- and the best you can do is to say that it's only a few bucks, only once in a while? Well holy fucking fuck, that's just great. When it comes to spending money you're as dumb as a crackhead. Your parents would be ashamed of you if they knew: "This is my child, the dipshit pinhead." Your saintly mother would cry her eyes out.

Look, idiot: Do you ever even think about what 175 million to 1 means? If every person in the United States had a Powerball ticket, with as few repeats as possible, if every one of the 300 million men, women and children had a ticket when they drew the winning numbers -- 1.8 people would win.

Not convinced? Sweet evil Jesus, what will it take? Do you even understand math? Okay, what about the world? If everyone in the world had a ticket, over seven billion people, do you know how many would win? 41. 41. In the whole wide, fucking world!

No, don't try to explain to me why the hell you do it; I already know: When you win you're going to give millions to charity. You're going to launch your run for president (do you even know you have to be 35?). You're going to save the poor endangered polar bears from global warming. Really you will. And magic unicorns will fly out of my ass.

You know and I know it's really all about the speech, right? Winning the Lotto gives you a moment in the spotlight - a moment when you can say whatever you want and it'll get reported around the world. In fact you've even considered starting a website, lottospeech.com, where people can upload their own speeches. You'll monetize it, and it'll be as popular as YouTube, and you're going to be as rich as Zuckerberg and date supermodels and everything. Yeah, sure you are. And then no one will need to know how much money you threw away on Lotto tickets because your ship will have come in --

What?

You don't? Not ever? You never have? Not even once?

Oh.

Well you know, you really should give it a try sometime. It doesn't cost much in the grand scheme of things, and sometimes the jackpots get really big. It's kind of fun to think about.

## WANTED:

### Brand Manager for Blood and Blood Products

by Nikita Desai

Location: Tulsa, OK

This position must be filled immediately! Nameless shadow council seeking highly motivated go-getter to manage brand account including blood, blood products, and associated organic materials. We are looking for an individual with experience in marketing, ritualistic chanting, advanced entail diagnosis, viscera manipulation, and social media. The Brand Manager will work in the HOME OFFICE located in a cave at the bottom of a well.

The successful candidate must be a strong team player and enjoy bathing in the screams of the criminally innocent. The position is highly demanding, and an ability to independently render flesh from bones is strongly encouraged! Previous experience in the Organ Futures Market recommended.

If interested, please moan gently into a paper bag and email it to [jobs@blood.biz](mailto:jobs@blood.biz).

# Government Negotiations Continue Republicans now seek “titties and beer”

by Ben Landman

WASHINGTON - Congressional Republicans, repeatedly rebuffed in efforts to link an ongoing budget resolution to repeal or delay of the President's health care act, are now reportedly demanding free happy hour at Hooters in exchange for funding the U.S. government.

“Faced with an increasingly angry public, and polls showing a growing majority of Americans blaming the GOP more than the Democrats or President Obama for the shutdown, we must salvage what we can,” said House White Guys Caucus Cheerleader Cathy McMorris Rodgers (R-WA).

Republicans essentially abandoned efforts to defund or delay implementation of the Affordable Care Act, known as “Obamacare,” earlier today, when they offered to fund the government in exchange for renaming the law the “Socialist Plot Intended To Donkey Punch America.” The offer was unanimously rejected by Democrats.

According to staffers familiar with the negotiations, House Speaker John Boehner has floated a proposal that, in exchange for bringing a temporary funding measure to a vote, Democrats will take Republicans to Hooters, known for its large-breasted waitresses. Democrats are said to be wary of the proposal.

House Minority Whip Steny Hoyer (D-MD) expressed concern that Republicans “will turn around and point to the tab for a night at Hooters as ‘unnecessary government spending’ in future budget negotiations.” Hoyer is also said to have expressed private concerns over the effect that “Boehner's damnably consistent tan” might have on the “comely young barmaids” at the popular restaurant chain.

700,000 government employees have been left temporarily unemployed during the government shutdown, which is now headed into its sixth day. On Friday night, nearly a dozen furloughed park rangers from Zion National Park, said to be desperate for money, were arrested in various Las Vegas locations soliciting for prostitution while dressed in their full uniforms.

## Weird Tampons

By Cathy Fisher

You know when you start getting real poor and have to buy the weird tampons? The ones where the tampons aren't in wrappers or applicators, they're just loose in the box, and the instructions are ONLY in Spanish.

They still have the little instructional booklet for girls getting their first period, though, but it's weird. Like, the girl has a fully detailed face but no genitalia. And you don't actually see her putting in the tampon, but there's like a disembodied set of adult male hands demonstrating how to use a tampon. And her mother is in the background wearing a green dress and watching approvingly.

Then there's a second set of male hands. And then the last few panels are just a series of strange pictograms employing a lot of Catholic iconography.

All I'm saying is, those tampons are way more absorbent than Kotex but they will sometimes give you stigmata.

## The Leather Machine

By Zach Beauvais

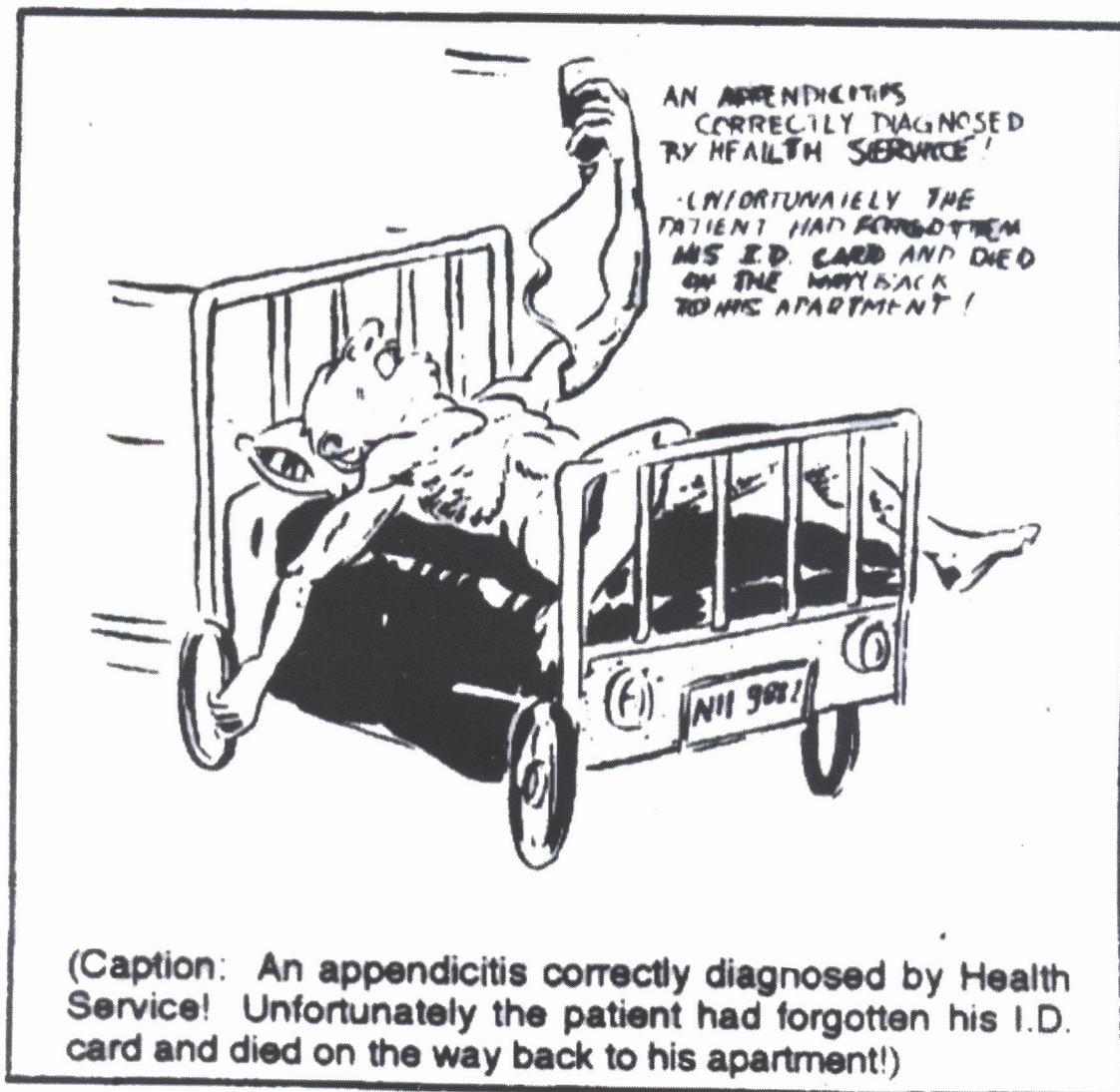
His voice was steady and unbroken. “The first thing you have to know about the Leather Machine is that it is not used for the production of leather.” He took a drag on the cigarette, and moved in closer, away from the rain.

“Its exterior is made from iron, polished from use. All of its interior, working services are made of surgical grade stainless steel—which aids in clean up. Note,” he said, without excitement. “this aids in cleanup. See also its levers and handles, which are made from polished burled walnut.”

“It must be cleaned with mineral oil.”

Briefly illuminated by a blast of lighting, I could see the emptiness of his gaze tinted, perhaps, with concern. “It's two-stroke motor is not the most efficient, but it provides optimal power for the work performed by the Leather Machine.”

He stepped aside, revealing the heavy, roughly made wooden crate. Even bathed in shadow, its weight and power could be sensed.



Multiple guess quiz about the inspiration for this cartoon:

Quiz by Dobbertin '62-'63

- Direct result of Chapter 749, Subsection 2.378, Page 17,417 of Obamacare.
- It's all George W. Bush's fault.
- Episode brought on by combination of global warming, sequestration, shut-down.
- Caused by PTSD following September 24, 1994 Colorado Game.
- 1966 Phil Zaret Gargoyle cartoon.