

GARBAGE



2010

**SATURDAY!
NIGHT!
SPECIAL!!!**



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Saturday Night Special 2019

STAFF

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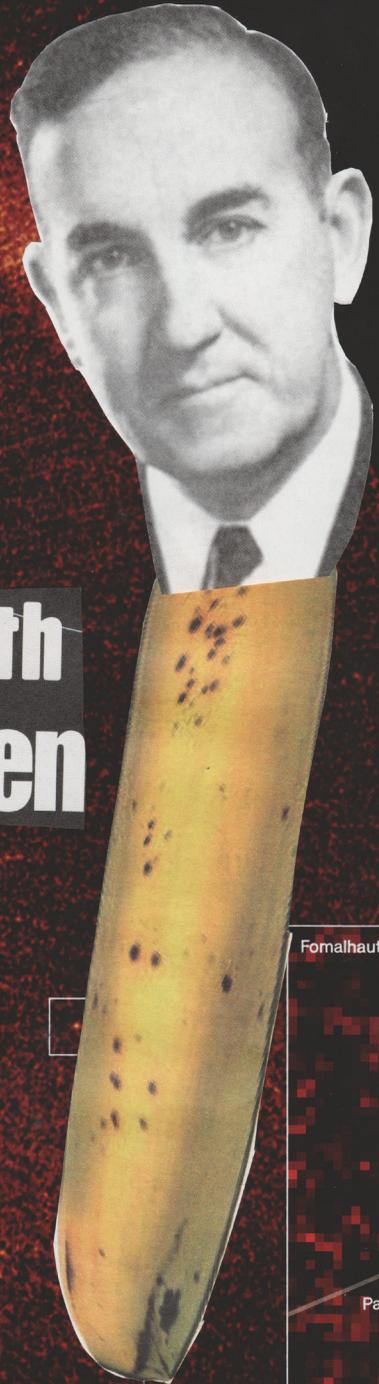
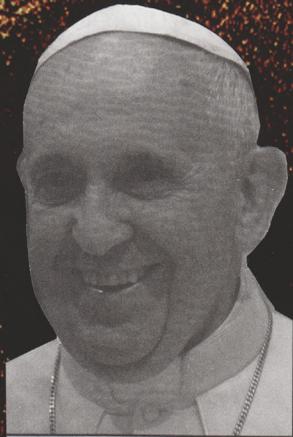
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TRANSFORM YOUR BODY



orbit



with
Men

Fomalhaut b

Path of

Uncle Fruhstuck's Discount Airline

By Max Eddy

Thank you for flying Uncle Fruhstuck's Discount Airline. We're proud to be the most affordable discount airline operating in the US. Before we take off, we'd like to tell you about the features of this Propwell 587 FlyGud (Sponsored by Family Dollar).

On an Uncle Fruhstuck flight, you only pay for what you need. This lets us pass on the savings to you, and is why this is the only flight from New York to Detroit that costs less than an old shirt.

Uncle Fruhstuck is proud to offer a variety of amenities at reasonable costs. Checked bag? \$50. Carry-on bag? \$10. Extra legroom? \$15. Seat belt? \$18. Seat? \$30.

For your convenience, the back of every purchased seat comes equipped with a metal slab. This slab is laughably small, and cannot support your laptop. You may attempt to balance a purchased beverage on for \$17. If you've purchased a hot beverage, it will definitely spill on you, scalding your skin so it sloughs off like an old, greasy sweater. Medical attention is available for \$47.

You can save money on your ticket by opting to have your seat assigned randomly by Uncle Fruhstuck's patented "Airgorithm." Do note that some seats may be located on the outside of the plane. No-slip-grip gloves are available for purchase to out-of-plane customers, or they may cling desperately to the wing free of charge. Passengers near windows may notice wind-chapped faces of their fellow travelers, unable to scream or cry due to the pummeling rush of air and begging you with their streaming eyes to please, please let them in. Passengers who do not wish to see this horrific tableau—and who can live with the cowardice of not offering aid to another suffering human—may close the window for \$39.

Traveling always makes me thirsty! Beverages are available for purchase throughout the flight. We offer Pepsi products, including Desani bottled water, for \$3. We also offer cloudy, warm pond water ladled into your mouth from an old bucket for \$1.50. If you feel your tongue swelling and sticking to the roof of your mouth from dehydration, one of our Aisleway Gestapo will be happy to mist your mouth with a squirt of non-edible lubricant. The first moistening mist is always free. Additional misting is available for \$0.80.

Smoking is prohibited on all Uncle Fruhstuck flights, unless you're willing to pay the \$60 cigarette tariff. The lavatory is always free to use, of course! And conveniently located in full view of all the passengers. To close the door, please insert a \$10 bill into the bill receptacle.

In the event of an emergency, passengers sitting in the exit row are required to aid in the evacuation of the aircraft. If you do not feel you are able to fulfill these responsibilities, we are happy to reseat you. If you fail the credit check required to obtain an Emergency Door Opening Loan, we will be happy to reseat you for the nominal fee of \$200.

During the flight, you are encouraged to insert coins into the slots located at each seat. Each coin, regardless of denomination, ensures 15 seconds of jet engine use. Travelers without coinage may visit Uncle Fruhstuck's Old Time Change Machine, which provides a semi-random assemblage of coins at a 20% markup.

If at any point during our 2-hour flight you cannot afford a payment, feel free to get up, put on a threadbare uniform, and join the Uncle

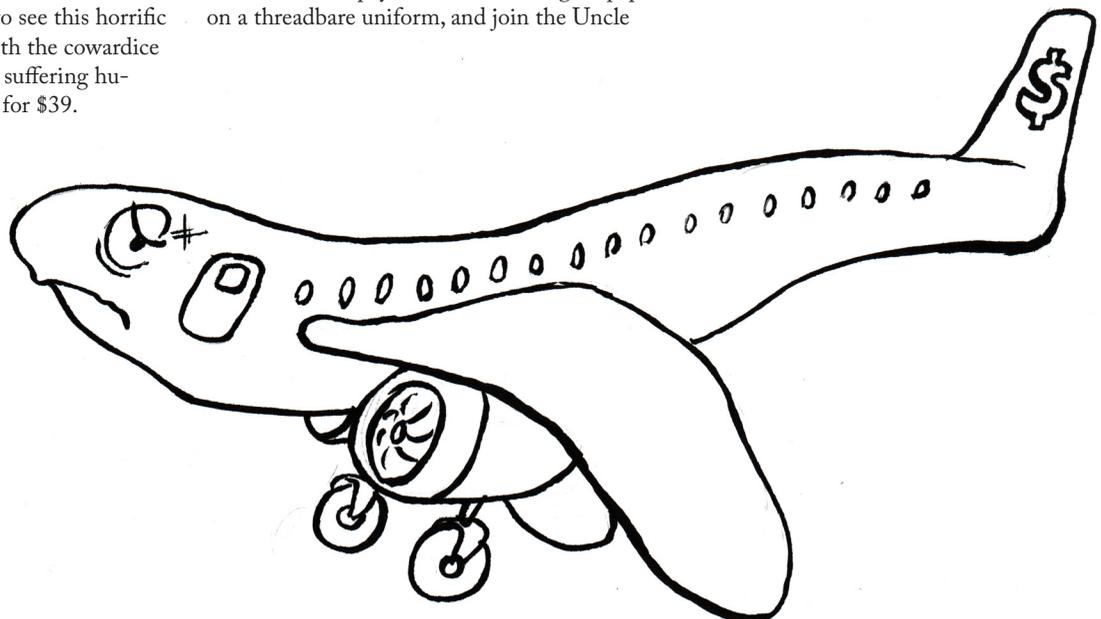
Fruhstuck team! Once you join, you'll live here, now. In the plane. Welcome home!

Today's flight to DTW is piloted by Captain Mark, and his hooded copilot is Dagmar the Enforcer. Captain Mark made some bad investments and had his lungs surgically removed and sold to Uncle Fruhstuck's Discount Airline. We've connected his limp, corpse-like body, to a hand-cranked respirator for the duration of the flight. Your donations are all that keep Dagmar pumping life-giving air into the quickly deteriorating remains of Captain Mark, so give generously! We accept cash donations, or you can make Venmo payments to @Dagmar_Taker_Of_Life69. There is no Wi-Fi available on this flight.

If by the time we begin our final approach this flight has not cleared its profit threshold, Uncle Fruhstuck will be forced to declare the flight a loss. Dagmar, who worships the empty release of death, will use his long, cruel knife to cut out the heart of Captain Mark and send the plane into a tailspin. After securing the door to prevent anyone foolish enough to try and stop him, Dagmar will slit his own throat. The insurance payment and subsequent tax write-off of the crash will be enough to cover the cost of the flight, with a small profit.

Bereaved loved ones can receive your remains for \$450 per ounce, or an assorted "grab bag" of human and animal remains for \$300 per ounce.

And now we hope you'll sit back, relax, and enjoy your flight. This hope will be charged to your account.

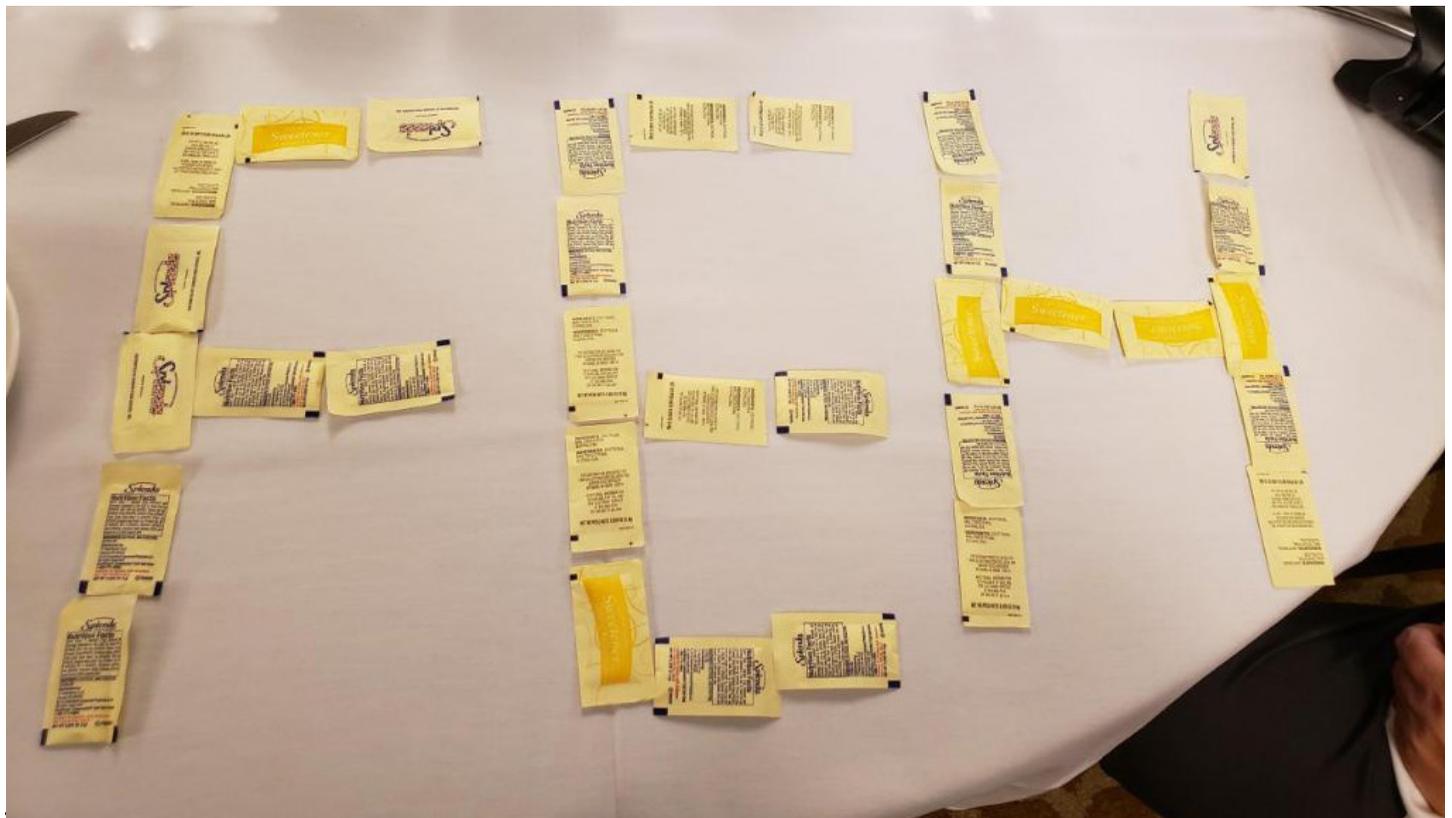


PornHub's Guide to Gettin' Your Ass Out There

Search engine optimization for aspiring amateur pornographers and big booty stepdads

There's nothing worse than putting your heart, soul, and dick into a work of genuine adult artistry (or genuine adult orifice) only for it to languish, unseen and unappreciated, in the bowels of our bottomless pit of human depravity. In this day and age, it's critical to understand the value of good SEO to raise your filth to the top of the search results page. Because, as you know, a rising tide raises all dicks. Here are some examples of great video titles, the efficacy of which has been validated by our patented fuck-algorithms.

- Melissa Ate Too Much Candy and got Her Fat Ass Stuck in the Playhouse
- I Fucked a Big Booty College Slut from the Area-51 Raid
- Asian Mother & Step Daughter Share Bed With Their New Room Mate and Fuck Him
- Fake Hostel Two hot girls get stuck under a bunk bed
- Anal Sluts Play Minecraft Until Stepdad Comes Home
- Enormous Uncut Twinks in Diapers Get Best VPN for Netflix
- Big Booty ASMR Sluts Rebalance Your 401k
- Milf Futures
- BBC Sluts Read Harmonized Tax Schedule of the United States
- Big Booty Stepdad Won't Loan You the Car Until You Play Call of Duty Modern Warfare
- Red Head Teen Slut Solves Rubicks Cube in Five Seconds
- Big Booty Stepbrother Makeup Tutorial Anal Unboxing
- Huge Milf and Hot Sister Reacts to Star Wars Trailer
- FemDom Humiliation Wholesome Vine Compilation
- Worlds Most Expensive Milfs
- Anal Therapist Walks You Through Mortgage Gangbang
- Unlikely Interspecies Milf Friendships Anal Training
- Drained at the Bottomless Gloryhole
- Best Big Titty Anime Girl Steps on Your iPhone 11 (Review)
- Instagram Model Stepdad Gets Canceled for Not Eating Ass
- I Fucked a Big Booty Freelancer From Tinder Following Up on Invoice Anal Creampie Tutorial (Unintentional ASMR, Soft spoken, Tapping)



Mad Lib Tontine

By Cormac McCarthy

Hey Kids! Here's a fun mad lib for you and a close friend to do, and remember forever! Or until one of you passes untimely! Oppressive and heavy, smog blanketed atmosphere over the bleak morning light. It was a _____ (Adjective) and darkly portentous day for _____ (Legal Name #1) and _____ (Legal Name #2). They were about to embark upon a _____ (adjective) and LEGALLY BINDING trip to _____ (Location). Their shrinking futures collapsing along with the possibilities for _____. (Extremely Mortally-Risky Behavior) But first, a trip to Ca-bella's. (Sporting goods store)

Walking along _____ (name of major freeway) they came upon a _____ (adjective) highwayman with _____ (biblically significant number) of sepulcher-black duffel bags, each weighted with the _____ (adjective) of a foregone world.

"_____ (exclamation), _____ (Legal Name #2)," _____ (Legal Name #1) remarked. "You smell like a _____ (noun) _____ (verb, past tense) in a _____ (noun) covered in _____ (adjective) _____ (noun)."

"I'm a veteran," replied the highwayman looking at his missing _____ (body part) wistfully. Everyone laughed humorlessly, a feeble gesture.

Continuing down the freeway, they softly whistled Joe Jackson's "Steppin' Out" to each other. They had a bit of a disagreement over whether "Steppin' Out" was better than "Is She Really Going Out With Him." Some spirited but non-lethal debate ensued, but in the end it was easy to agree that Joe Jackson left an indelible mark on the Music Industry. Seriously, have you listened to "Night And Day" recently? Incredible. It's just a feast for the ears. What was never up for debate was that Duran Duran are consummate professionals, with preternatural abilities to craft a pop song. Just ask Princess Diana! The last song she ever heard was "Hungry Like a Wolf." You'd think it would have been "Candle In The Wind," but that was written after she died.

Speaking of untimely deaths, it is never too early to start planning for the future that may never come.

Fifty yards ahead, a billboard thrust out of the lifeless Earth, insistent letters glowing with the desperation of a dying star read: "Living in the dangerous and unpredictable world of _____ (Today's Date), we, _____ (Legal Name #1) and _____ (Legal Name #2), enter a legally-binding covenant of our own free will," they said to each other _____ (Adverb)

"We, the undersigned, agree that the last living participant of this covenant will inherit the _____ (Prized Treasure of (Legal Name #1) or _____ (Legal Name #2)) and all possessions, both material and abstract, owned by the deceased. This is a _____ (Adjective) contract to be interpreted and defended with the full force of the law, and not a _____ (Adjective) 'tontine' for legal purposes in jurisdictions where 'tontines' are illegal."

They looked at each other, no trace of understanding passing between them, but even in the absence of understanding, they grimly accepted the inevitability of death and nothingness, of the unknown.

_____ (Legal Name #1) _____ (Today's date)

_____ (Legal Name #2) _____ (Today's date)

_____ (Wandering vagrant)

Shower Tricks

Make the most of your wet and wild “me” time

By Stuart VandenBrink

Power up!

Plug all the shower nozzles except one and power wash your body without the need for expensive soap and shampoo.

Do backflips

The excellent acoustics guarantee someone will hear your agonized screams if you fall, making the safest place in the house to practice your acrobatics

Plant vacation

Take your house plants on a vacation in your shower. The excessive deluge will help them appreciate your neglect the rest of their short existence.

Cotton candy race

Try to finish your pillowy confection before your shower finishes it for you

Weather forecaster “live from the field”

Practice reporting the weather from inside a hurricane. Get a leg up on your meteorology colleagues.

Virtual Karaoke

Facetime your friends your best rendition of “Sweet Caroline.” You’ll never sound better than you do right now.

Espresso shot

Tamp finely ground espresso beans into your showerhead for a refreshing new way to maintain your caffeine dependence.

Open season

Leave your curtain open and do your best to keep the water in the shower. It’ll be near impossible at first, but the view of your own glistening body in the mirror will be worth it.

Six Haunted Things I Bought at the Kiwanis Rummage Sale

By Max Eddy

1. Reel-to-Reel tape recorder that told me not to go into the basement and then yelled at me when I said we didn’t have a basement
2. Murderous doll, but it kills through social inequality
3. Camera that when you develop the photos, everyone is using the eTrade app
4. Ornate spoon that just makes me cry. Makes me cry all the time.
5. Monkey’s Paw that gives me the finger like three times a day.
6. Gak (tastes, smells like blood)

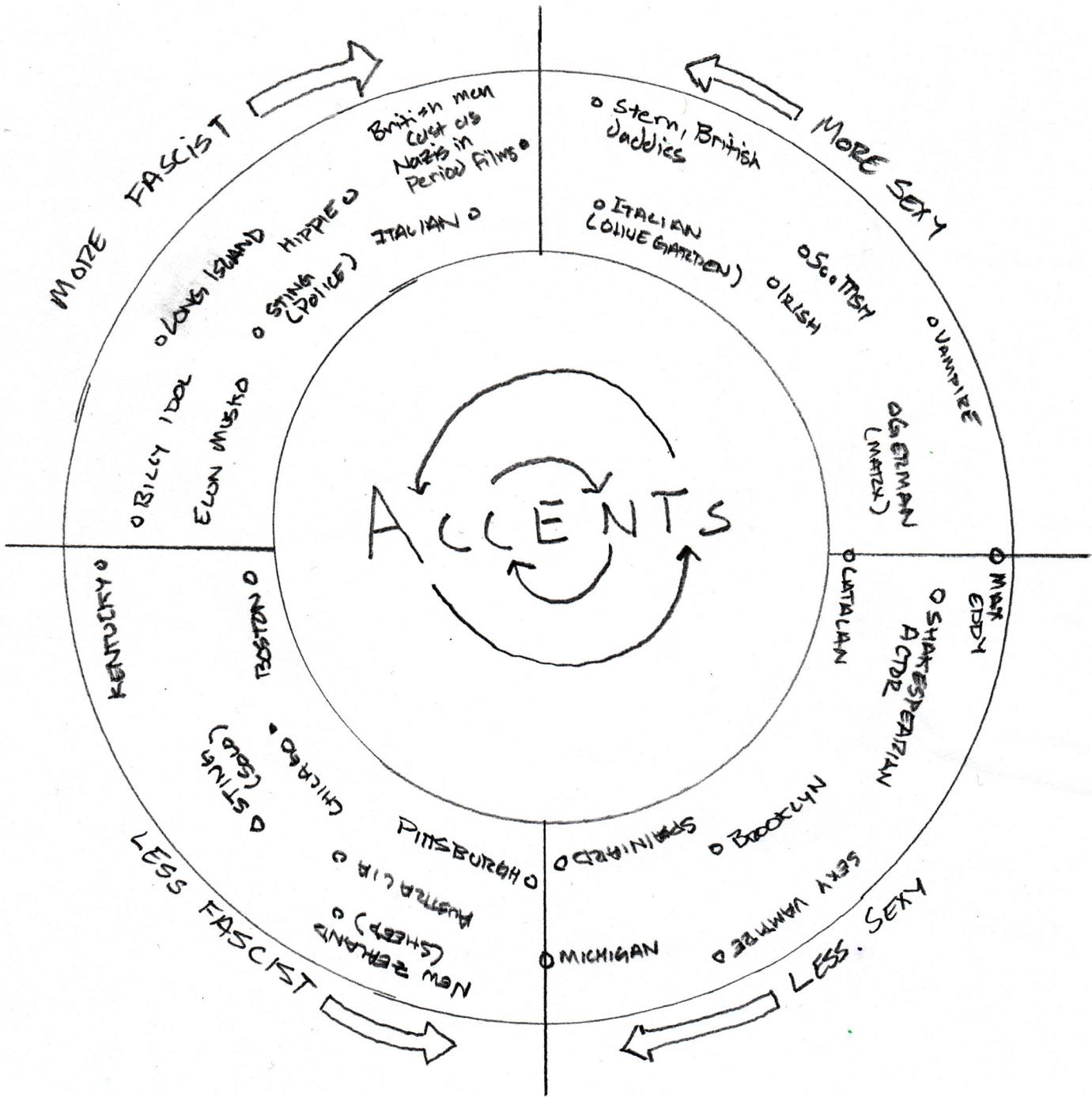
Crazy Shit I Shouldn’t Even Be Telling You Losers About

By Your Older Cousin

We’ve already established that I listen to way better music than you, well, I’ve also got way better stories than you kiddis cause I’m basically an adult and have seen and done some shit you wouldn’t believe. Shit, sometimes, I almost don’t believe these things myself. But they’re all 100% true, just as sure as Tupac is alive and living in Tampa.

I saw Regis Philbin eat a whole Chipotle burrito in 30 seconds. I was hanging out in New York and almost got an autograph from that guy who was on Real World, wehn Mr. “Who Wants to be a Millionaire” stumbles in, eyes as red as the devil’s dick, posse 10 dudes deep. He’s all like, “Fuck bro, I’m soooo, like, hungry. You know?” He then gets the nastiest burrito EVER. I swear to God it was at least half sour cream. Then he just eats the whole thing in line, standing up, before he pays for it. When they ask him for money, he just says “Shit, you know I’m good for it” and rolls out with his posse. It was unreal, man.

You know that abandoned building down by the tracks? The place where Topher landed that sick double kickflip but my phone was dead? Well, my phone died because the place is haunted and ghosts hate lithium-ion batteries. There was a crazy guy who lived under the floorboards so he wouldn’t mess up the house he cleaned super well after he went on a bender of 5 gallons of gas station coffee. Fucked him right up for good. Anyway, he swallowed his face one night, on purpose. It was the perfect crime, cause he just disappeared - left no evidence. If you try to swallow anything there now, the ghost will make you choke on it. Except for my girlfriend, heh.





While much of his most popular work can be found in his solo music career and the catalog of the Police, Gordon Matthew Thomas Sumner CBE (born 2 October 1951 CE), also known as “Sting,” has a reputation as a “glory hole savant,” whose innovations continue to inspire the field as we know it today.

The exact timeline is lost to history, but most glory hole historians agree that Sting’s parallel career in the art and practice of glory-holing began during The Soul Cages promotional tour. Very few of examples of Sting’s pre-professional glory hole works have been formally certified, but it’s widely acknowledge that he found success in underground indie glory hole scene well before he made it big as a musician. He was known in the scene for the alacrity at which he could produce a glory hole in any previously unmolested surface. In August of 1988, Sting rose to international prominence for establishing a successful glory hole in the proscenium wall of the Chuckle Hut, England’s premier comedy club. The horrific contrast of that action is still written about today.

Sting’s later glory hole career ran numerous ink wells dry. For example, at some time in 1992 he discreetly and successfully placed a glory hole in the Eiffel Tower. His critics said it was impossible, but he made fantasy a reality with his infamous, “Two-Headed” pose. Truly, Sting became a legend in his own time, if the number of tourists lining up to take Instagram selfies with his Eiffel Tower Hole is any indication, and I think it’s safe to say that Sting will continue to dominate the Glory Hole scene for years to come.

At the very least, his influence has been transformative, challenging notions about what can and cannot be “glorified,” a term he coined November 9, 1989, on the eve of fall of the Berlin Wall. Footage exists of Sting shedding a single tear as the wall fell. Many believed it to be joy, but scholars familiar with his work understand the struggle of an artist as they watch their efforts crumble. To this day, there’s debate among glory hole historians about the precise number of glory holes Sting made in the Berlin wall. There are even those who argue that his contributions reduced the structural integrity of the wall to the point that its collapse was physically - if not politically - inevitable. (I’ve never been able to understand the Structuralist movement, frankly it’s absurd and disrespectful.) Sting’s attention to detail is iconic, and anyone who has read his treatise on the subject and reviewed the included blueprints will immediately notice that his glory holes at no point overlap on opposite sides of the wall. A half-collapse may have been possible, but it would not have “[torn] down that wall.”

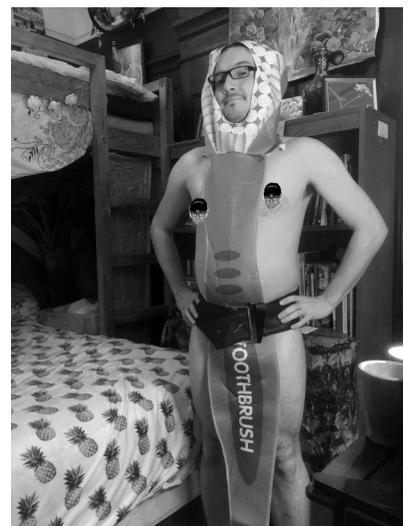
I only wish I could have been old enough to have fucked the Berlin wall using one of Sting’s Glorification Stations, or Glörfungen, as they were known. How he got them on both sides of the wall while evading capture, we may never know. In quieter circles some have challenged him, questioning why he didn’t help anyone defect. He replied simply that he “doesn’t mix politics and pleasure,” a statement which beautifully summarizes his commitment to his craft.

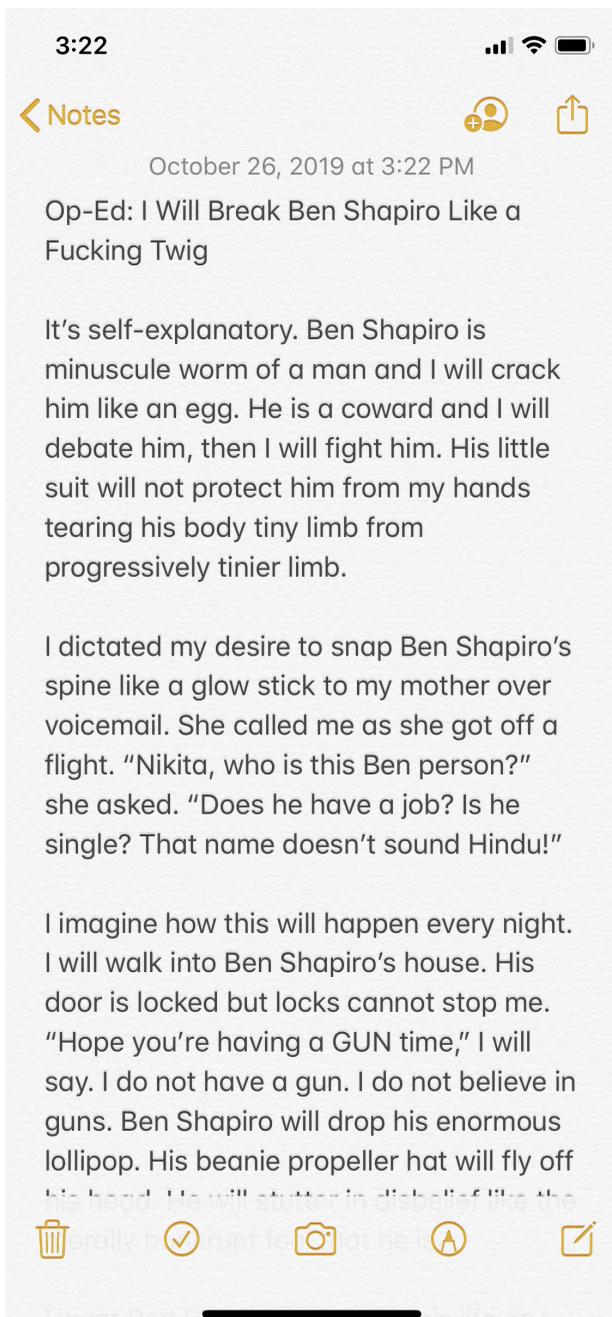


Rest 'n' Peace Brett Samdler(sp?)

"He was a good man with thick calves"

Bread is
"survived"
by "WIFE"





Alternatives to Halloween candy
Not everyone wants sour M&Ms in their loot sack this holiday season. Set yourself apart from the rest of the derelict shacks on your street by giving out some truly memorable treats
Startup options: The mystery flavor of money.
Personalized embroidered cloth cocktail napkins: Imagine the surprise and delight of your guests when you hand them something inedible
Meat: cause how can you have your pudding if you don't eat your meat
Your mixtape: Warn the children before handing it to them because that shit is FIRE
QR codes: who knows what you'll be linked to? Will it be illegal?
Shards of the magic crystal: These must be spread as far as possible to prevent the summoning of the ancient beast
mini water bottles: Gotta stay hydrated out there! Also, every 5th one is filled with a mystery liquid. Spooky!
Fill-in-the-blank willsP: It's never too early to plan for your future
toilet paper: If you kids are going to be using this anyway, i at least want you to have clean tp from a trusted source
forever stamps: ~~THESE~~ they're good forever! Whats not to like?
Matches: Kids ask for them by name. Give em what they want!
Vaccines: Hey, its better than measles, right?
Candy nails: Just like what dad eats