



Garboyle

SATURDAY

NIGHT

SPECIAL



Saturday Night Special, Fall 2022

STAFF

Luke Homans..... Professional respirator
 Ruth Marks.....Snacker Tracker
 Stuart Vandenbrink.....Penny Farthing Bandit
 Peter Eldred One Stop Shopper
 Brett Sandler Back on the beer wagon
 Charlie Splete Rah Rah for Za
 Kris Jaque.....Too busy looking at birds
 Adam Krugel Splortsballer
 Gautham Jayaraj Cleared for contribution

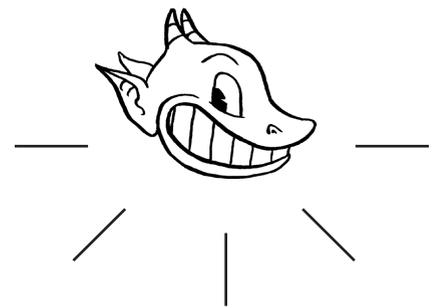


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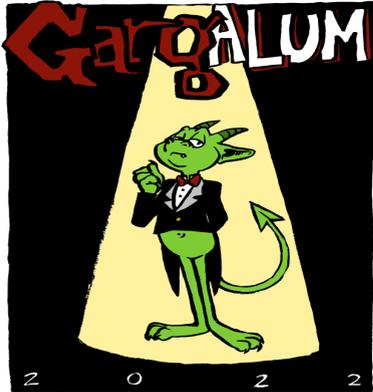
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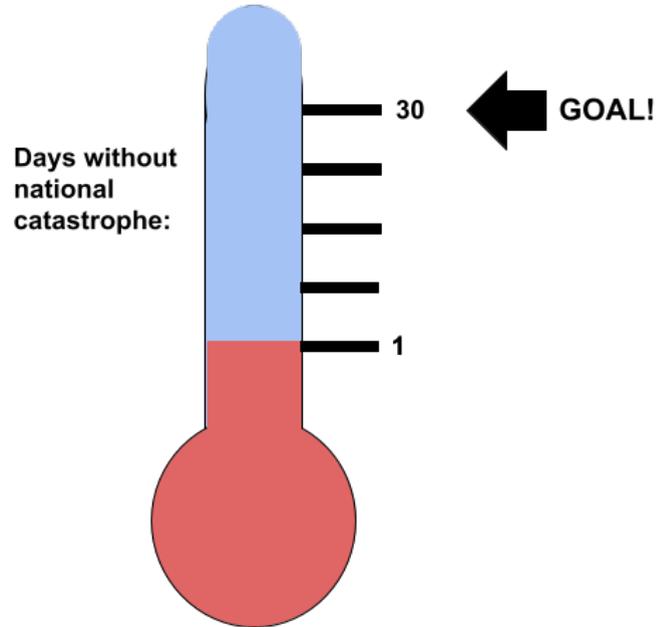
The (Conditional) National Pizza Party 2022

Charlie Splete

Declared by President Biden last week, November 14th marks the newest national holiday of the (Conditional) Pizza Party. Upon completion of the goal, every American will be entitled to one free small Domino's pizza delivered by carrier pigeon (shipping and handling not included). Earn good behavior points by staying patriotic and true to our great nation's image! Enough points earned will equate to an "average day in America" and get us one step closer to a pizza celebration! Everyday practices to avoid are:

- Arson
- Throwing away recyclables
- Shootings
- Stealing
- International travel
- General Malfeasance

"If this 30 day goal free of tragedy and destruction is not met, this pizza party will be delayed until next year, and changed to Little Caesar's too." Biden said in the press conference. While initially met with opposition, the White House has decreed one day free of crime or travesty so far. Only time will tell if the other 29 days will be satisfied as well.



Vermont!

Burt Slander

There we were in Bristol, Vermont, en route to yet another wedding. Another wanton display of optimism, a performance of gilded harmony run through by a tacit understanding of fragility, at least to anyone with a sense of sense. Braggadocious vows of a perfect pairing and inestimable luck lay in wait, ready to ambush my sensibilities and salt the earth in their wake. And it was in Vermont! Fuck!



Miranda looked at me, coolly, and with all the force of a decade of dissatisfaction. I repeated myself calmly, as much to the waitress as to her. Our eyes locked. My breathing was steady, my heart counted time perfectly. "I'll have the USA pancakes." My eyes narrowed, "with a side of pancakes." At this moment I chose to ford the Rubicon of her discontent.

The waitress shuffled off to relay my order, vacating our matrimonial colosseum.

"Vermont is the national garnish. It's a state of no consequence," I muttered. Audibly. Pointedly. My wife choked, prompting my eyebrow to raise in anticipation of an argumentative foothold. Instead, she plucked a partially chewed curd out of her throat and stuffed it underneath the tablecloth. "Dairy turd," I probed. My lips bent upward into a wry smile. Victory felt near. A well-angled blow to my shin silenced my advance and forced a mist of coffee to alight from my lips. But this was not my first attempt to sever the Gordian Knot of her reserve. Oh no, for I had donned the armor of the ancients. My defenses were perfectly aligned. I was wearing her sweatshirt.

An airless moment passed. "Don't think you're going to order separate to go boxes for each pancake. I'll let the air out of the tires and call a cab for myself. I'll throw out your BB guns."

My eyes narrowed, "you wouldn't dare."

"I would dare, I abso-fucki--No. No. I will not be goaded into screaming a double dog dare. Not here. Not again."

The conversation was drifting from me, so I began to pull the lariat tight, "do you want to hear how I would describe Vermont?"

The sound of her glass slamming and the subsequent stomps played her out. It appeared that I could package my leftovers any way I pleased.

We set off across I-89, carving through that cow-swaddled shitscape nestled above New York and to the left of New Hampshire. Miranda was droning on about how I shouldn't refer to the groom as a dairy pig, when, mid complaint we had stopped. The car had stopped. I had collapsed the beak of our Kia Sedona neatly against the face of a tree. We were several yards long of the road, perhaps 10 feet below road level. Vermont, you villain!

A hand is pointing to a pencil sketch of a Gargoyle's face on a piece of paper. The sketch shows the character's eyes, nose, and mouth. The hand is positioned over the sketch, with the index finger pointing towards the character's eyes. The paper is white and has some other faint sketches on it, including what looks like a wing or a tail.

I should
have read
MORE
Gargoyle!

Sideline Slams

Brett Simmons “The Ann Arbor Sports Guy”

Rarely do we see a season reshaped so quickly before play even begins. The deft hand of fate has drawn its finger across the upcoming NBA season, casting aside role players to team owners, blithely upending our most confident expectations.

With the NBA season approaching quickly, like an athlete at full sprint preparing to uncork a big bottle of razzle dazzle all over the opposing team’s chest, now is a great time to think about the NBA season.

There are many things to which we could point our attention. There is the ongoing debate of who will throttle their enemies with their big hands and powerful moves. We might also be interested in the sordid love lives of the team owners. They can command their billion dollar empires to great effect, in manners that vault them invariably towards a splash of sexual gratification. In no way will you, the avid and perspicacious fan, experience any sustained feelings of regret.

But enough flourish, let’s get into the X’s and O’s. Coach Steve Nash of the Brooklyn Nets had this to say about his strategy this upcoming season:

“I’m gonna have my guys clobber the other guys. Run right at ‘em.”

Defending Coach of the Year Monty Williams was less forthcoming. When asked about how he was going to raise the Suns to the glory of their finals run, he grew red in the face and threatened to hold his breath until another question was asked.

Personally I am looking forward to the season!



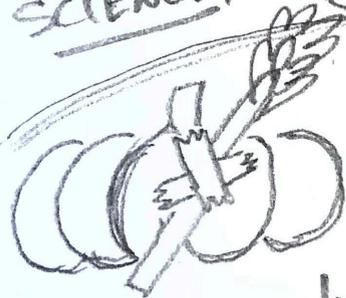
NEW VEGGIES

The best of the 2022

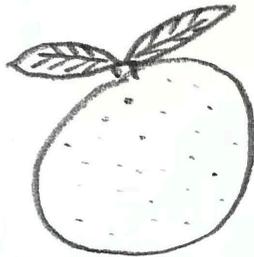
SCIENCE!

GMO CROP

TECHNOLOGY!



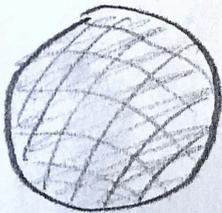
Celery pumpkin
"Def brand new"



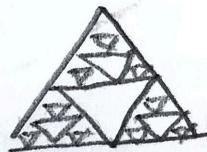
Purple
"Orange 2.0"



Rhubarb
"Now every part
is poison"



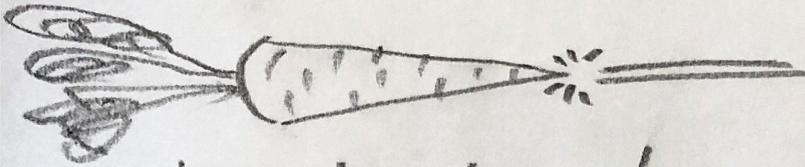
'Oops all pit'
avocado
"Back by popular
demand"



New Broccoli
"New look,
same great
taste!"



Meat
"It's a Veggie
now!"



Lasik Carrot

"Great for your eyes!"



Sexy Cauliflower

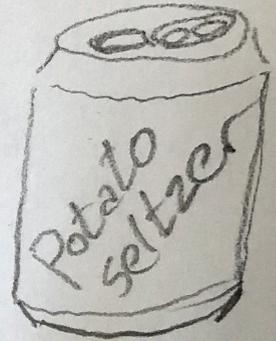
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001110
101
00
10
11

NFT Vegetable

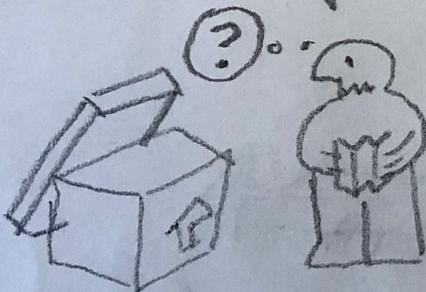
"Not for eating.
Food for thought"



Geriatric
corn



"Low grease"

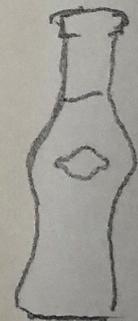


Skålbrüt

"New from
IKEA"



Douglas



Expired Sprite
"Anyone want
it?"



Soup 9/11

Whetstones 10/8/22

Kid Rock's "Bad Reputation"

By Chris Carl

Kid Rock has graced our ears once again in this here God's year 2022. His newest album release, Bad Reputation is some of the best music I have ever been blessed to listen to. To call it rap would make Kid Rock the undisputed leader of the industry, better than any of that urban mumble bullcrap.

I, Chris Carl, have been humbled by thy presence! Kid rock's wokeness and ability to speak the true truths has gripped me, going where no patriot has gone before. His track, "We The People" is easily the best song I have ever listened to. We shall thank God for exercising his control over Kid and producing such an eloquent, angelic anthem traditional to our auld American ways.

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