



FANG was founded in (approximately) 1946 and is one of Occidental College's oldest clubs. As such, it is complicit in the school's history of racism, sexism, ableism, and other acts of violence. We discussed rebranding entirely, as the magazine's long history means it has its moments of publishing cruelties as "comedy." However, we hope that by establishing the new FANG as a socially conscious organization aiming to make humor accessible to all members of the Oxy community, we can create a better future for satire on campus. We acknowledge this magazine's past, and we pledge to make the publication inclusive, safe, and fun for the Oxy community at all stages. Going forward, we hope you can laugh along with us! Our inbox is always open to questions, comments, or concerns, [thefang@oxy.edu](mailto:thefang@oxy.edu).



# STAFF

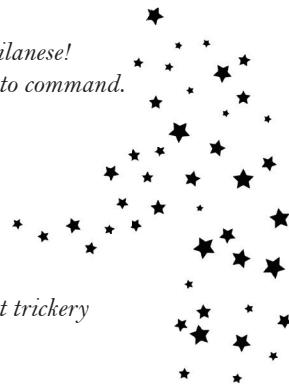
grace meschery-mccormack.....boss  
charlotte cattaneo.....éminence grise  
ben torres.....hula hoop hypeman  
ella gonchar.....stuff drawer  
grace clement.....just some guy  
henry miller....."nice with it"  
issy chalmers.....wildlife rescue  
kieran mackay.....lost teeth, gained **FANGS**  
koi fuziyi smith.....inside source  
lily calvert.....photos & where they go-to's  
lily jones.....influencer (affectionate)  
professor dick swift.....faculty advisor since 19xx



# Roll Cop Desk

*When more halfway through the publication of the FANG, I found that I was in a dreary wood, because the path which led aright was lost in fog. And ah!, how hard it was to say just what this rough and tough and gruff woodland was, the very thought of which renews my fear!*

*Like a hound t'was I, left in shrouds to lick my wounds.  
And then a light anointed me, emanating from the great province Milanese!  
Such a Lady spoke to me, so comedic and so organized, I begged her to command.  
Charlotte! called I, to the glistening sweetness of her radiant smile.  
Thus began the work of such a savior  
Who rekindled in your dear editor the pangs of FANGs  
From this instant, on presses were ink, on brains were storms  
And the canines were born once more.*



*Then on the journey was much clearer, illuminated by her spreadsheet trickery  
What folly!*

*Soft and tinkling laughter rose to fill the Critical Making Studio and t'was then I recollected  
As in a life of yesteryear, many hours, many minutes  
Your kind editor spent in the arms of Beeple, pitching his NFT for \$69 million dollars to  
some auction house (merely an exercise, but harrowing all the same)*

*What horrors!  
What graphs!  
What cryptobros! I encountered in this shadowy realm*



*Dubloons began to fill my skull. Oh, how I missed them. Scattered in the wind and world.  
Loose them unto the human lands once more.*

*There whence the theme was born: Loose Change  
And what better to describe such blinding fog as was lifted from mine eyes  
By friends, and flights of fancy  
But more, thought we, what can there be?*

*★ ★ And so poured forth from Occidental, all the loosest change there ever could be found  
★ ★ From employment fluctuations,  
★ ★ To newfound funds, and the unspeakable period to which we never refer*

*★ ★ We present to you, with the blessing of our angel Signorina Cattaneo, such the fruits of our  
labor. And the fruits then, of loose change.*

**G.M.M - Editor**



*Without further ado...*



dearest Boss, I know you said comic sans was off the table but  
i had to go over your head on this one and do what was best  
for the club.  
my not so sincerest apologies.

By: Lily Calvert



## **Students Use Money Saved from Free Laundry Program to “Buy Unnecessary and Frankly Disturbing Shit,” Says Oxy Administration**

By Charlotte Cattaneo

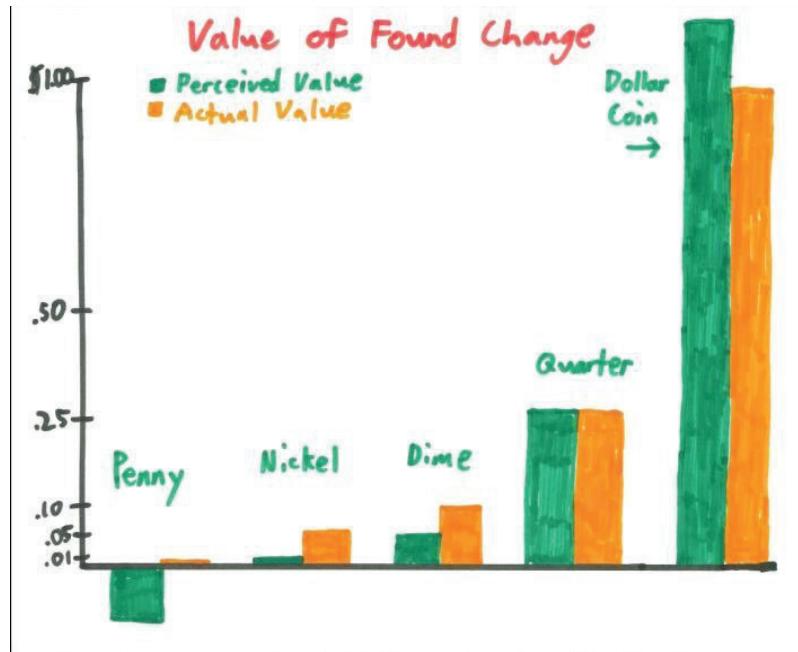
Occidental College implemented a free laundry program starting Fall 2021 with the return of on-campus living, hoping to help their students save in the current economic crisis. However, a survey sent to the student body found that Tigers now have too much spending money, which they are wasting on various goods and services not in line with Occidental College's values. Some purchases students listed having made with their newly saved funds include:

- More Tinder swipes.
- A novelty bong in the shape of Oswald's head (“you inhale from his mouth like you're kissing him, it's actually really intimate and personal”).
- Overpriced “vintage” t-shirts on Depop (actually from 2017, the graphics are just a bit faded. Purchased for \$85 each from a 17-year-old in Illinois who definitely bought them in bulk at a Goodwill).
- A custom trophy for “Most Fuckable Person in the Mary Norton Clapp Library.”
- New platform boots that are 0.37% taller.
- A subscription to Robert Pattinson’s art-house porn OnlyFans account just in case “The Batman” flops (it didn’t).
- Kink shit.
- Laundry at off-campus laundromats because the machines in the dorms are always broken anyway.

Although Occidental College has made the decision to continue the free laundry program, in response to this unsettling information, they will start fining students \$25 for every minute they take to pick up their food in the Cooler after their number's been called over the loudspeaker.

m m,  
i am  
a rich  
man.

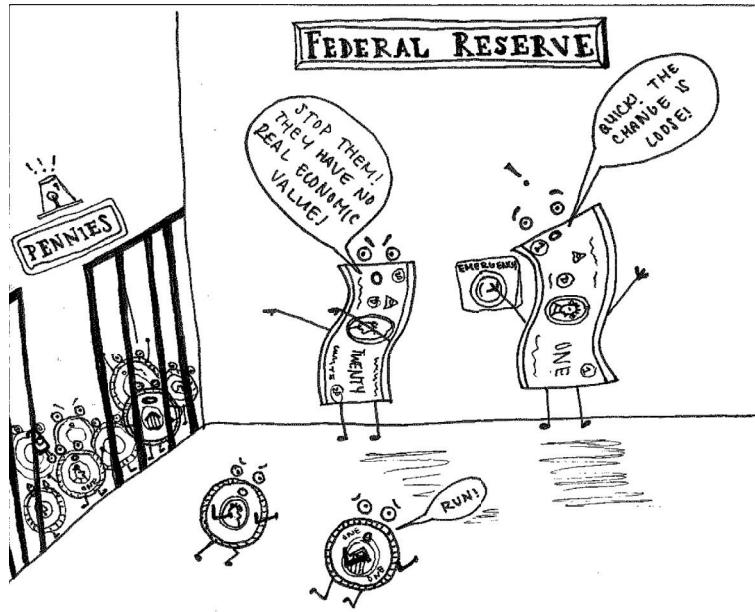
By: Ella Gonchar



By: @oxygraphs on Instagram

## LOOSE CHANGE

By: Lily Calvert



# SCROOGE McDUCK & MONEY

By: Grace Meschery

*"Herres ah bunny column , theres ah bunny column standing in a rrow. Place a bunny column on ah bunny column, see the waey they grouw! Bonnie silvverr column! Bonnie copper column! Eye'm in love with yoo! Bonnie paper column! Why do yoo look solemn? I adore yee too!"*

"Six million, seven million, eight million, more!"

Huey, Dewey, and Louie, the anthropomorphic duck triplets, looked on at their uncle in silence from the door of the massive vault.

*How were we even going to pitch this?* They all wondered to themselves.

Uncle Scrooge McDuck was standing amongst piles of cash bellowing totals, when he noticed his nephews.

"Hiya Uncle Scrooge!" they shouted in unison.

"Eye laddies!" came Scrooge. "Wheat are you tree young'ns doing 'ere abouts?"

He was not the richest duck in the world for any ol' reason; Scrooge McDuck was a tactful Scottish duck. Not a, say, spender. Even his large nephew Donald had sometimes remarked at the inscrutable beauty of Scrooge's fortune and collection of money related artifacts. Money was, no doubt, his passion.

"Unc." said Louie, "We do not want to frighten you, unc'! But we were on an internet website called discord."

Scrooge stiffened.

Louie, the cutest of the three, went on.

"Its called No Strings Attached and its full of people who have money but they also Need Money! It was so jolly to be around people who love money just as much as us! They are starting something new and I know you do not like change but....C'mon uncle, dude, this is the market, okay? We have to make this move or history is going to move forward without us, man. There's this movimiento sexi called Web 3.0, man. We gotta be the democratizers, the accesibilitarians who rock the internet, the art world, the financial market, and social media. And honestly man, Musk and Jack Dorsey can \*\*\*\*\* for saying web3.0 is just a buzzword, man. Its real. And its on. Long Live the Metaverse."(Louie had accidentally slipped into cryptobro mode, but Scrooge couldn't really tell)

"Oh, I kno what thas liek" said Scrooge, somewhat more intrigued now, as the phrase money had been mentioned at the beginning of the soliloquy; after hearing which, he had slipped into a poorly timed trance.

"Great!" the trio exclaimed. "We will get started on a dossier right now."

Puzzled, the revived McDuck turned over the possible topics of discussion that might have been the subject of his nephew's outburst. They usually talked about computer stuff, something called, "League of Legends." It must be something to do with that. I don't know. Anyways. Deciding it could be nothing serious, he guessed an affirmative reply.

*10 hours later:*

Scrooge McDuck awakens in the early morning to find the bedside door of his vault closed. Unusual. Shocking. Scandalous.

Then to his utter amazement, he looked up to see the starkly pale faces of his duckling nephews peering at him. Huey, Dewey and Louie gazed up from the edge

of the massive oak bed with enormous smiles on their beaks and shouted:

“WE HAVE TRIPLED YOUR FORTUNE”

Scrooge nearly passed away forever when he heard those words. No, he thought. Not possible. I would have done it and anyways I thought that they were doing a craft project on the computer.

But it was true. Louie, still cutest even though he did this, pulled out his iPad and showed his uncle the numbers.

“Not only have we invested and then converted all of your funds to the extremely secure and let’s say exciting currency, we have also purchased you some special art.”

Scrooge got very excited! New currency! he thought. Would it be diamond coins? Or a new style of bill? Maybe beautiful pieces of coin? And paintings too! They had better have gold frames. Oh, he could not wait to jump into and count all the piles. How he would sing!

He got up.

Ran to the handle.

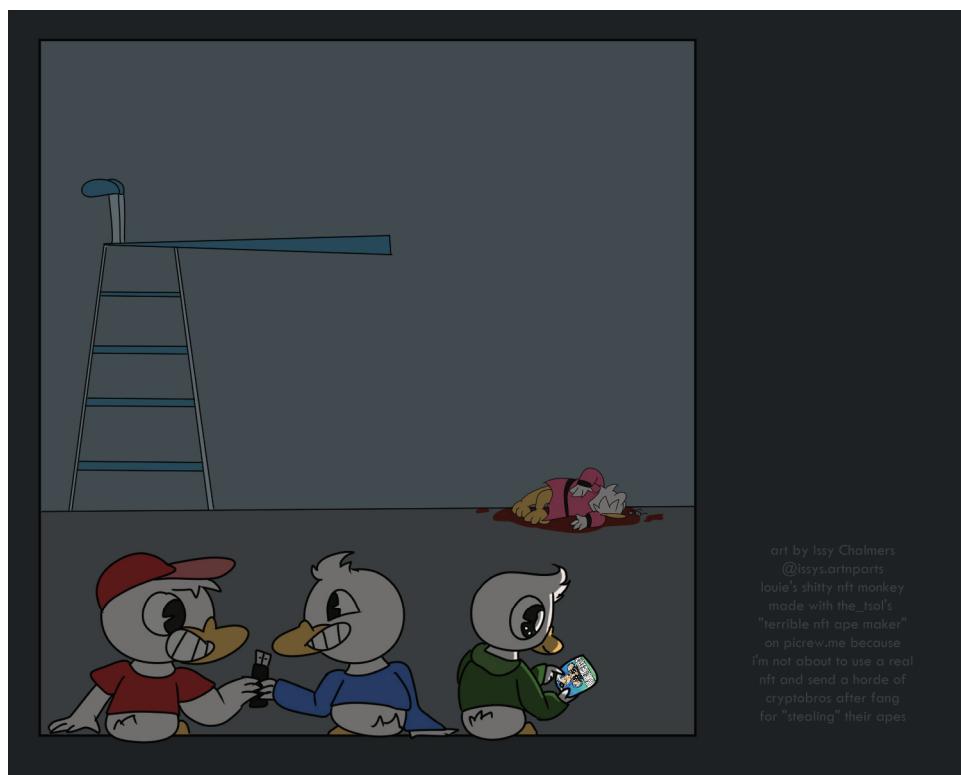
Cranked the vault door open

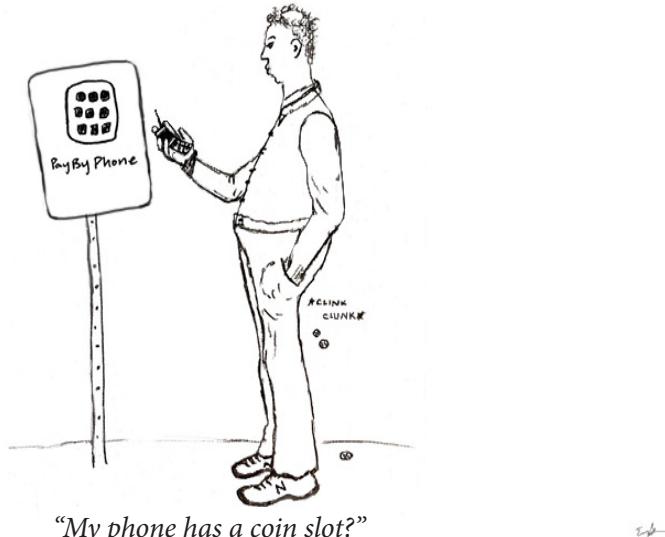
and executed a perfect swan dive into the abyss.

Scrooge McDuck fell that day into a perfectly empty room. The dark cold stone swallowed him up as the crypto triplets looked down from above, all three touching the zip drive containing their uncle’s assets.

“Oh it’s simple,” they sung down to him, “Isn’t it simple, in the proper hands your money is alive!”

But Scrooge McDuck was dead.





By: Ella Gonchar

By: Lily Calvert

**RE: Urgent therapy session**

— ↗ ✖

To unstable oxy student

Cc Bcc

RE: Urgent therapy session

Dearest student,

We at Emmons would like to congratulate you and/or are so sorry to hear about your recent news (we've lost our notes).

We understand how hard/great that must be for you. However, we regret to inform you that you have already used your two free therapy sessions provided by the school and are unable to provide any kind of help whatsoever.

We would be able to fit in a 30 minute session with a surcharge of \$300 to your student account if you are interested. Please inform us as soon as possible as we are very busy giving useless second opinions and pretending to be doctors.

If the issue is urgent here is a number you may call,  
Mental Health Line (Free): 1800-HELP-PLS

All the best with these tragic/ exciting changes.  
Emmons Health Center.  
1600 Campus Rd. Los Angeles, CA 90041.



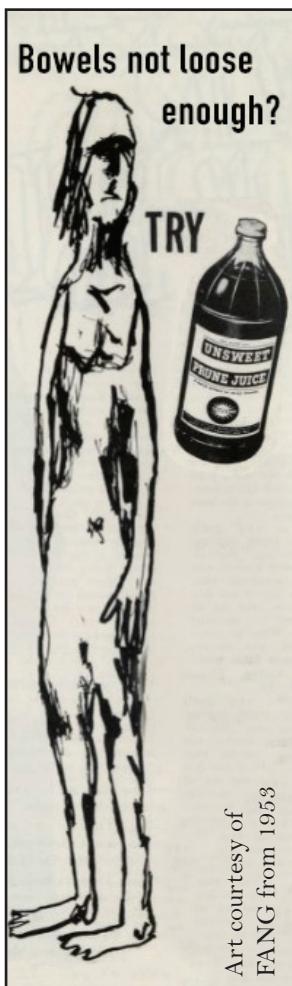
By: Charlotte Cattaneo



Remnants  
of a poorly  
constructed  
gravity bong  
left out in the  
hall.  
(Henry K. Chilcott)



**Not sure what kind of message in a bottle this is meant to be. Perpetrator should probably hydrate, luckily the vending machines have an excess supply of Dasani water.**  
**(Lily C, Stewie)**



## PSA: The Dasani Waters at the Vending Machines are There You Can Buy Them



**Forgot your water bottle? Need a quick sip? Lacking on your daily dose of polyethelene? For a dollar and two quarters, Coca-Cola® has your back with Dasani bottled water, now with environmentally-sensitive bottle caps with a whopping 2% less plastic. The company hopes this maneuver will help save the oceans, pledging to use the saved plastic to make drinking straws. "I always drink Dasani water" says an Oxy student before silently returning to his almond cashew clusters. For full disclosure– we are not entirely sure that was an Oxy student.**

By: Robert Sturdevant

## **HOW TO DEAL WITH REJECTION**

By: Lily Jones

Today we are here to focus on a time-honored tradition. Every young adult has experienced it not only once but definitely a few times: being rejected on a job application — or even worse — the face-to-face declination following a job interview. It's a disheartening experience, no doubt, sitting in front of a row of judgemental student interviewers, but quintessential in the rocky ebbs and flows of growing up. Your dad will tell you that uncomfortable group interview will "build character" but try telling that to your hungry wallet and the deep sense of rejection that starts to fester within you. Thoughts begin to swirl in your head, leading to unsavory over-analysis on your own character. What could've gone wrong — were you underqualified? Were your attempts at laying on the charm during your interview deemed pathetic? Or did you just not fit the "look" they were going for? It's tough to say, and no one truly knows; except, of course, those indie student managers who hammered that last nail into the coffin of your potential income. Do they know how much you needed that position? No, and they do not care. You are just a name on a computer screen to them. You have been reduced to Ones and Zeros, nothing but text in a spreadsheet. You are nothing.

It's inhumane, the sense of superiority these employers have that gives them the right to sit back and play "God" in the lives of broke college students. Who do these executives think they are, watching your every movement and intonation, judging your very character? What separates you from your dreams of being worthy for minimum wage?

Who could've been more amiable and experienced than you: the hardworking Oxy student?

You and all the others who were turned away, you are the loose change of the world. The employer has taken your coin out of their wallet and tossed it on the street — specifically on Figueroa St outside the Denny's. And you hate Denny's. You and a bunch of other pennies, other souls broken by the bleeding jaws of capitalism, lay forgotten outside this Denny's. You are the rejects of society, without a wallet home of your own. Oh, the humanity!

After some more serious self-reflection, you realize this incident is in fact no one's fault. Job applications are merely a game of chance, and you cannot be too bitter about it. Perhaps it's your fault! You probably should have applied to a greater variety of jobs. After all, they cannot all reject you. You edit your resume for the tenth time, visit Hameetman for some interview advice, and put your best foot forward in your future endeavors. It's time to suck it up and move on, and hopefully, you will not find this kind of ruthless rejection again. Unless of course, you try again with the establishment who initially found you unworthy: Occidental's very own Green Bean.

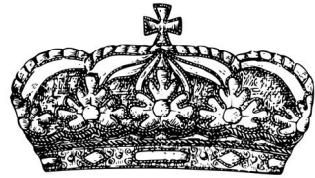
# FANG ROYALTY

*the illustrious Rachael Barich '22*





We're bringing back a tradition from FANG days  
of Old, with a monarch like no other!



# Rachael

*Elegance and poise, hoot and holler, and  
one bad knee.*

Rachael Barich makes everything look so easy while filling rooms with laughter, smiling up storms (see below), and coming up with incredible tag lines for fundraising: "Sign my ASOC petition and get a free bikini!" (FANG already called dibs on that one, back off people). Wow, right?



"A true  
Midwest  
Badminton  
Baddie."



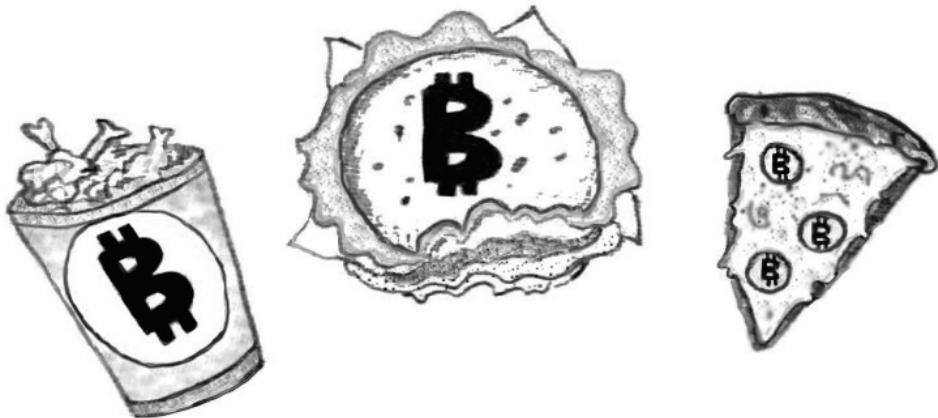
Hailing from the Chicago area, Rachael describes herself as one of the most flexible people she knows. This sometimes comes in handy when playing rugby, but not often. At the very least, it did not stop her from being one of the blessed who traveled to Ireland with womxn's rugby to confront Oxy's dearest rival, Trinity College. While there, Rachael misplaced a precious Irish artifact en route from a night club. This article is dedicated to its loss. Oh, and Rachael's toy poodle, whose name is obviously Scooter.



## Senior 2022



written by: grace meschery-mccormack  
photos by: lily calvert



BITECOIN: *The newest fad currency that disappears when you eat it*

By: Ella Gonchar

By: <3



# CHANGES COAST TO COAST

By Scrungles McGee

Let's get one thing straight first and foremost: I am not from here. I am not even from the West Coast (and before anyone makes any gross accusations against me, I am not from the East Coast either.) I am from the Gulf Coast. You know, that place your extended family goes to on vacations sometimes. More specifically I am from the fine city of New Orleans, Louisiana, you know, the location of the most disastrous bachelorette party you've ever been to. Up until recently, I had never lived anywhere else. I've always loved the city of Los Angeles and wondered what it would be like to live out of state, so when I got the chance to transfer to Oxy I jumped at it. Of course, I knew that there would be some degree of culture shock...but boy was I underprepared for it. I mean, bars in LA actually close. I'm not kidding you, ladies and gentlemen. LA bars have a set amount of business hours, and most close at the horrendously early hour of 2:00 AM. Offensive to be honest. To add insult to injury, restaurants in Los Angeles don't let you take go-cups. What if I order a beer from a place and the beer is good but the vibes are absolutely rancid? Why am I not allowed to take my beer somewhere better? If I wanted bad beer and bad vibes, I'd just hang out in the Stearns common room every night. (To all the students reading this: you DON'T have to pretend to like Coors Lite. You are correct to think it tastes like cat urine. Don't doubt yourself.)

On another note, I hate to beat a dead horse, but Angelinos take the weather for granted. As soon as it turns higher than 90 degrees outside, Northerners start collapsing from heat like frail Victorian orphans. (And yes, I do consider Californians Northerners. Look at a map, fool.) I swear, if any so called "California Gurls" had to spend 24 hours in the New Orleans August weather, they'd simply wither away like Timothee Chalamet (sidenote: I really do think that he is a time traveler from the 18th century France with a case of consumption. I mean, his name is Timothee for godsake.) Although, I am consistently amazed that Occidental students don't drop dead from dehydration, not only because of the dry desert air, but because the entire school runs solely on Yerba Mate and I have a suspicion that most hydroflasks exist purely for aesthetic reasons, (or as a means to smuggle

Yerba Mate from the cooler without paying). I had never even seen a bottle of Yerba Mate before moving here and suddenly I am surrounded all the time by Yerba. Lost in the Mate sauce as it were.

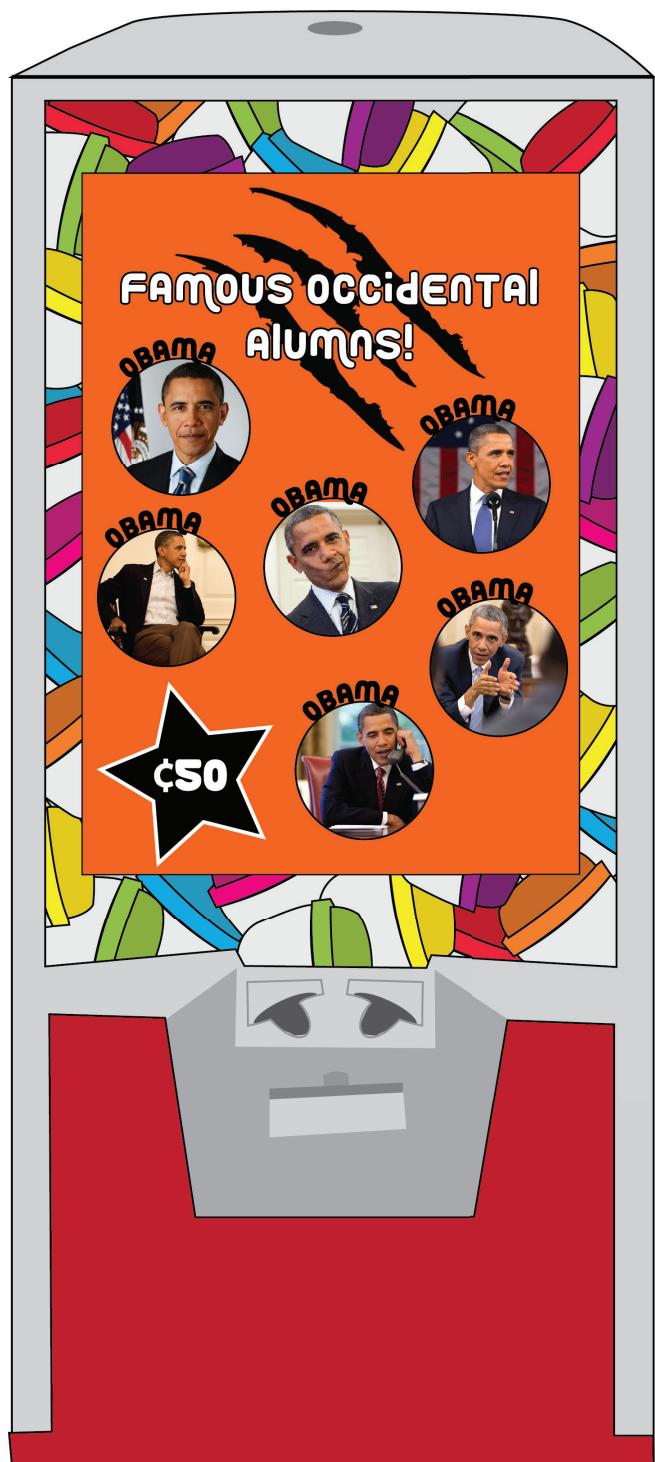
Speaking of being surrounded on all sides, I'm fairly certain that LA has more donut shops per capita than any other US state. This shit's not just Krispy Kreme though. Most of the time it's artesan. There are dozens of donut shops within a square block of this school, all proclaiming to have fresh, organic, hell, even vegan offerings. I don't know if you LAers know this, but that isn't normal. The rest of the humble continental U.S. content ourselves with deep-fried, doughy, donut chain abominations and we like it. Or if you're from New Orleans like me, you simply eat beignets instead. (Which are far, far better than donuts by the way and if you disagree, then you simply have no taste, and honestly probably enjoy the flavor of dusty cardboard.)

Although I love the city of Los Angeles with all my heart, I do sometimes yearn for the comforts of home. This past February was the first time I had missed Mardi Gras in ages, and was nostalgic and weird all day. The weather outside was humid and sweaty and made me feel like I was going to pass out, which reminded me of my beloved city. As I walked on the quad that bright afternoon on the brink of heatstroke, I was heartened to see food stands. Oxy really was celebrating New Orleans!...only not really because apparently it was just Tiger Tuesday. No one knew it was Mardi Gras and no one gave a shit.

None of the stands even had the decency to be New Orleans themed. I settled for the most festive option, a dessert crepe, and yearned for the sweet embrace of Popeye's chicken wings. I know you guys have Popeye's here, but trust me when I say as a New Orleanian, it's different. Especially on Mardi Gras, my gawd. As much as I love to hate on New Orleans, I really do love it...even if the French Quarter smells like raw sewage most of the time.

### **The Shower Stick (Henry K, Chilcott)**





By: Charlotte Cattaneo



Scan for Exclusive “Hot  
Single Debauched Oswald  
In Your Area: Daddy Tiger  
Is Cumming ;)” NFT

**Queen Elizabeth  
Cutout, arranged  
in prime  
jumpscare  
position.  
(Charlotte C,  
Newcomb)**



# My Wife Borat Voice

By: DJ Glip Glop

Back in 2013 I took bae to see Macklemore and Ryan Lewis, tickets were \$200 each but that's her favorite, I HAD to. The performance was pretty cool, they performed "Same Love," my wife's favorite song by them at the time. You know I was so heartbroken when I found out she was cheating on me with Ron!

Can you believe that?

Ron!

I hate Ron so much for having sex with my wife, but I hate my wife too, I don't know why she would cheat on me like that. I miss when things were as simple as they were when we first met. I met her at a Björk concert, she had just bought merch and some loose change fell from her wallet and she didn't notice. I quickly got the coins and tapped her shoulder, saying

"Hey miss, you forgot your loose change!"

Then she was all like "What?"

And then I'm like, "You know, the 2022 theme of the FANG magazine?"

She had no clue what I was talking about, but she thought my shoes were cool and decided to marry me. God I miss my wife so much, I'd do anything to have her back, do you think I should call her?

TELL US WHAT YOU THINK @OXY.FANG



# TYPE



# T

# AFF



By: @oxyaffirmations on Instagram

# **YES!!**



# **O**



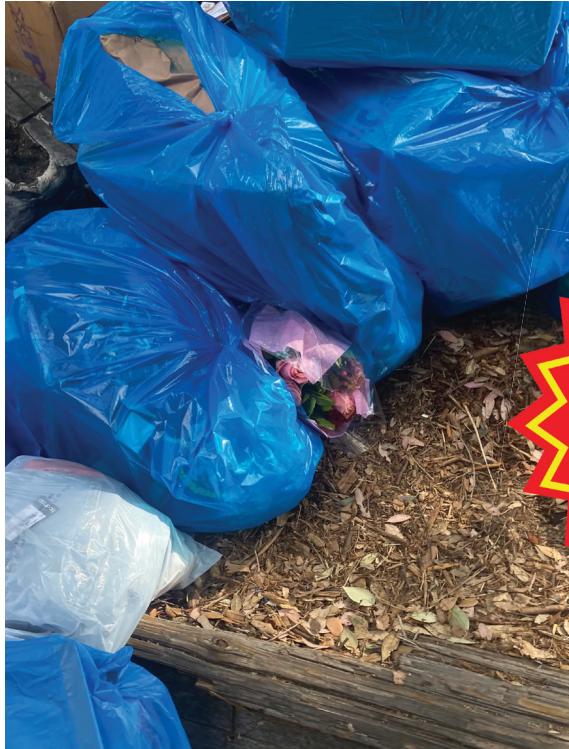
# **IRM**

Course Counts & Information  
Simple search for course counts and information search  
Semester  
**If all else fails at  
least I know  
course counts will  
never change**

I will not slip on  
loose rocks and  
fall while walking  
down Fiji



I can easily  
change my email  
subscriptions to  
avoid going crazy



**Bouquet of  
Roses, broken heart  
not pictured (Jasmine  
W and Charlotte C,  
Haines Dumpster)**



*Loose, Please Change*

By: Ella Gonchar



**"Let's hope it's just a  
phase," Paul Ryan, on  
the pizza in the Chilcott  
stairwell.  
(Henry M, Chilcott)**

## The Figure

Henry Miller

"I don't have your money, Mikey."

Mikey's eyes were dark. He took a long drag from his hand-rolled cigarette before flicking it to the concrete and grinding it out with his heel.

"I need my money, John," he said in a low voice. "Do you know what I'll have to do if I don't get my money?"

John's breath shook as he spoke, "I'm sorry, Mikey, I really am. I was gonna get you your money - Really! - it's just that something came up, you know how it is." Just then, John's eyes lit up, excited, he started, "How about this, let's all just calm down and I'll get it to yo--"

John was dead before he had time to blink. Mikey sighed. Why they always gotta make me do that? He bent over and rifled through John's pockets in search of a wallet, watch, or anything valuable but only could find a handful of loose change. Cursing to himself, he pocketed the pathetic fruits of his labor, flipped up the collar of his coat, and began back down the alley to his car.

He had barely pulled his keys from his pocket when for the second time that night a gunshot tore through the air.

Mikey clutched his chest and fell into the gutter, his eyes wide. He looked up to see a tall Figure looming in the moonlight, gun extended. His breath ragged, he squinted from his place in the dirt, trying to make out a face under the dim light of the moon.

He went white, "No, no, no, NO!" he tried but failed to reach for the gun in his pocket, "You're supposed to be DEAD!"

Mikey was bleeding but tried anyway to drag himself up off the ground and into his car. Before he could even turn himself over, though, for the third time that night a gunshot reverberated through the air.

The Figure emerged from the shadows and bent down - just as Mikey had - and retrieved the handful of change from his now bloody pocket.

He stood up, considered the body for a moment, then spit into the gutter where Mikey lay. His voice was gruff, like a dog who'd been rolling around in the sand and eating rocks all day.

"A shame so many had to die - all because of some loose change."

---

Thunder cracked and rapped ferociously on the window of the cramped office of Commissioner Mustard. He was deep in thought. On the desk in front of him were 6 coins of various denominations which he was studying intently.

He wrung his hands, "Oh no, oh dear, oh no - this doesn't make any kind of sense at all." Nervously, he rearranged the coins on the desk, thought for a moment, then threw his hands up in the air and shook his head.

"What does it MEAN!" he cried in desperation.

Just then, lightning struck. Commissioner Mustard yelped. In the light of the flash, he could just barely make out a tall Figure standing, motionless, in the corner of the grimy office.

Red in the face, the Commissioner scrambled out of his chair and rushed over to the figure - as fast as his stumpy little legs could carry him.

"Now, you just about scared the living shit out of me, you know! Fuck!"

The Figure looked down and smirked, "I'm sorry, sir, I didn't want to disturb your work. I let myself in." He moved, finally, and came to rest in front of the Commissioner's desk.

"I have some things you need to see," he said, his hand in his pocket.

The Commissioner's frown dissolved, and he moved, excitedly back behind the desk.

"What've you got for me?"

The Figure's face broke into a sly smile as he tossed onto the desk the change he'd taken from Mikey. He sat down on one of the Commissioner's moth-eaten armchairs, satisfied with himself.

The Commissioner stood over the desk in disbelief for many moments, studying the new coins The Figure had just presented him with. At last, he looked up at the Figure with a look that could kill.

"How. Did you get this," he asked through gritted teeth.

The Figure rose, suddenly, "Hey, you don't pay me to ask questions - you pay me to get results," he said. His hand rested on his gun in its holster.

The Commissioner was shaking now, rage in his eyes. "I pay you to get results when it doesn't involve killing one of our best guys! Mikey was our in, our rat, how do you expect me to get anything now that he's gone!"

"I made sure they thought you were dead so you could get me what I needed without calling attention to yourself! Do you understand how that can't happen now!?"

The Figure stood calmly, the Commissioner was spitting in his face now, but he was composed. "You pay me to get results, I get results."

The Commissioner slammed his fist on the table. "You're DONE!" he screamed, spittle flying from his mouth, "I'm going to make sure you never see the light of day ever again!"

He started for the door but had taken but two steps when, for the fourth time that night, a gunshot cut through the room like a bolt of lightning.

The Commissioner's body thudded to the ground - he was dead.

The Figure stepped over the Commissioner's now lifeless body and opened the door. Before he left, though, he looked down at the man bleeding beneath him, "I'm a loose cannon," he said, sighing, "and I'm never going to change."



By: Henry Miller



Chilcott Community  
Floor Toaster,  
5 days before  
room checks  
(Henry K, Chilcott)



**Shown in the aftermath of a sewage drain overflow which submerged the first floor of Chilcott Hall in an inch of wastewater. The event dubbed Shit Gate 2022 left many victims in its wake. The most tragic victim, however, lost among the panic of Chilcott residents, was the mostly full bottle of Simply orange juice left on its own to face the tides of refuse. Documented post-mortem in a picture sent to the Chilcott group chat, the orange juice sat morosely at the bottom of the stairs.**

**(Henry K, Chilcott)**

Δ δ

maybe the  
real change  
was on the  
money all  
along???

By: Koi Ziyi

## *A Word From Our Sponsors*



**ALWAYS GREENER**  
est. 2009

ELAM'S  
**AEROBICS**



**PHISH FOOD**  
EAGLE ROCK



Eagle Rock Wellness  
Eat, Sleep, Ganja.



**Barack's Reefer**  
est. 2016

**OZZY'S**



**Emmons**

"Would you like to  
Pee in a cup?"



**TIGER COOLER**  
SUSHI



**ICED CHAI MEDICINALS**

OCCIDENTAL



**SOLAR**



By: Lily Jones



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