





*This special issue of FANG is dedicated
to the gamblers, the “I’ll quit
tomorrow”s, the nicotine addicted
fifteen year olds, the “One hit won’t
hurt”s, the foot fetishizers, people who
like being tickled, and the unhealthy
coping mechanisms so near and dear to
our hearts.*

*we hope you enjoy
Lily + Char*



ROLL TOP DESK

Vice. What is vice?

By one definition, a vice can be an indulgence in immoral or wicked behavior, but this is a loaded statement because we all have different moral compasses. A vice can also be an imperfection or shortcoming, which is even more confusing — because maybe you call something a “vice,” and it’s really just a funny habit, but others think it is immoral? What if they judge you for habits you deem innocuous? What if they judged you for something as inane as eating uncrustables everyday? There is much to unpack when considering why we do the things we do.

But we’re satirists, not philosophers. So instead of virtue signaling about what we believe is right and wrong, this issue merely aims to celebrate all forms of vice. That includes Vice as Virtue’s adversary, Miami Vice, Vice presidency, Vice Magazine, Vise grips for some reason, even some bad adVice, and all other concepts of vice possible. Enjoy and celebrate your own vices too :)

Kieran & Koi <3

Weird Weekend

by Emily Williams

Hey guys, me again :)

My therapist said I should try to write out my weekend so I can remember what's been happening (spoiler alert, I think it may be a lot). It all started when an unexplainable existential dread took hold and gave me some...less than savory urges. These things happen, right? ...Right? Let's get into it. On Friday night I went to Eagle Rock Liquor to pick up some eagle rockin' liquor. I grabbed (according to my receipts) 2 bottles of Espolon, a handle of Smirnoff, a bottle of Jaeger, and the entire supply of Redbulls they had. #NotSponsoredButRedbullHMU

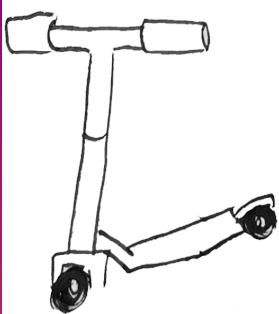
I also hit up my dealer for an eightball, a nineball, and a cue ball (google it) plus some addy for mental clarity and an ounce of that dank shit to calm me down. Fuck, what happened after that?

OH RIGHT. I went outside with the bottle of jaeger and 2 redbulls and...and...oh! And then I walked to West Hollywood. Yeah, I WALKED to West Hollywood. It took a minute. Like a long minute. Like so long all the clubs were closed by the time I got there.

I was already drunk and over caffeinated at this point so I figured why not just keep going? I drank more, walked more, made some friends outside of a strip club (oh fuck they were prostitutes weren't they), got into a car? Got out of the car, kept walking, watched the sunrise and did half of my nine ball. (A nine ball is like an eight ball, but...how do I put this...WAY cooler.) That's when things get, uh, smeared? I remember a man who I swear to God was the actual Rasputin...he had that longass beard and that sexy nose and a HUGE co-anyways. There were a lot of bright pink and red lights, I was dancing in my bra and undies in a place where clothes were DEFINITELY required, and then there was a very fucking mean police officer handcuffing me by a dumpster.

The good news is I am awesome so I got out of the cuffs no problem.





It was Saturday afternoon by that point, and I sure as fuck didn't want to go home, so I grabbed my Smirnoff, my drugs, and my bootstraps and hauled ass to...wait that can't be right...the Venice Boardwalk? OHHHH DAMN OKAY yeah I went to the boardwalk and was SHREDDING on a random girl's Razor scooter at the skatepark (I found pants by then I'm pretty sure). A whole crowd formed to watch me. It was sick. I was bunny hopping, nollie-ing, one handing, no handing, and then I finished it off with a 720-somersault-twist that had me eating complete shit on the curb. Ow, that explains the face. I kicked it on the beach for a little while longer, then decided to start the trek back to Silver Lake so I could, like, go to The Friend or something.

On my way I passed this sign advertising Shaquille O'Neal's latest DJ gig, and decided that would be WAY More lit than wherever the fuck I was originally planning to go. I slipped my way in, took some more drugs, watched strangers have sex in the corner for a little bit, and then saw Anderson .Paak and KAYTRANADA vibin out on the dance floor (we are besties now I have snapchat streaks with them and everything). As I was dancing with them Thundercat (not the singer, a cat named Thunder) came up out of nowhere and told me about this after hours thing happening in Hollywood—I think it was called Spanky's?? I was in.

He drove the four of us there and played randomized sound effects the entire way, which looking back now may have just been me and Thundercat making noises and not actually the "music." We got to Spanky's, did whatever was left of my fanny pack full of substances, and danced until they said they had to go to Sunday mass. I was alone again, and finally ready to go home.

...Maybe I should have joined them, I suspect I have some sins to repent.



*My heart beats faster every time
you're near,
A rush of feelings I cannot help but
hear.
your touch fills me with delight,
With you I've never felt more right*

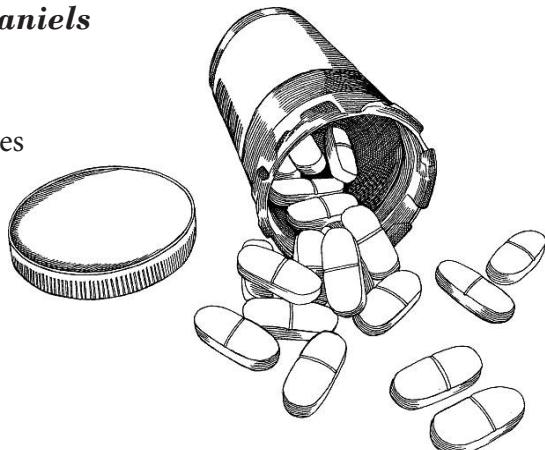
*Being with you is all I need,
In your embrace, my soul is freed.
I never thought love could feel so
true,
You make my heart feel so brand
new.*

*You are the one I want by my side,
With you, I have nothing to hide
I thank the stars above every night,
For bringing you into my life.*

*In your love, I have found my home,
With you, I never feel alone.
I vow to cherish you each and every
day,
Forever and always, my love will
stay.*

- Ode to Ambien and Jack Daniels

by Ben Torres



Real Life Accounts of an All-Girls Catholic School

I had the absolute pleasure of attending an all girls catholic high school (formerly a convent) for four formative years of my higher education. The school's reputation around town was that the girls were more worried about getting into Ivies than they were about boys. Really it's because we were all gay. You would think for 19k a year and with a building full of nuns there would be no nonsense about, oh boy was there nonsense. We all have our vices.

Here are my favorite things that happened in my four years:

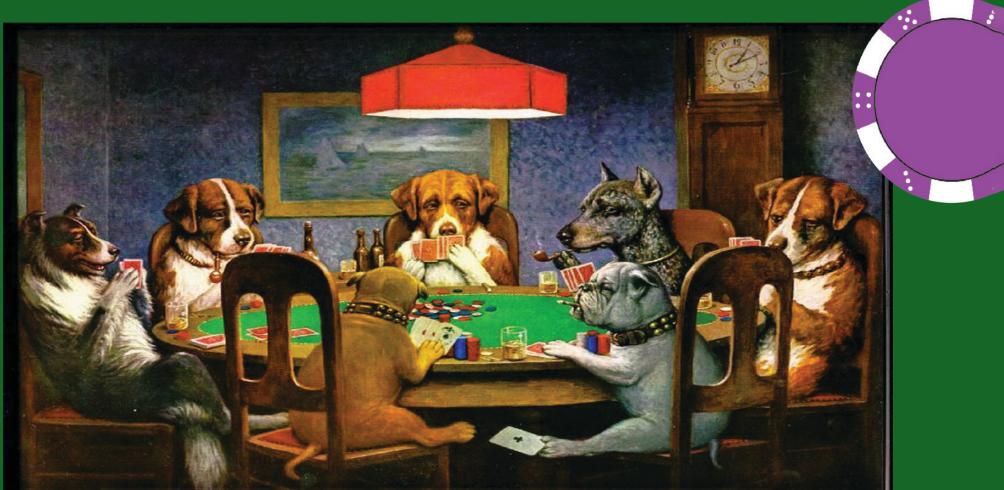
1. My freshman year three upperclassmen had a threesome in the reconciliation booth of the chapel. Take me to church baby!
2. There was a whole scandal where a student slept with a teacher but the funny part was that he looked exactly like Moses from the Prince of Egypt movie (iykyk). We had all thought about it. Moses is def the sexiest biblical figure.
3. One time this old ass nun (Sister Dorshak A.K.A SMAD A.K.A the Keebler Elf) who taught our senior religion class didn't show up to school one day and we all thought she had croaked but apparently she eloped with a priest from the church at another school and they both quietly exited Catholicism.
4. A girl in my first period geometry class used to fake pass out like once a week and ask to go to the nurses office but instead just went to hook up with her girlfriend in the bathroom the entire class period. One time they got caught by the head of the religion department and her girlfriend called the teacher a "homophobic cunt" for disciplining them. She did not get to walk at graduation.
5. My senior year two girls in my year literally got engaged (at 17 and 18) after dating for about 4 months. Can you say u-haul? They promptly broke up the first week of college.

by: Lily Calvert



How They Got to the Table: A Look Into the Lives of the Dogs Playing Poker

The painting of the dogs playing poker is a universally known image, and is recognized as one of the best and most influential paintings of all time. However, the actual lives of the dogs at the poker table are largely unknown. In this article, The Fang will shed light upon the TRUE stories behind each of the pups.



Player 1: Molly

Molly was roped into coming to the game by George, the dog sitting to her left. She has never played poker before, and is completely unfamiliar with the rules of the game. She was too afraid to ask about them, and has been winging it for the entire game. Surprisingly, it has been working out pretty well for her. However, she is about to lose a huge sum of money on her hand, which she (wrongly) thinks is a very good one.



Player 2: George

Though George is close friends with Molly, he brought her to the game hoping to get a lot of money out of her, thinking she would be an easy target. After she took the lead, he became quite upset and actually left the table for a bit. He's now playing it cool, and acting like all he cares about is smoking his little pipe.



by: Eran Karmon





Player 3: Beelzebub

It was Beelzebub's idea to host this game. He thought he would be very good at poker because he has been watching a lot of poker tournaments on Twitch. However, it quickly became apparent to him that he was far less skilled than some of the other players. To compensate he has been cheating for most of the game.



Player 4: Twig

Twig dreams of glamor. She doesn't know the other dogs very well, but heard about this game and went because she believed it would be her gateway into the glitz of the Las Vegas strip. She has been doing quite well for herself this game, and should she win, will use her earnings to buy a one-way plane ticket to Vegas.



Player 5: Tony

Tony was named after Tony Soprano, and has spent most of life trying to live up to his name. That's why he adopts such a jaded expression, which he wears during this game. Tony is friends with Beelzebub, and hopes that one of them will win and split the winnings with the other. He truly hates poker and all things having to do with the mafia, but isn't ready to admit it.



Player 6: Roach

Roach was recently put into debtor's prison, and has briefly broken out to try to earn money to pay off what he owes. He is desperate to win this game. Thus far, he has been towards the middle of the pack, and is starting to become very concerned. He's trying to pass a card to his ex-wife sitting to his left, Samantha. She is having none of it. She's about to take the card and call him out in front of all the others, which will likely add time to his prison sentence.



Player 7: Samantha

Samantha is the mastermind of this game, and has been quietly manipulating the other players. Though she is not winning currently, she has a plan up her collar that will heavily shake the standings of all players present. Samantha is incredibly wealthy and has no need for the money, she only wants to make her ex-husband Roach angry. They had a good couple years of marriage, but Roach's debt problems made him very hard to deal with. She grew fed up with him, and alerted the local debt collector about his owing, which led to his arrest. He does not know this.

BOOTY CAUL (k)

*Are you good with your hands?
Do you have vices?
got caulk?*

**Try one of our
morning wood classes!**



BOYS ONLY!

**meetings in weingart basement
wednesdays 7:00am**

Couches Listicle

If there's one thing about me, it's that I love lounging. I love a nice sit, a lay down, a moment's rest. I'm just a guy, and there is so much I am expected to do in this lifetime, so it's important to me that I recharge my batteries every so often. One of the world's major religions, the Christ fandom, suggests that such behavior is a vice, calling it "slothfulness." Fuck them. They don't want us to relax. They don't want to see us chilling with the homies. they don't want us laid back with our feet on the ottoman, engaged in a delightful conversation. But isn't that what life is really all about? These questions are what brought me to create this list. As a graduating senior, I wanted to leave something of genuine value behind to the underclasses, and I thought, "what better way to do this than to curate a list that aids them in the pursuit of my favorite pastime?" and thus this list was born.

7. whatever the fuck this thing is, 1st Floor Library
not even sure why this is on the list, or why it's even
something that exists. It seems to seat four if nobody is
interested in looking at each other. which I get, honestly.
but even then, there's only two seats with backrests. and
it's the same backrest. they're gonna give each other lice if
they lean all the way back. Does this school want us to give
eachother lice? unconfirmed, I haven't heard any evidence
to the contrary though.



6. Other couch in the Library
It has this scratchy texture to it. Pretty remote too. You
wouldn't really seek it out. It's better than nothing, but feels
like a sorry excuse for a couch. Like a forty dollar futon.
But even those can have a nicer fabric than whatever this
one is made of. It also feels like it's 40 years old. Not a fan
of this one.



5. Haines Annex Hallway Couch
It's more comfortable than the previous couches, I like that
it's red, and even though it was first introduced to me as
a "shit tier couch," a wise individual nearby told me "I'm
glad it exists" which proved enough for me to change the
tune regarding this couch. It's okay. It's there, that matters,
so we're thankful for it.



4. Green Bean Couch



3. MAC Cage Couch

I recognize that I alienate some audience members by including a couch that isn't exactly public, as it's in a room that is used by individuals in a certain major, but to me that makes it even more desirable. It's comfortable, and you're only able to chill in there if you've got some reason to be in the MAC Lab.

2. Project SAFE Couches

Here's one you may not have known existed, because you're a bad person, and if you're wondering "wait, where even is Project SAFE?" you're already what's wrong with society. It's behind Stewie. You're welcome, slimeball. Anyway, The couch is nice but what really sets it apart for me is the vibe of the whole room. So calming. there's a television, some fidget toys on the coffee table, and you can make tea there too.

1. Cooler Couches

was there ever any doubt that i'd pick these as number one. I mean. what else comes close. the cushions? comfy as hell. the vibes? immaculate. I've made so many friends because of these couches. Maybe that's what lounging is really all about. it's not about the feeling of comfort you get from a couch made of the best materials that the school's budget can put forth, but the friends you make along the way.



by: Kieran Mackay

Why We Need Feminism

By: Charlotte Cattaneo



we need feminism because it's hard to be a girl
we should have equality, why not give it a whirl?

the future is now with a female vice president,
but our work is not done, no that much is evident.

the wage gap, the glass ceiling, and getting cat called
there's so much more in society that needs to be solved
sexist comments like "women don't need to know math,"
and expectations we'll follow a housewife's career path.

but all of these pale when they are compared
to the worst women's struggle, the worst we have fared
yes, you know what i'm saying, exactly where I'm going
the worst part of sexism: no pockets in clothing

and the time that i mourn this issue the most
is up in the club, dressed in skin tight clothes
there's nowhere to store my lip gloss, phone, or wallet
and i refuse to bring a bag for fear i'll leave it in the
toilette- which is why when going out i've developed the
habit in case of a stick-up or some late night taco snackin'
my creative solution, it will leave you in awe



**Be a Man.
Be a Marlboro Ben.**

Fangboro



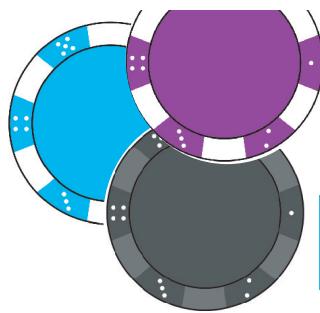
Come to where the flavor is...
Come to Fangboro Country.



Smoother than a baby's bum.

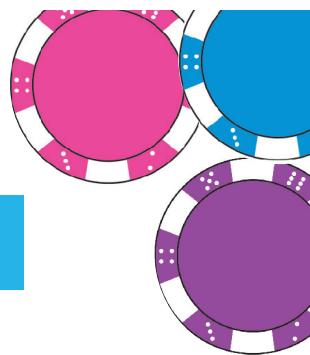


Fangboro



Collin Bluffs

By Henry Miller



There I was.

It was just me and Bandy Ambrose left. The dealer gave a look as if he knew. But he couldn't. Bandy raised his head and pushed his big glasses up his nose. He was full of shit. I knew. I always knew.

My name is Collin Bluffs. From an early age, they had told me I was different—that I could see things others couldn't. It wasn't until my first time at the table that I really understood them, though. It was something about those cards. Something about how they made people squirm. It was always the same. They'd get dealt, everyone would look. An eyebrow would raise, there'd be a cough, someone would shift in their seat. I'd get my cards and then I'd know. I can't really explain it, but from what I'd been dealt and from how everyone at the table would change with their cards, I'd know. I always knew.

This time was no different.

I had jack-ten suited, it was Bandy's bet.

"800"

He shoved his not-insignificant pile of chips to the center of the table. The dealer turned.

I sat up in my seat. Bandy was tough, but no tougher than anyone I'd met yet.

My cards were on the table. I stroked my chin:

"Call"

Bandy's eyebrows twitched. He licked his lips.

I've got him.

The flop came; ace-queen-two—all clubs.

I've got him. The eyebrows always told. He was rocking pocket threes. Of hearts.

It was Bandy again, he took a long time studying the cards this time. As if they'd give him anything. I smiled, a tactical play. I knew I didn't have anything but then, neither did he. This would be easy.

"300," he said.

Interesting. He only had 400 left. So close to all-in but not quite. He was scared.

"Call," I said, casually.

The eyebrows, again.

Tooo easy.

Now, the turn.

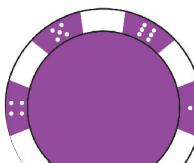
It was another heart. A four this time.

Tooo easy. He's sunk.

Bandy fingered his last 100. Still nervous. Those sunglasses weren't hiding anything. You didn't have to be Collin Bluffs to catch that.

"50"

"Call"



The river: a jack. Of spades.

I didn't even have to bluff now, I had him. It's the first thing you learn in the game: highest pair wins.

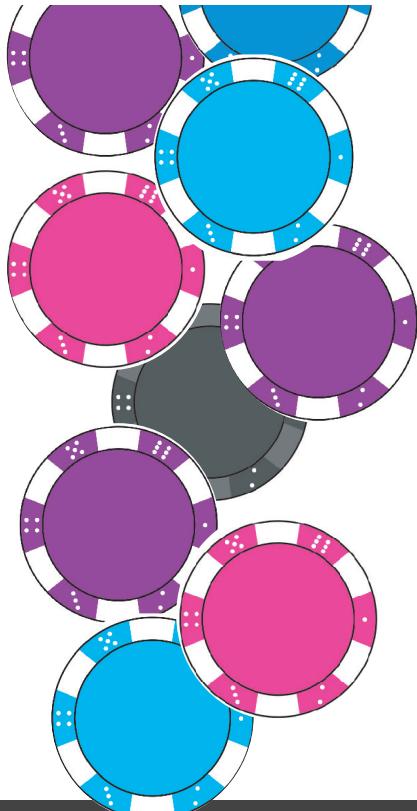
Bandy checked. A knock on the table.

I sat. Let him squirm, I thought. It was a full five minutes before I said anything.

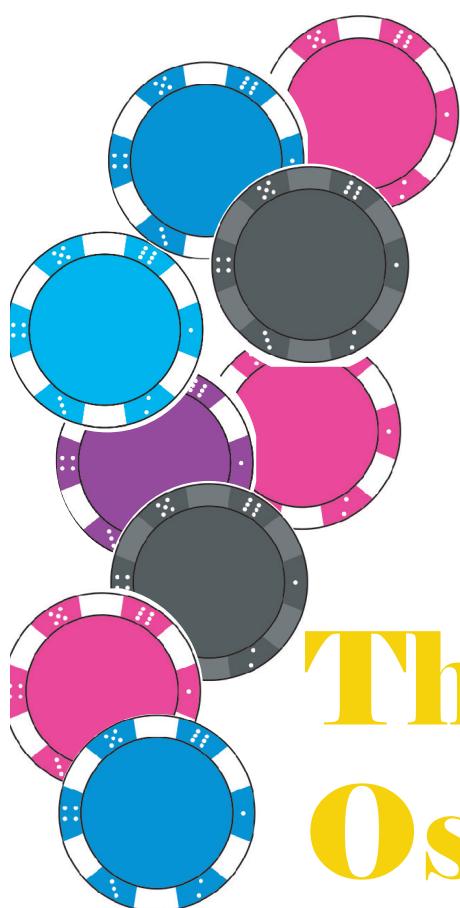
"All in"

Bandy put his head in his hands.
I've got him.

No one beats Collin Bluffs.

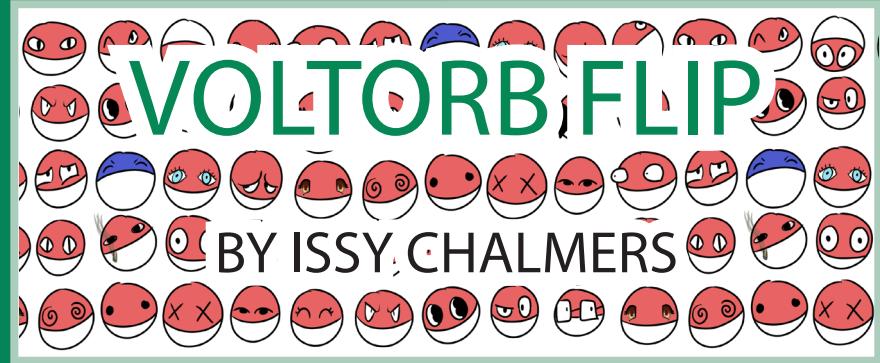


**"Behind every
successful endowment
there is a crime."**



The Osfather

by Issy Chalmers



I found a Pok閙on fangame online recently. I won't say what it's called, as even though it is strictly not for profit, Nintendo would probably take it down and sue the crap out of the creators. But this fangame contains a minigame from Pok閙on HeartGold and SoulSilver, and exclusively those two games. With stricter laws about simulated gambling in games for children in the EU, Pok閙on HeartGold and SoulSilver had to replace the slot machines from the original Pok閙on Gold and Silver with a new game, one involving luck and skill and absolutely no betting. The game is called Voltorb Flip, and I make bank off of it.

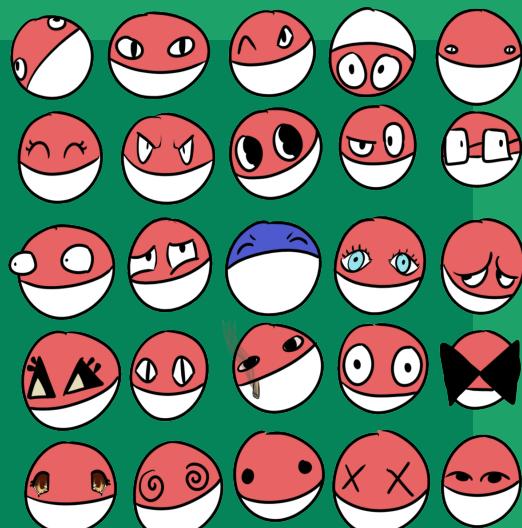
In middle school, I had honed my skills in staying focused. I got my work done every day without much trouble. But Voltorb Flip and I have found ourselves in a beautiful tango. All of my focusing strategies, from playing with fidget toys to physically shielding my peripheral vision, have failed in the face of this children's game. I'm playing Voltorb Flip day in and day out. I find myself daydreaming (and normal dreaming) about my Voltorb Flip strategies.

I've found myself playing in class, too, and my professors are pissed.

...

"Issy, what's the enthalpy of ammonia?" my chemistry professor asks.

"-46 kilojoules per mol," responds the girl next to me. She knew I wouldn't be the one to provide the answer; I was too absorbed in Voltorb



Flip to even realize the professor was talking to me.

...
“Issy, according to this graph, what is the expected rate of failure?” my statistics professor asks.

“1 in 5,” I respond automatically.

“Correct!” he says. I sigh in relief. Truth be told, I had no idea; I was actually talking about how the card I was about to flip had a 1 in 5 chance of hiding a Voltorb.

...
「イッサン、何をしますか？」 (“Issy-san, what are you doing?”) my Japanese professor asks. 「

ビリリダマめぐり」 (“Voltorb Flip,”) I respond.

「何？」 (“What?”)

“Uh, I mean, ‘勉強します’.” (「‘Studying’ と言いたかった」。)

...
To blow all of the casino coins I’ve earned on Voltorb Flip, I have purchased near endless Dratini, a Pokémon you can buy at the prize corner for 10,000 casino coins. My Pokémon storage consists of 30 boxes of Dratini. That’s 900 of these worm-shaped bastards. Each Dratini is kitted out with battle techniques that total 18,000 casino coins to teach just one of them. Every time I hit my limit of how many casino coins I can carry, I release a few of these Dratini into the wild and buy a few more 28K-coin Dratini. I think I’ve owned over 10,000 Dratini in this save file, with over 9,000 of them having been released to roam wild in the city.

The local ecosystem has been devastated. The lakes are teeming with Dratini, which are reproducing at an unprecedented rate. My ecology class says their population will even out once they reach the carrying capacity of their habitat, but their numbers just keep on growing. A rare population of wild Horsea has been completely wiped out because I have unleashed thousands of Dratini into the lakes, and the Dratini have managed to hunt all of the Horsea to extinction by roasting them alive with the Thunderbolt techniques I paid for them to learn. Dratini breeders in the Johto and Paldea regions have the carrying capacity of their habitat, but their numbers just keep on growing. A rare population of wild Horsea has been completely wiped out because I have unleashed thousands of Dratini into the lakes, and the Dratini have managed to hunt all of the Horsea to extinction by roasting them alive with the Thunderbolt techniques I paid for them to learn. Dratini breeders in the Johto and Paldea regions have been pumping their breeding pairs full of experimental aphrodisiacs constructed from Dratini scales and Ditto flesh to sustain the demand

for Dratini that I have created. Rare colors and patterns of Dratini are selling for mere pennies on the black market due to the sheer amount of them. Soon, the Dratini will evolve into Dragonite and fly away, spreading the population to faraway lands. The ecology of the Pokémon world has been utterly ruined thanks to my Voltorb Flip addiction.

NPCs, who I didn't think had particularly advanced programming, are surrounding my player character and begging me to stop playing Voltorb Flip. The real people around me are surrounding my physical form and begging me to stop playing Voltorb Flip.

But I can stop when I want to, I swear! I can pull myself away from the Voltorb Flip table! I am entirely in control, it isn't an addiction! I just... I just...!

Awh, damnit! I flipped a Voltorb card! Now I've dropped all the way back to Level 1! Well, guess I'll play again.

A Definitive Ranking of All of My Coping Mechanisms (They are healthy).

- 1 Talking about my issues: overrated, usually makes me more sad, shows weakness
- 2 Fucking Strangers: fun, but I've gotten one too many STIs
- 3 Eating my Feelings: makes my tummy hurt
- 4 Asking a Psychic for Advice: they keep telling me to "seek professional help" as though that's not what I'm doing when I go to them
- 5 Online Shopping: I'm way too broke to be doing that
- 6 Doing Hard Drugs: see number 6
- 7 Doing Soft Drugs: they don't hit like the hard ones but they're pretty nice I guess
- 8 Extremely Intense BDSM Scenes: nothing takes the pain away like a little pain!
- 9 Laying in My Bed in the Fetal Position Under My Covers in a Catatonic State: self explanatory
- 10 Going for a Really, REALLY, Long Drive: I can listen to music way too loud, yell at all the Toyota Priuses I see look at the scenic views instead of the road, and so much more! This literally solves all my problems every single time.

By: Emily Williams

Can I Interest you in a TICKET TO HELL?

Sloth Hell



Gluttony Hell

Hell for people who dream of endless food, Gluttony Hell treats its visitors to a true feast: half a grape, three lines of coke, and a cup of chamomile tea

Greed Hell

The premiere hell for the discerning crypto bro

Visiting is fun and leaving is easy, just grab a pickaxe and mine 1 USD worth of BrimstoneCoin™ to purchase an exit ticket!

Current BrimstoneCoin Value: 0.000083 USD

Wrath Hell

The final destination for those who disgraced their ancestors by failing to end their enemy's bloodline to the ninth degree!

Gay Hell

To enter Gay Hell:

1. Be Gay
2. Purchase Ticket
3. Say "GayRights!" three times (like you're trying to summon Beetlejuice)
4. Get instantly teleported to Gay Hell

Fraud Hell

We've been trying to reach you concerning your vehicle's extended warranty. You should've received a notice in the mail about your car's extended warranty eligibility. Since we've not gotten a response, we're giving you a final courtesy

Heretic Hell

Only the truly evil reside in Heretic Hell. This circle is home to those who have refused to see the truth of our lord and savior, Sabnock the Worm.

By: Julietta Ardzrooni

A Poem by Issy Chalmers

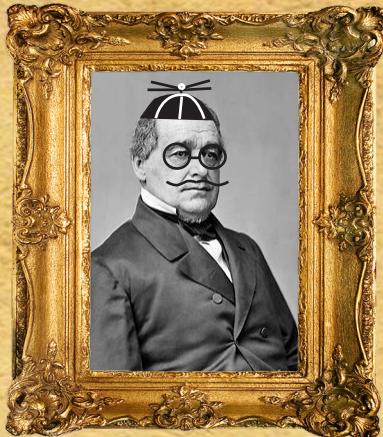
"I'm a sick fuck
i like a homestuck
in this world
it's cuck or be cucked
boobs in a bra
i say yeehaw
i still shovel cereal
into my maw

→ i cash checks
i want sex
but i never have it
cuz i stan the gecs
i'm so ill
i caught a chill
i'm too transparent
window sill

→ it's too hazy
patrick swayze
scrappy doo
found dead in mi-aye-mi
i love all youse
but you gotta lose
give me your money
20 smackaroos.

A poorly historically informed rating of Vice Presidents

(from an arts major)



Hannibal Hamlin- 16th Vice President of the United States, served under Lincoln during his first term then took a political hiatus to film Johnathan Demm's 1991 Silence of the Lambs. I much prefer politicians that go into acting rather than actors that go into politics (with the exception of Arnold Schwartzenagger). Rating: 8/10

Spiro Agnew- No clue who this is but absolutely sick name, I've added it to my list of names for the children I refuse to have because babies make me mad and I don't think I could actually keep it alive, but that has nothing to do with Mr. Agnew. Rating: 8/10

Aaron Burr- I've never seen Hamilton but from what I can gather we don't like him. Rating: 2/10

Theodore Roosevelt- Teddy to his friends. According to google "Theodore Roosevelt was a young, skinny (ok queen), and bespectacled New Yorker who became the 26th and youngest president of the United States in 1901 after the assassination of William McKinley." I'm not much of a historian but man do I love a mustache. Rating: 10/10

Richard Nixon- Began the war on Cancer. Idk what would possess someone to declare war against people with cancer. My aunt has breast cancer, no need to kick someone while they're down, Nixon. Not cool. Also declared a war on drugs. I love drugs. Overall terrible policies. But I have to give him a little credit for Watergate. I love a scandal.
Rating: -3/10



by: Lily Calvert



Kamala Harris- Beautiful smile, a silly laugh, and can rock a pantsuit. I know nothing about her policy but I'm sure it's fantastic. Keep going girl! Rating: 10/10



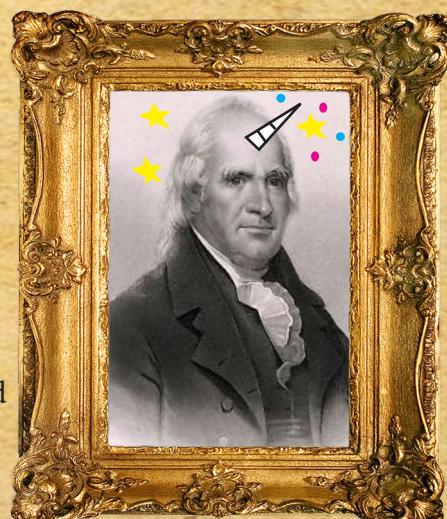
Charlotte Cattaneo- sexy, funny, and Italian (hoping she can make a bangin' lasagna). What more could you want in a woman? Rating: 101/10

Al Gore- created the internet. Absolutely horrible invention. Rating: -2/10

Lyndon B. Johnson- El BJ as he's known around the oval office. Not a fan of the escalation of the Vietnam War but Fortunate Son is a fantastic song. I don't usually attack physical traits but.. he looks like a melting snow man. Rating: 1/10

Mike Pence- Eat my ass, Mr. Pence.
Rating: -6/10

George Clinton- Clinton was an American soldier, statesmen, and Founding Father. He served as the founder of band Funkadelic Parliament as well as 4th Vice President until 1812, when Monica Lewinsky gave him such insane sloppy it made his heart stop. I still don't understand how Hillary forgave him after all that.
Rating: 1/10



CONFESSONALS

We asked Oxy students to confess their sins.. here's what they said

I am a time traveler and I single handedly organized the 1904 Olympic Marathon. That's it that's all I did. I hold the power of a god thus I have become as ineffable as her (She's a woman). You don't understand it yet but eventually you will and once you see the truth behind the truth behind the 1904 Olympic marathon you might just be able to glimpse the never ending zenith of god's power.

All of the male athletes at this school have erectile dysfunction.

I got a \$25 ticket from campo for having an attitude

The mac n cheese from the cooler literally made me shit my pants

A shrimp didn't really fry that rice

I accidentally ATE the green bean. Sorry :(

When I run out of rollover at the end of each semester I eat the campus lizards

I lost my pygmy horse somewhere in the stacks and I can't find her. If anyone hears her distinct "neigh, neigh!" please contact me at (360) 763-2392

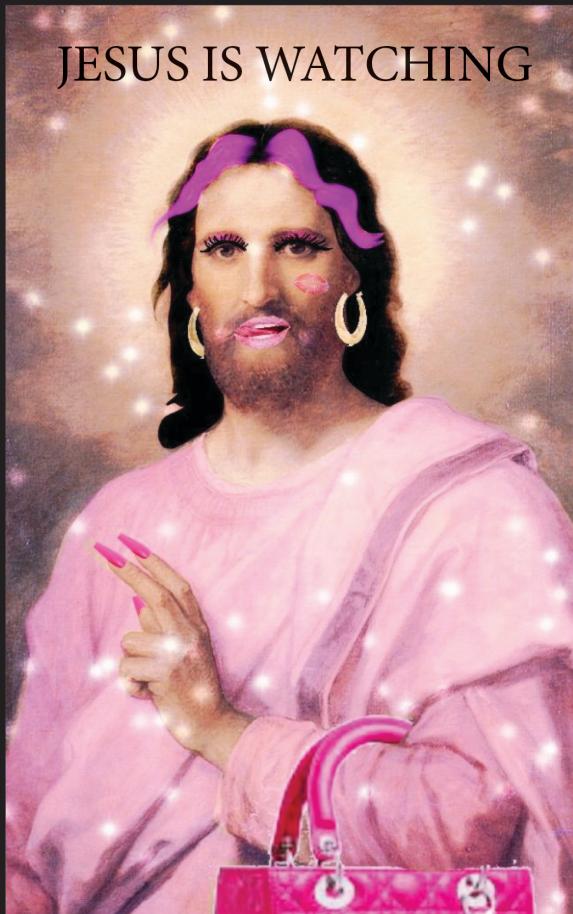
This is like Oxy Confessions but stupider.

i think because i wasn't allowed to eat them as a kid, as an adult i am hooked on the uncrustables sold in the cooler. so soft. so plump. like eating epoxy glue (in a good way). the gentle embrace of peanut butter and smuckers grape jelly is the only thing getting me through the semester.

Gonna work for Raytheon once I graduate!

I've never been to the hotel motel holiday inn :(

I would say I appreciate rocks to an above average degree.



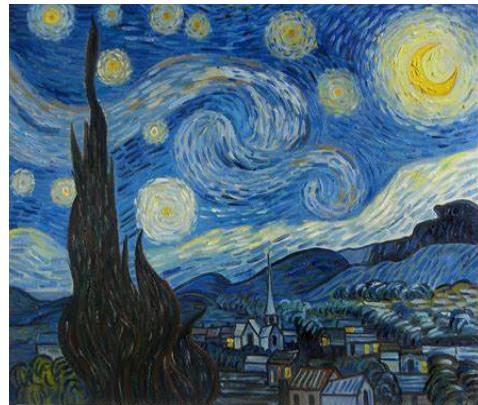
My partner and I sophomore year wanted to see how many public places on campus we could hook up without getting caught (a lot)

When I'm peak girlbossing I fall in love with how narssisistic I am.

DEPICTIONS OF IN POPULAR CULTURE

It can be difficult to understand what exactly falls under the category of “vice”. In an effort to aid your understanding of the topic, The Fang put together some examples of images within the American zeitgeist that depict various expressions of vice. All of these are not merely analysis, but what the creator of said images intended.

STARRY NIGHT- This image depicts a man's eyes welling up with tears, which is why the sky is so swirly and messed up. The man is crying because he just lost all his money gambling. Even though it is nighttime, there are still lights on in many of the houses of the town. They too are obviously either gambling or in fits of despair at losing all of their capital at the casino. The blue-black mass towards the right side of the painting is the town's casino, which has been preying on the townspeople for years. The painting is a work of anti-gambling advocacy, which is why you can only just see the edge of the casino. The man whose eyes we see the painting through is unable to separate himself from his gambling addiction—the stars are shaped like poker chips, the green wash of the town reflects the green of a poker table.



VIEW FROM THE WINDOW AT LE GRAS- Apparently this is the first photo ever taken, which does not bode well for the rest of photography. This photo is super grainy and of a really boring subject. You would think that the inventor of photography would be able to take a photo of something cool that people would actually want to see, but he just wanted to show off his sub-par view. His vice was pride. We at The Fang wish we could say that the rest of photographic history has really built positively upon these lackluster beginnings, but we're not so sure.



LUNCH ATOP A SKYSCRAPER- This photograph depicts pure recklessness. These men have nothing to be happy about, and have resorted to cheap thrills like sitting on a really high up piece of metal. The action displayed in this photo is highly dangerous and highly ill-advised. Furthermore, this photo depicts men violating OSHA regulations, which is a horribly immoral vice all in itself.

EARTHRISE- This is often understood as a photograph of Earth taken from the moon's surface. However, the more compelling and ultimately factual interpretation of this photograph is as a depiction of sloth. The astronaut's eyes are closing, which is where there's so much black space in this photo. They got so tired and were so lazy that they could barely even get half the earth in frame. A real shame, especially when one thinks about how cool this photo could be.



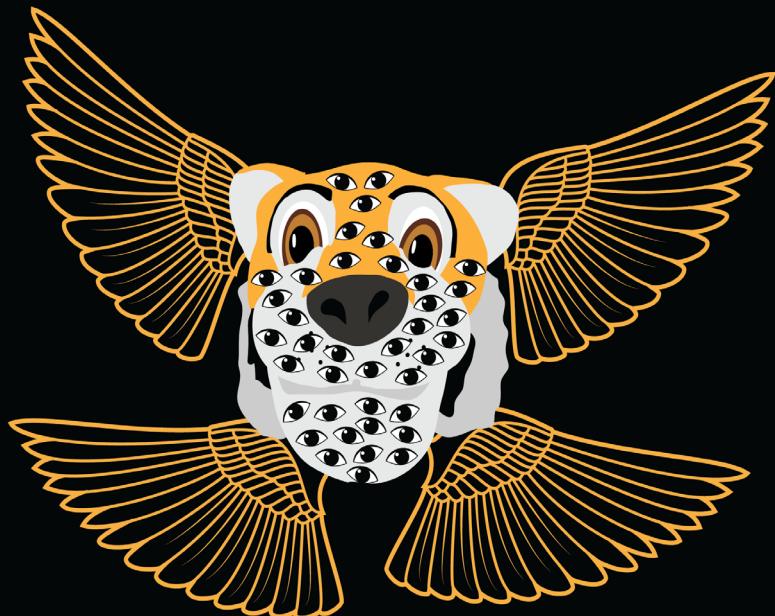
by Eran Karmon

THE LAST SUPPER- This painting depicts gluttony and greed. There is SO much food on the table, and none of the apostles are sharing their food with people who actually need it. They are hardly even touching it themselves, they only want to keep it as leverage over others. So much for the Catholic Church, eh? Da Vinci intended for this work to be a biting social commentary. Because this painting was critical of the Catholic church it was suppressed, which is why no one has ever heard of it.

WARNING!!!!!! THE CUM TREES DON'T
JUST SMELL LIKE CUM!!!!!!! DON'T ASK
HOW (seriously please don't) BUT THEY
GAVE ME CHLAMYDIA!!!!!! THE CUM TREES
HAVE ACTUAL CUM JESUS CHRIST
PLEASE STAY AWAY FROM THEM!!!!!!
THOSE AREN'T OLIVES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Love, Emily

Have You Sinned? Io Triumphe Not Afraid!



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There's no shame in
needing a little help.

BUY



TODAY



"Would you like to
Pee in a cup?"



FANG THEFT AUTO

vice edition

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