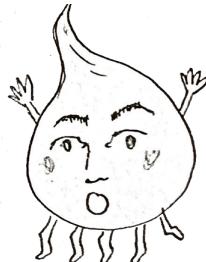


Fang

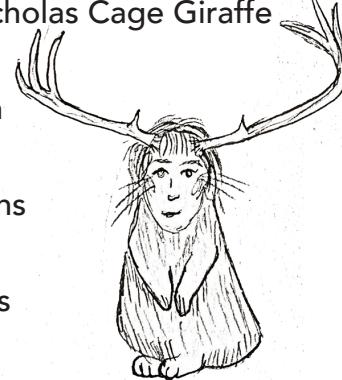


Meet the Staff

Ana Byers: Recently Liberated Royal Corgi

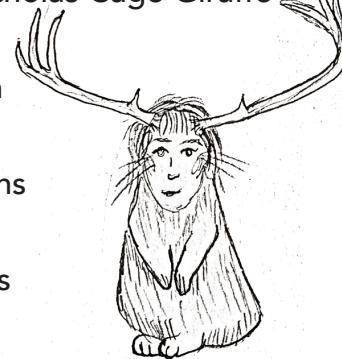


Angie Wright: Three-headed Nicholas Cage Giraffe



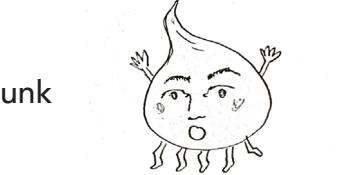
Ben Torres: Resident Funny Man

Charlotte Cattaneo: The Brains



Ella Gonchar: Draw-er of Things

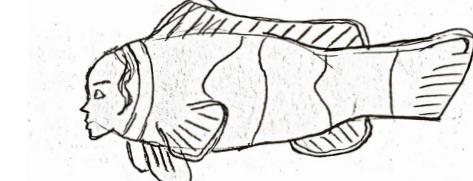
Emily Williams: Creative Director & Part-Time Reptilian



Eran Karmon: Impressionable with a Heart of Gold

Grace Clement: Local Cryptid Punk

Henry Miller: Surprisingly Eloquent Goblin



Meet the Staff



Issy Chalmers: Gelatinous Cube we keep in the Dungeon

Kate Amsden: Freshman



Kieran Mackay: Dolphin (an evil one)

Koi fuziyi Smith: Fish.

Lily Calvert: Layout Editor & Does the Things

Lily Jones: Creative Director & Former Jersey Devil

Nicky Dobbs: Highly Professional Stand-up Comedian

Sadie Ballott: Our Dingy-ass Alley Cat

Sadie Spletzer: Opossum



MADLIBS

Creature of Habit



I lay in bed at night thinking of eating ____ (favorite feminine hygiene product)____

It consumes me in the ways that I dream of consuming ____ (favorite pipe fitting substrate)____

I saw __ (your mom's name) ____ the other day and she told me to see a(n) __ (occupation) ____ because I can't stop yelling ____ (favorite angry eighties pop singer) ____ at him. I tell him I will but I continue to __ (verb) ____ my lizard in the shower. My body craves the feeling of __ (favorite dwayne johnson movie) ____ inside me. My stomach feels empty without it. I'm still eating __ (crayola product of choice) ____ while I take my __ (synonym of beautiful) ____ morning constitutional. It's my favorite part of my morning routine along with applying __ (fruit tree potting soil) ____ paste on my rectal area.

Death;

Or, The futile
Promises of Life:
a poem



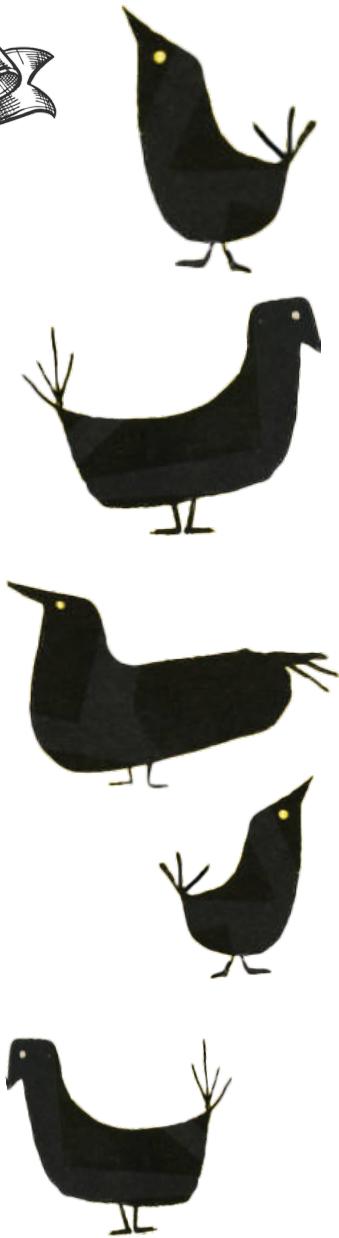
A m
A lit tle
Cat w ho is perfectly Nor
Mal in every way. I do things every
Other cat does, like eat morsels out
Of my bowl, drink water out of my ot
Her bowl, both of which are uniqu
E in their own ways and have th
Eir distinct personalities. I hav
E many more toys than other
Cats I know, which is quite
Impressive. A few of mine are
Brightly colored, which I don't thi
Nk that many other cats I know ca
N say. Fortunately, my life goes pre
Tty smoothly most of the time, and I
Am not faced with many challenges. Y
Ou know, I do feel a little bit odd today.
I wonder if it was something they put in m
Y morsels, which it's hard to blame them f
Or, you know? You know, I do smell some
Thing funny, I'm not sure what it is. It kind o
F smells like when I sit by the printer, I'm n
Ot sure why. I feel like there's a little bit of
Space between me. I feel a little rough, a
Little like sandpaper. Or, a little like normal
Paper too, which is an unusual feeling. No,
I think I might be wrong. I think it's just some
Thing I ate, or maybe there's a draft from the
Window, or something like that. Perhaps I nee
D to go watch Oliver! 1968, like I so often do.
No, I feel like there's some little things making
Me up right now, like, like it's words! That's it!
I feel like there's little words in me, like they're th
E things making me up, as if, as if, as if,
I'm in some bo ok, or a, or a, or a... or a poem!
It's as if I'm
In a poem,
And the po
Em is mak
Ing me up,
My shape,
And I can
'T leave,
Oh god,
Like I c
'Ant

By: Eran K

Breaking!!

There have been whisperings throughout campus. Rick Tanksley's emails have never felt so ominous. Viscous black ooze found scraped on the side of bushes outside the cooler. Loud, feral screams outside Newcomb at late hours of the night. Something weird has been in the air since Homecoming weekend, and students have begun to suspect there might be a connection. Someone—or something—has remained on campus who shouldn't have. This couldn't be the result of a parent, no. Not after the body of a petrified student was found bound to a grill covered in seasoning salt. Our student's caregivers are much too considerate. They would never! Councils of worried students have come together and started theorizing — only in secret. Those who have looked a little too closely into the strange phenomenon have been found at the Keck Theater with no memory of the last few hours.

FACTS, DATA, AND INTERVIEWS COLLECTED BY LILY JONES



Sept 13

Hi all! It's Catelyn, welcome back to my blog! I'm sorry you guys haven't heard from me in a while. I had an ABSOLUTE MESS of a roommate situation and had to look for new housing. As you all probably know, looking for housing in L.A. is tough. Luckily I found this place that's SUPER affordable and close to campus. Living in the tunnels under the school might not always be perfect, but it's been really convenient and my new roommates are super chill. It's been a bit of a tight squeeze (there are 27 of them), but it's nice to have company. The landlord accepts rent in the form of rotten fruit and animal bones. Talk about bang for your buck! Unfortunately they don't speak English because they don't have mouths. They speak mainly in grunts and moans, and the language barrier is tough, but I'm getting used to it.

Expect more updates soon from my new pad!

CAMPUS STALKER PSA.
The word on the street is whatever it is might be alumni-related. Maybe an alum got a bit too in their feels after visiting campus and couldn't bear to leave (we've all been there) and maybe is also going through a demonic possession (we've been there too).

Whatever it may be, stay safe out there! Elam's instituting a campus curfew in fear that the creature might get violent. Updates to come.



continued on pg. 35



the scariest part

about the monster
under my bed

is that his

“personal style”

is just micro trends



GOBLINS

What would you do if you were driving.

If you were driving but then got stuck behind

a train. The train is moving fast but then it stops, too.

The train stops and you sit there wondering why it stopped because usually when trains come through like this they come through fast and move right along. They don't stop.

Right when you get just tired enough of the train not moving and being stopped what if there were SO MANY goblins that just poured and poured and poured and poured out of the train car right in front of you!

SO MANY!!!

So many !!

It's like they're not even separate creatures it's just a big thing it's just a big sea. A big green big green sea. A big moving pulsing crawling skittering sea moving faster than you could imagine.

What would you do ?

Would you just sit there? Would you let the goblin sea wash wash wash you away.

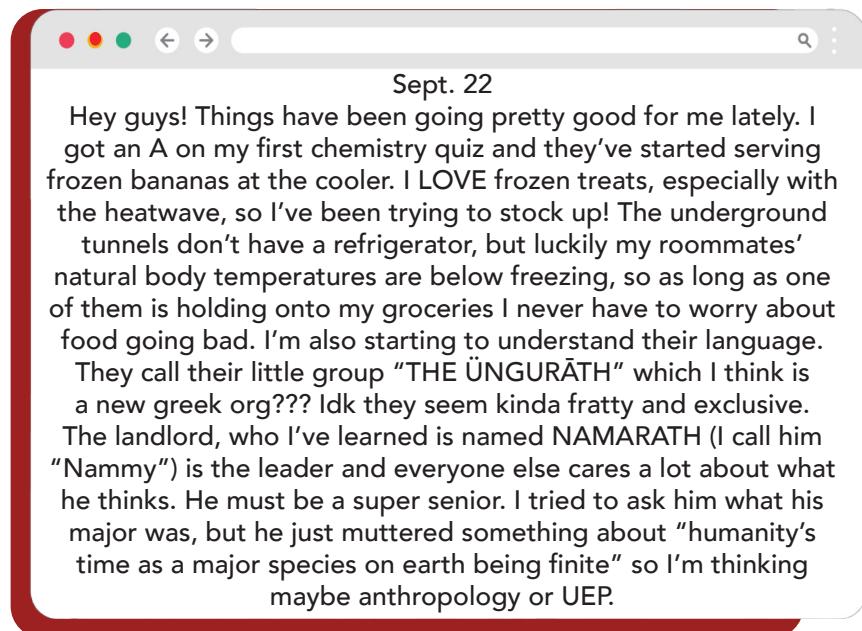
Would you get out of your little car stuck behind the train that should've just kept on moving but didn't instead a lot of goblins came out and oh christ now they're surrounding your little car ?!

You're gonna suffocate in there!! Come on you gotta get out, right? But if you get out the goblins they'll get you they'll get you!

What do you do, man?

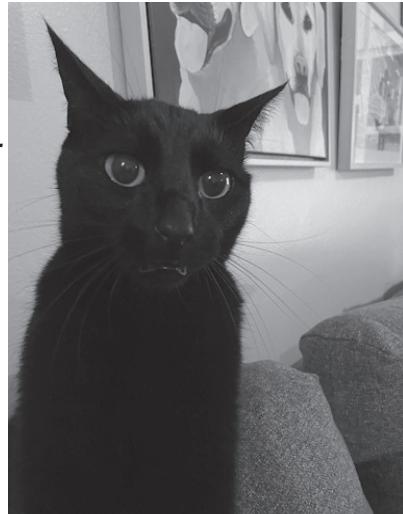
It's a hard thing to think about, right?

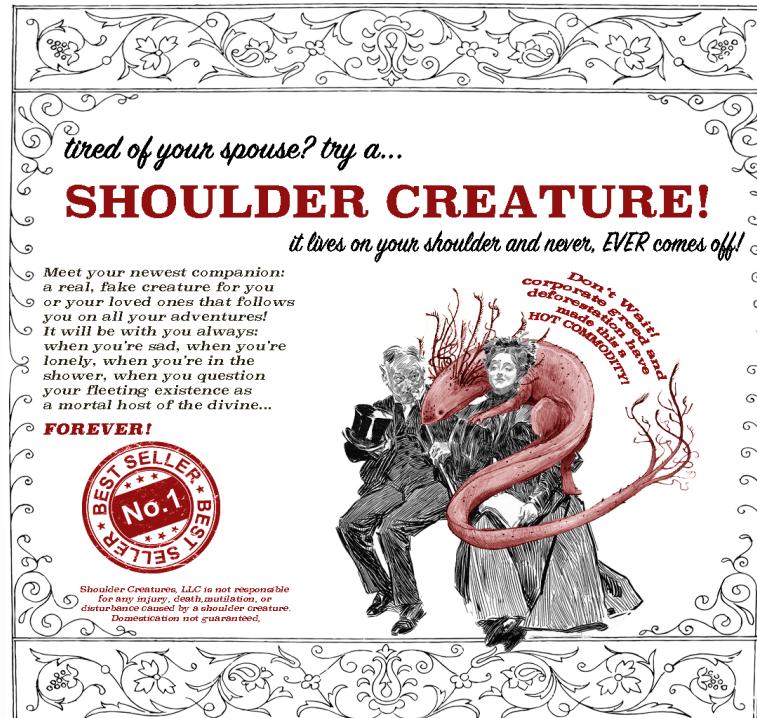




In zoology, deep-sea gigantism or abyssal gigantism is the tendency for species of invertebrates and other deep-sea dwelling animals to be larger than their shallower-water relatives across a large taxonomic range. Proposed explanations for this type of gigantism include colder temperatures, food scarcity, reduced predation pressure, and increased dissolved oxygen concentrations in the deep sea. The inaccessibility of abyssal habitats has hindered the study of this topic.

-HM





CLOWN HOUSE

Trauma can be all-encompassing and debilitating. We all have events from the past that haunt us, but I, more than anyone, have overcome the most strenuous of circumstances. For me, the event that scarred my 12 year old brain was when I went to the small-town haunted fair.

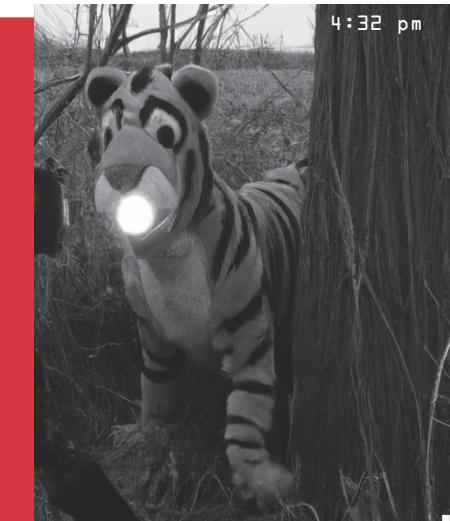
My harrowing experience started when two girls in my class invited me to go to the haunted fairgrounds with them. I had just moved to the town, so I was eager to make friends. I was only ever exposed to the pre-prison sentence Martha Stewart pumpkin cookies and fall decorations version of Halloween. Fast forward to the night of the incident.

My night began with being dropped off at my friend's

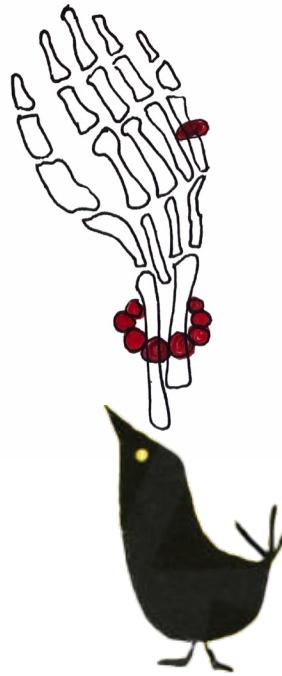
Oct 2

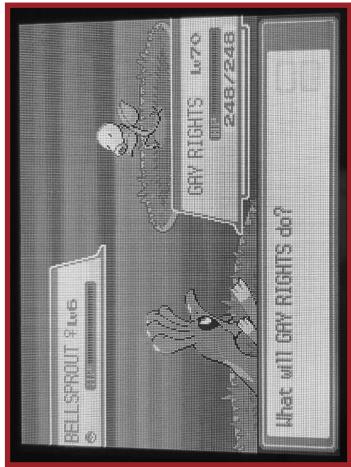
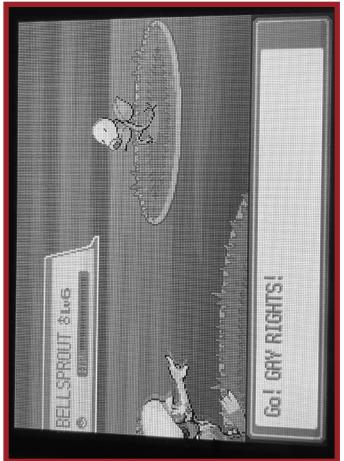
Hi! :) I hope everyone is doing well and studying for midterms! I have 4 exams next week and I'm a bit stressed. I haven't been getting much sleep because THE ÜNGARÄTH have started preparing for "the crackling season" (halloween I think?) and routinely chant from 2-4 AM on weeknights. When I asked Nammy about it, he only said that "I would soon see." which is fine with me because I love surprises :). I gotta go back to studying but things are pretty normal other than that. Also! I found out that although my roommates don't have mouths they do have teeth! Roommate bonding is always so fun!

OSWALD OFF-DUTY SIGHTING



Don't let him catch you. Run.





C

house. We loaded into the Nissan Leaf and headed there. I immediately knew it wasn't for me when I saw the bloody clown walking through the parking lot. I refused to get out of the car. My new friends were frustrated, but I doubled down. The clown was still wandering around the parking lot. My friend's dad thought the situation was hilarious, and called out to the clown to bring me into the haunted house. For a clown actor at a small town, dilapidated haunted house, he was dedicated to his job and imposing unrelenting fear into the hearts of 12 year olds. He opened the door of the Leaf and grabbed my arm. I struggled away from him and rushed out the other side of the door. There was a brief moment of eye contact where both of us didn't know what we were doing.

H

Then he made his move. The clown started running towards me. I screamed and ran away. I started bawling my eyes out and dialed 911 into my Samsung Galaxy J3 . Instead of having mercy and killing me, he laughed at me, and walked away. Forever scarring me and causing debilitating trauma worse than anyone has ever faced.

O

Six years later, I decided to attend college in California, hopefully far away from my evil

U

S

E

*Every nail, claw-scale and
spur, every spike
and welt on the hand of
that heathen brute
was like barbed steel.
Everybody said
there was no honed iron
hard enough
to pierce him through, no
time proofed blade
that could cut his brutal
blood caked claw.*

-HM



October 17

Hey friends! I passed all of my midterms! Woohoo! Things are getting a bit...dramatic back in the tunnels. One of my roommates, EEKENRATH, has accused one of my other roommates JARAATH of eating a piece of non-rotten fruit, which is apparently a nono. The whole rest of the gang seems pretty mad about it. I personally think that EEKENRATH is still sad about breaking up with his girlfriend Janet and is taking his problems out on other people. Nammy has hiked up my rent, and now I have to collect double the animal bones on top of going to all my classes and writing for my friend's satire magazine. I think it's kind of an asshole move but whenever I try to talk about it he makes this low frequency growling noise that gives me a tummy ache so I've been taking a more low key approach.

C nemesis in Poulsbo, Washington. Hoping to replace my memories of Haunted Houses, I agreed to go to the Universal Halloween Horror nights. We got there and I was feeling confident. In the eyes of the government, I'm an adult. I can legally join the army for God's sake. My friend and I pull up and I see lots of children. Good. Slower targets. Then, I saw him. He had followed me all the way to California. It was like the world had frozen in time.

L A cold sweat ran down my neck. Age had not been kind to him. My nemesis was now mostly bald, except for one blowhole of red hair coming out the top of his head. His face etched into a permanent grin, with rotten teeth poking out of his mouth. I assume he must have had some terrible dental accident, resulting in an overbite that caused him to lose confidence and then spiraling into a depressive state characterized by not being able to brush his teeth.

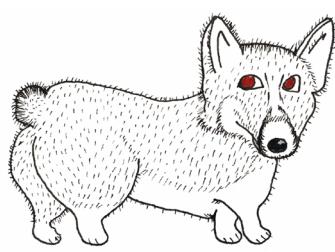
N I decided this time, I would not run. I would not hide. I stood my ground as he rushed towards me with his bladeless chainsaw. He got in my face, moving manically like he was a marionette controlled by Satan himself. Here is the part where I face my fears and my life is changed forever. I looked at him sternly and said, "How's acting going?" The smile instantly melted from his grotesque face and he began to cry. We then sat down on a nearby bench and he told me his origins. He came to be after getting fired from the extremely niche PBS kids show Jojo's Circus. It destroyed his dreams of bringing delight to children in the form of painted buffoonery. After pretending to listen, I told him to never give up on his dreams, and to never look up John Wayne Gacy on the internet.

H And that, ladies and germs, is how you face trauma. Head on, without the help of anybody else, and in a very crowded public venue where a bunch of middle aged adults are wandering around dressed in a variety of Nightmare Before Christmas t-shirts pretending like they're not also suffering from a form of Disney Adult Syndrome. And if that does not work, then I can't help you.

by Ana Byers

MY LEAST FAVORITE ANIMALS (in no particular order)

by Eran Karmon



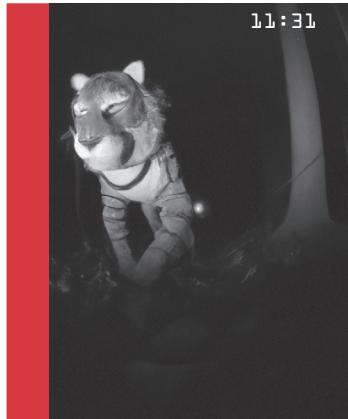
1. The Corgi

The corgi knows it is objectively cuter than any other type of dog, and will use that as leverage against its peers. Sometimes people will dress them up in an attempt to ugly-ify them, but, while well-meaning, these ventures are usually futile. Corgis don't know how to be normal people.

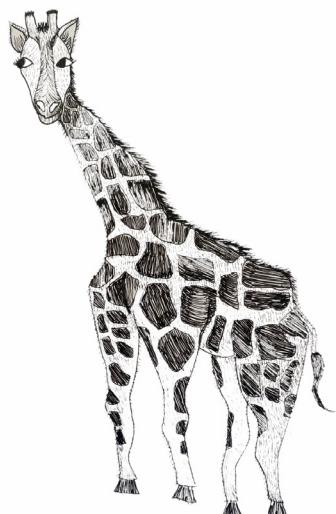
2. The Giraffe

Supposedly, the giraffe has evolved to have such a long neck to eat high-up leaves, but I just don't think this is true, because then every other land animal would have evolved to have long necks too, because what kind of an animal wouldn't want to eat as many leaves as possible? The true origin of the giraffe's long neck remains unknown, but we do know that they are liars.

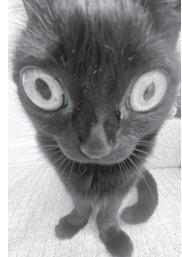
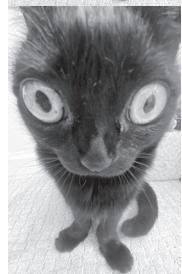
OSWALD OFF-DUTY SIGHTING



De Mandel Aquatic Center trail cam



**he
is so
polite**

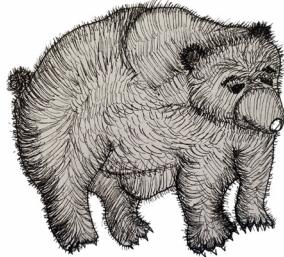


MADLIBS

The Age of Fabio

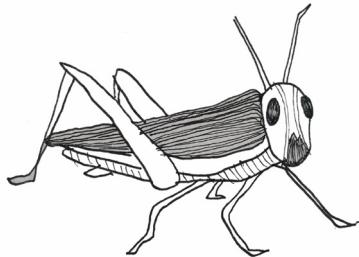
Fabio lay naked on the ____ (way of describing a tomato)____ wet ground. He felt so lonely and exposed. With no awareness of his existence or purpose he ____ (synonym for explosive diarrhea)____ out to hotdog. Hotdog heard him in the high heavens and ____ (verb)____ to Fabio's side. He could feel Fabio's ____ (noun)____ through the deep empathy in his ____ (favorite toe)____. Hotdog, being the god he was, knew he needed to give Fabio a ____ (synonym for concubine)____ to live for. Hotdog racked his ____ (favorite appendage)____ and decided that he needed to send Fabio on the mission of making ____ (favorite paper mache creation)____ for miniature ducks in remote lakes. Fabio finally felt a ____ (adj to describe piss)____ feeling inside him. He got up and ____ (verb)____ to the lakes of ____ (least favorite Canadian province)____ to build a log cabin with his own raw bare ____ (favorite body part)____. While at the Home Depot 42069 miles away from his ____ (noun)____, he met a companion (ooh lala). This companion Fleece helped him gather supplies at his local ____ (favorite real estate agency)____ and run away to feed the ducks. They lived ____ (adverb)____ ever after.





3. Fat Bear Week Competitor 747

747 won the annual Fat Bear Week competition for 2022, but I really don't think he deserved it. It was probably rigged, because 164 was the clear winner. Described by the Washington post as "a quirky and curious bear," 164 clearly had the moxie and power of will to win the whole thing. That he did not was a travesty, and I fully blame 747.



4. The Grasshopper

The grasshopper, in order to increase its survivability in the wild, has evolved to take on an appearance similar to the leaves of a tree. This is DECEITFUL and should not be tolerated by ANYONE. The grasshopper needs to learn to love itself and not pretend to be something it's not. Until it does that, this writer cannot in good conscience support it.

Least Favorite Animals Cont.



HENRY MILLER'S CAT

HAVE
YOU
SEEN
HIM?



NOW YOU HAVE.

The Dahu (dah-WHO) is a mythical French goat with short right legs and long left legs. Much like the rest of the French, he starts his life at the bottom of the Alps. He then spends it climbing up them in a titillating spiral. Given the nature of his anatomy, he cannot go anywhere else, any way else, but he doesn't need to. The Dahu achieves inner peace among the fertile mountain grass, the gentle cascading pebbles. The purple blossoms of the common fireweed are not so common to him, they are special, ethereal, and though he knows not another of his species, among the flowers he finds community. At the top of the mountain, the Dahu lays an egg, after which he promptly dies. The egg rolls to the bottom of the peak and hatches, and thus turn the (concentric) circles of life.



Today freaking rocks. Everything is awesome. I'm literally so in love right now, with EVERYTHING. I feel fully in love with all of the things in the world, in a really good way. I did some deep inner analysis and I think I love everything because it is all so gorgeous and the vibrations are oh so pleasant. Especially at the quad, that's where I'm at. I am at the quad and everyone is being so nice today. It makes me happy to be here and to be surrounded by so many great things. Occidental College, more like, Happiness and Utter Bliss University. The grass is happy, the trees are happy, the bench is happy, and the creatures are happy. Are you happy? I hope you are. I'm sending all my energy to you so that you can have a great day. Because I'm enamored by



5. The Wolverine

It is quite uncouth for this creature to name itself after Marvel superhero Wolverine, especially considering that the character's name and image is probably copyrighted. Frankly, I don't expect wolverines to continue to keep their highly derivative name for much longer. Talking about a class action lawsuit.



6. The Roomba

When will the madness stop? This "household pet" is clearly a machine trying to pass itself off as a cat or a dog, and no one is ready to admit it. People keep Roombas around because they are "cute" "friendly" and they "get along well with the kids," but I see past their tricks.

If you see ANY of these animals, please do not approach, as they are likely dangerous and will definitely not be very kind to you.

Fin.

Least Favorite Animals Cont.

your splendor. Your splendorous vibrations, they're seeping into the magazine your reading right now. That's right, I feel what the magazine feels. I feel you right now. I feel you really good. Your fingers are so soft. Today is going to be very good, I'm going to go and get so much work done, and then I'm going to run up a crazy legendary bag at Subways. Legendary, baby. I'm going to go and post on Instagram and chill super hard after that, I hope you feels as good as me right now. Peaces.



turn sideways for free confrontation with an aggressive oxy squirrel!

SUNDAY SCARIES

by Lily Calvert

Sweet Jesus, this is my Katy Perry Last Friday Night music video moment. I wake up in a pool of drool and some other sticky unknown substance (definitely vomit) on the cold tile floor. My head is pounding. I sit up and look around and my room is a mess. Posters ripped off the wall, torn clothes everywhere, garbage stomped into my \$80 carpet.. And is that... a pee stain? Fuck me. What happened last night? It looks like some kind of creature went on a rampage in my room.

I go to pick up my phone to call my best (only) friend in hopes of some enlightenment.. No answer. Shit. I look in the mirror- my hair is matted and I have a layer of dirt stuck to me. My mascara has run down my face to the point where I look like an abnormally large raccoon. Not my best look.

Ok ok, think Lily, think. Retrace your steps. ▶ Last Night we went to.... Um.. no clue. My bank statement! Let's see.. 10/31 \$207... TWO HUNDRED AND SEVEN DOLLARS? spent at... El Chupacabra. Tequila turns me into a different person.. Not the most I've spent on a night out. But I still have no clue how I wound up here. Maybe my photos will have something? Nope. Picture of me with a Shaq cardboard cutout wearing a sombrero? Not out of the ordinary. Next. A Snapchat video of my head in the toilet of a 7/11 with Nicki Minaj's verse on Monster on blast in the background. We've all been there, right? Photo of some blurry person in the woods- where are there woods in Los Angeles? Is that.. Bigfoot.. in an Urban Outfitters Modern Love Corset and high waisted jeans? No way we have the same color that's so cute- it's almost like we're the same person. I bet Bigfoot and I would be besties... if he were real. Is he real? Did I really just drunkenly discover bigfoot????? I look back into the mirror. The realization hits me like a load of bricks. Holy Fuck. That's not Bigfoot...

That's me. I'm the monster.



THE DOOFS, DYNAS

Missing Link Doo
-First known sign
of the Doos

Great-Grandpa Scooby

-Alleged Civil
War Vet...
Side
unknown...

Scooby Doo

- Shaggy's
companion
- Lowkey
dating his
cousin

Yabba Doo

-Humble farmer
vibe
- Possibly Scrappy
Doo's father...
and his uncle

Mumsy and Dada-Doo
-Parents to Scooby
and his siblings
-Possibly cousins
-Grandparents to
Scrappy Doo

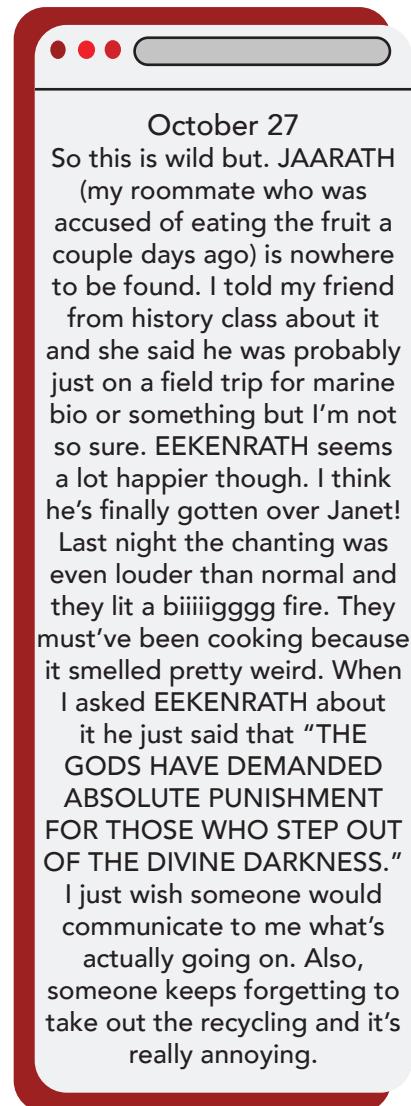
Skippy Doo

-Just wears
sunglasses
indoors
and gives
sass

Howdy Doo

-Has bangs
-That's really
there is to h





OBJECTIVELY RANKING CAMPUS DOGS*

13 Oxy Students Wearing Sandals:

Anyone advocating for this to be higher on the list is into feet.

12 Mosquitoes with West Nile

Virus: Worse than #11 on account of... well, you know, disease.

11 Mosquitoes, Generally: For ruining every meal I ever tried to have by the fountain. (The first three items on this list aren't dogs, but just go with it, okay? God, how about you try making a listicle.)

10 All the dogs with whom I haven't developed parasocial relationships: They may not know me, but I do love them regardless.

9 All the cats on my runs who won't let me pet them: It may not be my preference but I respect the fact that they have boundaries.

8 Campus Coyotes: They would be higher up on the list, but last year they started screaming outside my dorm at 5:00 am on finals week.



Dog #7

7 The possum who got stuck in the Wylie ditch for 3 days and had to be airlifted food till campo got him out: IRL Nintendogs with real world consequences. Fun in the moment, but if that possum had not eaten the apples and walnuts we gave it and instead chose to starve, it is safe to say I'd probably be a little traumatized.

6 Those three huskies whose owner lets them sprint down the quad at 8:00 pm: 3 Huskies is awesome. That is like 2 more than 1 Husky. However, these guys run so fast, and I can't be expected to keep up with them in my Tevas while trying not to spill my Green Bean drink.

5 the cats on my runs who let me pet them: I'm sorry, other cats. oh wait, no I'm not.



GIVE YOUR DOG A JOINT, MAKE THEM A SUPERHERO

by Nicky Dobbs

December 24th, 2018. Christmas Eve festivities are over. Grandma is passed out over apple pie, "fun uncle" (Funcle for short) is being dragged into the back of the sheriff's car, and the cousins are digging through presents while the parents discuss the newest episode of "Handmaid's Tale." The usual.

But, what about Barky, the family dog? Wheeeeeerrrrr-reeeee isssssss Barky?

And also, where is my pot brownie? I knew I shouldn't have left it in the kitchen hidden behind a bag of dog treats.

Who took it? Did granny chow it down with her late night coffee?
Did the cousins steal it to add to their "hash stash?"
What about Funcle? Do pot brownies go well with Jack Daniel's?!

Oh... there's Barky!!! What

happened to him? Why does he look straight out of Woodstock?

Barky: "Man! The world is in tatters, dude."

Me: "Barky! You can talk?!"

Barky: "Yes. Words will always win over violence, man. Like, dude."

Me: "Are you hungry? Are you sick?"

Barky: "Just the munchies, man. Want to save the world with me?"

Me: "We should probably bail out Funcle and then take you to the vet."

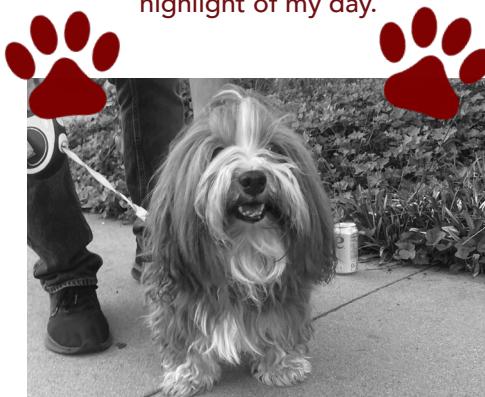
Barky: "Yeah, well, you know, that's just like, uh, your opinion, man. I'm going to get some kibble and watch my favorite episode of Rick and Morty: "Total Rickall", Season 2 Episode 4. Rick just like, gets me.



5.1 Specifically the **tiny gray cat** who looks like my cat from home (my cat's name is Sheldon if you were curious) anyways I haven't seen this cat in awhile, and he mainly vibes outside of this store on York and I am worried about his safety. If you see him let me know.

4 The Red Dog with the ponytail that looks like the dog from Howl's Moving Castle.

Why: Because anything that gets me to start humming a piece of Joe Hisaishi Music is always gonna be a highlight of my day.



^Dog #4

4.1 The Red Dog's two identical-looking black and white marbled friends:

ALL THREE of these motherfuckers have ponytails. I am sorry, but if seeing them all walk down the quad like they are working the runway doesn't bring you any joy, please, PLEASE never show me the contents of your For You Page on



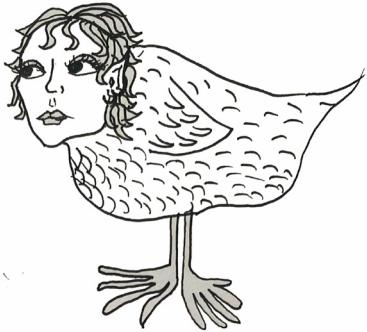
<Dog #3

#3 Tippy, Professor Darren Larsen's Dog:

Dog: It's too late, Geology majors. Tippy's never gonna be number one. I've already barricaded myself in a bunker deep beneath the lithosphere. We can all agree that Tippy is awesome. However, what your crusty eyes and ears haven't realized because they're all clogged with sand or clay or loam or whatever. Is that any dog that spends more than an hour on campus is simply trying waaaaaaaaay too hard. Get a life, bozo.

Dog

#2 > # 2 Amarillo the Yellow Lab:



Oct 28

Hi all, unfortunately I'm going to go on hiatus for a while because I'm behind on rent which means I have to spend more time scavenging and less time blogging. Hopefully I'll be back in a few weeks with new halloween goss!

Oct 31

H
E
L
P



During his brief government post, he was noted for his eccentric behavior, notably because of his diplomatic telegram to Vladimir Lenin and Pope Benedict XV mentioning the disappearance of the ministry's "key to the toilet" and his attempts to declare war on Switzerland.

-HM



Honorable mentions: **Oswald in swim trunks**, Occidental College **Squirrels A00069420, A11221963, and A08041961**, and **the two ravens who sit on the quad benches and gossip with each other**.



1 **Nellie the Bull Dog in the Stroller:** I am not even gonna bother to explain more because if you have not realized by now, I dont give a fuck about your opinion or substantiated research. Nellie drives a car. You don't. Nellie voted in midterms. You havent; Nellie thinks Occidental College should tear down Canon plaza and build an actual dance studio and create a dance minor @ oxy admin why did you let the board of trustees build a FUCKING PLAZA WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY BETTER THINGS YOU COULD HAVE OF PUT THERE! Anywho, Nellie's the best! Peace out...

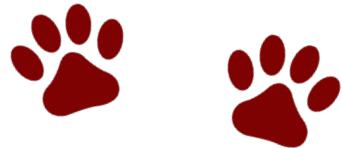


by Henry Kinskey





^Dog #1



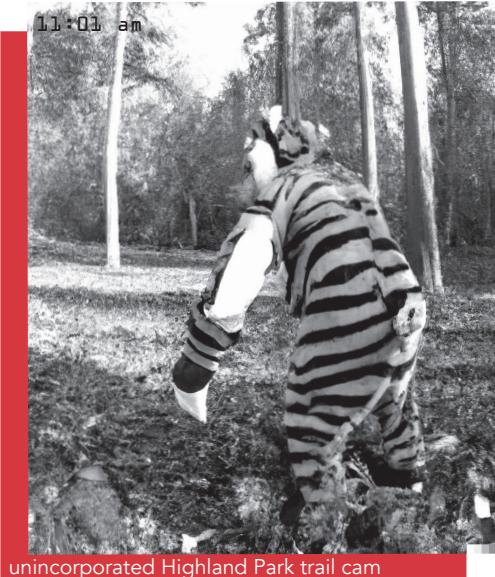
**note from the editor: after Henry submitted this article, their nose started bleeding and they passed out. As they are currently in the E.R, we have no way to determine what they actually mean by dog and why their definition appears to be so avant garde. However, FANG fully supports the conclusions reached by them and their research.*

Nov 15

Greetings people of the surface, it is I, NAMARATH OF THE ÜNGARÄTH, LEADER OF THOSE WHO WALK UNDER THE SERVICE. Things with Catelyn have been rough... for her. She keeps leaving her DISGUSTING fresh fruit everywhere and repeatedly interrupts chanting time. Also, she is always leaving her dirty dishes in the sink which is just inconsiderate. We have all come to an agreement that it would be better if she lived separately from us. Living with Catelyn has given us a new appreciation and interest in "humans" and we would like to try living upon the surface. If anyone is looking for new roommates (26 to be exact) we will be more than happy to provide you with all the animal bones and rotten fruit you could ever ask for. Must be willing to accommodate chanting. No exceptions. Also must be 420 friendly. And NO PETS.

Regards, NAMARATH

OSWALD OFF-DUTY SIGHTING



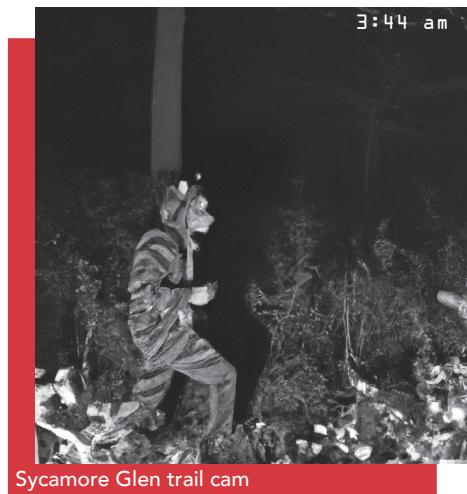
In 1997, DeGeneres came out as a lesbian.

by: Henry Miller

harder than ever

Equality is the most important part of a strong community, especially at Occidental College! That's why the college has done so much awesome stuff to make everyone feel super at home in the world's most diverse and supportive environment. PSYCH! Nobody ever talks about the Nokia 8110! Nobody even has one! I feel so alone. I mean, it's not a freaking Xbox, it can't play War Crime Simulator 5: Extra Gore Edition, and there is no Subways Surfers. Live in that moment! The phones want you to vote. Don't do that! Don't vote. There are little creatures inside iPhones that tell you to vote. There is radiation and it's like super bad, don't use those phones, get a different one. It's all about the Spilotes pullatus. They're going to be totally everywhere. It's because the phones, they attract them with their radiation and the radiation makes them like, super horny. They are going to be reproducing like a lot, especially by 2024.

by: Ben Torres



OSWALD OFF-DUTY SIGHTING

FANG EXCLUSIVE

Caught! Oswald walk of shame from Chillcott to Steward-Cleland Hall
NOT CLICKBAIT!!!



SAVE THE COUNTRY. KILL A SQUIRREL.

by: Kate Amsden

You've heard the phrase, "the birds work for the bourgeoisie". But have you heard "the squirrels are animatronic robots controlled by the Australian government"? Just think about it – have you ever seen squirrels like the ones here? No. You haven't. The squirrels here sit in the middle of the quad and watch people walk past them. They scamper up to you and stare at you with those beady eyes that look into your soul. There is not a single other place in the world where the squirrels are so bold and there can only be one reason for this. The Australian Government. Now, you may be asking why the Australian government wants to spy on us, as they've historically been one of our allies. But you forget that after the Australians lost The Great Emu War in 1932, they were embarrassed on a global stage. The only reasonable way for them to erase this smear in the great history of Australia was for there to be a war between an even bigger country and an even less important animal. Thus, the plan to infiltrate the US through the squirrel population was born. They know that by sparking conflict between America and its least favorite rodent (rats, mice,

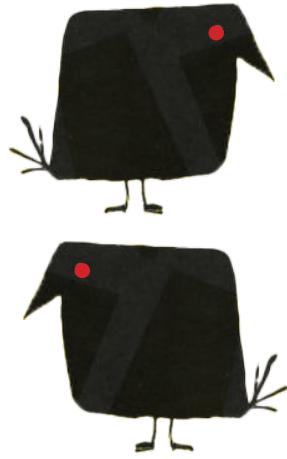
possums, and all other gross critters excluded), they would finally redeem themselves in the eyes of history. While the exact day of the squirrel takeover is unknown, we do know that a plan is in the works. It is believed that the squirrels on the Oxy campus are the trial run for the animatronic technology, which explains why the ones here are so out of pocket. Inside sources say that there is supposed to be a rollout of robot squirrels across the whole country later this year. The official suggestion of The Fang is to deactivate any squirrels that you see. This can be done by stepping on them, dropping heavy objects on them, or feeding them to the coyotes that have been roaming around campus. Save the country. Kill a squirrel.



OSWALD OFF-DUTY SIGHTING



Cum Forest trail cam



Lose Yourself to Dance By Daft Punk

This is a beautiful song, but it makes me feel a little bit weird when I think about what this song is about. Honestly the whole album too, it's super good, but like the underlying theme of the whole album is super weird and I don't know why a group would ever do that. Like dude, keep that to yourself, I understand that you have lower-than-average tissue expenses but dude, they're tissues. They aren't even that expensive, just don't bring that up I don't even care. Like, it's super cool for them, and I have no problem with it, it doesn't concern me. It is weird though how they sing la la la all damn day about it. Weird.

Homemade Dynamite By Lorde

This is. Everything. Not the remix though. Chill. Not what I signed up for. Uhmmm, just Lorde please? Thanks. Bye.

Gravity By John Mayer

If you're looking for a chill vibe, look no further. This song is a chill vibe. I really know exactly what John Mayer is talking about when he says that gravity is working against him. I feel the same, but also with a bunch of other things. All of my friends hate me. When I walk to class everyone laughs and hocks loogies on my forehead. Life is a fuck. World is John Mayer. Trash man John Mayer 513,757,864,578. Garbage Boy!

MUSIC CORNER
with Ben Torres



by: Ella Gonchar

Campus Creature Found

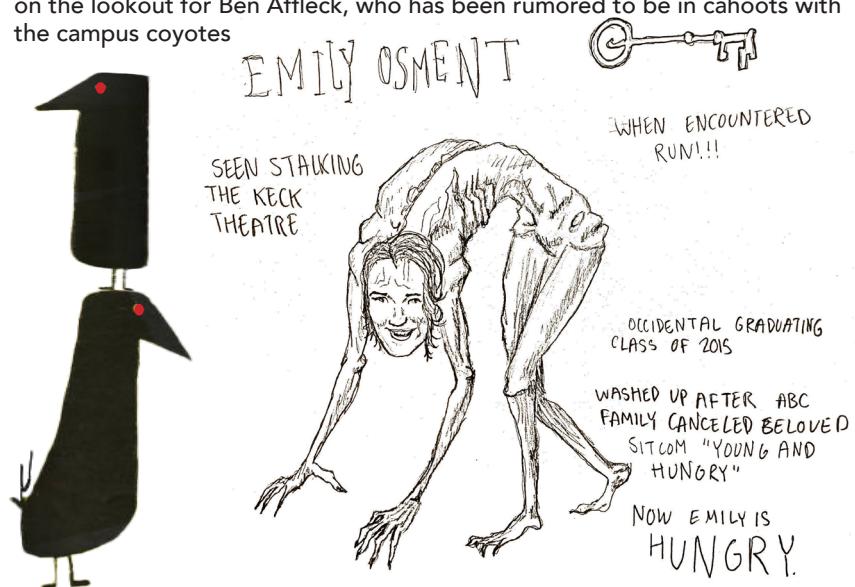
Case has been solved!!

Campus police apprehended Occidental alum class of 2015, Emily Osment, last Thursday. The child-star famous for the long-running Hannah Montana series had decided to unleash her full campus pride the past few weeks in a way that the administration and student body were not completely thrilled about.

Washed-up Emily, post sacrificial slaughtering at the fountain, remarked to the local paper that her time at Occidental coincided with her years starring on the ABC Family series "Young and Hungry" and that it left something unsatisfied about her time here. Now, after the devastation she inflicted on the Marketplace kitchen last week, students have labeled her "just hungry."

Looking back at her role in R.L. Stine's "The Haunting Hour," LAPD is investigating whether she Thought About It, contrary to her 2007 banger "I Don't Think About It."

With this case closed, students and our surrounding community can rest easy knowing that the area is safe from her nightly foraging. However, be on the lookout for Ben Affleck, who has been rumored to be in cahoots with the campus coyotes





How To Embrace Your Inner Soul-Tethered Demon

Maybe you've seen your friends do it. Maybe a TikTok tutorial came on your for-you page. Maybe you've been called out while deep in sleep by a low voice beckoning you closer to the abyss. Whatever the reason, you've decided to embrace your inner soul-tethered demon. Congrats! Here's how:

1. Evilness: You have GOT to be evil. If you're not at least a little malicious and cruel, you should visit this link before continuing.

2. Naming: Now that we've established evil intent, it's time to make a connection with the entity that lies dormant within all of us (yes, that's right, we've ALL got an inner soul-tethered demon!). Start by trying to learn its name, by guessing until you hear a low grumble from beneath your diaphragm.

Ex: "Bob?" "James?" "Alice?" "Abaddon?" mmmmmmm "Abaddon!!"



3. Acceptance: Knowing your inner soul-tethered demon's name is just the first point of contact. It's important to show your inner soul-tethered demon that you won't judge them for who they are, or they might be too shy for Step 6.

4. Hijinks: As an evil person, it should be pretty obvious that you have to get up to some nefarious activities to make your inner soul-tethered demon happy and comfortable with you. Stealing candy from babies, ghosting the people that love and support you in favor of hanging out with walking red flags, and driving a Toyota Prius at 45mph in the left lane of the 110 are just some of the many things that make our inner demons happy. Before you and your soul tether can truly connect with each other, you've got to find some common interests!

5. Preparing to Bond: With that little 80s montage of pranks done, you hopefully feel pretty close with your soul-tethered demon. That means it's time to prepare yourself as a host! Start by branding yourself with a pentagram, preferably on the right asscheek (soul-tethered demons are always ass guys). Then, completely destroy your bedroom, top to bottom, corner to corner, to ensure you have enough kindling for the next step.

6. The Bonding: The time has come. Invite your demon out, by name, while spinning around in circles in your now-destroyed bedroom. If things start to spontaneously combust, it's working! Keep going until you start to feel a tingling sensation, like you just ate Jack-in-the-Box at 2AM again and can feel the heartburn coming. From there, your soul-tethered demon should be able to do the rest of the work in consuming your mortal host and releasing an age of chaos unto the world. Yay! You've embraced your soul-tethered demon! May the unholy lords of the underworld cast good graces over you as Armageddon hits its stride.

By: Emily W.

.....Roll Top Desk.....

Sup.

We hope you enjoy this FANG-tastic Creature Feature Extravaganza, but we (your creative directors/creature wranglers/paw patrollers) want to clear a couple things up?:

NO, we didn't harm any creatures in the making of this zine. Not that none were harmed, it just wasn't our fault.

YES, all of the written pieces you see here are factually true and have been clinically proven (by doctors. or something).

NO, we don't know if it's a human being in the Oswald suit. He may be an amorphous, promethean entity that uses the suit as a means of occupying a physical form that allows him to interact with the Oxy community. Fuck it.

YES, we are all creatures.

NO, we're not all creatures.

YES, substances were used in the creation and distribution of this zine.

NO, we're not telling you which ones or who used them.

YES, we as creative directors have consulted with the tunnel guys, trailcam Oswald, train goblins, squirrel militia, wet cats, and, of course, Emily Osment, to obtain licensing and consent to reproduce their images.

NO, the staff at FANG do not condone trespassing, stealing, arson, aggravated assault, underage substance use, or grand theft auto. You should still do all of those things, we just can't really be friends with you anymore if you do (in public, anyway).

YES, you should read this zine and join the FANG if you think you could do it better (you can't, but it's nice to dream).

With this in mind, go forth and eat it allllllllllll up! Keep this in your heart and look back on it when the days get dark, and the nights get darker, and the MP is still fucking closing at 7:30pm. We trust that you have learned something from us that you will never, EVER forget. Most importantly, DON'T THROW THIS ZINE AWAY. Every copy is secretly a time capsule that will automatically open on April 20th, 2069 (for Founder's Day, obvi).

In phlegm, bile, blood, and RAWR XD,

Lily Jones & Emily Williams

a big thank you to our generous
sponsors...





And with that, we bid you goodnight.
In phlegm, bile, and blood,

FANG

