

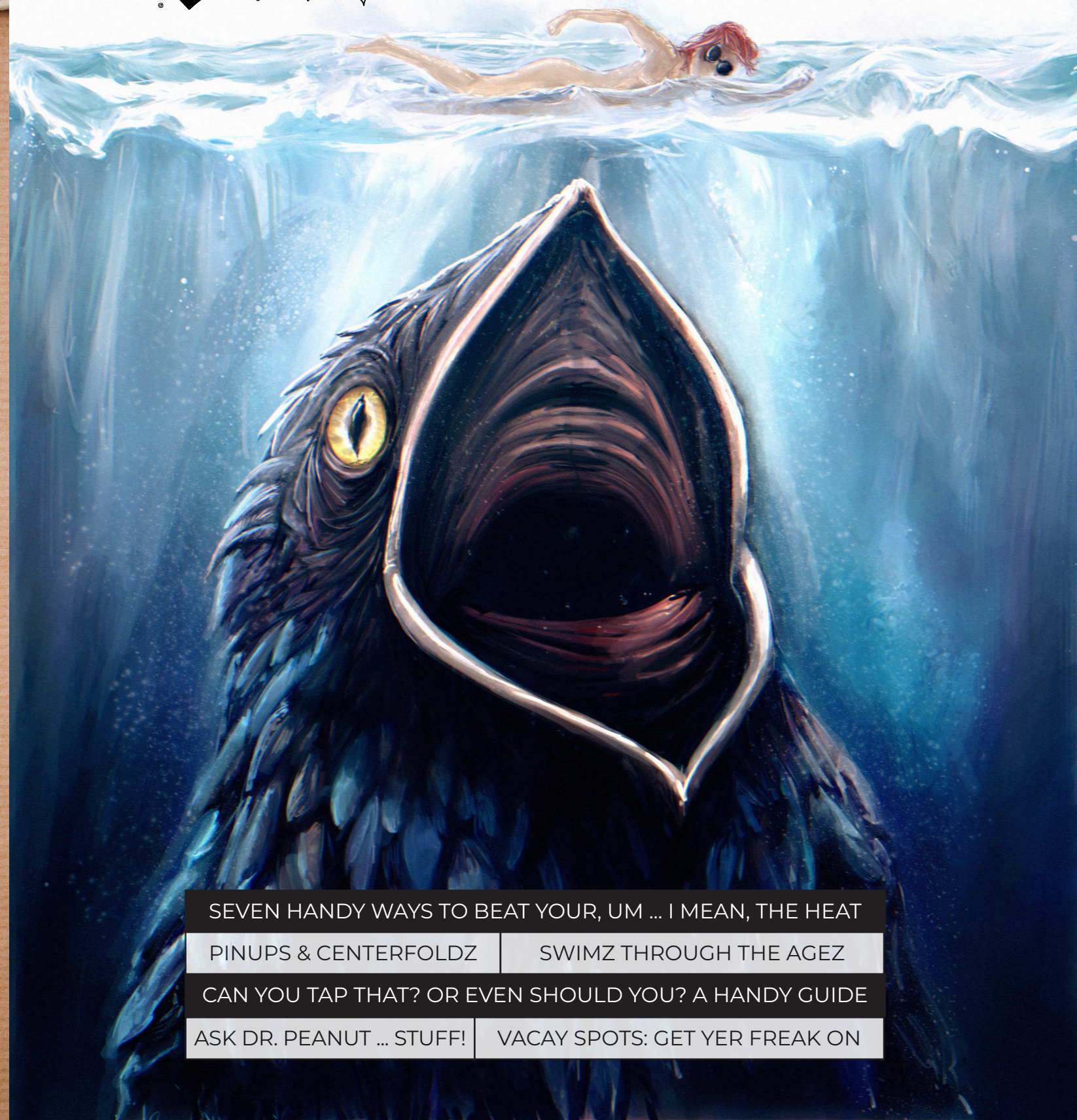
SWIMZ ISSUE SUMMER24
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SUMMER24 VOL01 | NO02



SEVEN HANDY WAYS TO BEAT YOUR, UM ... I MEAN, THE HEAT
PINUPS & CENTERFOLDZ | SWIMZ THROUGH THE AGEZ
CAN YOU TAP THAT? OR EVEN SHOULD YOU? A HANDY GUIDE
ASK DR. PEANUT ... STUFF! | VACAY SPOTS: GET YER FREAK ON

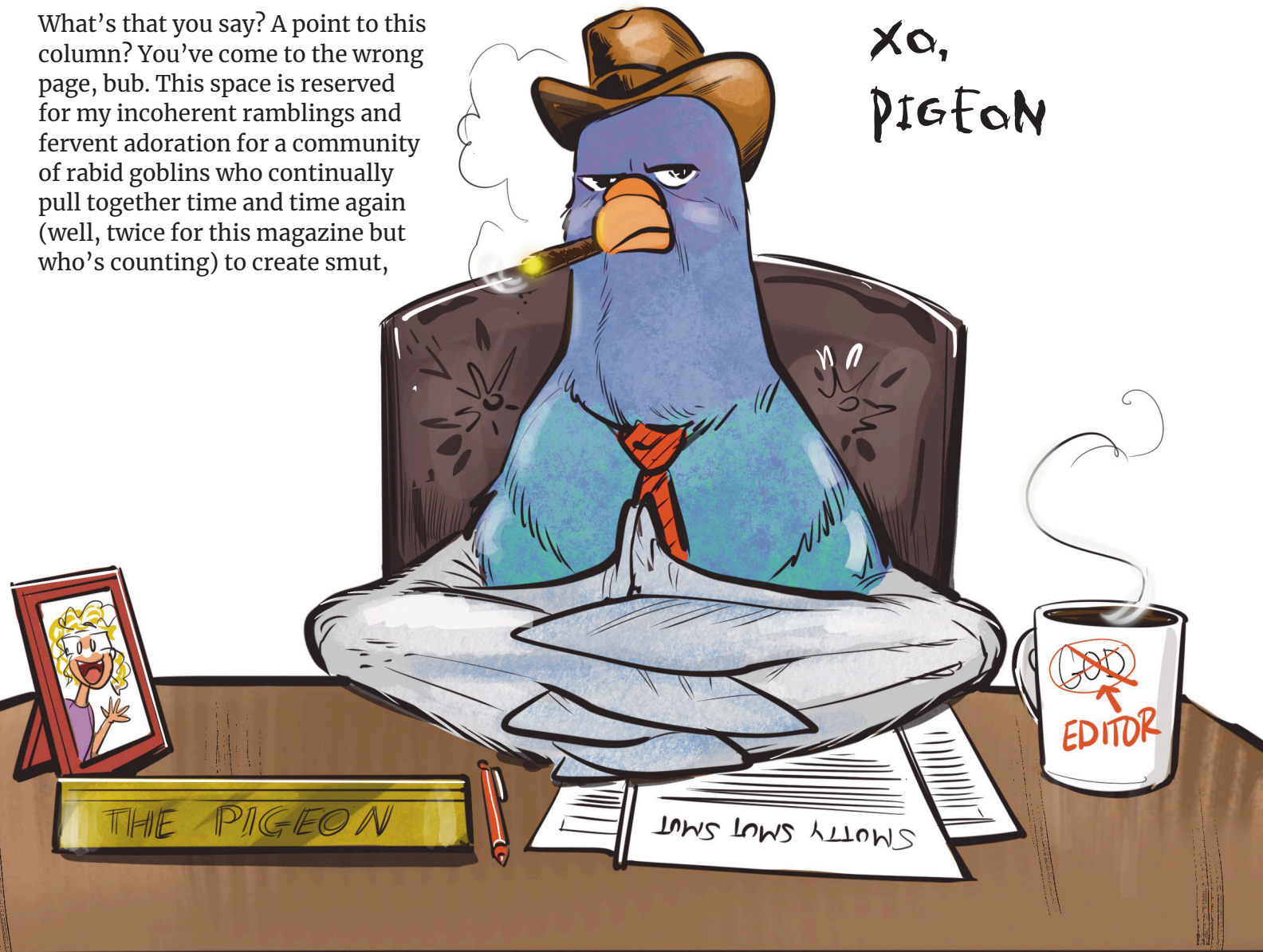
Editor's Letter

It's summer somewhere, probably.

Let's do a summer issue they said, it'll be fun they said. Technically I said as to not lay blame on others for this monstrosity we've once again pulled straight out of our celestial keisters. Yes, all your butts are holy, you heard it here first. Don't try to use that at the bank for collateral or anything (cause it doesn't work. I did manage to steal a case of pens before the police came though.)

What's that you say? A point to this column? You've come to the wrong page, bub. This space is reserved for my incoherent ramblings and fervent adoration for a community of rabid goblins who continually pull together time and time again (well, twice for this magazine but who's counting) to create smut,

humour, smutty humour and games, assembled in one handy package right here for input by eager fingertips. Or mouse, or electronic input device of your choice. No judgement on whatever input device you choose, electronic or otherwise, everyone's here for the same thing. You lovely lot of degenerates.



Xo,
PIGEON



Summer 2024
Swimz Issue

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■

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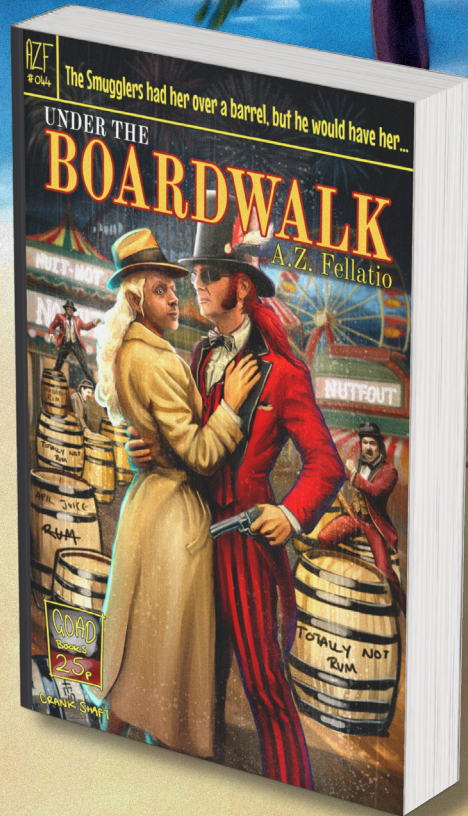
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VAY J. CROWLEY

SPREADS OPEN THE LATEST

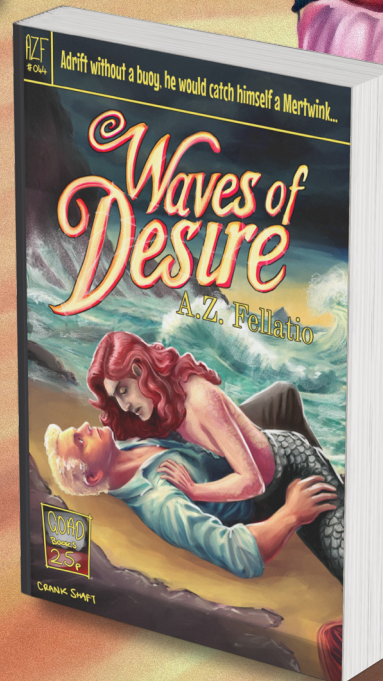
A.Z. FELLATIO

By: soggyfritter
Art: Crank



1. Under the Boardwalk

He was a barker, she wanted the stuffed toy. When two lovers meet after hours and discover an illegal rum-running operation, will the carnie and lady detective be able to pool their abilities and desire to find love and the culprits?



2. Waves of Desire - When lifeguard Richard Cheddar spots a body out in the surf one day on shift, he dives in to rescue what he thinks is an errant swimmer, only to have his heart swept out to sea.



1. Truly one of the most saccharine excuses for pornographic prose I have seen in my days as a reader. While our author has made attempts to build a magical romance between an absurdly named lifeguard and a merman, instead of a fairy tale ending, all we are left with is an undeniable aroma of dead fish. AZF has a convoluted and yet somehow prosaic grasp of the English language, the exchanges between the two leads are as stilted and unforgivingly banal as pre-Bank Holiday Friday afternoon traffic on the M25, and the sex scenes as ridiculously inconceivable as the idea of a demon running a bookshop. If I held this book up to my ear, instead of the soothing sounds of the ocean, I expect I would hear the screaming of an infinite number of copy editors crying for the dismemberment of the vacuous soul of the author. I find myself admitting that the premise itself has merit, and would probably be quite spicy in the hands of another writer. Quite tragically however, another writer is not what we have been given, dear reader. Instead we are slogging along with Mister Fellatio, who clearly finds himself floundering out of his depth with its execution.

Finally, I can only hope that should AZF find himself on a deserted beach, he will throw himself into the water and drift away to a foreign shore where he can never attack the English language like this again.

2. The only thing more twisted than this asinine plot is the vagaries of the American Electoral College. I am assuming, from the knowledge contained within, that not only has Mister F never studied American History (especially of the Prohibition Era this supposedly takes place in), he has actually no grasp on Americanisms at all, adding in such phrases as “Mind how you go” and “Tickety-boo” for our protagonists to spout.

While I attempted to follow what AZF is generously calling a narrative, I ultimately found myself rooting for the bootleggers, mostly because I became increasingly in want of a stiff drink to give myself an excuse for stumbling into the gaping plot holes. Sadly, these were not the only holes needing filling, as the “intimate scenes” provided neither a coherent depiction, nor the sizzling intimacy one so desperately seeks in a so-called “erotic thriller” that one has picked up for a “hot summer read.” The only heat in this book ostensibly would come from setting it aflame after reading the words ‘squelch’, ‘moist’ and ‘dewy’ in rapid succession (readers, I regret to inform you that my eyeballs passed over each of these words more than once). In conclusion, it is my sincerest wish that Mister Fellatio maybe does some hands on research with booze and holes, possibly consuming one and then falling into the other and no, I will not clarify which noun goes with which action.

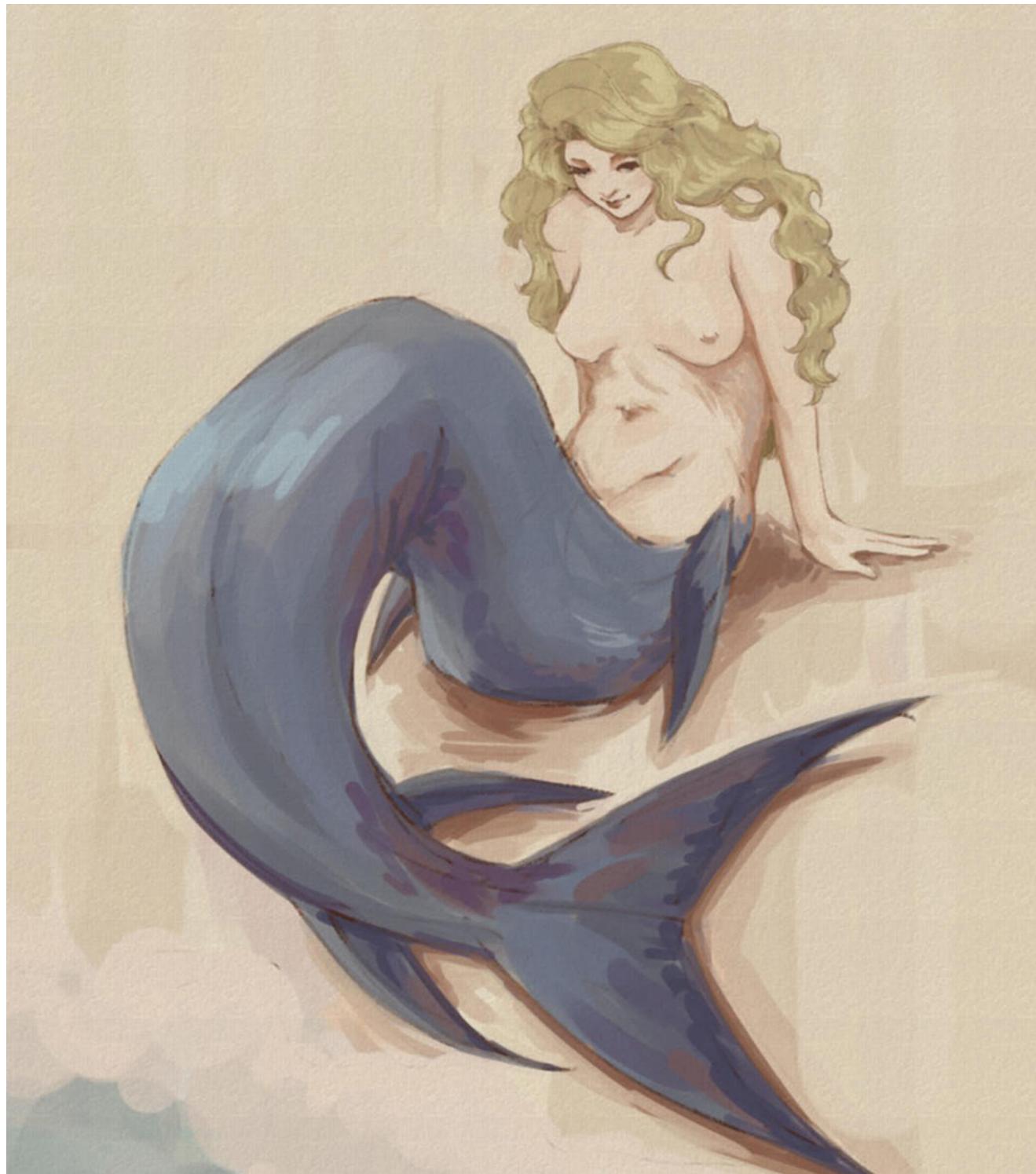
WNGZ

CAN YOU TAP THAT?

YES! YOU CAN! EVERY HOLE'S A GOAL!

A GUIDE TO BEACH-TIME HAPPY-TIME.

By: likeafuckingninja Art: Commentdismal & catartkd



Mermaids

Absolutely! Mermaids (and mermen!) might lack your typical external genitalia but don't let that stop you! With a bit of creativity and some patience you can get your rocks off off-piste using any number of different positions. Recommended for strong swimmers and those of you who enjoy a spot of deep sea diving if you catch our drift!

Crowley's dos - Go late night skinny dipping in the moonlight.

Aziraphale's don'ts - Suggest sushi and long walks on the beach.

Tappability: A solid 4/7

Sea Serpents

Highly recommended! Sea serpents rarely come out of the water but if you're out doing laps of the bay and come across a patch of strange looking fronds...give them a tug! Featuring not one but two phalli, ribbed - for your pleasure! Recommended for the more adventurous beach-goer who has some holes to fill!

Crowley's dos - Offer them devilled eggs with honeyed nuts.

Aziraphale's don'ts - Ask about their eyes.

Tappability: A perfect 5/7



Kraken

Expert level sea creature tappers only! Found in the depths of the ocean - what are you even doing out there?? When the beach gets boring and you're all tapped out of options landside you could always try the dark below. This sea monster is hard to find, but when you do you'll know about it! Eight tentacles to play with and a multi purpose beak should keep you occupied well into the early hours of the morning! Warning, can only tap once.

Crowley's dos - Make sure your next of kin knows where you're off to.

Aziraphale's don'ts - The Kraken! Obviously. Good Lord.

Tappability: A tricky 1.5/7 >>>



Hydra

Great for Groups! If you catch this sea monster paddling in the shallows make sure you’re not alone! Many heads means many friends! This amiable giant is plenty large enough to fulfil all your fantasies, and everyone else’s! Fun for the whole family, we recommend this sea creature for team players!

Crowley’s dos – Remember to pack a sword if you need a couple extra heads.

Aziraphale’s don’ts – Do that! Really, Crowley!

Tappability: A mid-range 3/7

Harpy

Aural protection a must! This beautiful creature can be found on cliff sides and deceptively calm coves. Whilst they tend to avoid getting wet you won’t have that problem! With a wingspan measuring several metres across these half-woman half-beast creatures will be able to take you to new heights. In more ways than one!

Crowley’s dos – Take the ear plugs out. You don’t need them!

Aziraphale’s don’ts – Let them anywhere near your picnic!

Tappability: A dubious 2/7

Skvader

Approach with caution! Warning! Do not tap this creature! If spotted, alert a nearby lifeguard immediately. This creature isn’t a tappable beach dweller at all! You can spot it easily from the way it shuffles nervously around the edge of the rock pools. Plus! We’ve included a handy picture. Dangers include: incessant complaining, odd smell, impending sense of doom. Answers to Eric.

Crowley’s dos – Kick into the rock pool.

Aziraphale’s don’ts – Let anywhere near your beach library.

Tappability: Absolutely not. 0/7

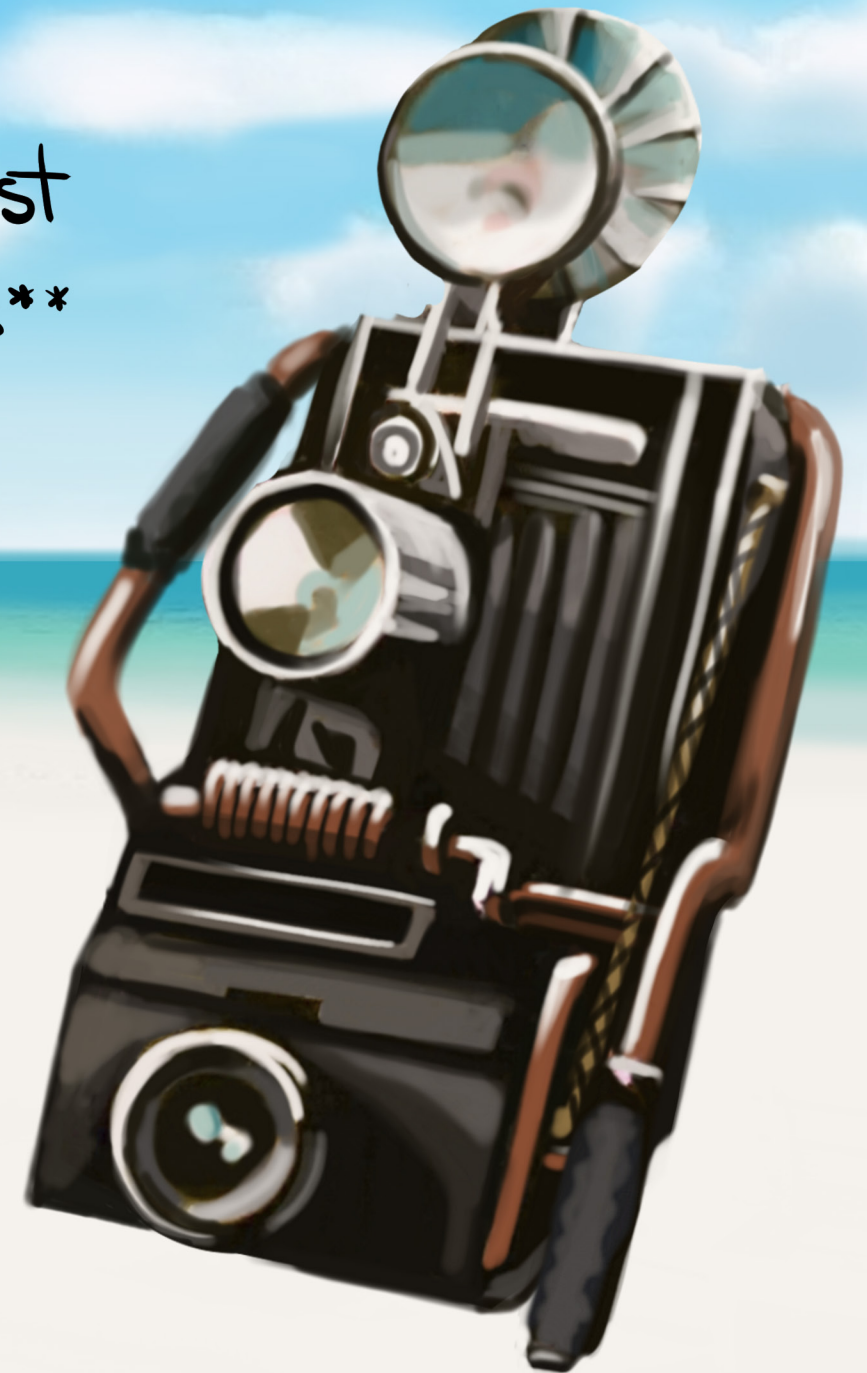
WNGZ



FURFUR'S PHOTOGRAFFEE

STATE of the ART DEVISE*

Capture your best
~~bit~~ beach memories**



* "state of the art" may be referring to 1941
** your soul may be stolen during the process, no refunds

OverVoice



OpalVoice

Exit Sandman:

How to Keep the Shores out of your Drawers

By: doonarose Art: thecomfywitch

Ah, a date at the beach—skimpy swimsuits, meandering massages, wet, wet waves, and a good old-fashioned dose of vitamin D. Which is to say no dream date on the beach ends without getting well and truly fucked down.

But this of course, brings us to the source of every amorous beach-goer's despair: the relentless grains of sand that inevitably cling to you and your belongings throughout your date, threatening to blunt your bliss at every turn and haunting you with their constant grinding reappearances weeks later.

Sand in your shoes, sand in your hair, sand in places that sand should never ever be. Fear not, dear beach-boinker, for I bring you the ultimate guide to reclaiming your sand-happy sexy destiny.

Five ways to beat the sand and one way to join it:

1. A Blow Job. No, not like that. So you've been at the beach a couple of hours, overseeing the destruction of sandcastles in between incessant flirtation. It's not your fault you have sand down your arse crack, deep in your belly button, and all up in your pubes! To help sort your sandy situation out we have a fun game to play that will have you sand free in no time! Simply get your partner to blow the sand away! Best to check with them ahead of starting the game just how much they desire to blow hot air up your arse, but expect to be surprisingly turned on by it all!

2. Sucking seduction. Surely by now you'll have observed others at the beach doing the dust-buster dance. Make sure your handheld vacuum is fully charged and that you bring along the round fitted nozzle (not bristles! Unless you're into that). Take turns with your partner using it to suck the sand from each other's bodies, enjoying the powerful pulls against your skin as an added bonus. If clothing is accidentally removed and erogenous zones engaged, all the better. Just don't put your dick in it.

3. Shake it like a polaroid picture! Before leaving the beach, perhaps for somewhere more appropriate for a romantic coupling, channel your inner Taylor Swift and shake, shake, shake! Even better if your paramour is watching your inevitably seductive display of flexibility and vigour. You are encouraged to assume the most bendy of yoga poses, wriggling all the while to dislodge sand from the deepest crevices of your body. Don't be shy — give that arse a shake that would make a maraca jealous.

4. Avoid the sand in the first place. A controversial option but it works! Wear gumboots, do not swim, do not sit down. Seduce your beach-mate by standing around complaining as you glare at the sun, the sea, and the sand, and when they can't keep their hands off you, fuck standing up and with nothing to lean against (it's not that hard, honestly).

5. Fuck it, get wet. If all else fails and your attempts at staying sand-free and fucking on the actual beach are going nowhere, try shifting your activities into the ocean. Famously, water is wet, not sandy, and a thorough round of rub and tickle in the water should dislodge any and all remaining sand and get you both in the mood.

6. Accept it! Welcome it! Become one with it! One thing worth considering is whether, in actual fact, you're reading through this article not because you're looking for tips but because you have an undiscovered sand kink! You like sand and this opens up endless beach possibilities. Lick the sand out of your lover's bellybutton! Massage their butt with handfuls of those tiny fossilized bug bits! Pull out/off at the last minute and accompany the splatter of seed all over their/your face with an artful sprinkling of the beach itself. **WNGZ**



Commune with the Spirits

with Madame Tracy

By: soggyfritter & FuzzyGoblin Art: natyu0815



Aquarius (Water Bearer):

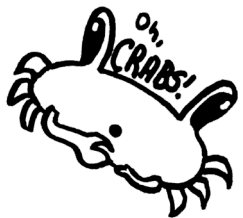
January 20–February 18

An unexpected short getaway may precipitate a call from your boss with a stern message. Advice from the stars is to get your ducks in a row and make sure to pack an extra towel. Avoid super glue; it's sticky.

Aries (Ram):

March 21–April 19

Add some spice to your life by using the capsicum spray in your bag to season your lunch. Don't worry about that upcoming thing you were anxious over, they've already forgotten about it anyway.



Cancer (Crab):

June 22–July 22

This is definitely your week to stay home, Cancer. Like it was last week, and the week before. In fact, cancel your plans for the next six months and stockpile canned goods like the zombie apocalypse is coming. Maybe it is. We'll never tell.

Capricorn (Goat):

December 22–January 19

Someone from your past will make a surprise appearance this week, so if you owe someone money it would be best to avoid confrontations. A smoke bomb will most assuredly come in handy to escape a prickly situation.



Gemini (Twins):

May 21–June 21

Gemini, we heard you liked tossed salad. Have you considered it with fruit? Maybe some jello shots with your elderly neighbor across the street? Live dangerously. You'll be fine.

Leo (Lion):

July 23–August 22

This is your week, Leo! Be big, bold and courageous. Wear that sequined body suit you've always dreamed of. Nothing is going to stop you today. Except maybe a freight train. Look out for trains. Look both ways for oncoming traffic.



Libra (Balance):

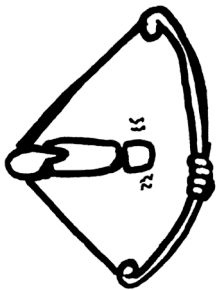
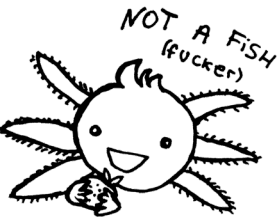
September 23–October 23

Seems like you've been the peanut butter on the enrichment treat of life this week, friend. Don't worry, it's time to turn it around and dance upon the bones of your enemies with a jaunty tune in your heart. May we suggest Rick Astley?

Pisces (Fish):

February 19–March 20

Luck is on your side this week because Venus is in retrograde and also waning somehow. Be brave and try out that new ice cream flavour – the server thinks you're cute. Trust me.



Saggitarius (Archer):

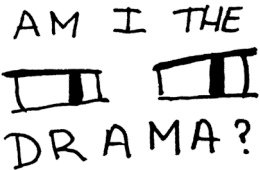
November 22–December 21

Don't bother hanging your washing out, it's going to rain. Keep your expectations low so you'll always be pleasantly surprised. Eating purple foods will be beneficial to you this week, unless they're plums. Avoid engaging in strenuous activity, unless it's with someone fun.

Scorpio (Scorpion):

October 24–November 21

BE THE DRAMA YOU WANT TO SEE IN THE WORLD, SCORPIO. MAKE SURE TO WEAR YOUR UNDEROOS INSIDE OUT. TRUST US. THIS IS A BIG ONE.



Taurus (Bull):

April 20–May 20

Time to pack your bags and get out of dodge, Taurus. The gunslingers are a-comin. And by gunslingers I mean aliens. And by aliens I mean aliens. You're gonna get probed, dawg.

Virgo (Virgin):

August 23–September 22

Soft fabrics! Fabric softener! We see a lot of chintz and gauze in your future. Perhaps a sexy mummy outfit will bring the love that you seek into your life. Don't be afraid to coptic a feel of those jars, my friend. Avoid rambutans.





MAD LIBS!

By: FuzzyGoblin Art: christophjpg

The day was ¹_____ and Aziraphale is feeling ²_____. It has been two weeks since his last ³_____. He could picture it now in his mind's eye; the way the ⁴_____ ⁵_____ moulds to the shape of his mouth. It was delightful. He ⁶_____ at the very thought of devouring the ⁷_____ ⁸_____. If only Crowley would hurry up and get here, they could get started. But the demon was running late. Which was odd, really. Crowley is rarely late. If anything, he is ⁹_____ punctual and would bluster and whinge at the very thought of lateness. Perhaps Crowley had stopped off at Justine's ¹⁰_____ restaurant to pick up ¹¹_____ to bring with them on their planned outing today. Yes, ¹²_____ wasn't the only thing on Aziraphale's mind. He and Crowley were planning to spend the day ¹³_____ at the ¹⁴_____. It has been some time since they'd indulged in the activity, and Aziraphale was looking forward to it. Even more than ¹⁵_____, and wasn't that a wondrous thing? Just as Aziraphale begins to get lost in the thought of ¹⁶_____ ¹⁷_____ off his lips, Crowley bursts through the bookshop door. "Angel, we've got to go!" He sounds ¹⁸_____.

Aziraphale ¹⁹_____ puts down his ²⁰_____ and takes off his ²¹_____ and prepares to follow the demon wherever he leads. "This sounds serious," he says, nodding furiously and checking to make sure he hasn't misplaced his ²²_____. "What do you need me to do?" "Stop everything that you're doing and follow me!" Crowley ²³_____ ²⁴_____ and saunters out of the bookshop. Aziraphale ²⁵_____ along behind him. Out in the street, The Bentley is parked illegally again, but that's not really surprising. What is surprising is the fact that Crowley's vintage beauty is currently covered in ²⁶_____. "What happened to her?" Aziraphale exclaims, "I've never seen anything like this in 6000 years!" "The Bentley isn't even a century old, angel," Crowley says — quietly so his car doesn't feel offended. "But that's not our biggest problem. Get in, I'll explain on the way." Aziraphale feels like a ²⁷_____ and Crowley is behaving very ²⁸_____. The demon snaps his fingers, miracling The Bentley as good as new. "Where are we going?" Aziraphale asks as Crowley speeds through busy London streets. The angel holds on for dear life, he trusts Crowley but it's everyone else that he's worried about. "Back to my flat," Crowley says, his sunglasses doing a poor job of hiding the ²⁹_____ in his face. He barely has time to finish the sentence when The Bentley is pulling up outside the demon's Mayfair flat. "And the reason for all the urgency?" Aziraphale asks. His heart is beating a mile a minute and Crowley has him feeling ³⁰_____. "C'mon," Crowley jerks his ³¹_____, asking Aziraphale to ³²_____ him inside. The angel rushes to follow Crowley into his flat. It's just as he remembers it with one notable exception: music is playing from a record player. The lights are dim and Crowley has set up a ³³_____ in the ³⁴_____ room. "You rushed me all the way over here for this?" Aziraphale doesn't sound disappointed, merely curious. Crowley shrugs. "You said you wanted ³⁵_____, so that's what I got." "Oh darling, you're simply marvellous," Aziraphale smiles and gives Crowley a ³⁶_____. "Shall we?" Hand in hand, they step into the ³⁷_____ and get ready to ³⁸_____.

1. adjective 2. adjective 3. noun 4. adjective 5. noun 6. verb (plural) 7. adjective 8. noun 9. adverb 10. adjective 11. noun 12. noun 13. verb 14. noun 15. verb 16.verb 17. noun 18. adjective 19. adverb 20. noun 21. noun 22. noun 23. verb 24. adverb 25. verb (plural) 26. noun 27. noun 28. adverb 29. adjective 30. adjective 31. noun 32. verb 33. noun 34. verb 35. noun 36. verb 37. noun 38. verb

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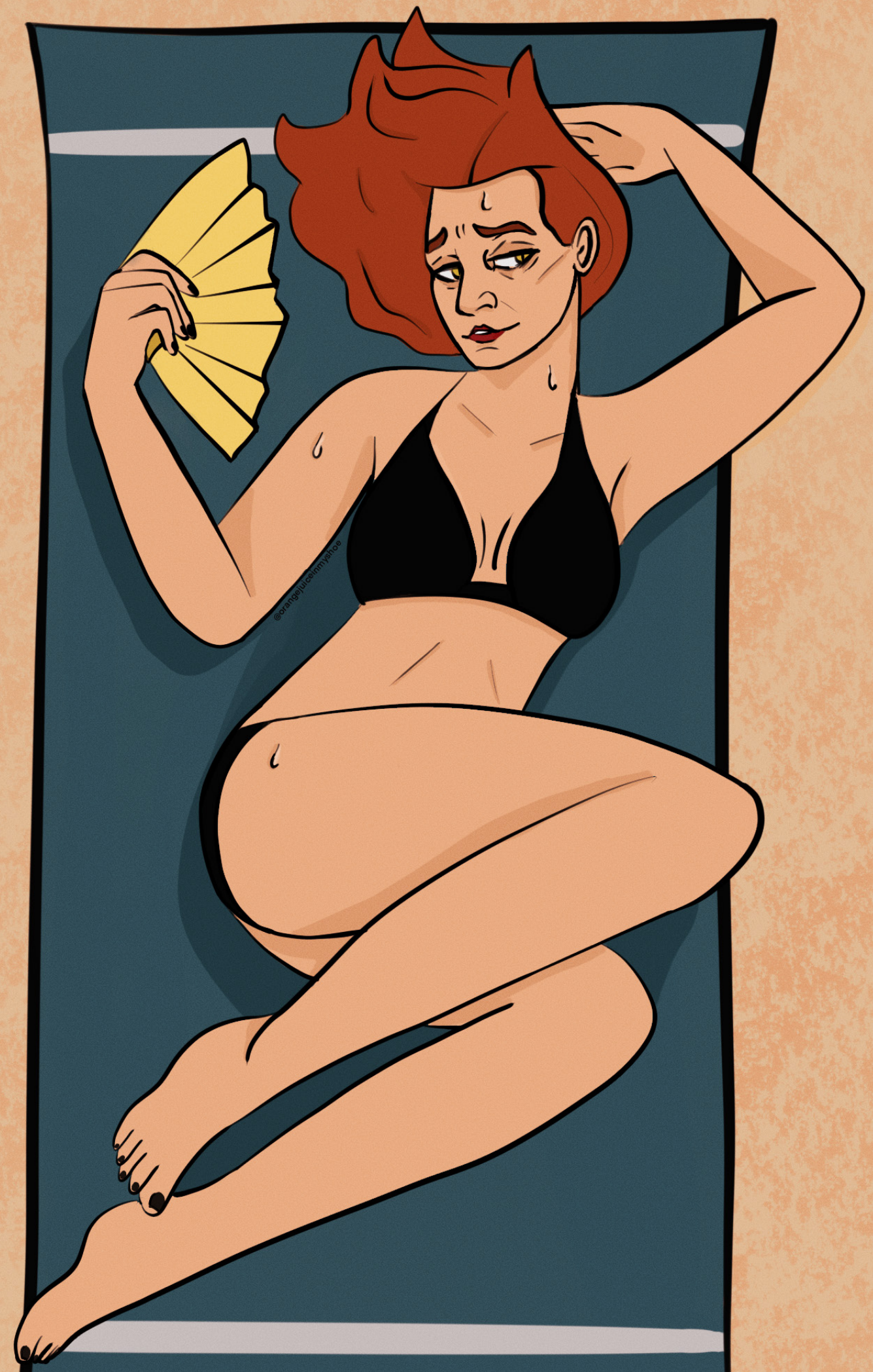
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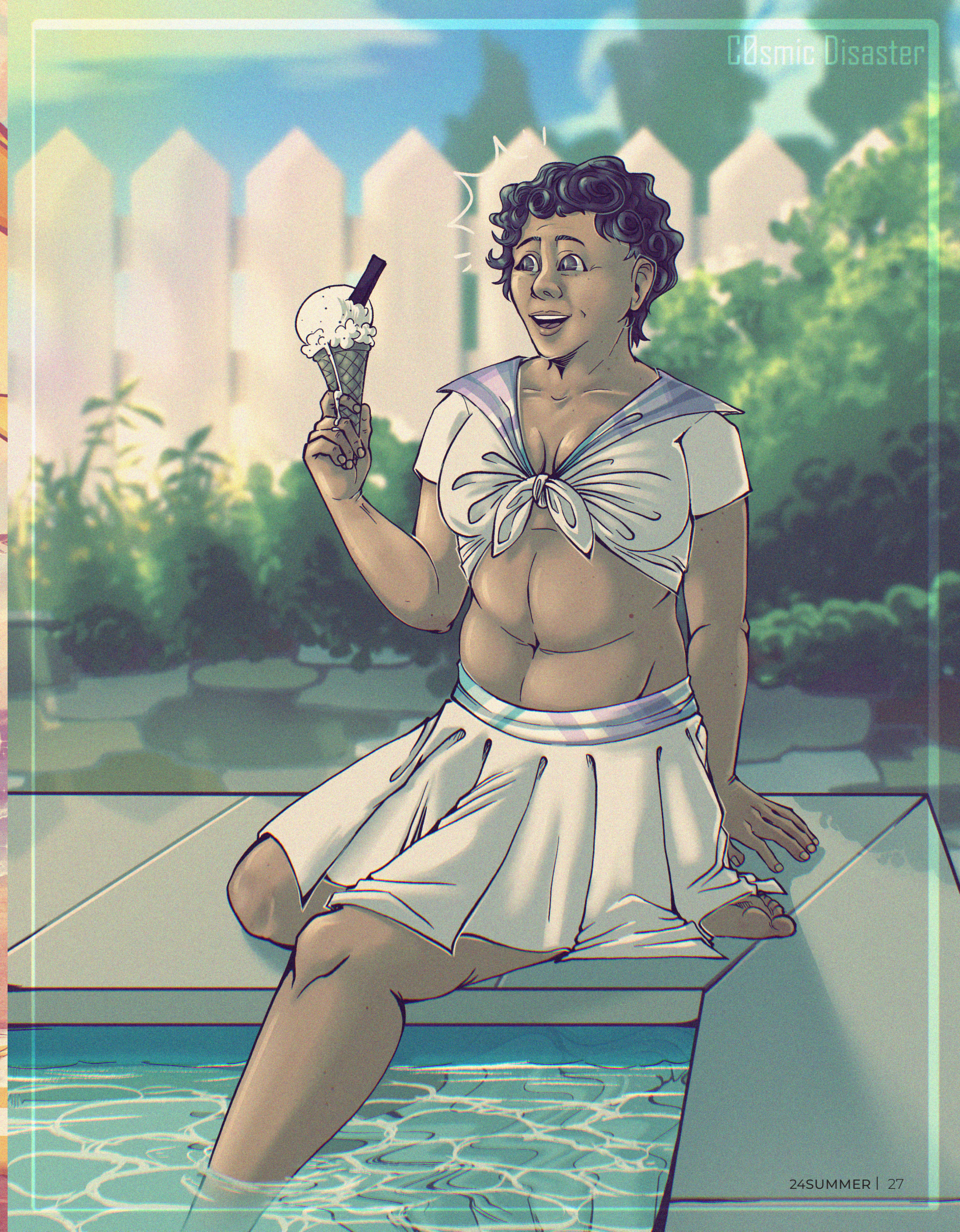
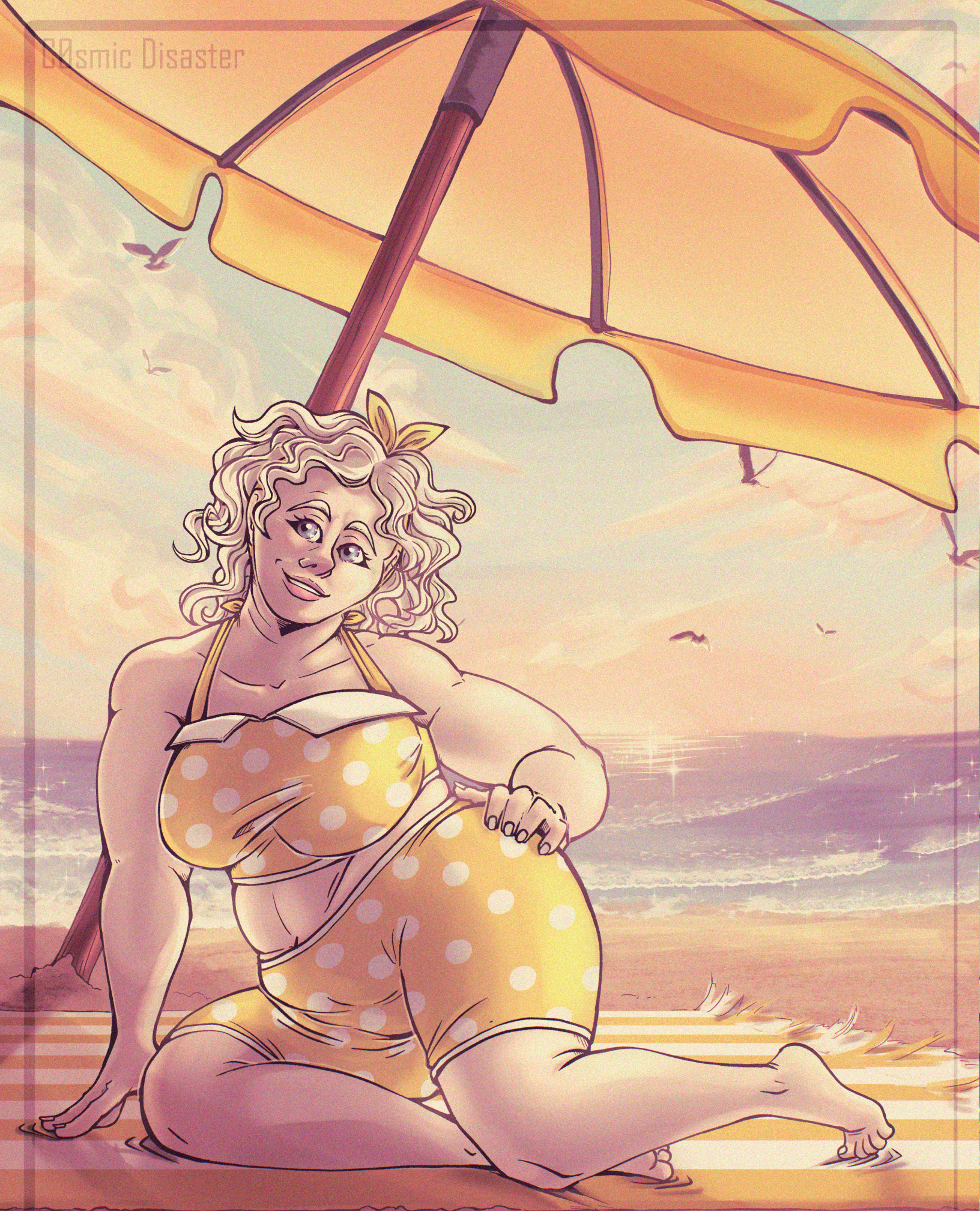
What better way to soak up some rays than by the pool or on the playa with a cool drink or a sweet treat?

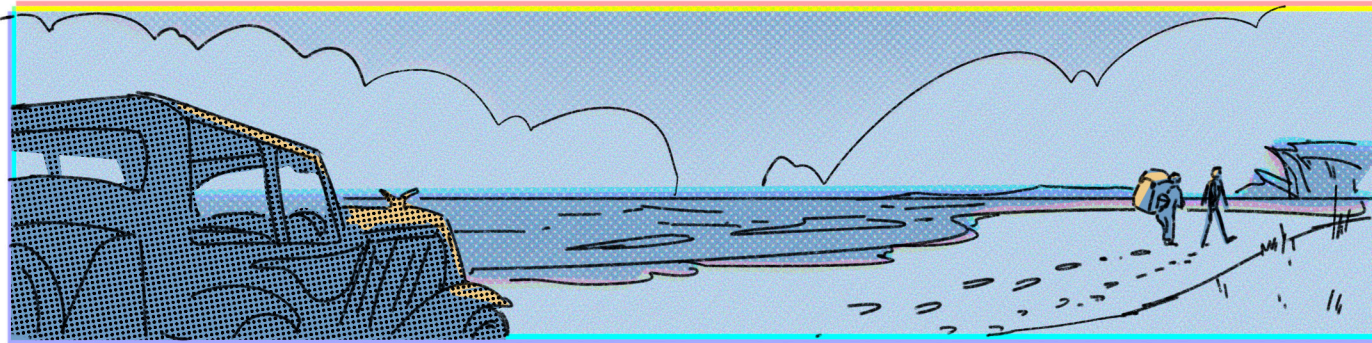
With a lovely pinup by your side, of course. We've got three here, take your pick and grab the lotion!



Art: orangejuiceart | C0smic disaster







SAFETY FIRST!

By: millship Art: zaay-zaay

“You did remember the sunscreen, correct?”

Aziraphale asked from the passenger seat of the Bentley. Crowley stared at the tree-lined road. “You know, when I created the stars, I congratulated myself on using nuclear fusion. Keeps itself going. Saved me the work of looking after it all these years. Maybe I should have come up with something else.”

Aziraphale smiled gently. “I, for one, think you did a wonderful job.”

“I remembered,” Crowley mumbled.

Aziraphale looked concerned. “Remembered what, Crowley?”

“Sunscreen.” Aziraphale stared blankly at the perceived non sequitur.

Crowley clarified, “My reaction emits radiation. Sunscreen prevents radiation poisoning. I’ve done a lot of work rebranding it to be fashionable. Tans and all that.”

“Do you think I look good without a tan, Crowley?” Aziraphale asked.

Without looking away from the road, Crowley replied, “Course I do, angel. I always like you.” He sighed heavily and tilted his head toward Aziraphale.

“It’s more responsible. Safer for your corporation.” Aziraphale beamed as he marveled at Crowley’s deep concern for him.

“Oh, Crowley, I have a wonderful surprise for you today.”

“A surprise, angel? Color me intrigued.” Crowley stepped more firmly on the accelerator as they raced toward the beach.

The thrumming of the Bentley’s engine set the seagulls soaring as Crowley and Aziraphale arrived at the beach. Crowley slid out of the car, and the sandy pavement crackled underfoot as he stoically scoured the beach for a spot to sit. Aziraphale turned in his seat to face sideways

and stood up gracefully. He stepped behind the car, opened the boot, and began to wrestle with his enormous beach bag. Crowley tapped the Bentley in a gesture of thanks for accommodating the enormous duffle in the boot and not requiring the disruption of its sleek exterior with the garish bicycle rack again. He turned toward Aziraphale, one eyebrow arching over his sunglasses.

“What’ve you got in there?” Crowley questioned. Aziraphale looked pleased with himself but stopped just short of expressing conceit. “Wait and see! Patience is a virtue.” Crowley scrunched his nose.

“Do you have any idea how irritating that is?” Aziraphale did, but instead of responding to Crowley, he started his schlep down to the beach.

Aziraphale set the bag on the sand and began to unzip it. Crowley bent down to start unpacking, but Aziraphale gently pushed his hand away. “There is a surprise in here, and I would hate for you to miss it,” Aziraphale chided as he wrangled a pair of beach chairs out of the bag and unfolded them. In one smooth motion, Crowley sat down and reached out his hand as his fingers curled around a freshly miracled coconut drink with a fru-fru umbrella.

“Oh, Crowley, that’s a wonderful idea,” exclaimed Aziraphale as he pulled a beach umbrella from his bag.

Crowley was not unaccustomed to heat, but the umbrella’s shade was pleasant on his pale skin. He snapped his fingers and his clothes were replaced with an open shirt and swim shorts. With a snap, a towel obediently appeared in the crook of his arm. He wiggled a little in his chair and settled into it comfortably. The shoreline >>>

⚠ SAFETY FIRST!

stretched out in front of them like a sprawling highway interrupted by tufts of vegetation. “Right, Angel, what sort of surprise do you have for me?” Crowley asked. Aziraphale smirked devilishly. “I suppose you’ll have to wait and see!” He picked up the bag, which appeared only marginally lighter after the extraction of two chairs and an umbrella. He walked somewhat unsteadily over the shifting sand toward a patch of shrubbery. Crowley inclined his ear and heard rubber squeaking, elastic snapping, and a great deal of heavy breathing and rustling as Aziraphale completed his covert operation. Crowley leaned in and thought he heard a whistling noise.

“Do you think I look good without a tan, Crowley?” Aziraphale asked.

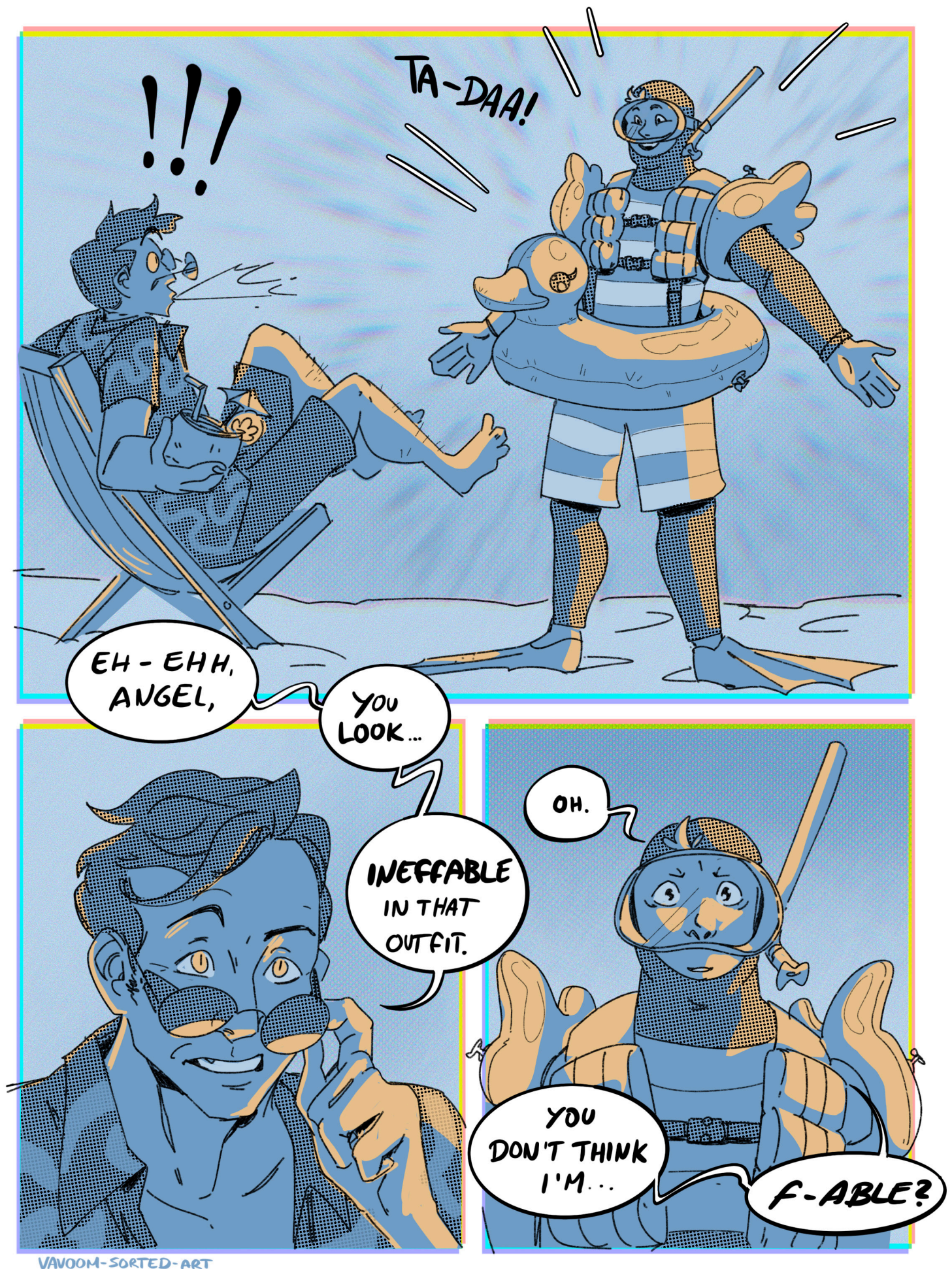
Crowley conjured images of swimwear that could make a demon blush. Aziraphale had thighs to die for, and if Crowley needed air to live, he would have died between them several times. They were always occluded by shapeless pants, but Crowley anticipated what a treat it would be to see Aziraphale mostly uncovered today. Crowley was generally unenthused by the water, but he had been scheming to get Aziraphale out for a swim so he could see his wet clothes plastered to his backside. He wondered if he would let his lovely stomach show or if he would cover it in a shirt that hugged his graceful curves in all the right ways. Would he let his little golden chest hairs shine, or would they be hidden from Crowley during this moment with the best lighting a demon could ask for? Hell, was Aziraphale getting comfortable enough to wear a bikini? Crowley wished he could bless those modern designers who were so adept at showcasing the human form. Abruptly, Aziraphale shouted, “Are you ready, Crowley? I’ve really taken what you said into

consideration.” “What’ve you got for me, Angel?” Crowley tried to hide his excitement. Aziraphale was indescribable. Crowley craned his neck and went a little slack-jawed as Aziraphale walked toward him, beaming with pride. Crowley was dumbstruck. Waves filled the silence until Aziraphale spoke. “Ta-daa!” He waved his hands in a flourish. “I’ve brought goggles and a snorkel, of course, and these angel wing floaties were just too cute to resist! I’ve had this swimsuit for 125 years, and I see no reason to give it up now.” He did a little sideways wobble as he pointed to his flippers but was restricted by his too-tight life jacket and the duck raft around his waist. He continued, “But I can appreciate what humans have invented in the meantime. Clever, just like the dolphins.”

Crowley struggled for words. “E—ehhh, Angel, you look...” He took a deep breath before continuing, “You look ineffable in that outfit.” Aziraphale frowned and looked down at himself, then at Crowley. “You don’t think I’m f-able?” — As it turns out, it wasn’t the outfit that made Aziraphale in-f-able (though it took a while to take off), but the sand getting everywhere.

WNGZ

Without looking away from the road, Crowley replied, “Course I do, angel. I always like you.”



VAVOOM-SORTED-ART

GETT WETT

Jump on in! The water is wet!

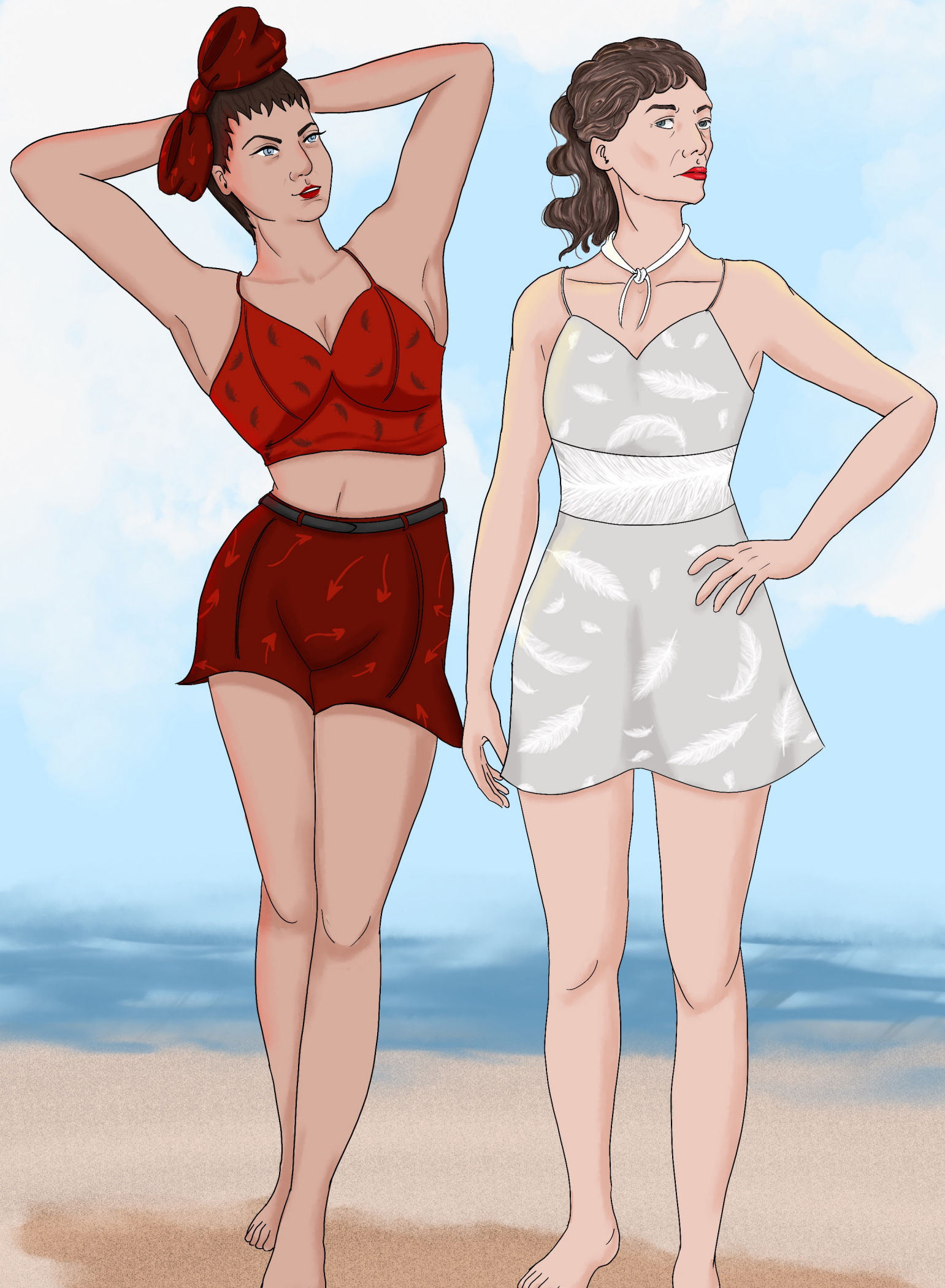
What better way to soak up those celestial rays than in a fashionable suit? The styles have changed throughout the years but the fun still remains when it's under the sun.

Slip-n-slide through our summer Swimz feature, suitz through the agez. >>>

Art: Daneecastle | OneDapperCat | 24 Crows



GETTWETT





7 Ways to Beat the Heat

When It's *Hotter Than Hell*

By: IneffablyRuined Art: bottom__ramen & kiripin

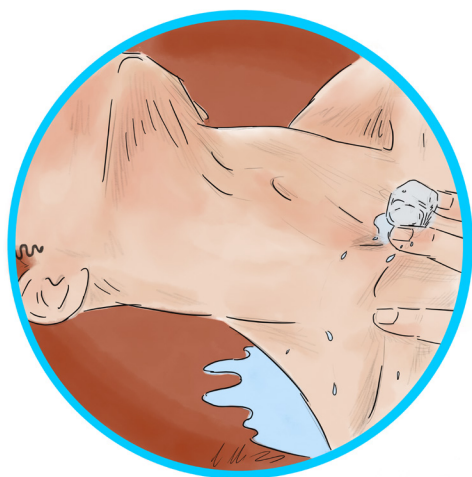


Work up a sweat!

Did you know your human corporation is capable of cooling itself down? Loosen your miracles and let your corporation produce its own air conditioning. As the liquid gets on the skin, it then evaporates in the heat, cooling down your body. (No, we don't know how it works, either. Find someone from the human thermodynamics department if you have more questions). Make it fun to sweat by trying spicy foods! Your body will cool off while your palate brings the heat!

Lick some frozen treats!

We know a certain angel and demon who swear by ice lollies and ice creams when they're looking to escape infernal fires and heat from Hell. Pair this with Tip #7 below to really spice things up while you cool yourself down.



Bring some kink to your life with ice play!

Ice makes for a cool addition to your otherwise heated nights. Have your partner hold a cube in their mouth while they use their tongue on you or lick the melted remnants from their bellybutton before you get your efforts involved. The dueling sensations are guaranteed to keep your arousal aflame while cooling you off. Have your partner skim that ice cube along your body's pulse points (conveniently located in various erogenous zones for most corporations) for maximum effect.



Avoid sulfur pit hot spots.

While these scorching pools are a great date spot in the cooler weather, if you're feeling overheated already you should pass on a visit, no matter how tempting the demons there may be. Instead, opt for trips to Hell's inner circles or to Heaven where the atmosphere is always chilly.

Choose your swimsuit carefully!

Hell's ambient temperature is hotter than anything present on the Earth, so if you'll be traveling back and forth in your bikini or banana hammock, make sure your swimwear is made of fabrics that won't melt when you make the transition. Nobody wants the paperwork of a damaged corporation.



Start a water fight!

Don your swimsuits or other lightweight clothing (we hear humans prefer white T-shirts for some reason) and engage in some slick competition. Use hoses, water-filled guns and balloons to get your partner wet. The water will help you both cool off while the view of your drenched partner will help you get off. Everybody wins!

Go for a beach flight!

Spread those wings and take to the skies to maximize that ocean breeze. The air fluttering between your feathers can feel as scintillating as fingers stroking through your primaries while lowering your temperature. But be careful not to fly too high - the sun emits a lot of heat which will defeat the whole point if you get too close.



CROWLEY'S

(POSSIBLY PILFERED)

SUNGLASS REVIEWS*

*All prices are subject to you being a morally decent being and actually paying for them. As a demon, I did not pay for them. Petty theft, if it hurts an evil corporation, is very acceptable.

LENNON

Another classic. Can't go wrong with these. I mean come on, the name says it all. *Priceless.*

10/10

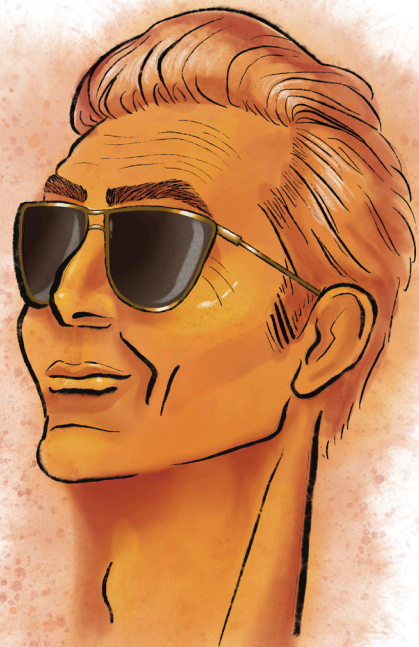


By: depressedpenguin2 Art: Chef

AVIATORS

A classic sunglass choice. Perfect for any occasion, especially an unexpected beach trip, your angel springs on you at the last minute. Stylish but also functional to block out the blasted sun's rays. *Price £20 and up.*

7/10



GAS STATION SPECIALS

When you forget to pack yours, or you lose them when your angel makes you fall into the ocean. These are a decent, quick replacement. They can be found in just about every bloody shop within ten miles of the beach. The colored lenses do absolutely nothing for your eyes, especially if you have snake eyes. But when you send your angel to get you a new pair because you can't bloody see, this is what they bring back because they thought they were "cute".

Price too much for the excuse of sunglasses.

-666/10



BIG! BIG BIG!

Don't want anyone to see you looking at them? These will hide your judging gaze while keeping your eyes shielded. Pair with a ridiculous hat your angel bought at the souvenir shop, then lie back and take a long nap in the sun. *Price £15 and up.*

6.5/10

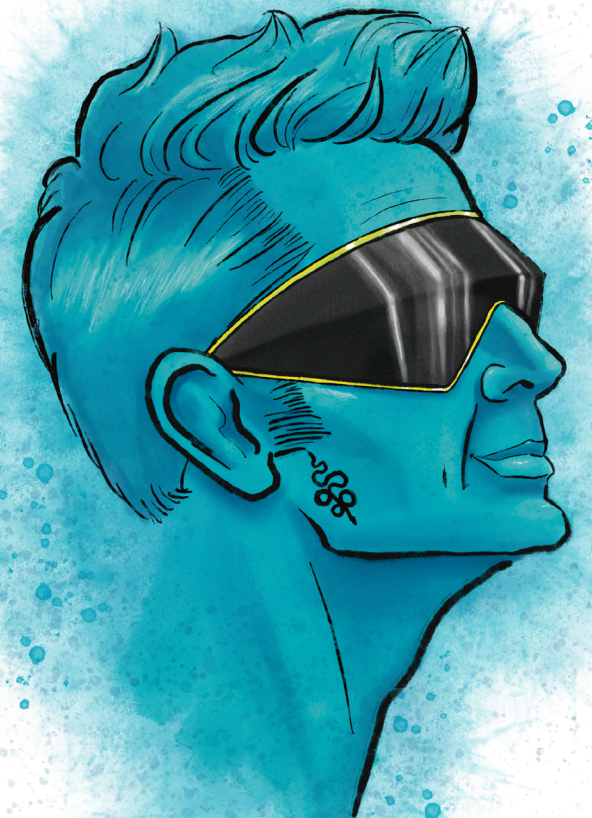


VOLLEYBALL

Another larger frame, but hides any chance of someone looking at your eyes from the side. Almost like a sleep mask. Which is perfect. Put these on and take a nap in the sun. But remember your sunscreen, or your angel will remind you every five minutes. *Price £25 and up.*

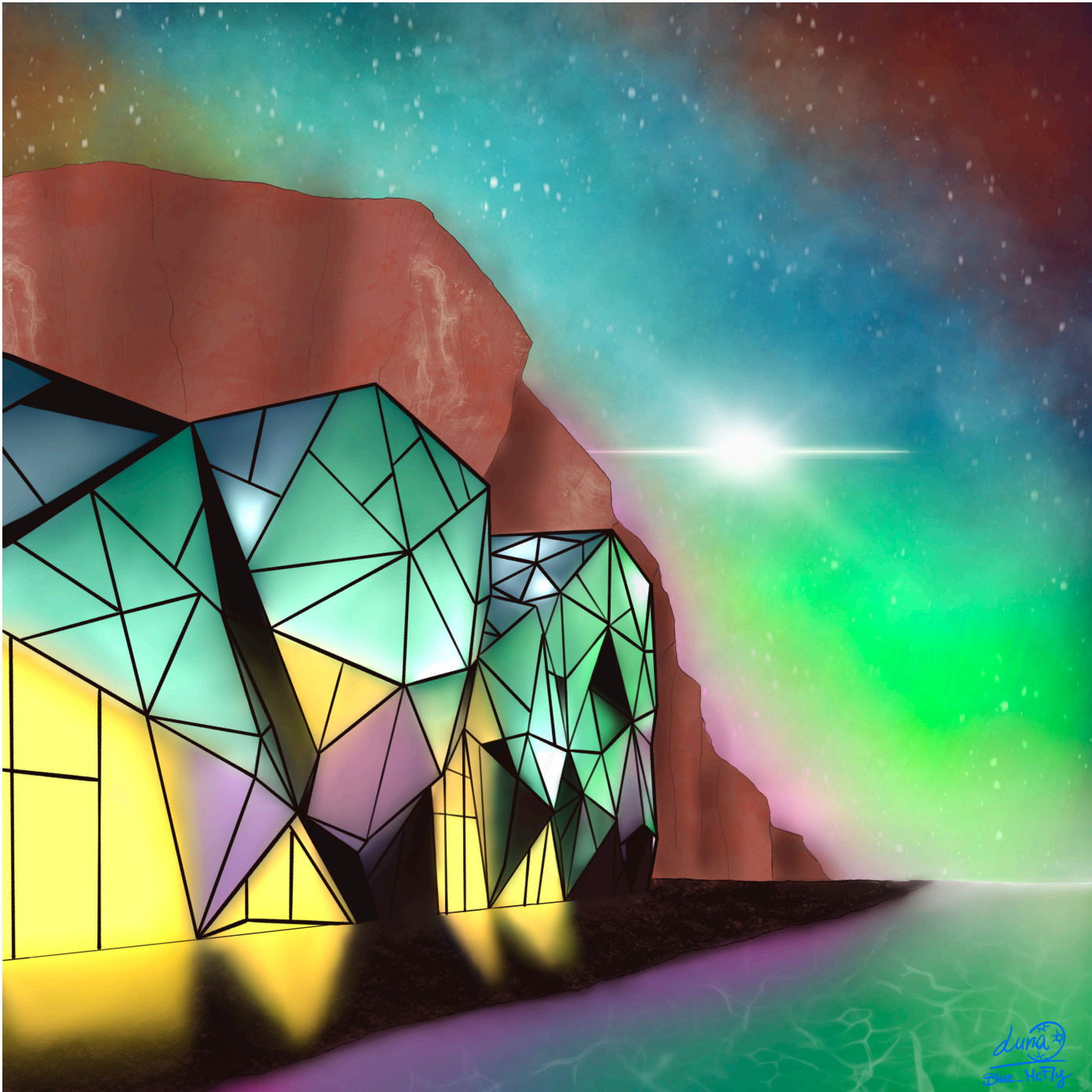
6/10

WNGZ



THE STARS YOUR DESTINATION

By: pepper_bird and OneDapperCat Art: Blue_McFly



Alpha Centauri Proxima B

Proxima B, the most habitable of Alpha Centauri’s planets, offers a quiet steamy getaway for the solitary traveler, lovers on the run, or anyone looking for escape from overwhelming everyday responsibilities! Come prepared for the heat and spectacular light-shows, or take advantage of the remoteness to unplug — there’s simply no nightlife to speak of anywhere in Alpha Centauri. Time your trip properly: Proxima B’s off-season is literally uninhabitable thanks to red dwarf star Proxima Centauri’s eccentricity.

Hotel: Star Horse Sanctuary

Cost: \$\$-\$\$\$\$ (reduces to \$ during off-season)

Amenities: Aurora pool, black sands beach, hot springs, starbathing, volcanic hikes, gravity well exercise room, board game room, all meals included and required, as there are no local restaurants...yet?

Adult options: Nude beach tours, centaur games with costumes and attachments (great fun, but not for the faint of heart! Hung like half a horse was plenty indeed).

Accessibility: all rooms meet galactic compliance standard 1Q1, and include robotic assistance arms. Note: robotic assistance arms are for support/lifts only. Guests proceed with “off-label” use at their own risk!

Takeaway: Delightfully hot with a healthy dose of UV radiation! Visitors will be blown away by the gorgeous auroras. This reviewer did experience one unpleasant interaction with another guest, a demon who insisted on drunkenly lolling alongside the pool in a puddle of whisky whilst naked and weeping. However, once he’d passed out, the staff efficiently removed him from the premises, allowing silent splendor to reign again.

Rating (out of 5): ☆☆☆☆



City of Dis, Sixth Circle of Hell

Hotel: Boat on the River Inn

Cost: \$\$-\$\$\$\$

Amenities: Fantastic views of the River Styx and the great fortress. Lodging includes continental breakfast (but avoid the beans on toast – those definitely aren’t beans), board game room, spin classes, and boiling sulphur pit soaks. Be sure to bring your kids to the river’s edge for a dip to render them invulnerable! But watch your grip – it’d be a shame to give them an Achilles Heel.

Adult options: Selfies with Charon the ferryman and the three Furies! (Alecto is an Insta-favorite.) Keep an eye out for Lucifer Morningstar! Dung Pit tours are another free option: nose clips provided so guests can enjoy toiling shit-shovelers without losing consciousness. Other activities: listening to the sobs of the damned, sampling the shared glass of Boone’s Farm Strawberry Hill, and hitting the dance floor at Hell’s hottest nightclub, Pandæmonium. >>>

DESTINATION

Accessibility: Negative. But it’s Hell.

Takeaway: Visit in the dead of winter. Also bring payment alternatives; your credit cards are certain to be declined here, no matter who you think you are.

Rating: ☆☆☆

STAY-PUTS

Our reviewer tries the ultimate staycation!

Can’t afford to go anywhere this year? Physically/emotionally unable to travel? Feeling in a rut? Why not build your own destination? Staycation Pocket Universe Trips Select (STAY-PUTS) are a budget-friendly option for would-be travelers. As their ads say: “We’ll help you realize your greatest fantasy for the lowest price, while never leaving the comfort and safety of your own home.”*

Cost: \$-\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

Opening quotes start at half of an IRL trip. Be wary of upgrade fees; STAY-PUTS is positively demonic when it comes to surprise costs. If they offer you bottled water or use of their onsite restroom, expect charges to appear on your final invoice. And the contract is byzantine, so read the fine print! Even better: have your lawyer read it.

Amenities: no limit/imaginary
Adult options: no limit/imaginary
Accessibility: seriously. Sky’s the limit.
Ambience: varies

This reviewer tried two packages: Throw Me In The Deep End, where the traveler takes a trip created from a template, with options for upgrading accommodations, food, and entertainment. The more bespoke Bare Bones package is another option: traveler and designer create a tailored trip from the ground up in an empty nebulous pocket universe. Both packages come with souvenirs and social media proof of your “trip.”

With Deep End you choose from an endless array of templates, but unfortunately they’re only as interesting as their designer. I worked with Hastur, who couldn’t understand why a basic trip wasn’t enough to satisfy a seasoned traveler. His excuse was that he mostly deals with infrequent travelers who want their English chicken pot pie while they visit Laos.

Bare Bones is infinitely more exciting and worth the splurge. With the help of their top designer, Crowley, you’ll find yourself soaring through nebulas in a sleek vintage car, or perhaps climbing Olympus Mons on Mars with an alluring guide, without oxygen deprivation. With the right design assistance, a STAY-PUTS trip can feel more “real” than an expensive actual vacation, leaving you with memories to last your lifetime.

But is STAY-PUTS really the cost-effective option it touts itself? Judging by the lengthy invoice, ludicrous tacked-on fees, hit-or-miss designers, unknown side effects, and billable legal hours, you might rather risk a more mediocre trip in the flesh. **WNGZ**

Rating: ☆☆

STAY-PUTS!

THE ULTIMATE STAYCATION!

STAY-PUTS!

THROW ME IN THE DEEP END

"Looking to get away from it all? But you don't have enough time or money or stamina? And also nobody likes you? Who even wants to travel these days with all the crime and global warming and bedbugs? You already know the minute you book it that it's going to be a rotten trip. COME TO STAY PUTS -- where we will give you the memory of a trip without any of the hassle."

* Legal disclaimer: 80% of preventable injury-related deaths occur in the home. STAY-PUTS does not guarantee general home safety when using STAY-PUTS or at any time whatsoever. Also travelling to uncharted dimensions may have untold effects on human corporations and STAY-PUTS is not responsible for any of that either. Ask your doctor if STAY-PUTS is right for you.

MEANWHILE IN HEAVEN...



ICE LOLAS

DON'T LET THE HEAT GET THE BEST OF YOU

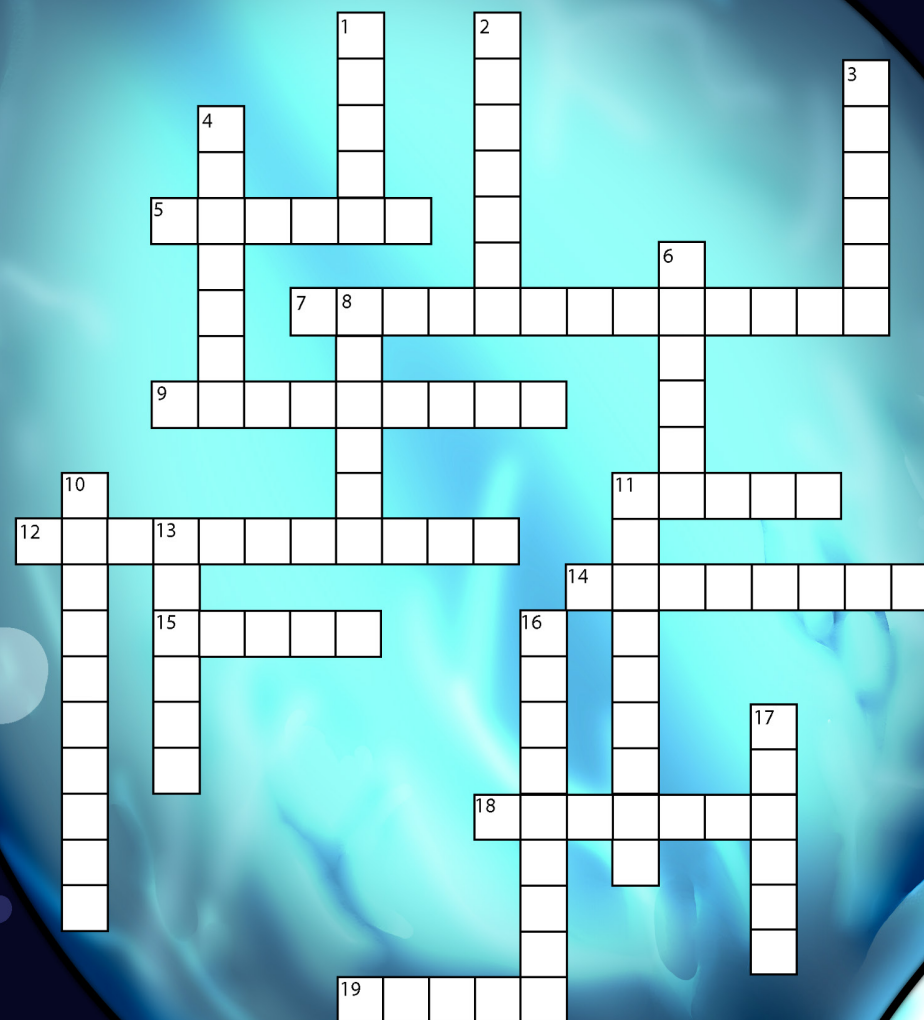


**NEW
FLAVORS!**

BERRY NICE | TORSPEEDO | CHOCONIPS

CROSSWORD

By: theRavenMuse Art: Trevor



Down 1. A monster lurking in the blue holes with the head of a shark and the body of an octopus. 2. A beautiful woman with the tail of a fish. 3. Seal at sea and human on land. 4. A Japanese terror that turns calm seas to storms. 6. A predatory equine creature living in and around the rivers and lochs. 8. Once a beautiful naiad, this now monstrous beast snaps at passing ships who venture too close to her shores. 10. This angered sea god caused a great flood that created the Chiloé Archipelago. 11. A massive creature who creates whirlpools by opening its mouth. Sailors are warned to keep well away. 13. A crocodilian creature in service to Ganga and Varuna. 16. A multi-headed serpent, created by the god of the Hebrews. 17. A massive beast with snake-like arms that split ships apart and drag sailors to the depths.

Across 5. The primordial sea and mother to the Babylonian gods. 7. A creature so vast that it's back is mistaken for a rocky island, complete with vegetation. 9. Vengeful ghosts of lost Japanese sailors who seek to bring the still living down to join them. 11. A massive serpentine fish slain by Perseus in defense of Andromeda. 12. A sea serpent who outgrew the earth and now encircles it, biting his own tail. 14. A hungry serpent lurking below the surface in the Amazon. 15. A vampiric water demon that must balance water on its head to keep its powers. 18. A lizard-like beast who dwells in places of dangerous currents, both friend and foe to the Māori people. 19. Cover your ears, rocks are ahead!

Answers on page 56

OUR ANGEL IS THE CENTERFOLD

Art: BJs4Bildad



Ask Dr. Peanut

For all your celestial sex, health and sexual health questions!



Dear Dr. Peanut,
I'm experiencing some concerning changes in my corporation. I recently consumed human food for the first time (ox ribs, to be precise). I let a demon tempt me, and now something is coming out the other end. Frankly, it smells awful. I don't know if it's related, because it doesn't look anything like ox ribs. But more importantly: Am I dying? Is this the first stage of discorporation? What should I do? Thank you for your attention to this matter,
-Confused Rib Lover

Dear Rib, First off, you're going to be okay! You've experienced something called digestion and defecation. Have you checked your butthole? I suspect you have one that is functioning like a human butthole. These processes are normally reserved just for humans, but if you forget to de-activate those particular parts of your corporation, they will kick into action when you ingest food. Ox ribs in particular can make their way through your body at a rapid pace, the grease really gets things moving for certain corporations.

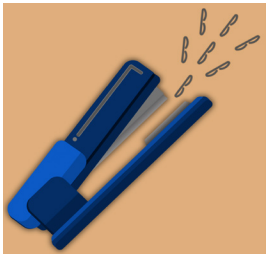
You have a couple of options, one would be to embrace your humanity and all of the farts and feces that come along with it- meaning every time you eat, the food will be processed by your corporation and turned into smelly waste products which are then expelled through your skibap, ba-dap butthole. Or you can use your god gifted grace to eliminate that food in a more... angelic way. What goes in must come out, but the method of exit is quite up to you.

Excrementally yours,
Dr. Peanut

Dear Dr. Peanut,
As I'm sure you're aware, things have been rather stressful up here in [REDACTED] since the not-[REDACTED] and the loss of [REDACTED]. I have, however, found a somewhat unconven-

tional method of working through a bit of that pent up tension. The trouble, however, is that the walls of [REDACTED] are mostly made of glass... Can you recommend a more covert method of stress relief that would not risk alerting my co-workers or new boss to these abnormal proclivities?
-Wank Wings

Dear Wank, Stress relief is a very important part of work/life balance, so I would not at all call these new found activities abnormal. Though they may not be common in your particular workspace, they are a valid way to provide self care.



Getting out of the office, would of course help, perhaps there is an isolated stairwell somewhere where you could find a private moment? Barring that option, making use of your wings may provide you a bit of privacy if you can't convince your boss to invest in things like curtains or privacy screens... If you're writing into this magazine, I suspect you may have some powers of your own. Using a [REDACTED] to make your glass walls frosted instead of clear would give you a modicum of privacy. At least then only your silhouette would be visible to onlookers, and surely your stress relief method could easily be explained with other mundane tasks like inserting pencils into the sharpener, filing by hand or some aggressive stapling. That could explain any buzzing sounds, or repetitive motions so you can ensure your pent up tension is well relieved.

Another option, if you feel you have a similarly inclined coworker, would be to create a private space and help work off each other's daily stress. Having a friend to share the load can be an even more pleasant way to ease tension.

Invisibly,
Dr. Peanut



By: GlitteringPeanut42 • Tippy • Crystalsilhouette • ElysiumLeo • LemonTart • Busy24_7 • NegotiationReal Art: PurpleMoonPagan

HELL'S ART
DEPARTMENT

Dear “Doctor” Peanut, My significant other and I have recently begun experimenting with... making an effort, so to speak. I am AMAZING at it, so no issue there! The thing is, they are of the, let’s say, demonic persuasion and I am the Archangel [EXPLETIVE DELETED] [NAME REDACTED], and as far as I know, that’s never happened between an angel and a demon before. We’re the first. No big deal, ha ha!



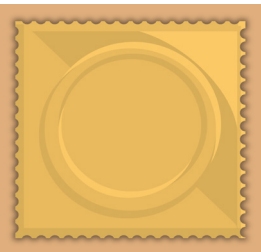
Anywho, recently I have begun uncontrollably consuming gross matter, and then uncontrollably expelling said gross matter all over the place. And worse than that, my corporation has been getting softer around the midsection (ew!). Could all of this be some kind of allergic reaction from all of the effort-making we’ve been doing? Is this what happens when angels and demons do it too much? I mean, we do it A LOT!! Not much else to do out here in [LOCATION REDACTED].
–Effort-vescent

Dear Effort, I fear you’ll be receiving this answer too late, given the typical turnaround of magazines, but if you haven’t figured it out by now, I suspect you are expecting. You see, when two celestial beings make efforts the way you have described, those efforts make a special celestial goo that when combined, can create new life. You’re going to be a parent. Congratulations!! Your symptoms are related to the very important changes taking place inside your corporation, I’m afraid your midsection... and your effort will never be the same after this, but you’ll have a horde of hellspawn for your troubles. Demonic gametes produce litters, so you’re going to have your hands full! I would recommend you look for a celestial obstetrician to ensure you and your babies remain healthy throughout this process. Practicing safe sex would prevent this from happening again, so I would recommend you invest in some AVAUNT non-latex condoms for future effort making endeavors.

G. L. Peanut, MD No quotations about it.

Dear Dr. Peanut, As you know, some demons can take other forms — turn into toads and bats and

whatnot. Theoretically, let’s say there’s a demon who can take a snake form. And let’s say this demon has sexual relations with a non-demon — an angel, just to throw out a random example — while in snake form. Is there any risk of the snake-demon transmitting Salmonella or another reptile-borne pathogen to their partner? Just theoretically asking for a friend.
–Snex Ed



Dear Snex, Thankfully, an angelic partner would not be subject to the same infections common to reptiles and other earthly creatures, so Salmonella would not pose a risk to your friend’s potential partner. Although, if an angel did decide to embrace human behaviors like digestion, Salmonella could pose a risk in that case, so please check any partner’s digestion status prior to engaging in snex, especially oral snex. Celestial beings of all kinds do remain at risk for other snexually sexually transmitted infections like Seraphilis and Demonorrhea, so no matter your form, I would still recommend using protection. Don’t make a mistake, cover your snake.

Serpentinely yours,
Dr. Peanut

Dear Dr. Peanut, Help! I seem to have run into a problem of late and I don’t know what to do. It’s been some time since I’ve been assigned to my latest position, and while I appreciate the promotion and the experience this new occupation has given me, it seems to have come with an unexpected side effect I hadn’t anticipated. You see, where I’m currently stationed, comes in quite a bit of contact with humans of late, and I’m curious if working in close contact with them may be affecting my corporation in some manner or other.



It started one day, when I was out on my usual morning walk and looking at my cupperty, when I found myself with a very large, bipedal and feathered non-human companion following me, trying to take my cupperty.

For some strange reason, I felt the urge to reach out and pet it, and now it’s followed me back to the shop I’m currently assigned to guard. I’ve seen humans with other non-human entities (I believe they’re still called dogs and cats, but I’m not sure if they’ve since updated the names with the times). The problem is when I tried to send it home back to its pond, it quacked at me in such a way that I felt something in my abdominal area twinge and now I don’t want it to go away at all. It’s currently sitting in the chair next to me, and I have this inexplicable desire to keep it with me forever and... and snuggle it. Please help, what is this feeling I’m having, and is it contagious?
–Big Cross Duck-Bound

Dear Duck-Bound, What you are experiencing is a very normal but quite human feeling, you see, you’ve made what they call ‘a friend’. Often when we make friends, our corporations feel something called ‘happiness’ when they are around their friends. Animal friends in particular often elicit very strong feelings like love. This is, however, a platonic love and should NOT be confused with romantic love, which is very different and inappropriate to feel for animal companions like the duck you have befriended. These feelings can be quite normal when you reach a certain amount of time on Earth and around humans. The longer you spend around them, the more your corporation can change. It’s scary at first, because it’s all so new, but these feelings are very normal and nothing to be afraid of.

Your duck friend seems to also enjoy being your friend, which is why it quacked and wants to stay with you. If the duck seems agreeable, you could attempt to pet it and allow it to snuggle on your lap, but if the duck quacks angrily or seems uncomfortable, make sure that you let it go. You could also offer it some frozen peas, but please, do not feed it bread. It will like bread and try to steal your bread, but bread isn’t good for ducks, so try and keep the bread away. Animal friends often also like to be named, you could come up with a name for your friend and see if there is a certain name that makes it happy. Enjoy your budding friendship!

Swimmingly,
Ducktor Peanut

Dear Doctor Peanut, As it is known, I am rather well-versed in a good many things pornographic. But I am incredibly humble enough to admit that I am not All Knowing. So my question is thus, I am to understand earthly beings have rather hazardous genitalia, but I have seen such varying inconsistencies. What classifications determine whether the male penis does or does not have the barbs? Do they simply all have them and they manifest in the same manner as I have seen in the feline species with their claws? (It’s quite clear that demons have them and are very much to blame for influencing such a development on Earth.)
–Random Shop Patron



Dear RSP, While earthly beings do have a wide variety of genitalia- barbs, as you’ve mentioned, some are corkscrew shaped, some species may also have hemipenes, amongst many other variations- those special features are very species dependent. Not all phalluses have barbs, though several species do have different types of barbs. Those significant differences in male genitalia are related to how each species mates, often to ensure an increased chance of procreation. Human male genitals are yet another type of phallus, they do not have barbs, but they can vary dramatically in length and girth in any combination. They are often smooth to the touch, sometimes described as velvety, they may or may not have a large visible vein along the length of the phallus. Some feel this vein is a sign of virility, though truly it’s just a normal variation in phallus design.

Different species will have different features to their male genitals, which are then often complementary to the female species genitals to ensure successful mating. Interspecies mating is often frowned upon and typically not successful due to this reason. As for demon genitals, since they come from the same stock as angels, it’s safe to say that their genitals are solely based on the effort being made by a specific demon or angel, and barbs would truly be up to the desires of the effort making celestial.

Stiffly,
Dr. Peanut



lunely harts eternal club

By: flomacaroon Art: christophjpg

ARE YOU AGED 20-30, slim build, into calm and soothing musik, a charity worker and political activist? If so, fuck off!!! I want a shit-smelly milenia-year-old incubus with innumerable opinions, a lewd bifurcated tonge and spiky nails to make indelible marx all over my skin!!!

- a deemun

WERE YOU THE FERN with delicate, feathery fronds, curvy, lush, cascading appearance, dark green, being tossed around for hours, staying at the far left end of the back seat during my master's moving in? I was the lucky car transporting you, all black and shiny. I meant to communicate my attraction to you but I can only talk in Queen music. Hope we'll meet again."

-B.

IF YE ARE a painted trollop with mair than twa nipples, living in a rundown boarding house in Tadfield an' particularly intae mediumship and spiritualism, please never cross paths wi' me 'cos some ae us are fucking trying tae not get their beliefs questioned! Ye disgraceful woman. (Ye've still git guts, though.) ((Ye can stay for tea, but only for 55 seconds)) (((Please, marry me, Jezebel)))).

-S.

IN SEARCH OF a tall and graceful demon with iridescent eyes, soft lips, who's really nice even if they hate that word. Should like rescuing a millenia-year-old gentle angel's bottom on a daily basis (aforementioned angel with a vigorous, strong, and amorous constitution.) Offering 10,000,000 kisses — and other bedroom treats — a year.

- A.Z.F.

Lonely Harts, where demons die for you and angels sing your name in ecstasy. Join us and find the lonely hart waiting for you.

<https://on.soundcloud.com/2dhyRXNlm4Eq1tg99>

WANTED: LAUDANUM. Lots of it.

- A.J.C

FOULNESS ENTHUSIAST seeks like-minded malignant spirit(s) for brine-fueled devastation. Should be sinister-smiles-and-malevolent-chuckles prone, even better if they are infectious. Must enjoy diabolism and have a strong tolerance for the horrific.

My first part is found in a polar bear, poor babies I push towards the state of extinction
My second part is in a word for good fate, which won't be your status when you find me
My third part is the end of "annihilation" my beloved

My all is what I am, it's up to you to find.

- P.

ARE YOU HERE on a matter of some importance and not here to have fun? Ready to head the efforts of the armies of Heaven? Well it's not your lucky day! I crave a fearsome and awe-inspiring leader with a commanding, unsettling gaze who will affectionately torture me with respect and passion.

— G., also called J.

LOOKING FOR MORTAL(S) keen to depart early from the living world to not burden themselves with precipitation. Preferably perilous party-goer(s) and risky aquatics aficionado(s).

-



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ASMO DIVAS

*Tempt
smarter,
not
harder*



Avaunt!

Non-latex condoms

All-natural lamb
intestine
condoms.
Protect your
effort with a
vintage feel
and say
AVAUNT FOUL SEMEN!



Colophon

Wingz magazine is set in Merriweather. The Merriweather project is led by Sorkin Type, a type design foundry based in Western Massachusetts, USA. Merriweather was designed to be a text face that is pleasant to read on screens. It features a very large x height, slightly condensed letterforms, a mild diagonal stress, sturdy serifs and open forms.

Headlines are set in Montserrat designed by Julieta Ulanovsky, Sol Matas, Juan Pablo del Peral, Jacques Le Bailly. The old posters and signs in the traditional Montserrat neighborhood of Buenos Aires inspired Julieta Ulanovsky to design this typeface and rescue the beauty of urban typography that emerged in the first half of the twentieth century.

Titles are set in Acropolis, designed by Jonathan Hoefler in 1992. Acropolis is a design in the 'grecian' style, a genus of slab serif characterized by chamfered corners, which emerged in the late Georgian period and flourished in the United States of the mid-nineteenth century.

Layouts were done using Adobe InDesign on a Mac Pro and MacBook Pro named Oscar and Mother, respectively. Mental and emotional support came from black coffee, Basement Jaxx and a Gleafer.

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**THIS SPACE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK.
LOL BYE.**

Crossword Answers:

Down

1. Lusca 2. Mermaid 3. Selkie 4. Umibōzu 6. Kelpie 8. Scylla 10. Coi Coi-Vilu 11. Charybdis 13. Makara 16. Leviathan 17. Kraken

Across

5. Tiamat 7. Aspidochelone 9. Funayūrei 11. Cetus 12. Jormungandr 14. Yacumama 15. Kappa 18. Taniwha 19. Siren