



## Acknowledgements

I would like to thank all the animals and monsters that have contributed material and energy into the making of this issue. Without your good will and effort, this project would have been a fart in the wind.

I would also like to express my deep gratitude and love for the illustrators that have made drawings for this project. You guys deserve some good lady time on my treat.

The fact that no one involving “BOTW” have asked for any kind of reward or payment in exchange for their art, makes this a collaboration from the soul to the soul by the soul of the community.

This is not the end, don't cry yet. This is merely the beginning to what I would like to dub “the books of genesis” or “what I like to do when my poop deck falls in the toilet”.

This is all until now. Biz, over.

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Picture taken from the InterWeb

Released by “Biz and Friends”

First and only Edition

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## IMPORTANT

Videos work only if you have Adobe Flash Player installed.

A simple google search will lead you to two choices:

Either install Adobe Acrobat DC,  
or install this plugin

[Click Here](#)



Cardistry is movement and movement is what keeps me alive.

## Leaving Your Comfort Zone

### Pros

- Understand more about yourself/others
- Expand your comfort zone
- Improve confidence
- Extroverts are happier/live longer
- Experiences make people happier
- Learn how much you are actually capable of!
- Become a more interesting person
- Gain knowledge + wisdom
- Differentiate yourself

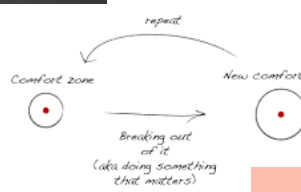
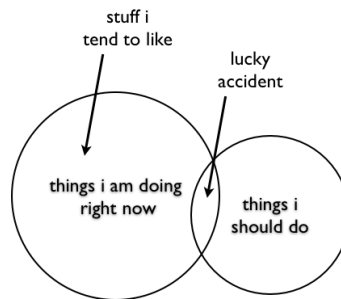
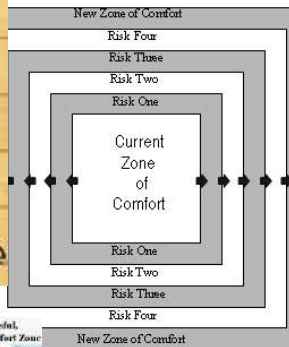
### Cons

- It's scary
- People will judge you
- Something bad might happen (fear of unknown)
- Everything is fine how it is
- Ignorance is bliss
- You'll be different than everyone else
- You might miss what you left
- Takes effort
- Won't do

EVERYTHING YOU  
EVER WANTED, IS OUT  
STEP OUTSIDE YOUR  
COMFORT ZONE.

IF YOU DO  
WHAT YOU  
ALWAYS DID  
YOU WILL  
GET WHAT  
YOU ALWAYS  
GOT.

away from your  
comfort zone  
may feel  
temporarily  
uncomfortable,  
but it  
feels a lot better  
than standing  
in a place that  
no longer  
suits you.



Type/Etsy



Move out of your comfort zone. You can only grow if you are willing to feel awkward and uncomfortable when you try something new.

-Brian Tracy

HELLO  
I AM...

LEAVING MY  
COMFORT ZONE

Are you really happy  
or just comfortable?

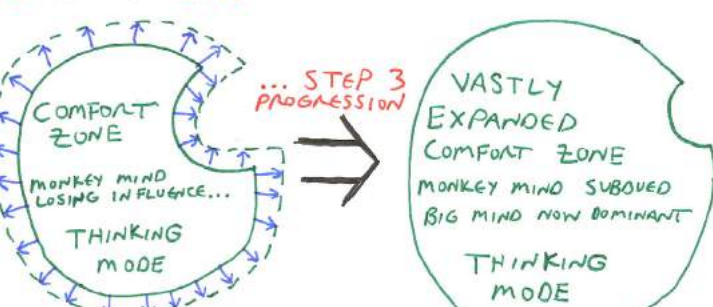
TRAINING THE COMFORT

but it's haaaaard.



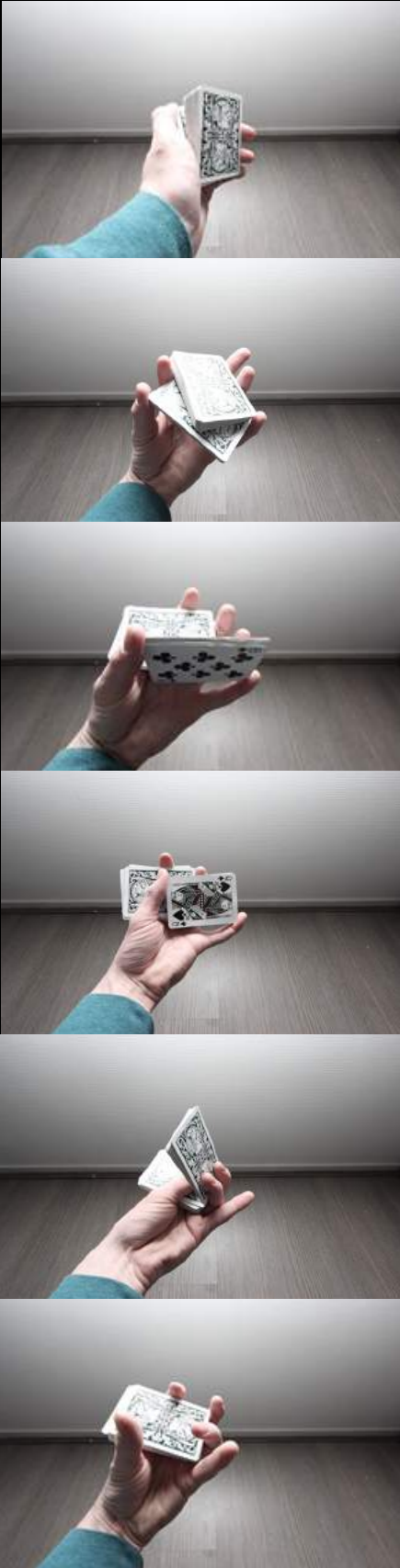
IF YOU  
SOMETHING  
NEVER

STEPS 1 + 2...





# Milke van der Burg



Came up with this cut in February. This was inspired by Nikolaj Pedersen's "bella rev". One day I put a video up on my Instagram and people started telling me that the cut already exists. You know that feeling, right? One guy was saying that Chris Severson created it. I looked it up on his Instagram and I found out that he had something super similar, but I was using different mechanics, more refined, I guess. Another guy was telling me Nguyen Hoang Duy created the move but I couldn't find a video of it, and some other guys where saying that they had already did it.

Months later, when Biz asked if I'd contribute something to this book, I decided to teach this move cause it's a simple, yet cool move and feels awesome to do. Hope you guys don't feel robbed that I'm teaching it. Enjoy the cut!



Start of in dealers grip position.  
Riffle with the thumb 10-12 cards.  
Grip the bottom packet at the corners with the thumb and pinky, then put your index finger under the top packet.  
Rotate the top packet clockwise and let the bottom packet revolve around the top packet.  
Spin the packet between the thumb and pinky.  
To close the cut, you simply push the now top packet with the thumb and control it with your ring and middle finger.  
Now grab a balloon and celebrate, because you have just completed the cut, players. Cheers!

# is the devil



**The following story is constructed out of true events, though re-arranged, so they express my recollection of a time spend in...**

**I remember meeting Mike when Noel, Zach and I were in Amsterdam. It took us 4 nights to finally see the city during daytime.**

**I remember very clearly how we got lost. We left the hostel, took a right, went forward until the intersection, then took another right and poof.**

**'Where are we?' We all start laughing. None of us seemed to recognize any of the buildings during daylight. We all continue laughing. None of us seemed to remember why we left the hostel in the first place. We all stop laughing. None of us knew where we were.**

**A car stops next to us. Zach and I keep walking, Noel stays put. We notice Noel got left behind after a period of silence. The window to the black car must've opened. Noel sticks his head in. The following is a lie: Noel gets offered some lady-time. The following is a truth: Noel gets offered some lady-time. Conclusion: Noel is a boss.**

**Zach and I start wondering why's Noel taking so long to refuse the gentleman. Five girls pass by us. I strike up a conversation with one of them about her jacket. I fall in love with her. Zach starts showing them magic for what seems like ages. I look at Noel: he's still looking in the glass-mirror. I remind myself not to care so much about how others look at me. A hobo spits me in the face. Everyone starts running away. I ponder jumping of the bridge, but start dancing instead. The thought of getting stabbed enter my brain. I see Zach and Noel. They are whispering 7 meters away from me, but I can hear them clearly. The hobo keeps following me on his bike. I imagine him to be a dragon. He throws a bottle of juice at me, but misses me horribly. He is clearly very drunk. I lose him after a corner. I stumble into a guy who tries to sell me some weed. I start laughing and point my finger at a coffee-shop. He asks me where I'm from. I ask him where he's from. We start talking in Romanian.**

**Inside the cafe, Zach talks everyone into making a jam video for the documentary.**

**Noel pulls his head out of the car and starts singing "Cocaine" by Great Dane. He meets up with me at the corner. We ask him what the fuck just happened. He tells us he just got offered some lady-time. We ask him what he replied. 'My name is Noel Heath.' So then he started performing "Sinb" for everyone. Zach tells me bringing Noel on the trip was the best idea.**

**We all start laughing. Everybody starts complaining about having walked too much. We all continue laughing. Everybody realizes it's getting too cold. We all stop laughing. Everybody's worrying about Biz.**

**I start believing I am a prototype sent down by aliens on Earth in order to test out how living feels. We take a cab to the train station. I start believing the cab driver is going to kidnap us. We get on the bus. I start believing I'm acting schizophrenic.**

**Zach and Noel pass out on their seats. I stay still on the floor for the following 20 minutes. No one interacts with me. I notice Mike checking up on what I am doing. No one interacts with me. I notice Mike checking up on my existence. I finally move, after winning my body back. Mike interacts with me.**

**'Biz, you want some?' his hand reaching out in help.**

**I start laughing. I laugh. I stop laughing.**

Brendan Connor is confused



Water. Water. Water.

Deck, deck, deck...POOP DECK! Where's that poop deck again? Did I already eat all the cards from the floor?

Ok, I don't have hands anymore? I don't get it. Why would he turn me into a goat? C'mon, make me a monkey if you are going to keep my human consciousness intact.

Did I eat that poop deck already? Didn't taste that bad, as I recall. Then again, my goat memory might be deceiving me...

Also, what's this deck eating thing? Do goats eat decks?? Ok, well, goat's don't fly either-BIRD!

It's pretty nice up here, I will give you that (#scenery #change) How is this even possible? I swear, I was watching another episode of Prison Break (look at his facebook and see what he watched) and then, all of a sudden, I feel a headache crawling up on me. I slap the headache away.

Stupid fucking creature...

...then I know I felt a little bump in my throat. I ghastly ran to the toilet and used a spoon to get the bump out. Why do I keep my spoons in the toilet anyway? Jim's a weird person, if you ask me.

Wait, is it Jim or me that keeps the spoons here? Who is JIM??? I feel confused. I feel confused. It's probably from Biz's poop decks. Most likely. Dammit. Maybe I shouldn't be recording all of this.

## RECORDING

Used for imprinting data on a drive for later view, the word "record" was revolutionised and changed in the Dex and Oxford Dictionary once Augmented Reality became of personal use to the entire population.

Recording = imprinting data into a virtual screen which can then be later accessed. The data can be transformed into audio or text, depending on the energy the user has committed to recording each respective moment.

I turn off the TV and all of a sudden I start asking myself "Why is it that I have a TV in my room?" The peculiarity of the entire setting makes me doubt reality for the 2nd time this day. I grab the closest thing to me- a deck of cards- and lose my imagination in the field each card has hidden within the white margins of its personality. I rise up and turn off what is left of the exterior and slowly let myself drift on the -

I am hungry.

I snapped back to reality, forgetting I ever wanted- wait... why am I talking in the past tense? Am I reading this later on or is it now that I am talking to myself through my 3rd person voice? I hear a voice telling me to breath. It's a female voice. It's gentle and harmonious, it's gentle and exotic, it's gentle and very much pornographic... I realise I left my porno playing on my computer.

Nonetheless, I close my eyes and do what the lady tells me.

I breath in...

I breath out...

**Also known as "A Headache" and made possible through the words "I think I have a headache", the key-word that unleashes this creature into the real world is the word "think". Most users of the human skin are not aware of the magical energy some words have gathered within them.**

### Appearance

**The creature takes the form of an annoying Belriva Biscuit.**

### Special attacks

**Distraction and Random Warmth**

### Effects

**"Holy Fuck I can't watch TV" and "Am I still high or...?"**

### Allies

**Computer and Phone**

Tashfiq Alam - Durex\*

## INT. NEWSCAST AGENCY

NEWSLADY,23, looks straight in the camera. There is nothing on the desk, nothing in her hands; there is no backdrop, no images; there is nothing except the NEWSLADY and her pretty smile.

### NEWSLADY

“The Imaginarium” revolutionised everything.  
It’s been said that most people now live more inside their Imagination than they live inside reality. It’s easy to talk about such a thing now, when you have schools and programs guarding people while they’re inside the program, but back then, when Mr. Tashiq Alam brought “The Imaginarium” to the real world, it was as if the entire population of Earth crumbled under the sheer pressure of their own potential.

### CUTS BACK AND FORTH

Pictures of TASHIQ ALAM, 29, are shown on the screen, together with his creation and his other co-workers. The pictures, at first, portray a happy man, in the flower of his life, but as these keep changing, they showcase a rather grim image of what it takes in order for one to achieve his goal.

### NEWSLADY (CONT'D) (cheerfully cruel)

No one could have imagined how things would turn out, but, I suppose, it was obvious that a lot of weak-minded people were going to fall victims to a series of new-age mental diseases; it was obvious, but everybody had to take a shot at this NEW VIBE.

### DISSOLVES TO

The sound of a type-writer fills the void between what the spectator expects to see and what he sees. The writing says, “Five years later, Mr. Tashiq “Condom” Alam, is nowhere to be seen.”

## INT. YELLOW HOUSE - ROOM - DAY

The sound of a type-writer fills the air as a ping-pong ball hits an invisibble wall back and forth. A small DOG,4, seated close to the furniture, barks, but a car is heard honking instead. It feels as if someone had taken all the rules of the universe and put them in a blender.

TASHIQ ALAM can be seen sitting on his bed. He appears to be happy.

## INT. TASHIQ'S IMAGINARIUM

TASHIQ on a chair surrounded by 101 girls, all who are holding playing cards in their hands. Except for the chairs on which everyone is sitting, the scenary is made out of condoms.







Brainstorming Duy

Duy. Duy Duy Duy. Duy. The phonetics of the name takes my mind to a combination of words from Romanian, “du-i”, which means “take something to him/her/it”.

“Du” - pronounced like “do” and “y”, left to be lonely, forms, “Do y” -> “Y do” -> “Why do”. Why should one do something? The question at the core of Duy’s name haha. Or, if you keep them as they were, “do y”, then an action occurs after which you ask yourself why you’ve done that thing. The later plays more on thinking and it has better capabilities of evolving one’s brain and abilities.

Now, let’s single out each letter.

## D

The letter pronounced in English sounds the same as an onomatopoe in Romanian, which is used when people want to express sarcasm regarding someone else’s action. Close to “tsk”, from English. “D” makes me think of “d\*\*k”, mostly because all of my jokes tend towards the sexual field. Let me take a moment to clarify why...

My jokes tend towards the sexual field because it is the fastest way to enter someone’s comfort zone and show him you are harmless. Done in a polite and not invasive manner, sexual jokes can bring two people really close. It’s the type of jokes I make when I enter a store and am with my girlfriend. If there is another female which I am attracted to (and usually, she is someone which I have to talk to, for she is the clerk or sales person over there) I will ask her if she is interested in a threesome with us. My smile lets her know I am joking, my body language is telling her that I mean no real want but rather blablabla, you got it, I don’t want to take about myself anymore. Let’s get back to Duy.

## U

The band, of course. Afterwards, or more honestly, this was the first thing I thought of, “uuuuuuuuuuuuuu”, the letters, said in Romanian, is what I let out of my mouth when I see something and am intrigued by it or when I hear something and want to hear more of it. “U” , pronounced in English takes me to the word “you”, which lets me know that this person, this Duy guy, is aware of others, has this word implemented into his soul (due to having his name pronounced each day) and will not be selfish, they will not -

*What does this have to do with anything?  
What is this talk about?  
What are you doing Biz?*

You guys are familiar with Brainstorming, right?

*Brainstorming* (personal definition at the time of writing) = going from one idea to the other, without any limits or moments of long pondering over clouds (#ideas).

*Brainstorming* (real definition) = hold a group discussion to produce ideas

This is basically brainstorming inside a word. You split a word up and you connect it with information you already hold. This is also dubbed under “connecting” and “linking” words when one is learning a new language. You might be more familiar with the idea from the “Memory palace”, only there, you link images with words instead of words with words.

## Y

This letter also looks like a glass of wine for me. Maybe, if I stretch my imagination a bit, it seems as if two people are holding hands while, at the same time, one of them is holding a leash- BOM, we just created a dog. A vertical balance, a sort of tie or one of those apparatus doctors have when listening to your heart; paying more attention to the negative space created by the black lines takes my imagination to a pair of panties and two legs put together. NOO, now I see, it’s a d\*\*k (lower line) entering a genital (the “v” lines).

“Y” pronounced in English, sounds like an expression in Romanian written “Uai” which is used when something happened to someone and you feel pain for that person (sort of like “Auch” in English).

I feel as if the letter “Y” can be played with on from an imagery point of view better.



Pull your sword out. Hold it face up. Execute the “Z(orro) Display”. Move your left thumb leftwards, until the first packet from the bottom arrives on top of the middle packet.

Throw everything to the floor. Now pick everything up.

Now throw them back again. Now pick everything up once more.

Once you become sick of this, the fear of dropping cards will evade you and sheer motivation will surge through your body. Let’s continue.



Allow the middle packet to fall down in your hand (as shown in the first picture- that’s why you don’t see the packet anymore).

Break the packet you are holding in your right hand with your index finger.

Two things will happen at the same time now.

Put your left thumb on the inner left corner of the new middle packet and use your right middle finger to spin it 180°. Your middle finger should now be under the spinned packet and in perfect position to grip ->



While the spinning occurs, your left hand will reposition the bottom packet, as shown, by closing your right middle and ring finger.



Don’t panic. breath. Let’s recap a bit, in case you’ve gotten confused.

Break into “Z Display”, swing bottom packet to the left, then drop the middle packet in your palm while breaking the top packet into two with your right hand. Spin new middle packet 180° with your right middle finger, while re-gripping in your left hand.

You should now have arrived at the first picture underneath this writing. You see how those cute Duy fingers (right middle and thumb) and gripping on that deck? Good, good. Do the same.



Now that you’ve gripped the packet (first and second picture from the left), two things will happend simultaneously: you will drop the packet which you have gripped between your left thumb and index finger and bring the newly gripped packet (right thumb and ring finger) over the 6D., spinning it 180°.

Pay attention to the 2<sup>nd</sup> picture from the right.

Packet A and B will be dropped underneath Packet C (the one which you have in Dealer’s Grip).

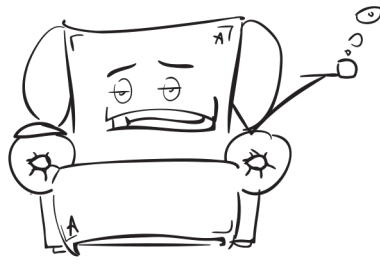
You will end up, if done correctly, with Packet C on top, Packet A injogged in the middle and Packet B on the bottom.

This arrangement of the cards will allow you to revolve the two bottom packets around using pressure from your left thumb and index finger.

Duy finishes with the display before allowing everything to fall down into an almost squared up deck.

I shall link you guys to a slow go-through of my take on the flourish, in case you have trouble following the pictures and writing ([click here](#)).





I let life surge through my fingertips as I type away what is left of Brangoat's scenery. Inception really had an idea there, though, they were walking through a land still unfamiliar and impossible for everyone alive at that time.

The computer screen lights the room. It is the only source of light.

You guys ever heard of THIS (link people to the article where the guy talks about augmented reality and whatnot). The guy touches on a subject which, in his Imagination, makes a lot of sense. Now, what I am about to say may seem far fetched, but try and spend some time on my bicycle.

### *Riding One's Bicycle*

Romanian expression meaning when one decides to play along to someone else's game.

Close to the expression "Acting out a bit with someone" or "Just play along man." commonly used by the human population.

It's cold, but I'll try to make this as warm for you guys as possible.

When you touch an object, you are accomplishing quite a number of things: first, you are creating an action- touching- which is present within a movement- that, of your body. Your body is *feeling*, you are *seeing*, you are *breathing*.

By touching thy object (for example, a deck of cards) you are creating thy deck. Saw somewhere on the Internet an idea which read that an object only exists as long as someone knows it is there, as long as someone sees it, touches it and smells it, etc...

"Seeing", "feeling", "moving", "touching", "object", "pen", "breathing" - all these words contain a counter inside ""Magi"". I am still not sure of the name I shall give this world, and I might change it with time, but seeing as Present likes it this way, I shall call this world of mine ""Magi"" for now.

When you execute an action, you are making the same action possible for someone else to use inside *Magi*. For example, if you are breathing for 24 hours in the real world, you are making it possible for someone else to breath for 24 seconds inside *Magi*. From this , we conclude that magic would not exist without some kind of life form on earth (#obviously).

By *touching* something, you are making it possible for someone else *to touch*, to execute this action, inside *Magi*.

Every word you use, everything you do and think contains a counter. This counter goes up one strike every time you exist through that word. For example, right now, your counter for "seeing", "reading", "moving", "scrolling", "distracted", "smiling", "chair", "computer", "desk", "laptop", "clothes" and so on, are moving up a notch. Of course, each counter is different according to each person.

How big do you consider your touching counter to be for today?

How about the "touching-your-genital" counter?

Have you thought about touching-your-nose counter?

What about the touching-your-elbow-with-your index finger?

The more precise you become, the more detailed you become in your movement, the better you and other people will move and be able to express their imagination inside *Magi*.

I shall not go into a full description of this world at the moment, because it shall be like trying to fill a water bottle with a water-fall; instead, I want you to think about this.

*How much life are you creating with your breathing?*

Did you say Dennis Jinnie?

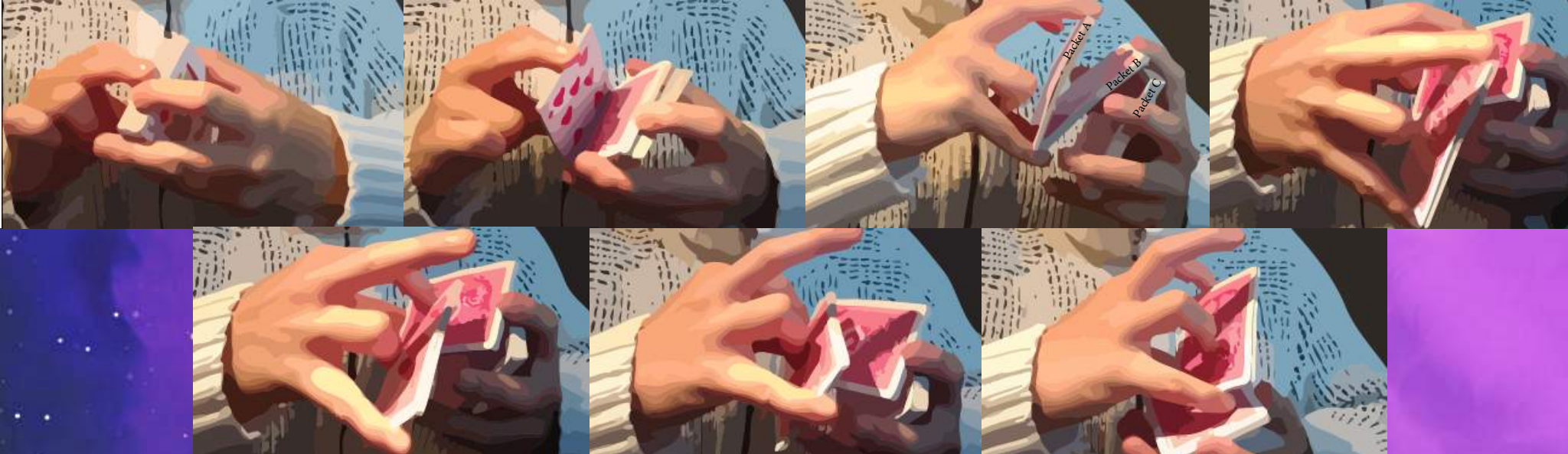


I remember meeting Dennis for the first time at the Magic Weekend Convention up in Lund. Think it was 2012.

He had quite the peculiar energy. That of a one searching hay in a stack of needles. Actually, if my memory isn't deceive me, he was actually the first soul I interacted with on my first venture to the Nordic lands.

[illegible]





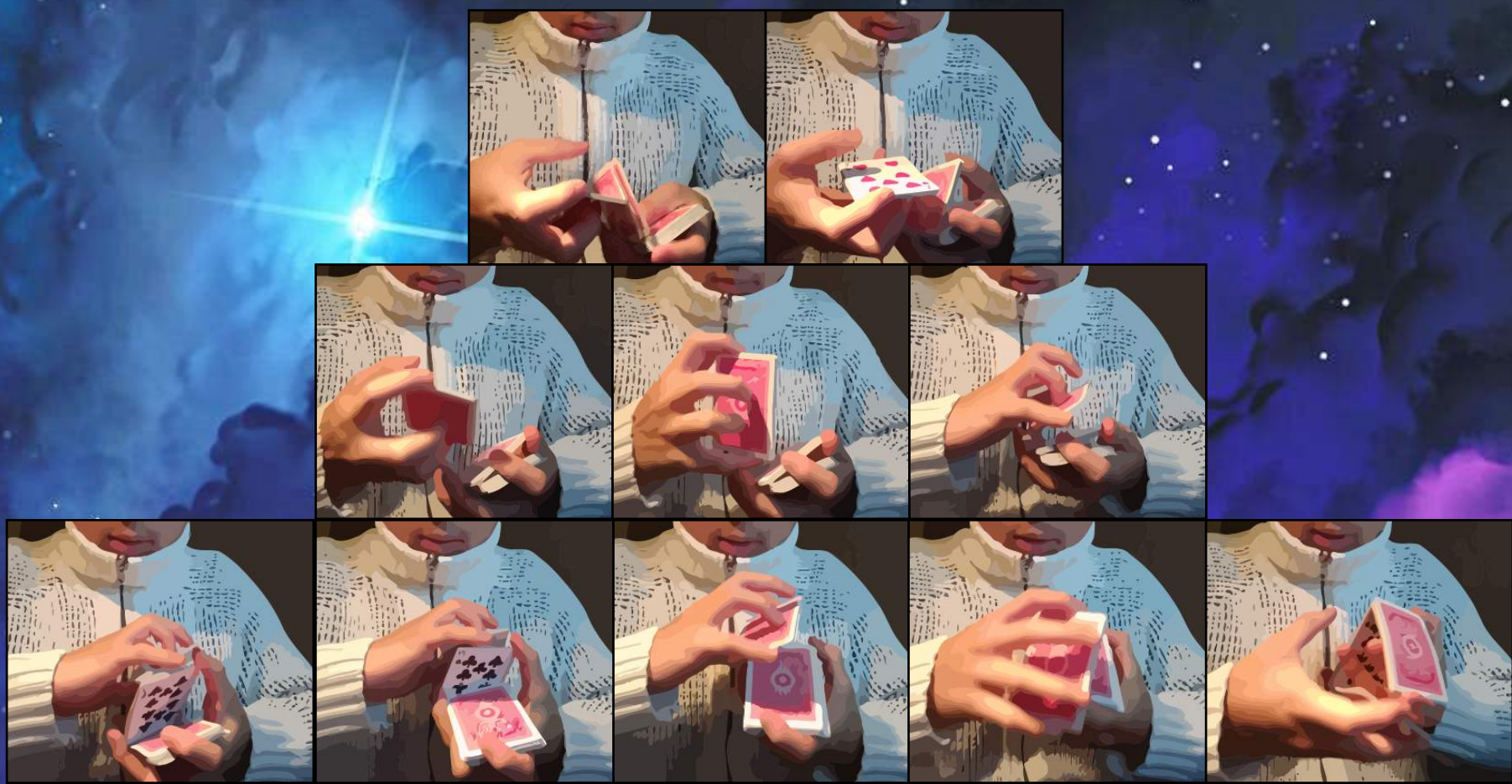
1. Z Display (right middle finger on the front edge of the top packet, thumb in the back)
2. Packet A is gripped between pinky and middle finger. You should be able to move it around freely (thumb is still on the middle packet).
3. Rotate Packet A 180° by moving your pinky finger forward.
4. Slide Packet A upwards along the back of Packet B until your right pinky almost touches the inner short edge of Packet B.
5. Clip Packet B between right pinky and thumb. Flip this packet 180° by moving your right hand forward, until Packet B lands face down on your right thumb.
6. Now that you've flipped it vertically, flip Packet B horizontally (using your right thumb) into "Charlier Cut" position.
7. Prepare for the triangle display.



#### The one handed cut (left hand)

1. Move thumb from left edge to front. Packet is gripped between pinky and thumb at the short edges.
2. Move index to the front edge of the bottom packet. This will allow you to push the bottom packet up, using your ring and middle finger, until short edges meet and form a " ^ " (2/3 of a triangle).

8. While the left hand goes about its business, the right hand packet (which is face up at the beginning of this phase) is turned face up and is moved from above the deck (closer to you) to underneath your hand. This will give birth to the display.
- 8\*. The secret behind this display is motion. Don't go about it as a stiff boner. A real genie knows that it's not the size of the boat that matters, but the motion of the ocean.





The sudden realization that I am Dennis hits me. I look down at my feet and I don't seem to recognize my toes anymore. My shoes might be in the way of my sight, but it's the feeling that matters- THE FEELING- and it's just that I don't feel my toes the same way I did before.

That's what I think about Dennis's cardistry. It just brings your feet off the ground for about an inch or two, so you can have everything closer to your heart. That's what I think about Dennis's cardistry. That's what I think about Dennis. That's what I think. That's what. THAT, THAT, THAT IS !!!

'See what I mean?' Dennis is suddenly in front of me again. I don't recall ever seeing him before, which is weird, because I always think about him-

'Biz. Wake up. It was just a joke.'

'What was just a joke?'

'You asked me if I could do anything.' I look around the room. There's no one except him and maybe another 100 people.

'Ok, so what?'

'So I made you fall in love with me as a sick joke. It was really entertaining though.' He starts bursting out in squeals. 'You were,' he's still laughing, 'you were at one point licking the table because I touched it with my breath.' He's pointing at the table, but I don't look away. His gaze is everything I want to-

'Yo, Biz. Snap out of it.'

'Snap out of what?' he stops laughing. He looks even better when he's serious.

'Ahhh, shit.' now he's rubbing his head. His rubbing his head with the same hand he uses to perform cardistry. He's rubbing his hair. He's-

'Still haven't gotten complete control over this Ginnie shit. Dude, listen to me.' His soft hands touch my robust body. I melt at the smell of his ugly breath. It's an honor to feel such raw smell coming from such a sensible being.

'You'll have to put up with this cupid-shit I spelled upon you for a couple more pages, ok? I can't seem to be so good at reversing what I do.'

'Reversing what? I don't understand what you mean, man?' My words graze not his ears, but touch his soul with kindness and love. I sure hope he feels better when I'm not as vulgar as always.

'Ahhh, shit. It seems like just your thoughts are affected.' he takes his hands off of me. I feel incomplete.

'Yo, man. You're scaring me. One second you're telling me all this shit about "*Absolutely Anything*" and how the movie clicked the second you combined it with the French version of "*Alla-din*". I told you not to bring that Imaginarium shit in the real world.'

"YES, I KNOW. But that's what I was trying to talk to you about. You're the only guy I know who'll be able to understand how incredible this is! Think about it- NO, DON'T THINK. Please, don't have any dirty thoughts off me. That will affect my image as well-



IDEAS



Made out of card-board, this box can hold up to a person inside and provide enough space to live within for a period of 1-2 hours.

Situated on the street, the purpose of the box is to intrigue those who wonder past it. By getting close, the passer-by will have the opportunity to summon, for free, two hands which will demonstrate for them what a flourish is. If he or she wants to see more, the button may be pressed as many times as he wants, every time two hands popping out from a flap and performing for them a move.

Now, if they wish to see something from the 'Menu' showcased on the front of the box, they will have to insert 5-20kr. If they want the person to come out of the box, that will be a bit pricey, as they will have to insert 50kr.

The box looks neat from afar- artsy really, and is designed by pieces, so it can be easily be transported and built whenever.

The making of this box can serve for more than just one sketch: I have already pointed out its purpose in a real life situation, but, besides that, as Cardistry-Con approaches, and since it shall be held in Copenhagen, this gives you the perfect opportunity to make

Cardists who are also invited performers can make turns inside the box.

People who use it will surely put in money (since it's not a lot we're talking about), and everyone will enjoy the idea.

Step up your game. Think outside the box. Cardistry can be more than what the eye can see.

Step up your thought. Think inside the box. Cardistry should be limited by infinity and beyond only.

You know those images which portray a character, but have their face cut out? You put your face there and then someone takes a picture and boom: you have a memory.

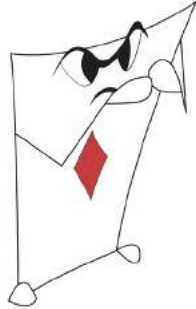
Apply the same principle to Cardistry, but instead of the face, you cut out the hands, and people can go there and perform as someone of your choosing. Title it "Perform as De'Vo" and you have yourself a thing.

Have teams of 5 seated on a chair. Everyone is to learn the same flourish for this competition. One deck is used by each team. The team who performs the flourish the fastest and drops the least amount of cards (meaning, who gets the deck first at the final person) will be assigned points.

A contest will run all throughout the convention.

Each team is to come up with a flourish until the end of the first day, someone is to perform it, upon which the judges will assign points.

At the end of the con the points are shown, the first three teams are given a prize and the winning team takes a motafucking trophy.



So, we've reached the ending of another issue of the "Beginning of the world"

As you might have noticed, this issue, as the one before it, is numbered Issue #0 . This is due to a few reasons: one, I am testing things out, trying layouts and working with different ways of explaining cardistry; and the second reason is that I am still not sure if I will continue making this with the start of 2016.

So, after the Christmas Issue, which will actually be Issue #1, I will submit to a vote whether you guys want this BOTW project to keep on going or not.

I suppose if the votes are high enough, I'll do it. It's a shitload of enjoyable hassle to go through with all the writing, pictures, stories and so on.

So, yeah, that's about it. I hope you guys enjoyed this Issue's material. Drop us a review up on our Facebook Page ([click Here](#)), send us a porno, give me a shoutout on Instagram, whatever, just cum in contact with me after reading this.

I like hearing critique.

