

THE MAGAZINE WITH THE HOTTEST

ST GIRLS NEXT DOOR!

# GIRLS<sup>®</sup> gone WILD M A G A Z

THE  
GGW  
Island  
ISSUE

THE  
HOTTEST  
GIRL IN  
AMERICA  
ABBEY  
LAUREN  
WILSON

8  
WAYS  
TO MAKE  
HER HORNY  
LUCK HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH  
GETTING LUCKY!

SECRETS  
OF A SOPHOMORE  
SEX ADDICT  
HOT TALES FROM THE HORNIEST  
CO-ED ON EARTH

DIRTY  
TALK  
THINGS SHE WANTS TO HEAR...  
AND THINGS SHE DOESN'T

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The Hottest Girl in America!

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Abbey Lauren Wilson  
Photographed by Russell Baer and Cory Sorensen  
Makeup by Kristin Turner

# On The Road Island With Girls Gone Wild

When you take 8 sexy girls to a private tropical island and invite them to compete for who is the hottest, things get interesting quickly. The bikinis seem to get smaller and smaller, then disappear altogether. Our photographers came close to overdosing on beauty. But what a way to go.



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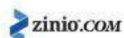


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# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

## Debbie, show him your tits!

This issue kicks off our fourth year of publishing Girls Gone Wild Magazine. Some thought we were crazy for launching a magazine in this day and age. "Nobody reads," we were told. "Nobody buys magazines anymore."

Wrong! This magazine was an instant success and it continues to grow in popularity. I'm not boasting when I say that Girls Gone Wild Magazine has transformed the lives of nearly everyone who's been involved with it. By paying top dollar for photographers and writers, we've made some creative people very happy. We also, rather inadvertently, enabled some serious substance abuse by many of those same artists. It's a sad story but one we can't be held responsible for. The art department put up a big sign in the break room that says, simply, "Handle Your Shit" and if people don't listen, well, what are you gonna do?

We've met a lot of very beautiful women in these four years, and we got to see most of them naked. What is notable to me is how nice all the girls have been. You'd expect to come across a fair number of snooty bitches and prima donnas when you're in the beautiful woman business, but with just one or two dark exceptions, every one of the girls you've seen in these pages has been sweet, smart and a great pleasure to be around.

The only real problem is in being selective. We only have room for so many girls per issue. We've met girls who sent in photos, showed up at the reception desk, or were recommended by friends. We've had to respond with a polite "No thank you" to a lot of girls over the years and it's never easy. When the magazine was new we got a call from Rick Hedman, a salesman in New Jersey who wanted to sell advertising for the magazine. I told Rick we weren't interested. We didn't want to be beholden to outside interests like advertisers. Rick whimpered a little and begged me to reconsider. I hung up on him. A week later he showed up in my office in person. He was with an attractive young woman he introduced as his assistant. Rick ran his fat fingers through the few remaining hairs on his head and smiled.

"This is Debbie," he said, pushing the shy, slender girl forward. "Debbie, show him your tits." I recoiled. "Wait a minute, what is this?" Rick said that if we'd hire him to sell ads, he'd make it worth our while and by that, he meant Debbie. I guess he couldn't afford to bribe me with the services of



Debbie

a genuine hooker so he was trying to press his own poor assistant into service. Debbie looked terrified. She bit her lip and nervously unbuttoned her blouse. "Stop, Debbie," I said. "Rick, you slimeball..." "Okay, okay," he said, putting up his hands. "I guess you don't know a good opportunity when you see one. Debbie, let's go." He held out his hand to her, but she declined. I came around my desk and gave Rick a hard kick. He scrambled for the door and left. Debbie whispered a "thank you" and asked if I still wanted to see her tits.

"Not today," I said politely. Debbie asked for some water and I sent her to the break room. She met our designer Ron at the candy machine and talked him into giving her a job. Four years later she's still with the magazine, though I'm not sure what she does. I'm just hoping that one day she will show me those tits. Meanwhile, enjoy our 34th issue. And here's to another four years of very beautiful women.

h



I like how you guys find real girls with real boobs. My only complaint is that the boobs in your rag are never real big. Come on, you faggots, give us some big tits. I don't mean grotesquely big, but a nice pair of double Ds puts a little pep in a man's pecker now and then, you know what I mean? How about a couple of nice fat ones for a big tit lover from Louisiana?

**David G., New Orleans, LA**

Your last issue has an article about why women hate women. I gotta tell you, that shit was right on! Guys can be a pain in the ass but they don't mean to be. The average chick, on the other hand, will do whatever is necessary to fuck her friends over if it means more for her. I hate girls too, except for the way they taste.

**Noelle B., Beverly Hills, CA**

I wish I could take the same approach to my job as you guys take to your magazine. What is your official publishing schedule? "Once in a while?" Thank god the mag is worth waiting for. You guys have the hottest chicks anywhere. More, please. Much more.

**David Z., Rogue River, OR**

I've been watching "The Hottest Girl in America" and I bet I know who won. It's Abbey, right? Am I right? I bet my girlfriend on this and if I win, she has to blow me every morning for a month.

**David B., Woodland Hills, CA**

See page 18, David, and thank you for the generous donation.

**ED**



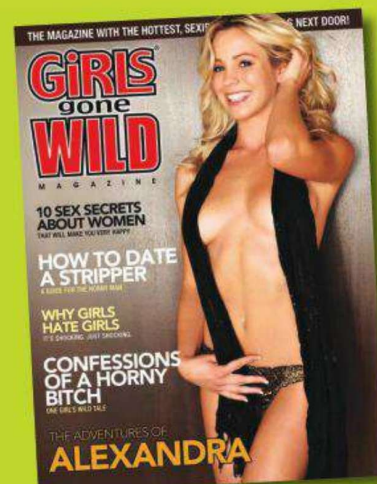
## Alexandra

I like that girl Alexandra, from the cover of your last issue. But you know that, because I've sent you twenty emails to pass along to her and so far I haven't heard a word. I even sent a picture of my pud. Are you guys even delivering these messages to her? Because I can't believe she hasn't written back.

**Paul D., Racine, WI**

Sorry, Paul. Alexandra moved to Bhutan to work with needy orphans. She promises to get back to you as soon as the world's orphan problem is cleared up.

**ED**



# MEET MICHELLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
RUSSELL BAER AND CORY SORENSEN  
MAKEUP BY KRISTIN TURNER



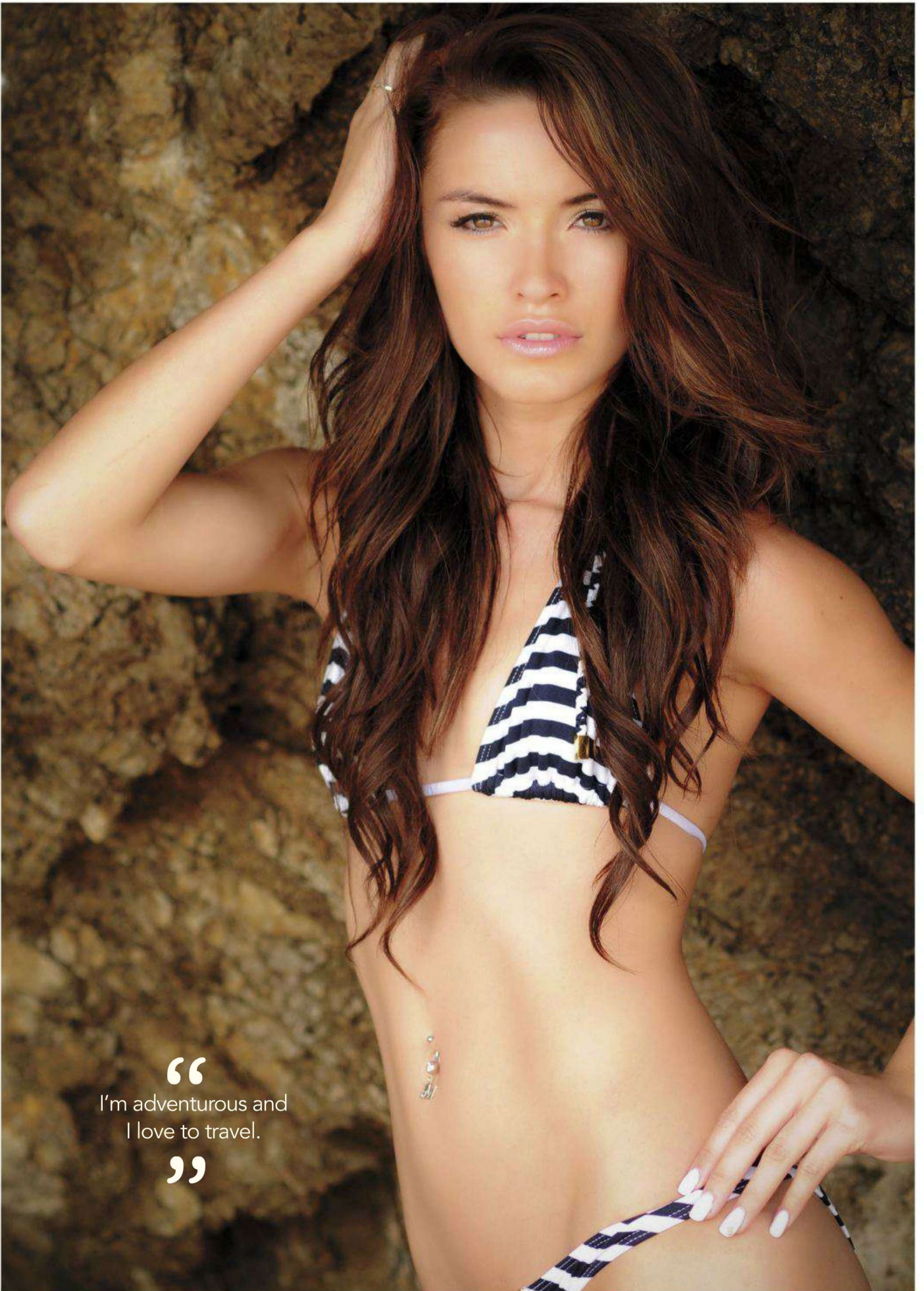




**M**ichelle Smith describes herself as an “energetic, bubbly ball of fun!” She won’t get any argument here. As one of the eight finalists in our Search for the Hottest Girl in America, Michelle traveled to Girls Gone Wild Island, where she quickly became a favorite of not only the photographers, but of the other contestants as well. Call her “Miss Congeniality.” Michelle makes friends easily, for a number of reasons. She is genuinely interested in other people and when she’s talking to you, you feel as though you’re the only person in the world that matters to her. And she’s game for anything. It seemed as if Michelle was first for everything on the island: First to jump on a surfboard, first to dive off a 35’ cliff, first to toss her bikini aside for some all-over tanning, first at the dinner table and, somehow, always the first one up in the morning. She loves the beach, she loves sports and she

loves dancing, and Michelle spent plenty of time enjoying all three on the island. It’s a wonder that we got her to sit still enough long enough to take these pictures! Michelle gladly gives credit for her smoky good looks to the fact that she’s half-Filipino, or “half cast” as they say in Australia. “Half cast isn’t just a heritage,” she says with a smile, “it’s a gift!” Michelle was born in Los Angeles but moved to Australia as a child, which accounts for rolling, sun-baked down-under accent. “I absolutely love America,” Michelle says, but when asked where she will likely settle down, she laughs at the very idea. Michelle has no plans to settle down any time soon. Too many places to see, too many people to meet, and too much fun still waiting to be discovered. We feel very lucky that we discovered Michelle.





“

I'm adventurous and  
I love to travel.

”

“

I'm an energetic,  
bubbly ball of fun!

”





## Q&A WITH MICHELLE

**What music do you put on when you want to get wild?**

Lil Wayne or Ludacris!

**Do you have a movie star crush?**

Of course. Dwayne Johnson (the Rock).

**What is your main ambition in life?**

To travel the world!

**Do you prefer guys or girls?**

Boys ...  
and sometimes girls.

**What's the craziest thing you've ever done?**

I jumped off a cliff into a lake.  
I survived, obviously!

**What's the most unusual place you've ever hooked up?**

I can't tell you, except that it was a public place!

**Have you ever used your body get something for free?**

Oh yes.

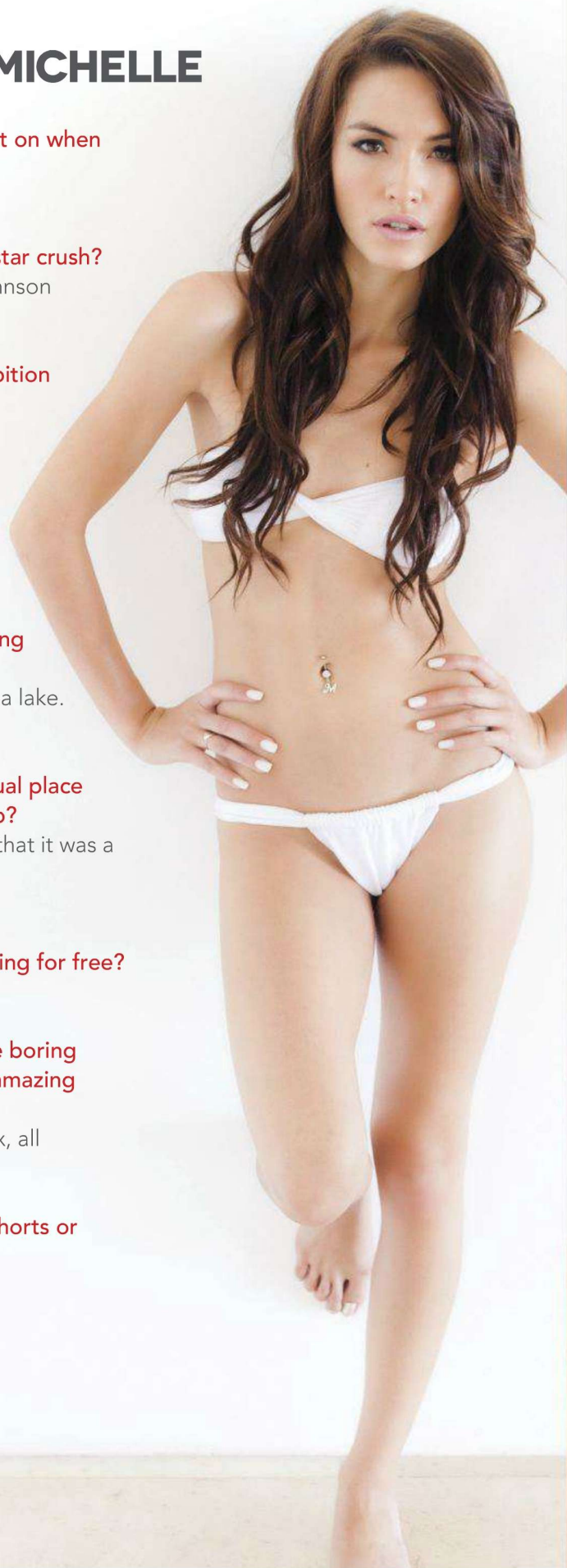
**Would you rather have boring sex all the time or an amazing romp once a year?**

Can I choose rough sex, all the time?

**Do you prefer booty shorts or a thong?**

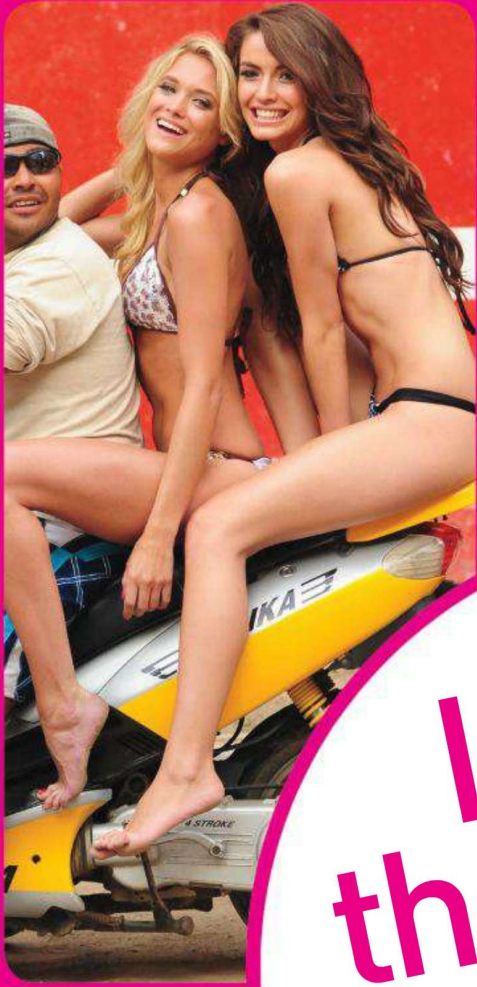
Cheeky undies.

**G**





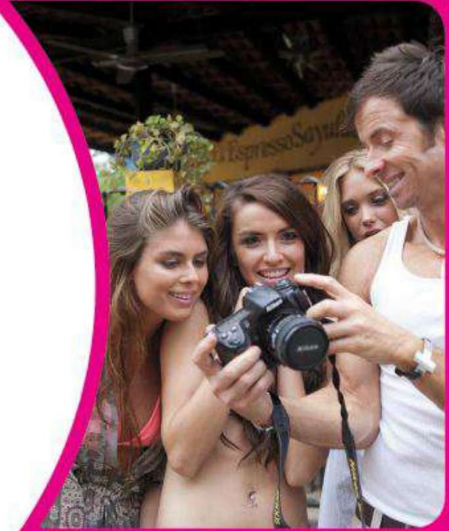
SEE  
MICHELLE  
TOPLESS ON  
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# Inside the Island

with 8 of the  
Hottest Girls  
in America

A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK





**The sky was clear and endlessly blue, stretching over an expanse of pure aqua surrounding one small, deep-green speck.**

---

**E**veryone aboard the private GGW jet was pressed against the windows for their first view of Girls Gone Wild Island, which at first glance seemed tiny. Situated in blissful seclusion and privacy not far from Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, the island is a rugged stretch of rocky coastline, palm-fringed beaches and dense, flowery jungle. But as the jet circled down toward paradise, the airport became visible, and the island's single road stretched from there like a promise, along the volcanic coast, then inland over a small mountain range and finally to the beach compound where the main house and a series of guest houses are placed artfully around enormous lawns, tennis courts, basketball courts, patios and pools. Squeals of delight rang out in the main cabin as the jet touched down. These squeals came from eight of the most beautiful girls in the world, here to celebrate their status as top vote-getters in Girls Gone Wild's Search for the Hottest Girl in America.

Looking forward to spending time at the world's most exclusive vacation destination were 8 of the hottest girls around – Megan Belet, Monica Sims, Abbey Lauren Wilson, Tierra Carlson, Megan Medellin, Chelsea Periera, Brandi Lynn Howe and Michelle Smith.

---



Thousands of submissions and hundreds of thousands of votes culminated in the selection of these awesome finalists. The knowledge that only one of them would go home as the winner of the contest didn't dampen their enthusiasm when the jet's door opened and the girls got their first taste of the island's warm, tropical air. A parade of limos and passenger vans collected the girls, along with two professional photographers and their assistants, hair and makeup experts and a TV crew here to film the finale of a reality TV series about the contest, which has become a ratings favorite on HDNet.

The girls arrived at the main residence and quickly raced through the hallways, checking out the estate's many bedrooms and claiming "dibs" on their favorites. There was also some good-natured jostling for roommates. Even though these girls were in direct competition with each other, they'd formed some

friendships on the long flight from America and there was even talk of forming alliances to help each other's chances in the competitions to come.

For the next several days, when the girls weren't posing for the photographs you see here, they enjoyed the island's many pleasures. Some did little more in their free time but work on their all-over tans by the pool. Others went surfing, snorkeling and zip lining, received endless massages and challenged each other to impromptu dance contests. Joe Francis, perhaps the greatest host on earth, made it his full-time job to see to the girls' comfort and pleasure. Joe works hard, but he plays harder, and several of the girls were left breathless in their attempt to keep up with him, whether it was scuba diving through dark sea caves or leaping from 35-foot cliffs. A yacht trip to the Mexican surfing town of Suyulita resulted in the entire town shutting down to watch the spectacle of Joe Francis

and eight impossibly beautiful girls strolling the cobblestones in search of ceviche and souvenirs. The town will probably never be the same.

After three days of photo shoots and parties, Joe had the unenviable task of disqualifying four of the girls and sending them home. In the next 48 hours the final votes were counted and those four girls were reduced to two, and finally, one lucky girl was named by voters as the Hottest Girl in America. And as always, the voters got it exactly right.

*"Abbey is the essence of Girls Gone Wild," said Joe Francis after the winner was announced. "She's smart, funny, naturally beautiful and very very sexy."*

*You can see more of Abbey on page 18*





# GIRL FROM THE ROAD

## Stephanie

Wow. This is embarrassing. We can't tell you much about the cute brunette you're currently staring at. Because we don't know much about her. Stephanie was invited aboard the bus somewhere in the Midwest, but no one can remember exactly where. The nights kind of run together after awhile, and though Stephanie showed us her ID and signed our guestbook, she didn't waste time telling us about herself. She ran to the back bedroom and took off her clothes to show us what she considered to be "really cute boobs." We stood staring for a few minutes before someone remembered to pick up a camera. Stephanie agreed to pose for some pictures, but only on the promise that the photos would make it into the pages of Girls Gone Wild Magazine. Something about making some ex-friend jealous. And then she disappeared into the night with a soft giggle and a little wave of her fingers. So long, Stephanie!





8

# WAYS

## TO MAKE HER

# HORNY

by Noelle Brenneman

**H**ere's a little secret for you: Women are horny. We're as horny as men are, if not a lot more so. We love sex. We love getting our bell rung. So stop being so shy. If I've agreed to go out to dinner with you, then somewhere in my mind I've already entertained the idea of fucking you. I've wondered about it. I may not have agreed to it yet, but if I've said "yes" to a date, it's because that at some level, I've already decided that you're probably worth getting naked with. It's your game to lose, buddy. And boy, do you guys lose a lot. I'm telling you right now: every time you've gone out with a girl and then fumbled your way through a kiss or put your big greasy paws all over her tits or down her crotch without laying the proper groundwork only to have her brush you off and send you home with tender blue balls, I guarantee you that she was just as disappointed as you. She closed the door on you and thought, "God damn it, another night without sex." It's not because she wasn't horny. It's because you were so clumsy in the game of

seduction that you made it impossible for her to play along without losing respect for herself. She's not mad that you tried to get into her jean skirt; she's mad that you were such a lout about it that you ruined the night for both of you. Girls are horny. You don't have to MAKE us horny. What you do have to do is create a situation where we're comfortable with letting our horniness take flight. Centuries of societal pressure, messed-up parents and religious bullshit have conspired to make us girls feel like we're "bad" or "dirty" if we like to fuck. So we deny it. We hide it. We pretend that our sexual drive doesn't exist. So it's up to you to provide us with plausible deniability. We sort of need to feel like it's not our fault; that "one thing led to another" and that's why we ended up with your jizz all over our tits. The good news is that it doesn't take much. It's goddamn easy, in fact. Just keep your head in the game and remember, your job is to make us comfortable and distracted. Our hormones will do the rest. Next stop, your jizz on our tits.

### 1. LAY SOME GROUNDWORK.

Get her thinking about sex in the context of you. When you're not in a sexual situation (e.g., driving, out to dinner, waiting in line at the movies), casually mention some interesting article you read about sex. A new position or some tip for giving her more pleasure. Ask for her opinion on the article. Tell her you're interested in becoming a better lover. And then change the subject. She'll be intrigued. She'll connect the dots. She'll be thinking of you in a sexual context for the rest of the day.

### 2. CLEAN UP YOUR ACT.

This sounds so simple that you're going to think I'm kidding. A lot of you guys have this figured out, but a lot of you don't. When you arrive for a date, a hookup, or a goddamn study break, make sure you and your clothes are absolutely squeaky clean. Goes for your room, too. We like everything clean. Especially if there's a chance we're going to be naked.

### 3. KISS HER. A LOT.

Kissing is romantic. That's what our brains tell us. It's intimate as hell, more intimate than sex, and when you kiss us a lot, we think you really like us. So kiss, kiss, kiss. If she's still kissing you back fifteen minutes later, her ass is yours. DO NOT SHORTCHANGE HER ON THE KISSING.

### 4. TAKE CONTROL.

Don't ask her if you can kiss her. Don't ask for permission to do anything. Act from the confident assumption that she'll go along with your moves, and it's more likely that she will. As I said, we like to pretend that "it's out of our control." No means no, of course, but "Gee, I don't know ..." means TAKE CONTROL, YOU PUSSY.

### 5. TALK A GOOD GAME.

Start slow. Start with compliments. "You smell great." "Your skin is amazing." We don't want to hear, "I wanna fuck you" unless you've already gotten us wet. Try, "I'd love to go down on you," if the kissing is going well and you've gotten some

boob. "You make me so horny." "I'd love to see you naked." Of course, once you're having sex, she should be plenty horny, and if she's not, you're a fucking asshole.

### 6. MASSAGE

Give her a long, slow backrub. A foot massage. Do this while you're watching TV. And act as if you're enjoying it as much as she is. When you feel her starting to melt, don't go in for the kill. Just slow the massage down, add a little kiss here and there and behave as if you don't expect this to lead anywhere. Just let her know that you enjoy giving her pleasure. She will reward you, trust me. A long, languid massage will get her tingling in all the right places and she'll take it from there. But DO NOT stop and say, "My turn."

### 7. COOK FOR HER.


Make her dinner at home. There's something ridiculously sex about watching a guy put together a meal, even if he sucks at it. If you can actually prepare an impressive meal,

you won't have to do any of the other things on this list. If you can't cook worth a damn, you'll still get points for the effort. Even if you're only heating up a dish you bought home from a gourmet grocery store. Aprons are cute. Oven mitts are sexy. I don't know why. Add candles on the table, the most expensive bottle of wine you can afford, and she'll be thinking about sucking your dick through the entire meal.

### 8. ENJOY YOURSELF

She wants you to be a good lover. You're not going to be any good unless you enjoy yourself. So figure out what you like, and don't be shy about going for it. If she knows it's turning you on, it'll turn her on. That's just the way we're built. Let her know that you want her to really enjoy it, too. Don't ask, "Did you come?" Ask, "Does this feel good?" Let her response be your guide. She wants to get off, and she wants you to take her there. What do you need, a fucking engraved invitation?





# THE HOTTEST GIRL IN AMERICA IS ABBEY LAUREN WILSON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY Russell Baer and Cory Sorensen  
MAKEUP BY Kristin Turner

**A**bbey Lauren Wilson is the kind of girl that dreams are made of. And you apparently agree, because you, the fans, voted Abbey as the Hottest Girl in America. She won out over thousands of outstanding college girls from across the country who submitted photos and videos online. And it wasn't even close. Abbey entered the search late in the season and quickly jumped to the top of the leader board. She quickly became a favorite around the office, too, and not just because she brought cookies when she visited. Abbey is a genuinely friendly girl with a soft little smile and an easy laugh. She's not a tomboy by any measure but she's not as delicate as she looks, either. She's very physical, in fact, and you can take that any way you want. She describes herself as confident, funny, open minded and down to earth. She devotes time to charity. Animals and children love her. Magazine editors love her.

Abbey grew up in Edmond, Oklahoma, the youngest of three beautiful sisters. She cheered competitively in high school and was cheer captain. Everybody in school told her she was beautiful enough to be a model, so as soon as she got up the courage up, she packed her bags and asked her folks to drive her west. She's been in LA ever since, rubbing elbows with celebrities and quickly becoming one herself. One look at these pictures and you can see why.



## Q&A with **Abbey**

### **WHAT'S SOMETHING PEOPLE WOULD BE SURPRISED TO KNOW ABOUT YOU?**

I volunteer for the Oklahoma chapter of Make-A-Wish Foundation. This year I brought in many donations ranging from Russell Westbrook signed sneakers to Larry King signed suspenders and book.

### **WHAT DO YOU DO FOR FUN?**

I love my job! Being a model, running from casting to casting meeting new people is amazing. And of course, I love to be with my friends! Whether it's working out, shopping, cooking, or laying on the couch renting a movie.

### **WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE PART OF YOUR BODY?**

My eyes!

### **FAVORITE BAND?**

Dave Matthews Band

### **FAVORITE SPORTS TEAM?**

Oklahoma City Thunder Basketball.

### **FAVORITE MOVIE / ACTOR?**

Pineapple Express makes me laugh everytime ... I'm going to tag team that with James Franco : )

### **WHAT FUN FACT OR TALENT OF YOURS SHOULD GUYS KNOW ABOUT?**

I cheered all through high school

### **DO YOU PREFER GUYS OR GIRLS?**

Girls are beautiful but I'm all about guys.

### **THE CRAZIEST THING YOU'VE EVER DONE?**

Crashed on a hot air balloon ride. No joke! I have video evidence.

### **WHAT'S THE MOST UNUSUAL PLACE YOU'VE EVER HOOKED UP?**

Bowling alley bathroom. It sounds gross but it was so sexy!

### **HAVE YOU EVER USED YOUR BODY TO GET SOMETHING FOR FREE?**

I'm a flirt. It's natural for me. Sometimes that comes with perks.

### **WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE BORING SEX ALL THE TIME OR AMAZING SEX ONCE A YEAR?**

Amazing romp sex all the time! When you're passionate about someone, it's like that.

### **DO YOU PREFER BOOTY SHORTS OR A THONG?**

Butty shorts all the way! I rock mine all the time.

### **DO YOU HAVE ANY HIDDEN TALENTS WE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT?**

I'm a great athlete. I was asked to go to the junior Olympics for gymnastics when I was younger.





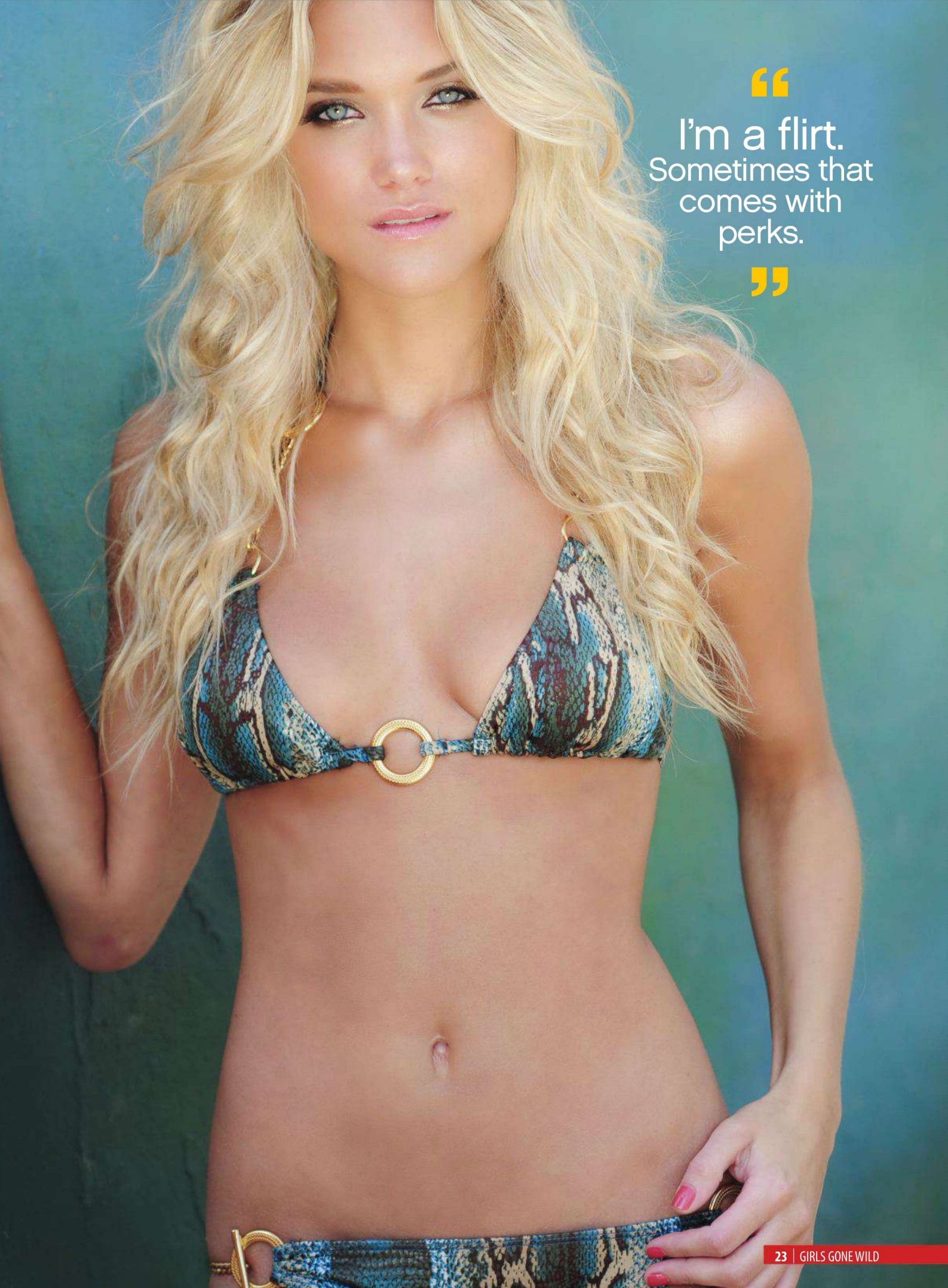


“

Girls are beautiful  
but I'm all about guys.

”





“

I'm a flirt.  
Sometimes that  
comes with  
perks.

”



**GiRLS**<sup>®</sup>  
gone  
**WILD**

M A G A Z I N E



*Abbey Lauren Wilson*



# GIRL FROM THE ROAD



## Morgan

We met Morgan in a small Texas town where, we were told, the locals had been waiting eagerly for the Girls Gone Wild bus to show up ever since we'd announced our Spring Schedule. The bus rolled into town about 6 pm and there was already a line down the block. The good people of Blanco cheered like we were returning champions, which in a way, we were. Cheering loudest was a lovely young blonde named Morgan. And it makes sense: Morgan was, after all, a varsity cheerleader in high school, as well as a long jumper on the track and field team. Which explains the near-perfect body. Morgan wore tiny cut-off shorts and an even tinier T-shirt, which she couldn't wait to take off for us. Because Morgan worked hard for the body she has and she doesn't see any reason why she shouldn't let you appreciate it. Thank you, Morgan!





# The Dickheads

COMEDY HAS A **THREE** NEW FACES

**J**ustin Abarca, Kevin Manwarren and Mike Postalakis are a trio of clever smartasses who comprise the "The Dickheads," a comedy team whose short videos are currently slashing and burning their way across the internet. The friends met at an LA improv theater where they recognized a shared sensibility and a willingness to

be, well, total dickheads. Abarca, Manwarren and Postalakis teamed up to launch an Internet talk show for which they wrote and performed comedy bits and fake commercials. This led to a series of twisted and hilarious short films for *Funny or Die*, *Attack of the Show*, and *Film Drunk*. Their parody of the Tom Hanks/Sandra Bullocks film "Extremely

*Loud and Incredibly Close*" (about a boy's troubling relationship with a loudmouth, close-talking 9/11 conspiracy freak) gained them attention and praise in equal measure. Success for the Dickheads is imminent, so we decided to grab a beer with the guys before their shit stops stinking altogether.

## Let's begin with a quick introduction.

**Mike Postalakis** I almost got stabbed last night. I was that guy.

**Kevin Manwarren** I am the most nasally of the group.

**Justin Abarca** I made hard boiled eggs this week that did not turn out well.

## Is there anyone from the improv group who almost made it into the Dickheads?

**MP** There was someone very close. We had a fourth member, but life happens, and we let him go.

## He was the Pete Best of the group?

**KM** Except he can't drum.

**MP** He was the Rick Sutcliffe of the group.

## You mean Stu Sutcliffe (original member of the Beatles).

**MP** No, Rick Sutcliffe, the pitcher. We cut him, so he didn't make the summer team.

## Which one of you will be the breakout star?

**MP** Probably the guy we fired.

## How does the creative process work?

**MP** We meet almost every day to discuss the projects we're working on; a pilot we're developing, a feature film script, a sketch we're planning to shoot.

## Is there much creative rivalry?

**MP** We're pretty generous in letting each other having their moment. In contrast to what I've read about Monty Python or Kids in the Hall, there's not a lot of chair throwing in our group. Which may be why we're not as good as those guys.

## Do you try to get a certain number done per week or month?

**JA** One a month, but we're a little ahead of ourselves right now. **KM** When we started, we did a live show every week for 10 weeks, with new material every week. Our first videos were taken from that pool of sketches. We don't really do live shows anymore.

## But isn't that the best way to get laid?

**MP** That never really worked for us.

## What is the ultimate goal for the group?

**KM** Just to make a living by being creative. I don't know that we'll be doing sketches forever. What's exciting to us is putting our stamp on things, our sense of humor, which is a little bit tweaked, and to have other people find their way to it.

## What kind of views do your videos get online?

**KM** We'd have as many as 50,000, for a video that is much better than some that get 7 million views. I mean, I love seeing a baby get punched in the balls as much as anyone . . .

**JA** A video of a baby getting punched in the balls? We should make that!

**MP** We'll Autotune the screams.

## What about your name? The Beatles might not have been as big if they'd called themselves the Dickheads.

**KM** The Beatles as a name was the shittiest pun in history. Nirvana was a totally lame name for a band.

**JA** All bands have shitty names.

## Except Three Dog Night.

**MP** That's our goal, to be the Three Dog Night of comedy groups.

## Are you open to admitting new members to the team?

**KM** We're always open to working with collaborators, but I think the three of us work just fine. Of course, if any of the girls in the magazine want to audition . . .

## What kind of budgets do your videos have?

**MP** We're proud that we've shot just about everything for no money at all.

**JA** We feed our crews well. Masa Pizza in Echo Park.

## Which of you is the most clever?

**MP** I'm going to say me, but not by much. Just a little bit.

**JA** It's very close.

**KM** A photo finish.

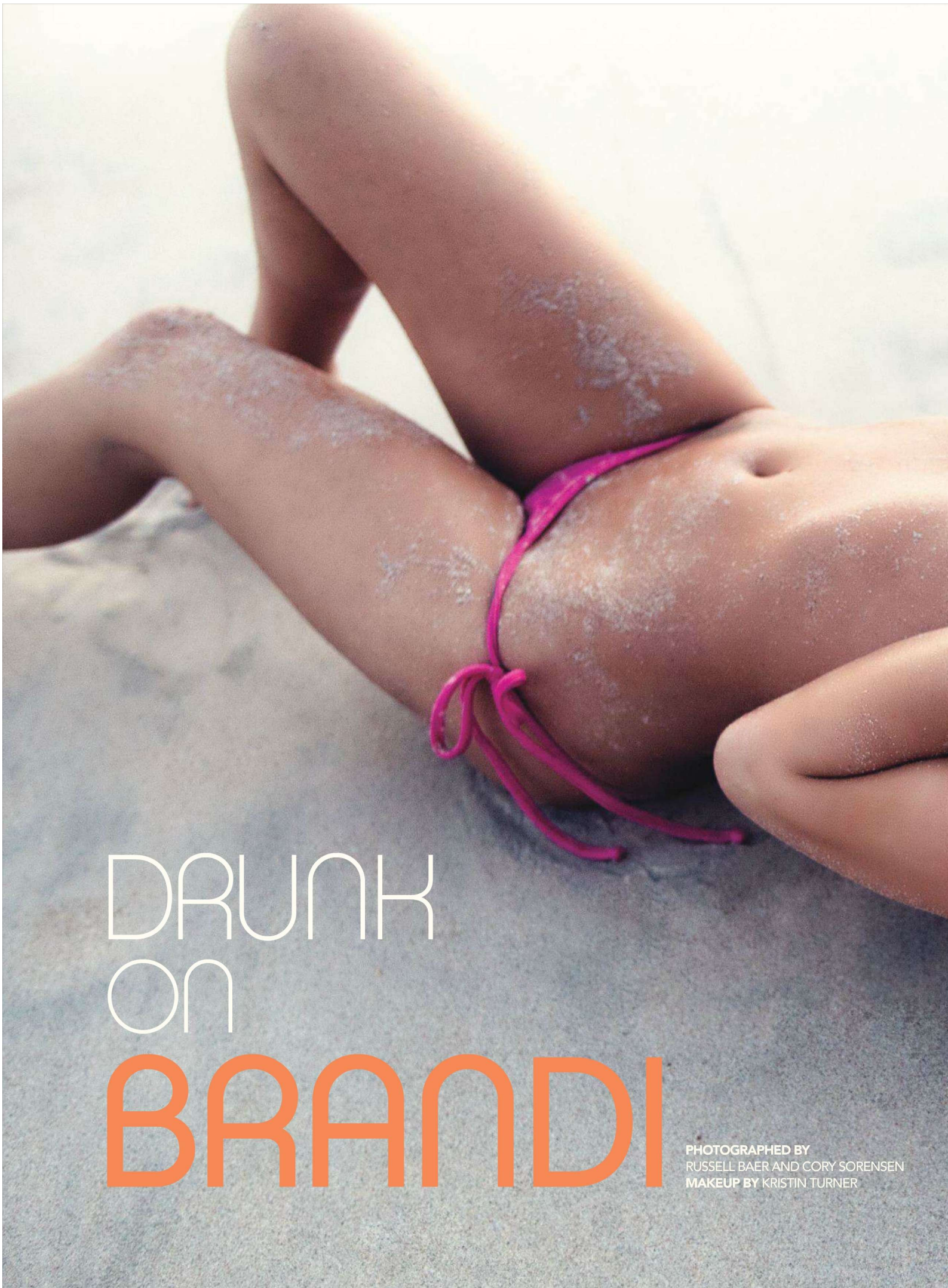
**JA** We each have our own different comic sensibilities.

**KM** And we have our strengths. Mike is good at the technical side of directing, and I feel I'm better with the acting.

## And Justin?

**KM** Justin is the cute one. **G**

Check out the Dickheads at  
[www.funnyordie.com/clubhouseofdickheads](http://www.funnyordie.com/clubhouseofdickheads)



DRUNK  
on

BRANDI

PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
RUSSELL BAER AND CORY SORENSEN  
MAKEUP BY KRISTIN TURNER

**T**he more you get to know about Brandi Lynn, the more you like her. This stunning 20-year-old is a classic California girl, authentically blonde and perfectly natural. Brandi grew up in the nation's busiest pot cultivating region, which means her childhood memories are a bit hazy. She

attempted college, but found herself strangely unmotivated. She has no agenda outside of having a good time, and when you look like Brandi, good times seem to spring up spontaneously where you go. We had a good time with Brandi on the beach, in a photo studio and in some quiet

corners of Girls Gone Wild Island. She describes herself as "girly on the outside but with the mind of a boy," which, if true, means that she thinks about sex all the time. Brandi says it best herself. "I am the coolest chick you will ever meet and I'll have fun with you no matter what."



## Q&A with Brandi

### What were you like in high school?

I was popular. I got voted "most likely to be on COPS." I was a handful.

### What are three words your friends would use to describe you?

Crazy, outgoing, loyal.

### When did you first realize that you're better looking than average?

When I was born!

### What is your favorite part of your body?

My eyes.

### What is the most sensitive part of your body?

My nipples.

### What is your favorite part of a guy's body?

Hmmm... the only thing they're good for. Ha ha!

### What makes you want to get with a guy?

If he makes me laugh, or is as crazy fun as I am.

### What's the best thing about being a girl?

We have boobies, which get us free stuff.

### What is your favorite kind of guy?

A guy who will keep me on my toes. I like to be entertained and have fun.

### What scares you/creeps you out the most?

Mayonnaise.

### What is the best way for a guy to attract your interest?

Make me laugh!

### Did you enjoy your visit to Girls Gone Wild Island?

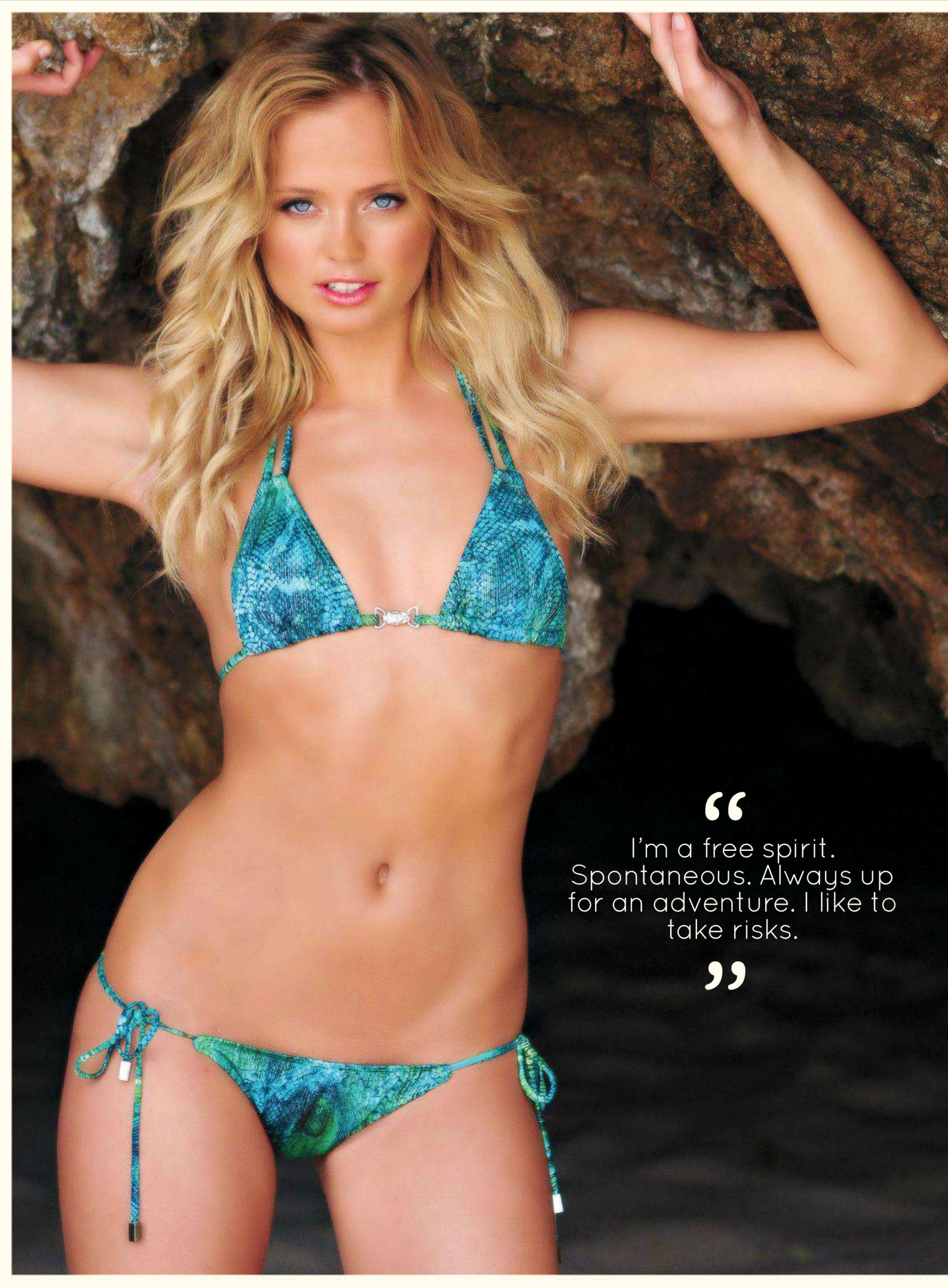
It was amazing. I laid in the sun, did water sports which I love, and got treated like a princess, which I also love!

6









“

I'm a free spirit.  
Spontaneous. Always up  
for an adventure. I like to  
take risks.

”



**SEE  
BRANDI  
TOPLESS ON  
[GirlsGoneWild.com](http://GirlsGoneWild.com)**



# *THE* **BOTTOM**

IN WHICH WE APPRECIATE *THE UPSIDES* OF *THE BACKSIDE*



LINE

**I**t's no secret that we love breasts. Hell, this company was founded on a deep and abiding appreciation of a nice American rack. But we're not as shallow as all that. A woman – any woman - is a complex wonder. A creature of infinite dimensions and discoveries. A truly enlightened man, when confronting a beautiful girl, will look beyond her breasts. He'll be checking out her ass, too.



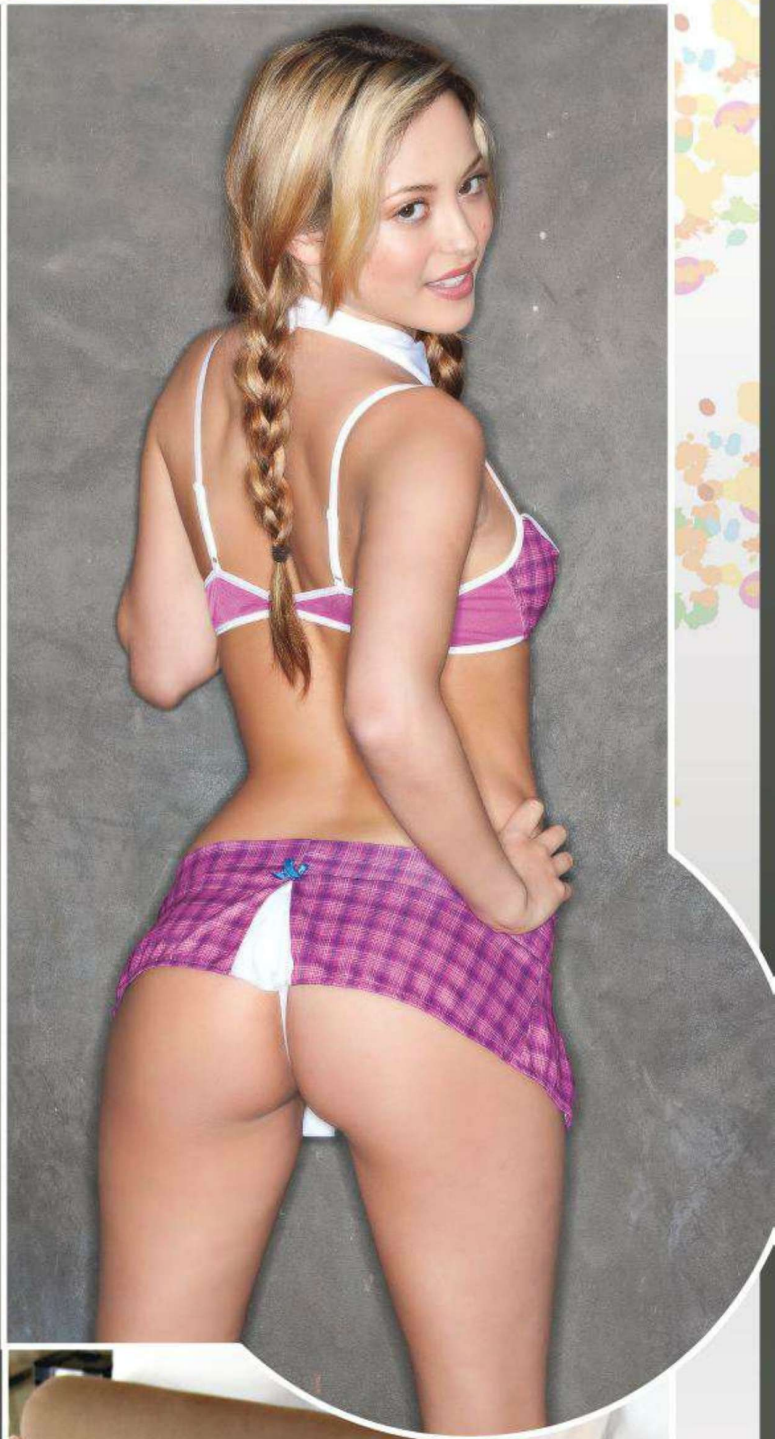
The nice thing about a beautiful butt is that, unlike boobs, what you see is what you get, if you ask permission first. Breasts can be faked. They can be pushed up and plumped artificially by ingeniously (and deviously) engineered garments. But a girl showing off a rad backside in a pair of tight jeans, well, that's just truth in advertising.

What's more, there are, to our dismay, a distressing number of girls whose breasts aren't particularly sensitive. They don't really care if you squeeze 'em or not.

But we haven't met a woman yet who doesn't like her behind fondled. Derrieres are delightful. These bottoms certainly deserve a hand.

For you ass men, please accept this pictorial as a gift. For the rest of you, consider it an education.





# CHASING

# CHELSEA

**PHOTOGRAPHED BY**  
RUSSELL BAER AND CORY SORENSEN  
**MAKEUP BY** KRISTIN TURNER

If you want to get close to Chelsea P, you gotta be quick on your feet. This 19-year-old beauty from San Diego is definitely on the move. We're lucky she slowed down long enough for us to get some nice pictures of her, because she's awfully nice to look at.

Chelsea's exotic good looks come from a piquant blend of Portuguese, Brazilian, Norwegian, and French ancestry and her body comes from a lifestyle dedicated to working out and eating right. Those aqua-blue eyes don't come from anywhere: As you can see, they are like no eyes on earth, and when they turn your way, the rest of the world kind of disappears.

Chelsea has a quick mind and boatload of ambition. She's majoring in Marketing and Business at LA's famed Fashion Institute of Design and Merchandising while developing an e-commerce website, a health food restaurant and a social media marketing network. She cooks, dances hip hop, watches football, reads National Geographic, and talks politics.

"I used to teach cooking classes at Williams-Sonoma. I've won 6 spelling bees and my friends call me a walking encyclopedia," Chelsea says with a laugh that's anything but boastful. She's a dedicated rocker who once crowd surfed over 3,000 people at Warped Tour show. "I lost a shoe, had my shirt ripped and ended up punching a chick with a green Mohawk. It was the best day ever!"

Take a good long look, because you won't see Chelsea this relaxed again anytime soon. She's busy modeling and acting in LA and between gigs, she surfs and rides her Kawasaki 600 street bike. Like we said, this is a girl on the move.





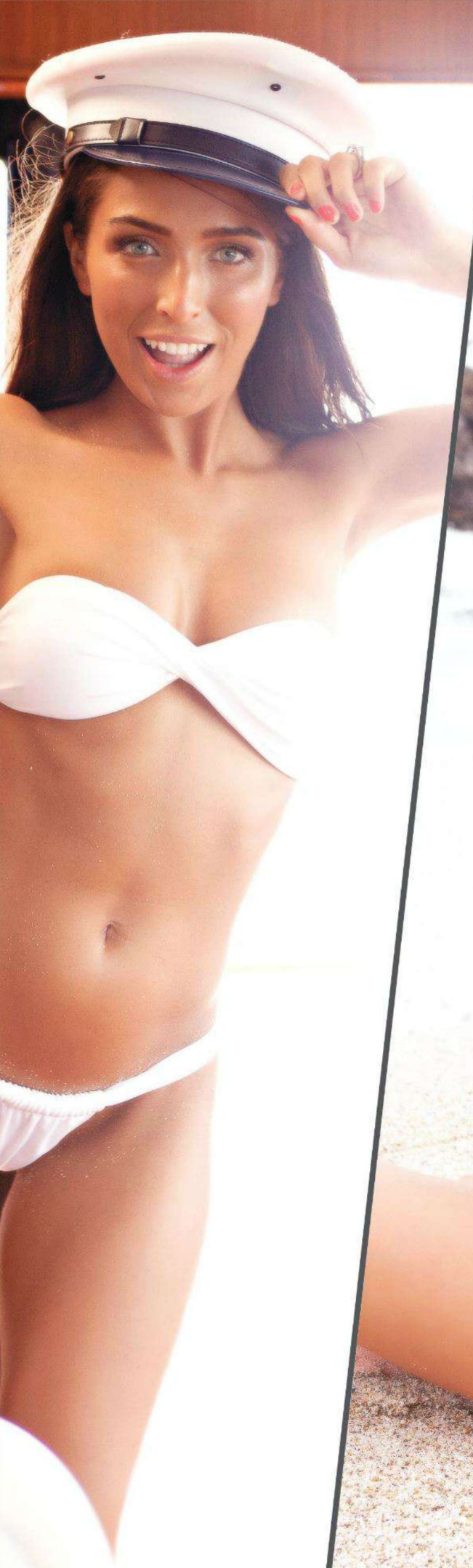




*» I once had sex while driving my old Mustang on the freeway. I was on top, steering! «*

*» I can definitely admire a beautiful woman when I see one. «*

» I am very adventurous! «





## Q&A with Chelsea

**What is your favorite band?**

Mötley Crüe.

**What is your go-to karaoke song?**

If it's a duet, Kid Rock and Sheryl Crowe "Picture".

**What is your favorite color?**

Turquoise.

**What is your favorite sport/team?**

Football / San Diego Chargers.

**What do you like to do on your free time?**

In my free time I love to cook, and used to teach classes for a living, hip hop dance, watch football, read National Geographic magazines, surf, and talk politics.

**What/who is your favorite movie/actor?**

I love movies that keep you guessing. Seven Pounds with Will Smith was underrated, but one of my favorites. I love classic Marilyn Monroe movies, too.

**If you had a million dollars you would...?**

Launch an organic cosmetic company, buy a small home with land to grow my own food, then donate the rest to the Children of the Night, an organization I work with, benefiting young children in the US that have been put through human trafficking.

**What fun fact, talent, or mutant superpower of yours should guys know about?**

Fun facts: I've never smoked a cigarette, I used to teach cooking classes at Williams-Sonoma, I've won 6 spelling bees, and my friends call me a walking encyclopedia.

**Do you prefer guys or girls? Or both?**

I prefer men for relationships, definitely. But, I do believe female sexuality is more fluid and I can definitely admire a beautiful woman when I see one.

**What's the craziest thing you've ever done?**

I once crowd surfed over 3,000 people at Warped Tour. I lost a shoe, had a bloody ripped shirt, and ended up punching a chick with a green Mohawk. It was the best day ever! Oh, and I saved the shirt for memories, haha!

**What's the most unusual place you've ever hooked up?**

I once had sex while driving my old Mustang on the freeway. I was on top, steering. :)

**Have you ever used your body get something for free?**

I haven't used my body to get anything for free. Girls get everything for free in Hollywood as it is.

**Would you rather have boring sex all the time or an amazing romp once a year?**

Amazing romp once a year; I am more of a quality vs. quantity person.



**SEE  
CHELSEA  
TOPLESS ON  
GirlsGoneWild.com**



# SECRETS *of* a SOPHOMORE SEX ADDICT

by Janet R. Goldman

I hated high school. I was one of those late bloomers who didn't get tits 'til I was fifteen, and even then they took their sweet time growing to the nice sweet C-cup I currently sport. But for three years I was teased for being flat-chested and a two-year tangle with acne didn't exactly send me up the popularity charts, either. My parents were so terrified of me getting roofied and raped that I wasn't allowed to date until I was a seventeen. I consoled myself with cookies by the bagful which added twenty pounds to my waist so that by time I was a senior, I was considered thoroughly and helplessly unfuckable.

By time I got into college, though, things began to change. Playing on the lacrosse team got me into shape, my skin cleared up and I discovered that I was meant to be blonde all along. Looking back at pictures from that year, I realize I was actually pretty goddamn hot, but my self-esteem remained mired in the ugly past and I spent my freshmen year avoiding eye contact with the boys for fear of catching a look of contemptuous derision. It was a year of excessive loneliness and nonstop masturbation.

While home for the summer after that first year, I had an experience that changed everything. His name was Steve Pilaarsken, an older man and friend of the family who saw me at a bus stop one afternoon and offered me a ride. Instead of taking me home, he lit a joint and drove me out to Washington Lake where he parked under some trees, pulled my clothes off and fucked me like a boss. In fact, Steve was actually my father's boss. I'd known him since I was nine, so I trusted him when he said, "What you need is a good fuck." It turns out that Steve was right on the money in that regard, because I goddamned loved the fucking he gave me. Sure it hurt, sure we got a little blood on his leather upholstery, but on that warm summer afternoon, with my panties on the shift knob and my feet pressed against the tan headliner of his C series, I realized, this is what I want to do with the rest of my life. I wanted to fuck.

When I returned to college for my sophomore year, everything seemed different. I realized now why the boys were staring. It was because I never wore a bra. I'd gotten into the habit of going commando in high school, when I had no use for bras. And now that I had nice ripe boobs with nipples like retaining bolts, I decided, why not give 'em a little show? If you wanna catch some flies, you gotta put out a little honey. In the first two weeks back at school, I had sex with three different guys. Mike, Paul and ... shit. I forget. Something foreign, like Omar or Ptinn. I steered clear of the guys on my own dorm floor, knowing I'd run into them daily. I didn't want entanglements, just orgasms. As many as I could get. I shared this aggressive sexual agenda with my roommate Li, a tiny girl from Taipei. She was appalled at first, but began to see it as a social experiment and started keeping a journal, which she hopes to publish. Anyway I got into the habit of taking showers in every dorm hall but my own, usually walking to and from my room in the shortest robe I could find, and, later, just a towel. By the second semester, according to Li's journal, I'd gotten with almost two dozen college boys. It was fun at first but after a while, I'm sorry to tell you, one college boy is much like the next. Enthusiastic, clumsy and quick. I needed something new.

My biology professor, Mr. Wick, wasn't particularly attractive; his hair looked like a patch of drier lint and he had long skinny arms, but there was something about his quiet intelligence that kind of intrigued me and made me want to suck his dick. I stopped by his office one afternoon to thank him for the B- he'd given me on a paper I'd copied verbatim from

“  
What you need is  
a good fuck.  
”





Wikipedia. I wore my blouse with half the buttons open with a skirt that covered about as much as a cummerbund. Professor Wick picked up on my signals a lot faster than I expected, and I still look back fondly on that afternoon, leaning my elbows on the windowsill, watching students study on the lawn below while the good Professor plowed me from behind. He knew how to mix it up, too – long, slow strokes punctuated by moments of jackhammer ferocity – and his reacharound technique was superb. This was no college boy sex! I came three or four times and left his office with an A+. Word got around pretty quickly and later that week I gave a blowjob to the track coach in the equipment room not two hours after I let a campus cop finger me in his patrol car. I was on a roll!

Things slowed down over the holidays. It was a cold autumn so I couldn't parade around half-naked the way I'd been doing. But then I started paying attention to Mrs. Holbein. My French professor, a Belgian woman named Martine Holbein,

had awesome cheekbones and a kind of slightly boney, Charlotte Rampling body. She was the only professor I knew who wore dresses every day, even in the winter. She was elegant and classy and cool and I used to sit in the back so I could stare at her and play with myself. Whenever she glanced in my direction I'd lick my lips and smile. One day she walked by my desk and dropped a tube of Chapstick in my lap. I stayed after class and walked down to her desk. **"What's this?"** I asked.

**"You seem to have a problem with moisture,"** she said in French. I smiled. **"No. In fact I'm wet right now."** She looked up over her stylish tortoise shell spectacles.

**"Je ne suis pas lesbienne."** **"In English please,"**

I said. **"I haven't really been paying attention in class."** She told me she wasn't interested

in young women, but knew someone who was. I raised an eyebrow. **"Oh?"** She wrote an address on the cover of my French book.

**"You will like him. He will be there at 8:00 tonight."** I smiled without indicating that I'd

accept the invitation, and left. I spent the afternoon debating what to do, but at eight o'clock I was knocking on 1224 Aspen Avenue. I was rather surprised when Martine answered the door. She smiled

and gestured me inside. Standing in the living room was her husband,

Paul. He was a tweedy guy with shoulder-length hair, smoking a pipe. I glanced at Martine. She smiled, nodded and gestured me forward. I

approached Paul. He took me by the hand and led my upstairs. We didn't



say a word as he carefully removed my clothes, folded them, and laid me on the bed. He spent about twenty minutes eating my pussy until I was thrashing like a freshly-landed marlin on the deck of a boat. I barely noticed Professor Martine, standing in the doorway, arms crossed, smoking a cigarette. As Paul thrust his long Belgian dick into me, I think I heard Martine moaning with a French accent, but I can't be sure, because by then I was screaming like a slasher movie victim. I went back to the Holbeins several times that semester, but that bitch never joined us on the bed; she just stood there watching. In the end, she failed me in French. The nerve!

The rest of my sophomore year is pretty much a blur now but there are a few standouts. A threesome with two members of the water polo team. Their hard and hairless bodies made me feel like I was fucking a pair of thresher sharks. They bragged about it to their teammates and I gave myself up to half the team before the year was out. They won most of their matches and that always made me horny.

Just before summer break, I fucked Li. That was pretty sweet. She was tiny and soft and she played around with my clit like it really meant something to her, not with that fumbly impatient groping that passed for foreplay from most college guys. I went down on Li, too – my first time doing that. I liked it. Who knew I'd develop a taste for pussy? By the end of the year, I had slept with what seemed like half the school, including the faculty. People were starting to talk about me, but hey, I figured there's no better advertising than word of mouth. There are a lot of horny people in Portland, and who am I to deny them? I told myself, there's no limit to what I can handle. But I turned out to be wrong. In my junior year, my sexual addiction spiraled seriously, spectacularly out of control. But that story will have to wait for another time.

**G**





RANDOM  
SH\*T

## HOW NOT TO DIRTY TALK IN BED



An informal poll of two thousand college girls taken aboard the Girls Gone Wild bus indicates that when it comes to sex, college girls prefer it rough to gentle by a margin of 10 to 1. But as with everything else, girls are often conflicted over just what this means. For example, most girls like a guy to talk dirty to them in bed, but apparently there are limits. Here are some phrases that we've been told are a NOT a turn-on between the sheets:

*"I'd like to fuck you in the ass with a table leg."*

*"You'd like your mother to watch me pee on you, wouldn't you?"*

*"Your pussy is tighter than a pug's asshole."*

*"I'm gonna fuck you so hard you'll only have one hole left."*

*"Who's my baby sister? You are, aren't you?"*

*"I'm gonna bite your nipples off and spit them at the cat."*

*"You're a filthy, disease-ridden whore."*

*"You're so hot you make my balls bleed."*

*"You're the hottest girl I've fucked this weekend."*

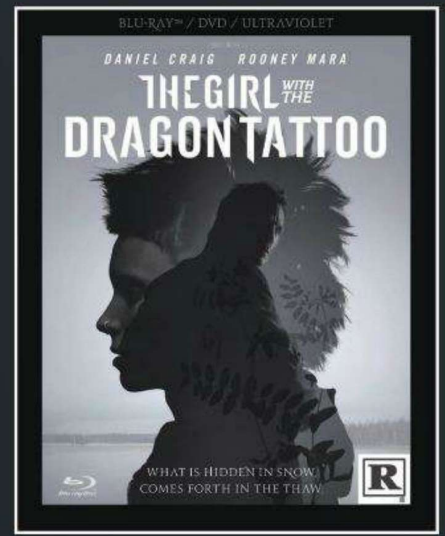
## THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO

Three-Disc Blu-ray Combo Packs

Okay, tough guy. You've had your fill of comic book movies for a while. But you still want a movie that kicks ass, perhaps without all that Michael Bay CGI horseshit. You want some grown-up dialog along with some nudity and a good explosion or two. Well you're in luck. The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo on Blu-Ray Disk will set you up nicely – and then knock you down.

This sharp and stylish adaptation of Stieg Larsson's icy bestseller runs deep with murder, suspense, scandal and sexual abuse (going both ways). If you've seen the original 2009 Swedish film you won't find any story surprises here (it's a pretty reverent re-imagining of that script) but you'll be hooked in early and enjoy the balls-out drive of the thing. David Fincher is arguably the most technically skilled director working today and his unspooling of a dark mystery on a remote and frigid island populated by a remote and frigid family will have your girlfriend right where you want her – shivering in your arms.

Its near-three-hour length and surplus of endings aside, Dragon offers a riveting performance by Rooney Mara as the sexy/damaged Lisbeth Salandar, a computer hacker with the world's largest chip on her pale slender shoulders. Called on to help solve a decades-old murder by disgraced journalist Mickael Bloomkvist (an equally cool Daniel Craig), Lisbeth rips through this world like a blowtorch, ferociously determined to right the terrible wrongs that have been done to a couple



of young girls, including and especially herself. It's hard to explain the effectiveness of actors like Stellan Skarsgård and Christopher Plummer without giving away key plot points, but masterful Fincher's attention to detail results in a perfect blend of performance, photography, music and mood. It's grown-up filmmaking that still manages to deliver the kind of kick-ass thrills you want in a movie, and then some.

This three-disk set contains an astonishing four hours of material, including the invariably fascinating commentary by Fincher; a shitload of featurettes detailing the characters, location, production, post-production and promotion; a bonus UltraViolet digital copy and a DVD version of the film in case, like many of us, you're ready to throw your fussy Blu-Ray disk player through the back door.

From Sony Pictures Home Entertainment





# Female Facebook Decoder

Friend request, poke, tag, message, wall post, status update... what the hell does she want? Chicks have always been good at disguising their true feelings. It's part of some kind of goddamn game they seem to be constantly playing with us and Facebook isn't making it any easier. Maybe this will help.

**Friend Request:** Did you meet her last night? Don't start cleaning your apartment yet. She could be a serial "friender." Accept her request. Maybe she's got some tasty photos up on her page. But don't get too excited. For now, you're only in the friend zone.

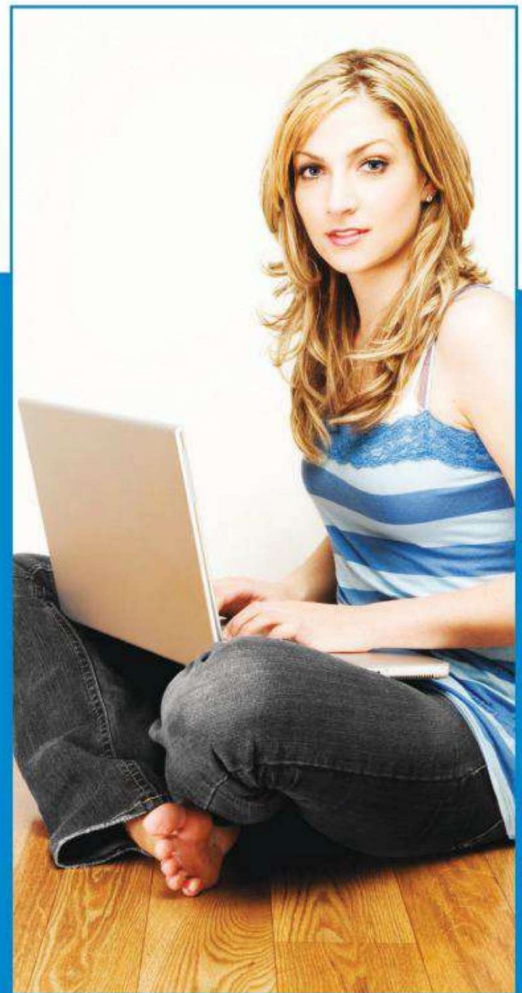
**Poke:** The social networking version of the 5th grade pigtail pull or wedgie. She wants your attention. Enjoy being pursued. Poke back. If she pokes you a second time, call her. It's on.

**Super Poke:** A potential red flag. There is a fine line between stalker territory and extreme horniness. What the hell, take a chance. Make her put her mouth where your poker is. Ahem.

**Tag:** "Cute Girl has tagged a photo of you." If you don't have access to Facebook on your PDA, get your ass home immediately to check your computer. Photo gonna spoil your game? Untag yourself and call it a day. If not, congratulations. You're probably just steps away from closing the deal.

**Status Update/Wall Post:** She posts a photo of her new kitten. She says she's on her way to the beach. Feel free to "like" every post she puts up. She'll feel appreciated and she'll get used to seeing your name. Throw in the occasional comment, but keep it playful and complimentary. Eventually segue into private messages. And then take her out for dinner, and bang her.

**Message:** If she doesn't write you first, it's OK to take the lead if you've gotten the poke, a tag or a response to your comment on her wall post. Send her a private message. Then take her out to dinner and bang her. You know she wants it.



## COMING UP...



### WE STARTED A PORN SITE

When two web design majors at a small northwestern college decided to use their knowledge — and a few horny friends — to launch a porn website, success was almost instantaneous — and nearly disastrous. Turns out there is such a thing as too much sex and too much money. Or so they claim.



### SEX TOYS FOR HER: A CONSUMER REPORT

We bought a collection of today's most popular sex toys and asked three of our female interns to take them for a test drive. Two weeks later, five toys and one intern have gone permanently "missing." The other two interns now spend more time in the office masturbating than making copies. We hope they'll eventually calm down enough to give us a full report.



### THE SLUTTY PROFESSOR

Everybody knows it's wrong for professors to have sex with their students. But when the professor is a stripper by night with a bunch of dumb jock students looking for an easy A, you've got all the makings of a class-A orgy. Taken from court records and facebook postings, we share the true story of Angela Orlss, U of O's favorite faculty member.



### HOW TO GET LAID ON FACEBOOK

It's a new world, bro. You don't have to put on your party shirt and hit the clubs, hoping to be charming at the top of your lungs while buying \$8 beers. Mark Zuckerberg has invented a brilliant new way to make friends and bang chicks. Log on and get lucky as we show you how to land a girl and launch a date that begins, rather than ends, right in your own bedroom.



### I LOVE YOU. NOW WHIP THE SHIT OUT OF ME

According to our survey, that sweet sophomore you're dating is probably into BDSM more than she's ever let on. The average college girl isn't just horny, she's a pure freak under the right conditions. We talk to a dozen hot girls who insist that when it comes to pleasure, nothing beats pain.

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