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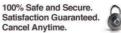
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We travel the length and breadth of this country year round, visiting clubs and bars in big cities and small, to host live events that almost always end up being the best party anyone in that town ever saw. **You should be there. You're invited.**





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MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION zinio.com

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Catch Me If You Can

This month's issue features a story about senior contributor Jay Rush, who went missing last fall. We sent writer and longtime Rush colleague C.W. Shugrew to look for him because Rush owed us half a dozen articles. He also owed us nearly \$12,000 in payday advances, which he told me he needed for a medical emergency. The emergency, he said, involved surgery to restore his eyesight after he was tasered in the face by a couple of San Diego cops busting up a rave that Rush attended. According to Rush, the cops unloaded a full riot-sized can of pepper spray into his eyes and then tasered him below the eyebrows to "seal in the flavor."

A quick check of the police record revealed no such bust and no such rave. Rush took off with the money and the only person we could think of who could track the miserable bastard down was Shugrew.

Now, C.W. is an interesting character in his own right. An early contributor to this magazine, C.W. was known around the office as the greatest cocksman in history. He might also be the biggest liar — I contend that no man could score as much pussy as C.W. does and still be alive. But there is ample proof to the contrary, beginning with five or six of the ladies who work in this very office, all of whom admit having slept with C.W., often in pairs and, in one case, in a 6-on-1 orgy that yielded a home video still making the rounds here at Girls Gone Wild. I'll post it online soon, and if you want a password to view it, email here at the magazine.

"I need you to find Rush," I told C.W. as he sat in my office one rainy night last October. "The fucker owes me, and he's still got the company credit card." C.W. sat back and lit a cigar. "A man can't get far on twelve thousand dollars," he said. "And it's easy enough to cancel the credit card. Give me two weeks, I'll drag the son of a bitch back here by the short hairs." I told him I didn't care how he got Rush back as long as he did it quickly. Rush had somehow convinced the bank that he had sole powers of attorney on the company credit card, and all efforts to stop its use had failed. By the first of this year, Rush had racked up an astonishing six million dollars in bills, which were piling up in my office like a snow drift.

C.W. asked for a line of credit for himself, which I was smart enough to refuse. I gave him two grand for expenses and said, "I'll see you and Jay in two weeks." A week later, I got this text from C.W.:

"Will need more time. Met Rush's old girlfriend. Won't talk unless I fuck her and all her friends."

Typical C.W. talk, I thought. No girl is gonna demand that a dude **"fuck all her friends."** And yet, the very next week, this text came in:

"In Baton Rouge. Lost my wallet. Staying in a whorehouse. Had my first 12-way last night."

You see what I'm talking about? How can this possibly be true?

C.W.'s search for Rush took him to South America, two of the Balkan States and a women's college in Wisconsin (where, you guessed it, he claims to have banged half the student body and a good percentage of the faculty). I'll let you learn the full details (such as they are) of C.W.'s search in his own telling of the tale (see page 44). I have to warn you, the ending is a bit of a shock. I don't believe it any more than I believe the rest of C.W.'s tall tales, but the fact is, we haven't seen Rush since. Come to think of it, we haven't seen C.W., either.





WAIL BOWB: Letters to the editor

My grandfather, 20 years sober, recently started drinking again on account of your magazine.

I usually let him scroll through the mag on my iPad. He likes looking at the girlies. A couple weeks ago, I noticed that he started to mist over with emotion as looked at the screen. I thought he was remembering some girl he banged back in the Korean War or something. Turns out he was reading that drinking article by your writer Harry Robatore. To say my grandpa used to have a drinking problem is an understatement. Anyway, since reading that article, he's putting away Rusty Nails and '57 Chevys morning, noon and night. Thanks to you, he has thrown his sobriety out the window and is currently brandishing firearms and on the run from the law. I'd like to know what you intend to do about it.

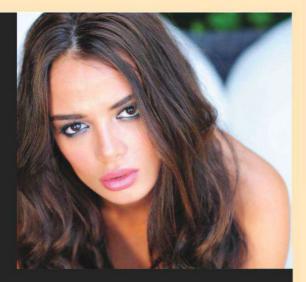
Sincerely, Brett B., Suffield, CT

Your 'What Girls Want In Bed' was a waste of time. Clog up a page of perfectly good pics with a bunch of meaningless quotes. "Confident but not cocky", "A guy who can make me laugh." Really? What a bunch of bullshit. That article brings me no closer to breaking my 7-month slump. Fuck it, I'm going to McDonald's. I think I heard somewhere that the McRib is back.

Michael S., Sarasota, FL

Some of the things that Captain Obvious says really are obvious. I mean, is he simple or something?

Rick B., Dallas, TX



Good to see a little exotic touch to the last issue. I'd like to lay a little pipe in Piper Parker, if you catch my drift. Throw in a pack of pickled peppers too. She thinks she's sophisticated with her travels and stuff. I bet I could dumb her down a peg or two.

Billy O., Santa Monica, CA



Missed the last issue??? Just go to...
GIRLSGONEWILDMAGAZINE.COM

I was reading your interview with Tierra in the last issue and I couldn't believe she went snowmobiling nude! Most girls I see on snowmobiles are girls I'd never wanna see nude, but Tierra is a different story. Why didn't y'all take a pic of that? Nude snowmobiling and hooking up on a 4-wheeler? That girl is crazy, yo.

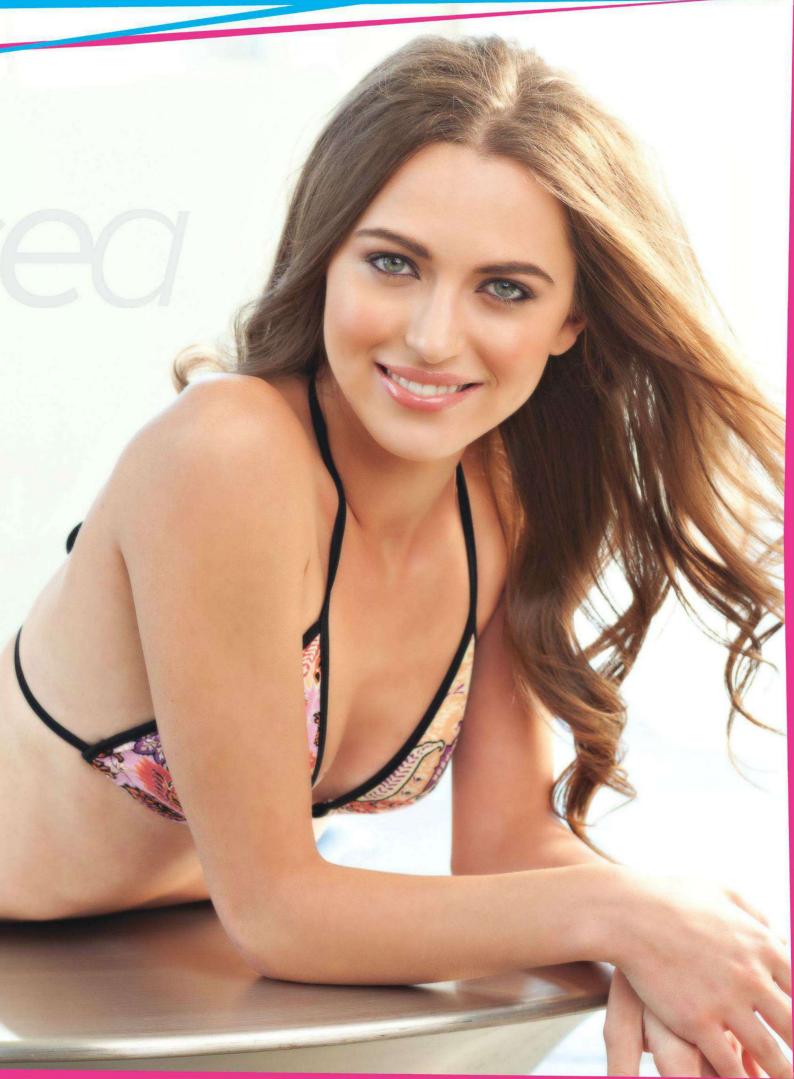
Tommy T., Chicopee, MA

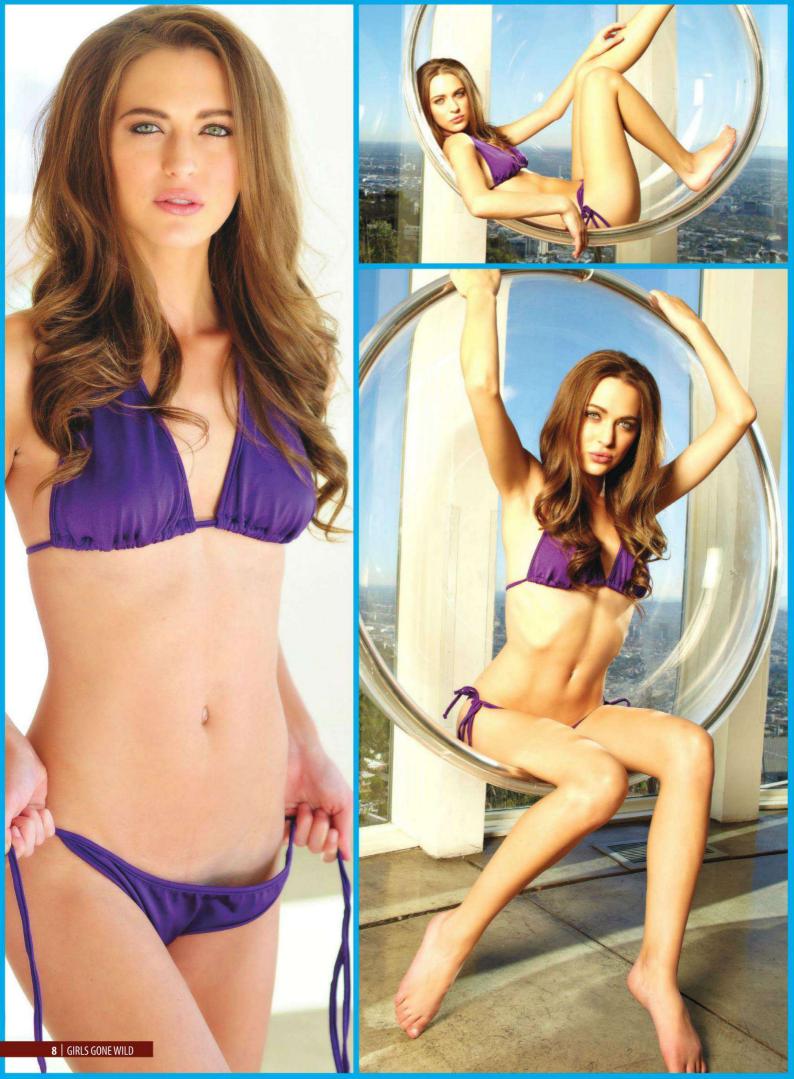
I'm not sure if the editorial staff of your publication has changed hands, but I was hoping someone there might put me in touch with a writer by the name of Jay Rush who used to appear in your pages. To call him a writer is being kind. He was really an

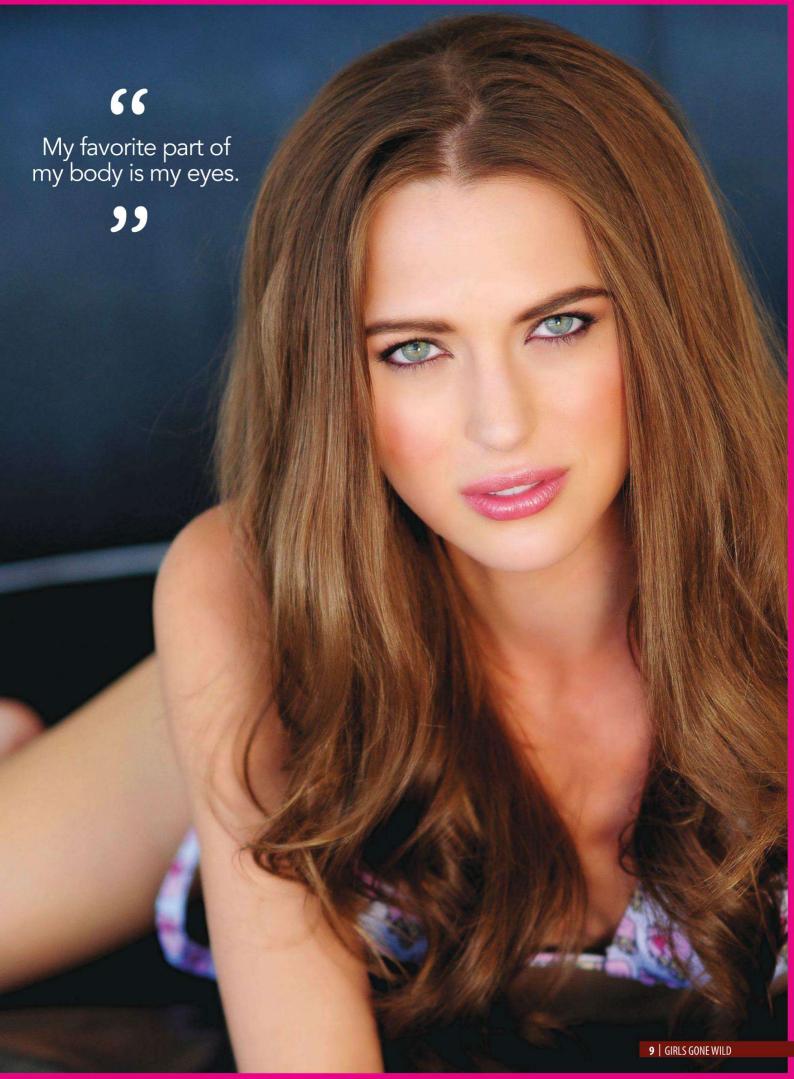
instigator, a blowhard and a bully. Shortly before he died, my father Tom Bosley was engaged in an ugly dispute with Mr. Rush in the Letters To The Editor section of your magazine. Mr. Rush hounded my poor father to the grave and he died a dejected man due in large part to Mr. Rush's abuse. Anyway, going through some of my father's effects recently, I came upon a dusty, ticking box addressed to Mr. Jay Rush. I'd like to see to it that Mr. Rush gets what's coming to him.

Melinda Bosley, Brentwood, CA











woman really beautiful? a pretty face any day. with my fiancé. ever been on? our first date. of your body? The tops of my feet are super-ticklish. a guy's body? His chest. What is your impression of Joe Francis? He's a funny guy.

Q&A with **Chelsea**.

What do you think makes a

A great personality makes up for

Yeah, yeah. Sure it does. What is your favorite thing to do?

I enjoy going to hot rod shows

What's the best date you've

My fiancé took me out to lunch in Santa Barbara out on the pier for

That's enough about the fiancé. What is the most sensitive part

What is your favorite part of

No, we were hoping you'd actually do the impression.

(laughs) I'm not good at impressions.

What else aren't you good at? Cooking.

What's the best thing about being a girl?

I always get out of tickets and I always get priority in lines.

Must be nice. What's your favorite kind of guy?

I like a guy that makes me laugh without trying. And he has to think my jokes are funny, too.

What is something that guys don't do enough of? Backrubs.

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

By not trying to attract my interest.





WORST ORGY EVER





t began as the best idea any of us had ever had. A fraternity/sorority orgy featuring participants who had to be voted in by at least two members of the opposite sex. We wanted only the hottest chicks and coolest guys on campus to show up for the sexual apocalypse of the year, to be held in the university president's house, courtesy of a strategic payoff to his housekeeper. This top-secret, invitation-only orgy was to be held while the president and his wife were in Hawaii for their anniversary. We at Simga house had cooked up this plan and collected over four thousand dollars for all the necessary party supplies: booze, of course; condoms; lubricants; toys; and lots of fresh sheets. Nearly four dozen college students had been approved for admittance when the doors to the president's house finally opened on that historic spring night in 2011. It was to become one of the worst nights most of us will probably ever experience.

When word got out, we were flooded with applications. Nearly a thousand students (and plenty of non-students) applied for a pass to the event by submitting a full-length photo. Rich, Paul, Trent, Nick and I reviewed the photos and made the first cut. It was pretty easy to toss about two-thirds of the submissions into the trash right off the bat. That left us with a couple hundred pretty decent candidates. We had already agreed that the ratio would be 60 chicks to 30 dudes. Two girls for every guy. Seemed reasonable to us.

Steve S.

We actually talked to a lot of girls about this and they almost unanimously agreed that there should be a lot more chicks than dudes at this thing. If for purely for the visual of it, if nothing else. Most of the girls didn't look forward to the prospect of a sea of cocks and balls and hairy backs roaming around the president's house shooting jizz all over the place. And neither did we.

Rich P.

Three hundred candidates were posted on a secret website and each candidate was allowed to vote for two others. Anyone

who didn't get at least two votes was immediately out. There was also a place for "comments," which we probably should have re-thought. Because things got pretty nasty.

Trent G.

I always thought I was a pretty nice girl. I was a bit shocked to see myself called "a fucking cunt" by nine different people, including my roommate. That website was the worst thing that ever happened to a lot of people.

Renee H.

Thanks to that stupid goddamn website, I'm known as "Tiny Dick" around school now. And I'm not even that small. Needless to say, I didn't get invited to the orgy. But that's okay – neither did four hundred other kids who ended up there.

Todd F.

We figured there'd be a few hitches, but who could have forseen the disaster that this orgy would become? Things started going south immediately. I mean like a week before the orgy itself.

Trent G.

Someone stole the \$4,000 that had been raised for party supplies, so the day before the orgy, we had nothing. We didn't even have a keg. It was pathetic.

Greg V.

We knew the university president was a pretty big drinker himself. He had an extensive wine cellar and a fully-stocked bar. I'm talking 30-year-old scotch, Remy Martin, the works. But we promised ourselves not to touch any of it. It had been agreed that the president must never know we had been there, of course, which meant not touching a drop of his liquor. We actually believed we could resist the temptation.

Todd F.

We were wrong.

Rich P.

Jesus God Almighty, were we wrong. **Barry H.**

The revised plan was to charge participants \$25 each, and use that money to buy some booze and maybe a few cases of condoms. This was not a popular plan. When the doors opened, the first guy in

line refused to pay. The second guy in line refused to pay. Everyone refused to pay.

Greg V.

The door was the first to go.

Todd F.

Paul, Trent and I tried to block the front door to keep anyone from entering who wouldn't pay up. Three or four of the guys from the basketball team hurled a lead-lined safe through the door, shattering it like balsa.

Greg P.

What I want to know is where does a group of basketball players get a lead-lined safe?

Barry H.

After that, it was pandemonium. A couple of dozen students poured into the house and demanded booze. Within ten minutes, the bar had been stripped of everything it contained, including a bottle of Angostura Bitters, which some frat asshole guzzled to impress his girlfriend.

Rich P.

The wine cellar was next. We later learned that there had been over \$12,000 worth of wine in that collection. The saddest part of all is that most of that wine was never drank. At least half of the bottles were smashed in the fight for possession.

Greg P.

Funny enough, it was the girls who got the sex part of the program going. I don't know why, but most of those girls showed up horny as hell. I think all the Ecstasy in town was consumed on that night.

Trent G.

I had fun. I don't remember all the crazy stuff. I just remember having fun.

Lisa G.

I remember seeing six cheerleaders doing naked cheers on the dining table before it broke. Everybody seemed pretty happy.

Bennie K.

I got my dick sucked by at least four different chicks before things got out of hand. Fucking awesome, man. I should have left right then.

Paul D.

I was a virgin before the orgy. I wasn't even going to attend, but they said I got more votes on the candidate website than all the other girls combined. I'm not a virgin any more, needless to say. Times about a million.

Stacy S.

There was this girl Stacy. Really pretty Asian girl. Word got out that she was a virgin, so all the guys piled on her. I guess everyone wanted bragging rights. But when you're one of about thirty guys banging a girl, can you still say you had sex with a virgin? I remember her staggering out the back door a few hours later, looking like a glazed donut.

Amy L.

There was some gay stuff happening, too, but I think that was by accident.

Bennie K.

This guy Bennie was bent over the couch in the den and probably nine or ten guys fucked that ass without realizing it was a dude. Not me. I didn't go near that shit.

Harlan F.

Bullshit. Harlan went back for seconds. I have cell phone pictures if you want to see them.

Trent G.

Very nice party. Lot of girl/girl. I like girl/girl. Very nice.

Huong L.

We had planned for 90 participants. We lost count after about 300.

Chester A.

Some homeless guy showed up wearing a letterman jacket. Swore he was a student. Dude was fifty years old. He got his bell rung pretty good that night.

Rich P.











The homeless guy! I forgot all about that. Fuckin' creep shows up trying to get some college pussy. He grabbed this one girl, started playing her nipples like they were radio knobs. Bunch of the lacrosse guys jumped him and gave him a first class beat down.

Barry H

He lost an eye. I think they broke his arm, too. But he deserved it. He practically pulled my nipples off. I thought he was someone's dad, or maybe one of the professors. Fucking jerk.

Monica F.

I heard he got killed.

Rich P.

Nobody got killed, except the fish.

Trent G.

The aquarium! It was a beautiful 200-gallon saltwater job. Had rockfish, octopi, these beautiful rare angel fish ... some Samoan football player decided to fuck his girlfriend underwater. That goddamn aquarium burst like a bomb had gone off in it. Carpet was flooded, broken glass and fish all over the place. And blood. I remember blood.

Too bad the aquarium broke before the fire started. Might have saved the place.

Harlan F.

I left before the fire. I'm sorry I missed it. It must have been beautiful at first – 300 naked, sweaty bodies glistening by firelight.

Eric D.

There were, like, four Samoan guys on the football team and they'd all busted a nut early in the night, so they were looking for other ways to have fun. They'd light torches from the fireplace and do this Polynesian Fire Dance in the living room. It was hilarious. Those guys were so fucking drunk.

Rich P.

You would not believe how flammable fabric wallpaper is.

Randy D.

The whole place went up like it was built out of match heads. One minute we're all laughing at the fire dance, next minute there are four hundred naked kids screaming for their lives.

Rich P.

A lot of people got burned because they didn't want to leave the orgy, even though the whole place was in flames. Eventually you saw chicks running out the front door with their tits flopping and their hair smoking. Guys with 2nd degree burns on their nuts. It was hilarious.

Eric D.

By time the fire trucks arrived, there was nothing left of the place. I mean nothing. It had burned to the ground within fifteen minutes. I remember there were still people fucking in the bushes when the sun came up.

Greg P.

It was a disaster. Never again.

Todd F.

Wait till you see what we've got planned for this year.

Gill Brooke



here are leather girls and there are lace girls. If you like to mix business with leather, there are plenty of other magazines and websites for you to look at. Personally, we'd rather pass the afternoon in the company of a young sweetie in a lacy see-through number than get a ball gag in the mouth and a riding crop to

the ass from some leather-clad sadist. But that's just us. Lace is a beautiful thing. It's also a gift that you can give your girl that's really kind of a gift to you. That's not to say you should run out and buy her a pair of crotchless panties or one of them bras with nipple holes cut out. That's kind of like Homer buying Marge a bowling ball with

"Homer" engraved on it.
What you do is take her to
a lingerie store. Frederick's
of Hollywood will suffice if
she's that kind of girl, but
Victoria's Secret is a safer
bet. Browse around. See
what she likes. If she starts
looking at the boy shorts or
a silk robe, don't freak out.
Just nudge her in a more
adventurous direction. And
be a gent. Don't sniff the

panties. Don't ogle the hot help. Be patient. With any luck she'll pick something that'll be slutty enough to satisfy you. The hardest part will be ponying up the dough for it. The fun part will be her trying it on for you. The really fun part will be ripping it off of her. That's right, rip it off of her. With your goddamn teeth if need be.



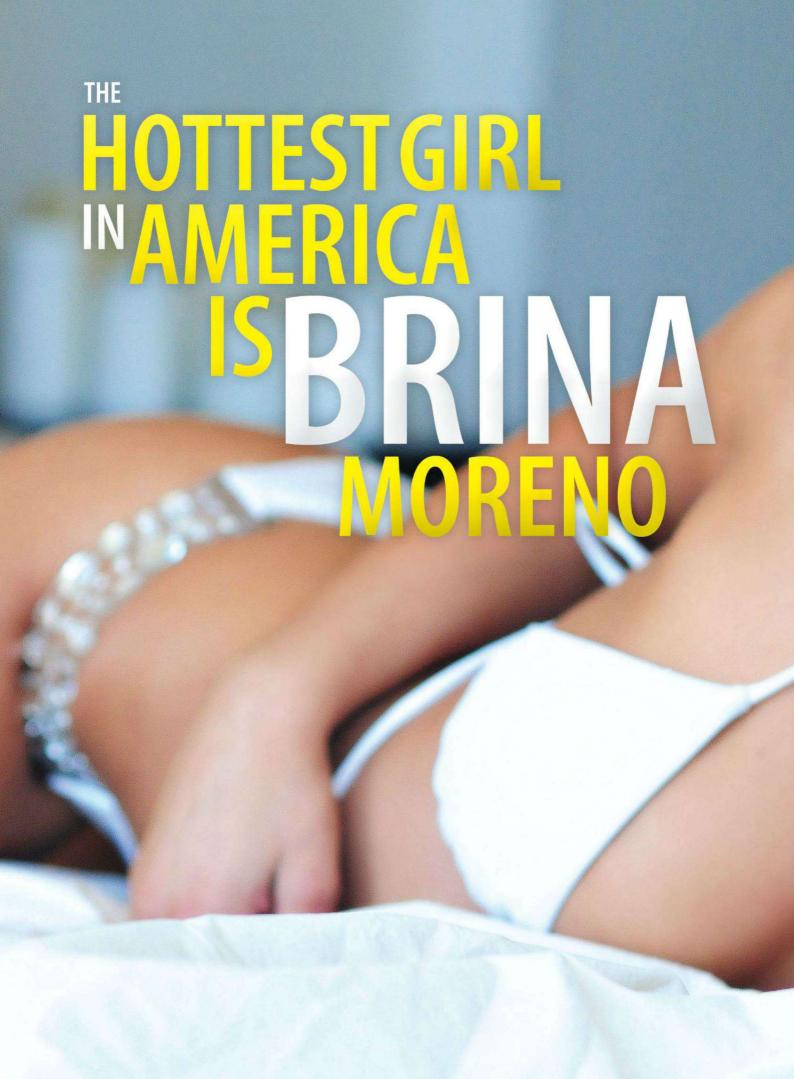


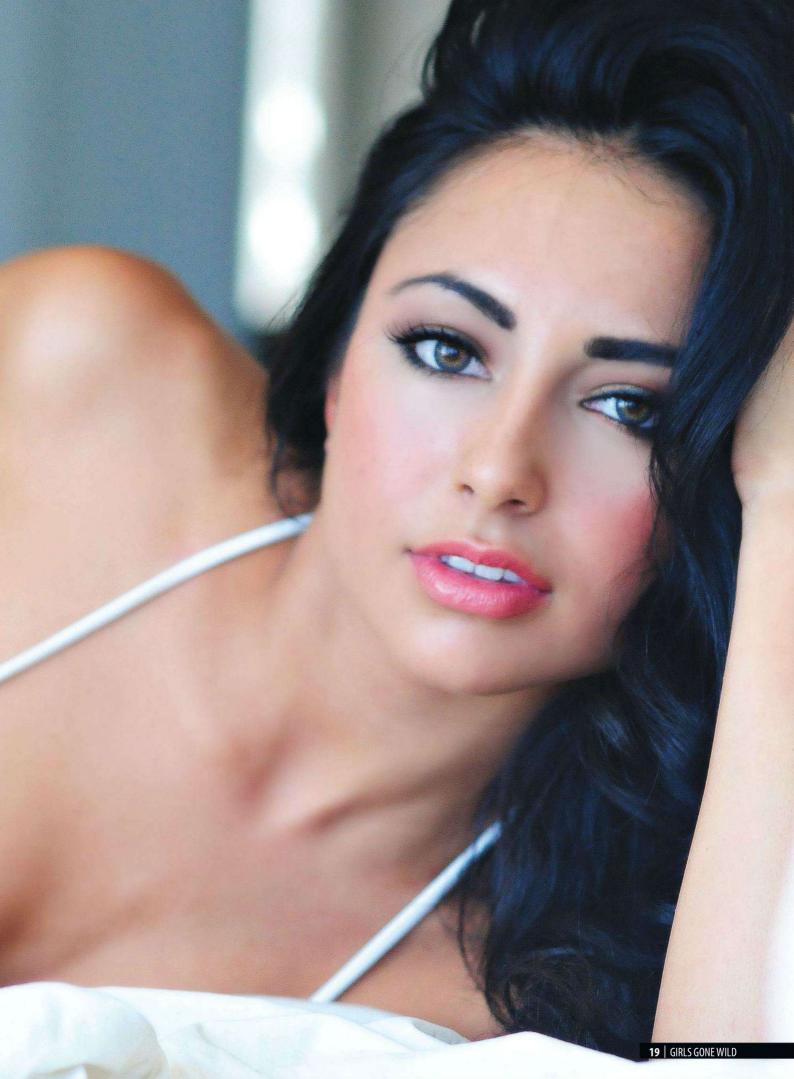












rina Moreno is not only the hottest girl in America, she's also the hottest DJ in America. Imagine yourself at a club with this 19-year-old South Bay sweetie spinning at the deck. So what if it's crappy house music? The sight of this raven-haired beauty swaying side to side doing that cool headphone-over-one-ear DJ move they do is more than enough to keep you captivated.

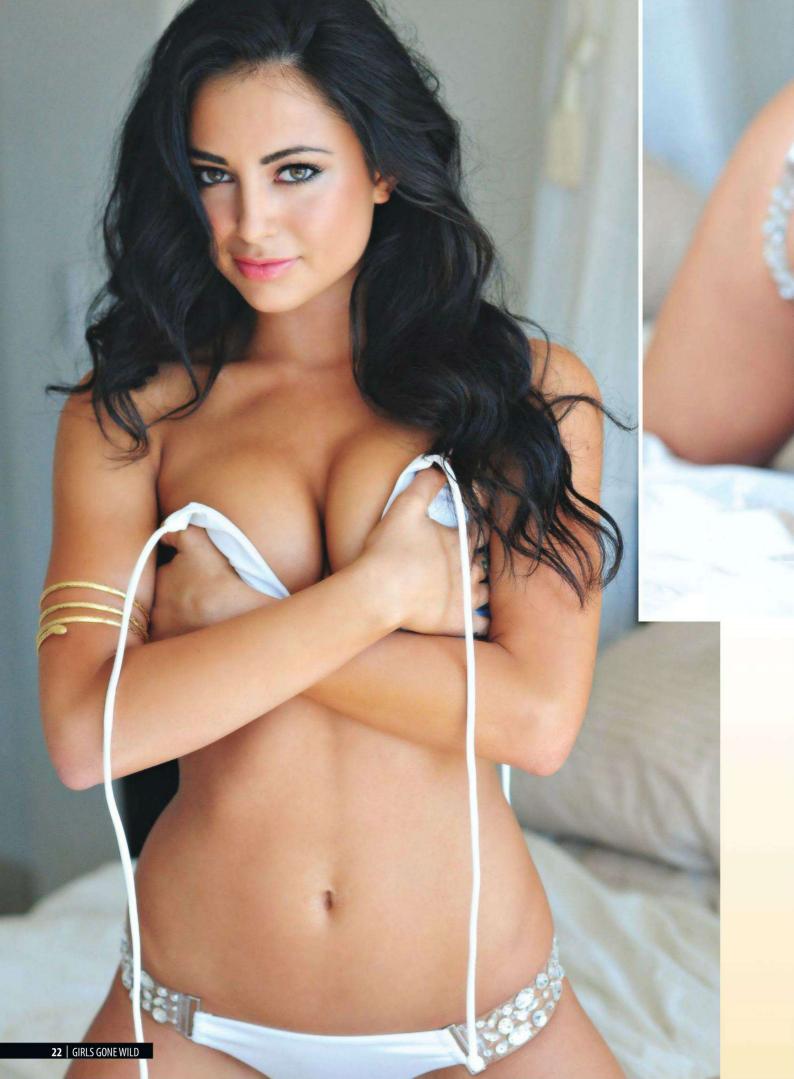
I went skinny dipping with all my friends at a hotel on Hollywood Blvd. Let's just say it definitely made us a lot closer than just being best friends.

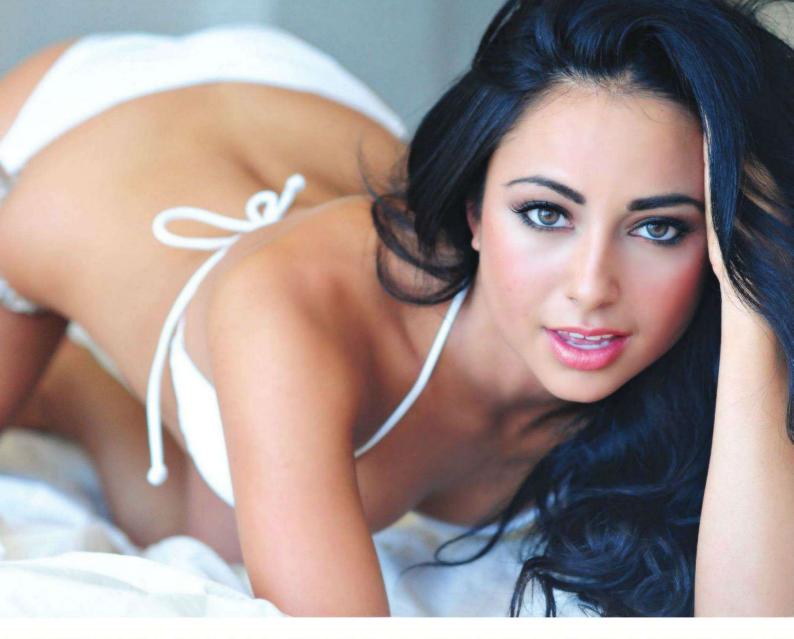
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Q&A with **Brina**

How does it feel to be the Hottest **Girl in America?**

I deserve it! I'm spunky, outgoing. I'm a fun time (laughs).

How's the DJ thing going?

Great. I'm only 19 but I'm already into my career. I'm madly in love with music. I like the electro stuff. I'm a house freak.

Right, right. You dig Lightfoot? Huh?

Gordon Lightfoot.

Who's that?

"Carefree Highway", "Sundown"... No.

What do you do for fun in **Redondo Beach?**

Fun is usually a night out, going to a club with all my girlfriends. Good vibes all around and no drama.





Eyes. Booty. Abs. Lips. I have it all.

"







SEX SECRETS FROM A GIRL GONE WILD

BY KRISTI ROMEO

Q: My girlfriend loves to tease me with the idea of havina a threesome with another girl. She usually says this when I'm in the middle of fucking her. Typically, when I'd bring it up later - say, during "Downton Abbey," she would avoid the subject. But this weekend I finally asked her to marry me, and she said that if I really wanted to bring another girl home to share for a night before we tied the knot, she'd be okay with it. That sounds pretty sweet to me - I already have a few girls in mind - but some of my buddies have said, "Don't do it, no good can come of it." I hate to spend the rest of my life kicking myself for not taking advantage of the one "pass" my girl is gonna give me, so how can I play this so I don't fuck up things for good?

David Z. (Westchester, CA)

A: Invite me. I'll take care of everything. If the photo you sent me of the two of you is genuine, I'm down! I'm an expert at these things, so I can help your sweetie wrap her gorgeous blonde head around the idea that our one night of mind-blowing sex really doesn't mean anything in the long run, and you'll be in the clear. I'll even swallow your jizz so she doesn't have to. She should appreciate that.

Okay. Maybe I'm stepping out of bounds here. But still. Hit me back. In the meantime, if you really want to go through with this (and I'm guessing you do, since you didn't ask "Should I?" but rather, "How can I?"), there are a few simple things to keep in mind to make sure everyone's toes get sucked and

nobody's toes get stepped on. First of all, you and your fiancee should discuss ground rules. Is kissing okay? Dirty talk? Cell phone pictures? Anal? Condoms? Second, I strongly urge you to find a third partner who is unknown to both of you. Do NOT invite the girl who works in the next cubicle, the one you've been flirting with for the past year. Do NOT invite an old girlfriend. And don't agree if she helpfully suggests bringing a girlfriend of hers home. The Big Ugly Demon that haunts all threesomes is Jealousy. If she catches you really getting into "casually" banging some girl you've mentioned in passing before, she'll lose her shit. And trust me, you're not going to enjoy sitting in meetings across the table from the girl who Sucked Your Cock That One Night and Must Never Suck It Again. That's a recipe for awkward, or, if you aren't the loyal type, a recipe for all kinds of cheating. Don't do it. And don't bang her friends, either. You'll never hear the end of it. She'll lose a friend, she'll blame you, or worse, she'll find herself sexually smitten with a BFF in ways that no longer have anything to do with you. The best approach is for the two of you to go out trolling together, and pick up a random stranger. Enjoy your threesome and don't exchange phone numbers. Hopefully, you'll never see her and again and you and your beloved can spend the rest of your lives sharing a delicious private secret.

Q: My girlfriend likes role-playing games. She's a pretty good time in the sack but she really gets going if I pretend to be somebody else. This kind of bugs me – I feel like she's cheating on me with me – but I put up with it because she gets so fucking horny. She'll be in the shower and I come into the bathroom wearing a bandana over my face. She screams and promises to

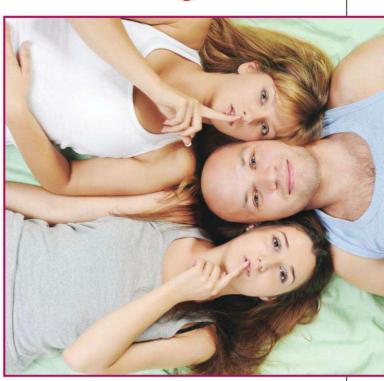
do "anything I want." Or I'll get out the ol' camera and pretend I'm a photographer trying to coax a chick into posing nude. She acts all shy and then starts playing with herself. The thing is, I usually feel foolish doing these things. She wants me to get even more creative, but it's hard to play Bad Cop with a straight face. How can I have as much fun as she's having without feeling like a tool?

Joe O. (Easthampton, MA)

A: For my money, the more real you can make your role-playing, the easier it will be to get into it. Next time you play your shower game, instead of a bandana, why not surprise her with some elements that'll provide a real surprise for her? Wear a pair of dirty jeans and a torn T-shirt. Slick your hair back and douse yourself with cologne that isn't your brand. In other words, really work to become someone else.

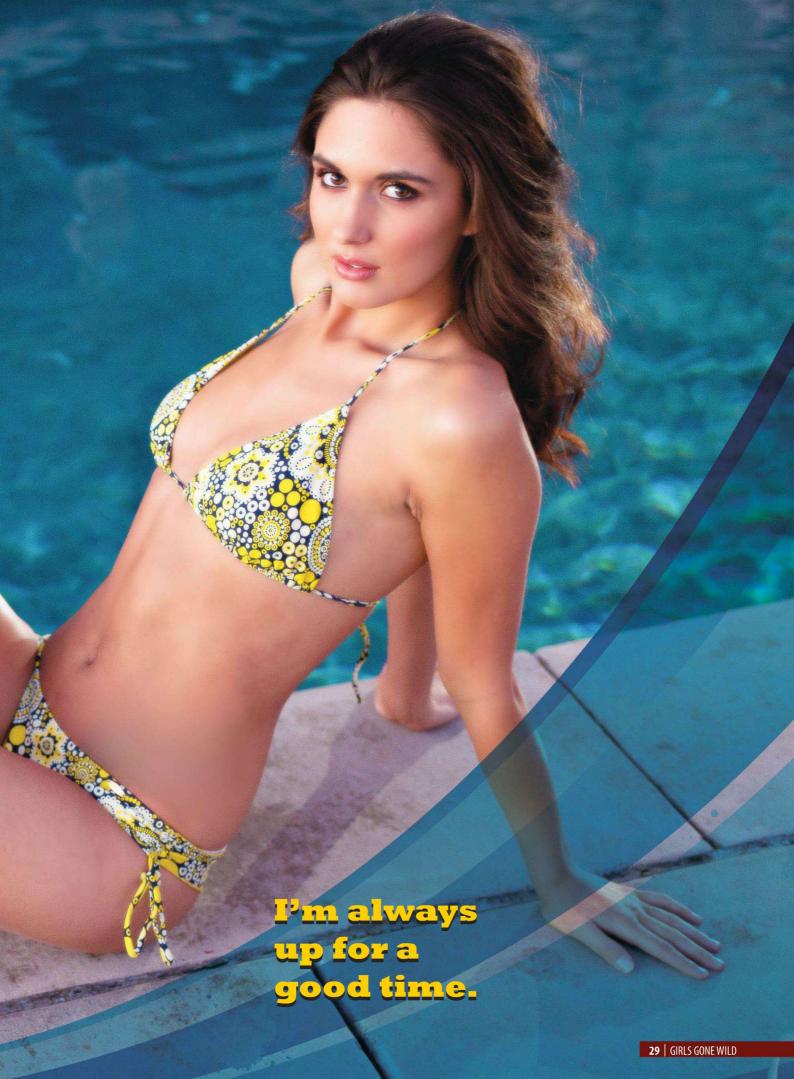
And then give into it. Fuck her as this stranger, not as yourself. If you normally kiss her, for example, don't kiss her at all as the "intruder." If you normally start out slow and soft, start out rough. Or vice versa. She'll slip into the fantasy much easier and she'll get so turned on, the last thing you will feel is foolish. Additionally, make sure that she follows the same rules. A wig can be useful in helping both of you imagine that she's someone else. A different brand of perfume. An item of clothing you've never seen before. Finally, don't force her to make up all the scenarios. She may have a few favorites, but why not surprise her with an idea of your own? She might be titillated to have to handle the physical advances of a lusty psychiatrist, for example, or loan a cup of sugar to the shy but sexy next-door neighbor. At the end of the day, it's all about having fun. If you crack up laughing in the middle of your little play, that's okay. There's always tomorrow night. Please keep in touch and let me know how it goes!



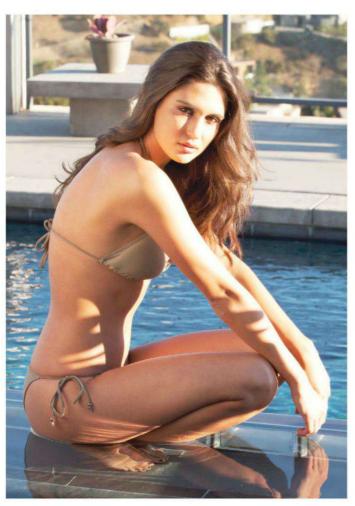


DARLING DANIE LLE

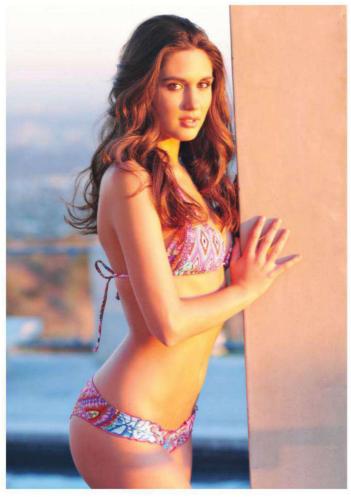
At 5'10", Danielle is a tall drink of Tennessee tea. And there ain't no place we'd rather be. She lives in the Valley now but still maintains that down-to-earth southern charm. One thing she's picked up out here is an ability to rock a bikini. That pink one, especially. Jesus. You don't see that back in Chattanooga.

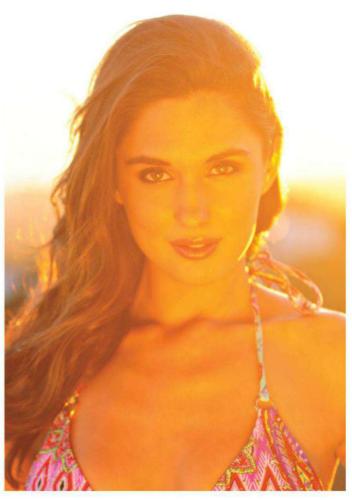


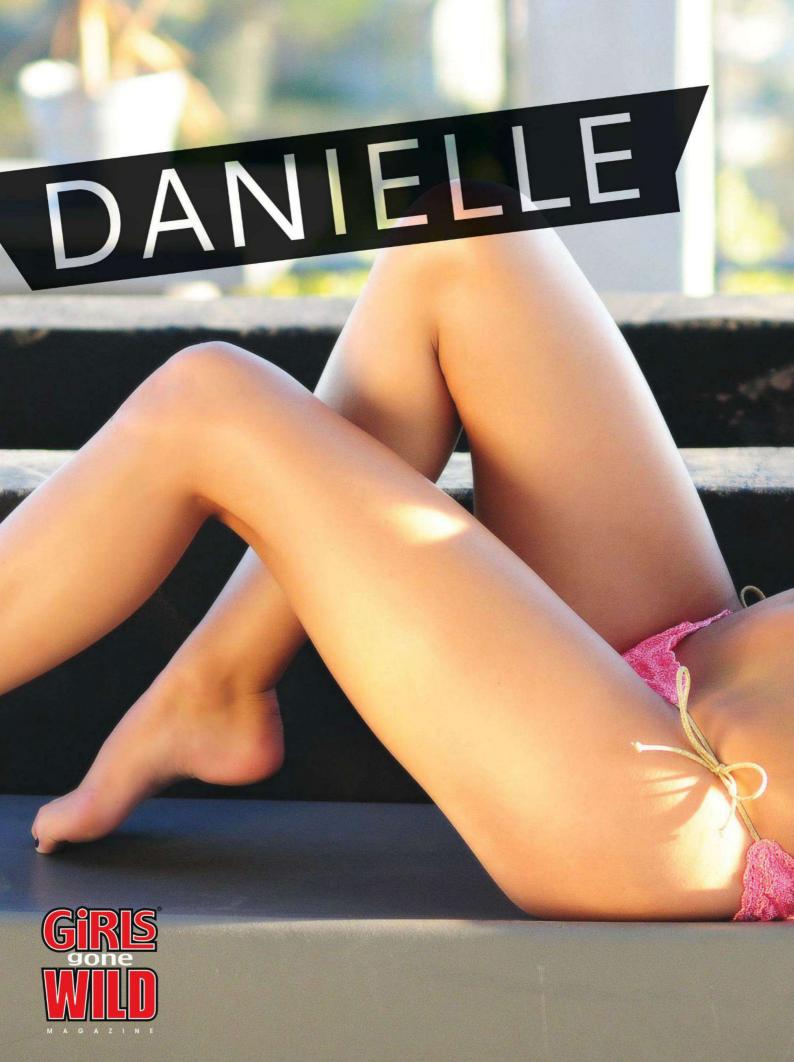


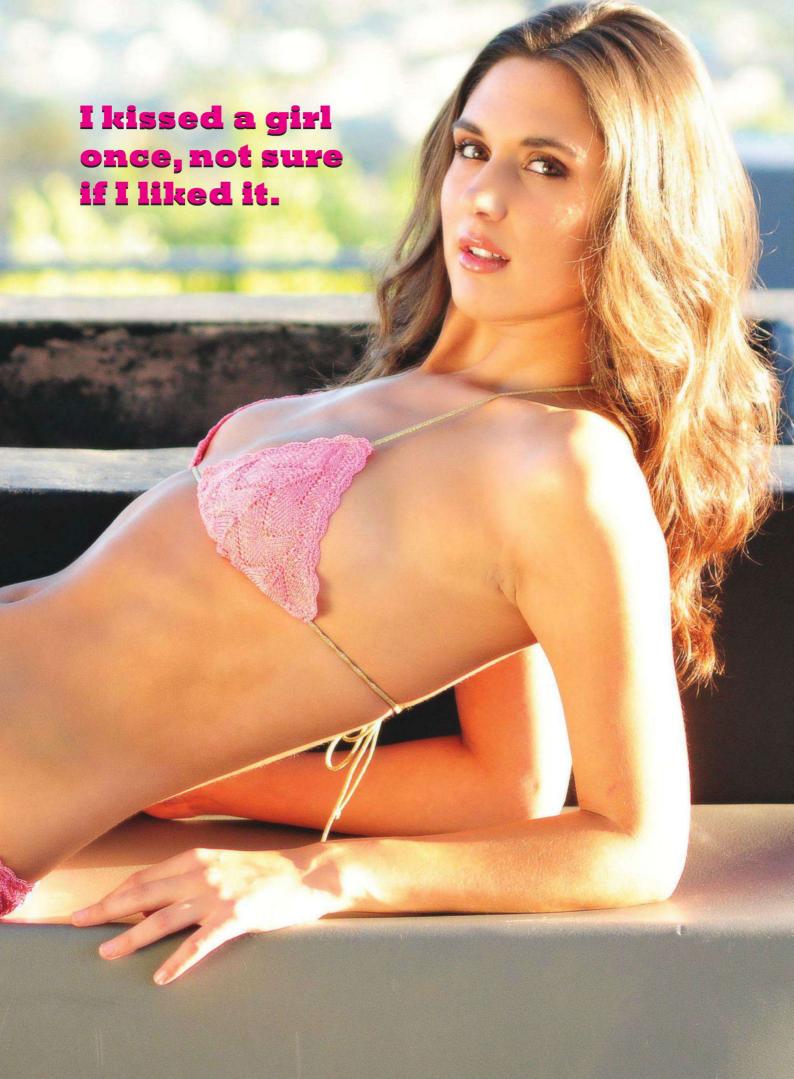


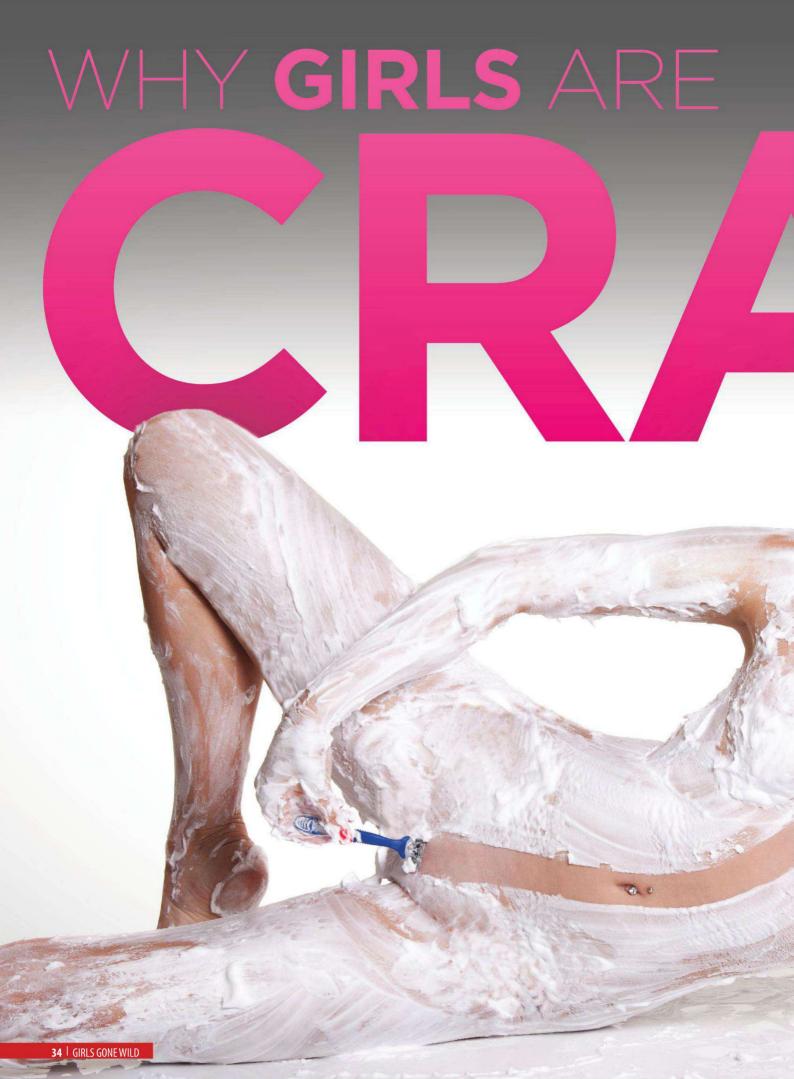
















If he suddenly wants more sex from a girl, he's probably cheating.

According to Cosmo, if your boyfriend seems hornier than usual, it might be because he's fucking someone else and trying to lay down a smokescreen by keeping you sexually satisfied. "If he has something to hide, he may use sex as a way to avoid emotionally candid conversation with you," the article quotes some female shrink as saying. Armed with this knowledge, I kicked this cool guy named Tim to the curb after two wonderful years because he suddenly got interested in banging me five or six times a week. I enjoyed all the extra sex, but I couldn't escape the suspicion that it was a cover for his infidelity. I hurled some pretty harsh accusations at Tim – usually while he was slamming his balls against my asshole - and I realize now how he must have felt when, after he said, "I could fuck you five times a day," I called him a cheating asshole and broke his Martin guitar in half. I miss ol' Tim.

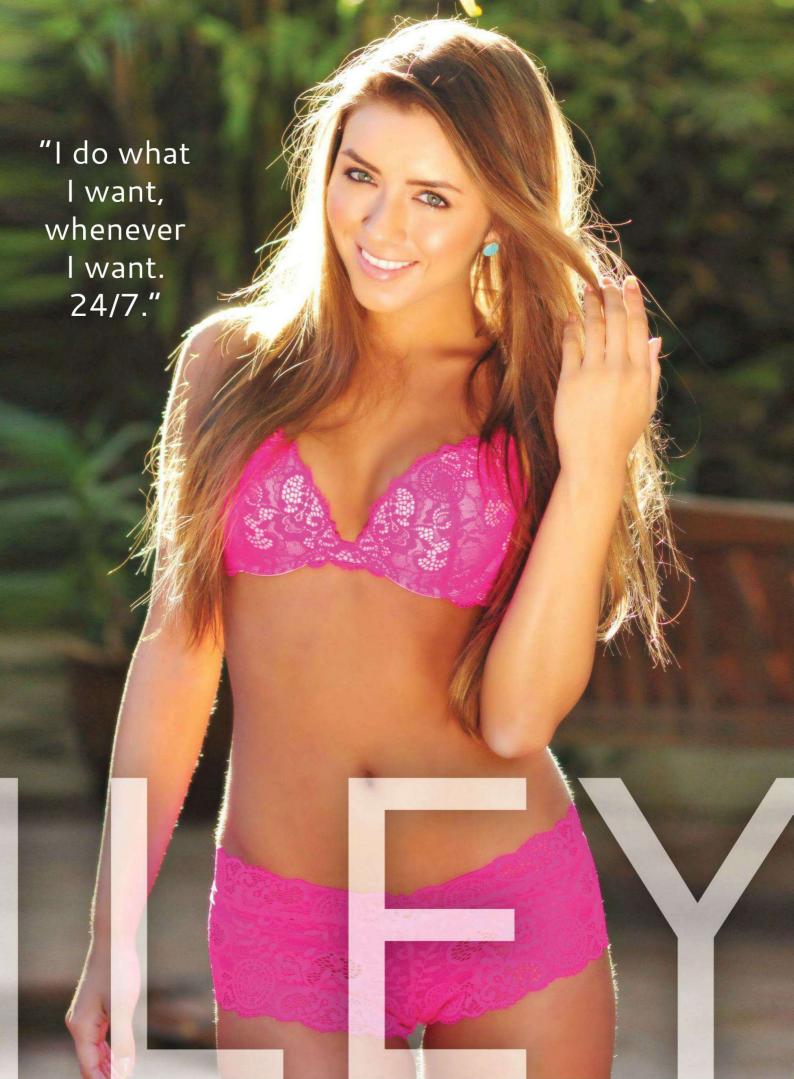
If a guy tells his girl too much about his day, he's probably hiding something.

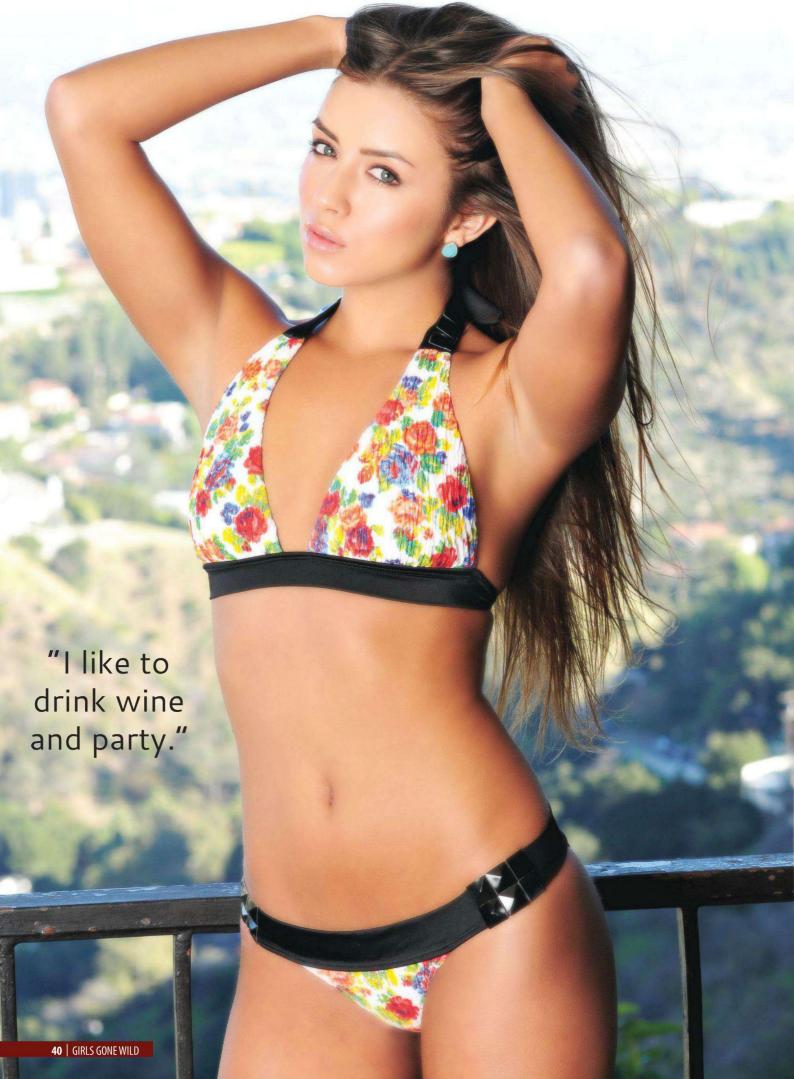
Most guys aren't interested in sharing things like thoughts, feelings, belief or their last hit of weed. The typical man doesn't come home anxious to talk about his day. So if, as one magazine article told me, "If he offers up all kinds of odd details about where he's been and what he's been doing, there's a good chance he's hiding something." I dated a guy named Brad who was an absolute sweetheart. He worked for an investment banking firm and put in 12-hour days, hoping to climb his way to the top. At night, after he gave me a good schwabbing, he'd typically regale me with stories about the triumphs and setbacks of the day, understandably proud of the struggle he was making. Unfortunately, due to the magazine article I read, I was convinced he was lying about all of it as a cover for the animal sex he was presumably having with his female boss every day. I dumped his ass. Brad recently made junior partner. He's pulling down close to a 500 grand a year and fucking a new girl every night. Crazy.

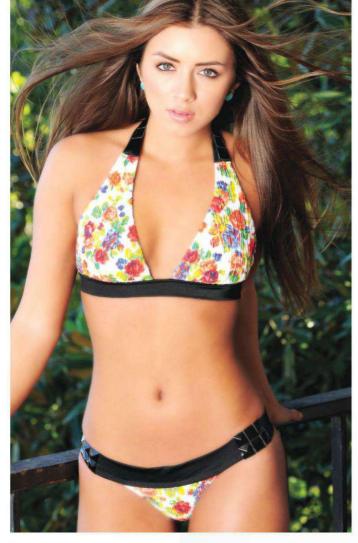


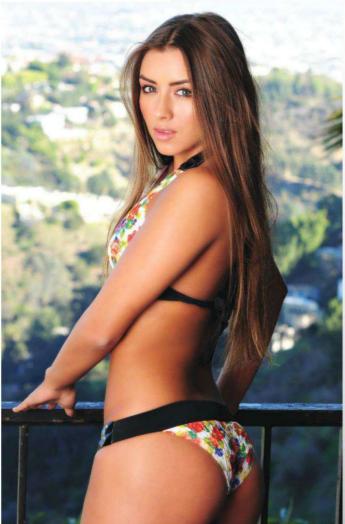












"I feel so sexy in a bikini. The smaller the better."

Q&A with Ashley -

What was the last thing you wished for?

That a mini Starbucks barista lived in my cupboard and would pop out and make me delicious coffee every morning.

How'd that work out? It didn't come true (frowns).

What's something we would be surprised to know about you? I go to church.

That's no fun. What do you and your friends do besides worship

Go to the beach. Wakeboard. My friends are mostly dudes.

And that's OK in the eyes of the Lord?

They're just friends.

Why is it that so many hot girls say they mostly hang around with dudes? Is it just some conspiracy to make boyfriends jealous?

There can be a lot of catty drama and jealousy with girls.

So it's better to just have a group of pathetic dudes around who hit on you all the time and boost your ego? Jeez. Bitter much?

Sorry, Ashley. Get it together, dude.



ASHLEY





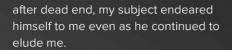


SON OF A BITCH

THE SAD AND FUCKED UP SAGA OF JAY RUSH

By C.W. Shugrew





I also liked his taste in women. There was an ex-wife in Albuquerque with whom I spent a long weekend. She was 23 when I met her and said that Rush had run out her 7 years before.

Rush was 52 at the time so it was an unsavory sum no matter which way you did the math. But she was legal now and more than happy to play a little show and tell.

had gone home. It was on such a night that an incident with a Mexican cleaning woman occurred, an incident too sordid to recall in detail except to say that it involved a crack pipe, a pygmy goat and a pair of pruning shears. Rush was summarily fired. Rush may not have had the job anymore, but he still had his business cards. In the months following Rush's termination, word trickled back to GGW

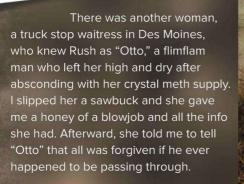
late into the night after everyone else





around town under the auspices of a *Girls Gone Wild Magazine* casting session. *GGW executives* contacted law enforcement. Sure enough, report after identical report continued to come in. An innocent girl arrives hoping to be photographed for a popular men's magazine only to be drawn into a

depraved, Hieronymous Bosch nightmare of barnyard animals, hard drugs, lobster bibs and Jimmy Buffett songs. The answer was clear: Rush had gone rogue.



I'd been hired to find Rush by his former employers at *Girls Gone Wild Magazine*, where he had once been a relatively well-liked Managing Editor and writer. During his tenure at the publication, Rush was known to work









KILLER JOE ON BLU-RAY

FROM LIONSGATE



t's a rainy night in a drafty trailer. Outside, there's a trash can fire going and a mean, miserable dog yapping at the end of a tight chain. Gina Gershon opens the door with her big hairy pussy hanging out. By this point, about two minutes into *Killer Joe*, you'll already be on board. By the time Emile Hirsch and Thomas Haden-Church are at the titty bar planning to knock off Hirsch's mother/Haden Church's cokehead ex-wife, you'll already be planning to watch it again. When Matthew McConaughey arrives at the abandoned pool hall to meet

Hirsch and Haden-Church and make arrangements to do the dirty deed, you might be re-thinking whatever your pick was for the best movie of last year.

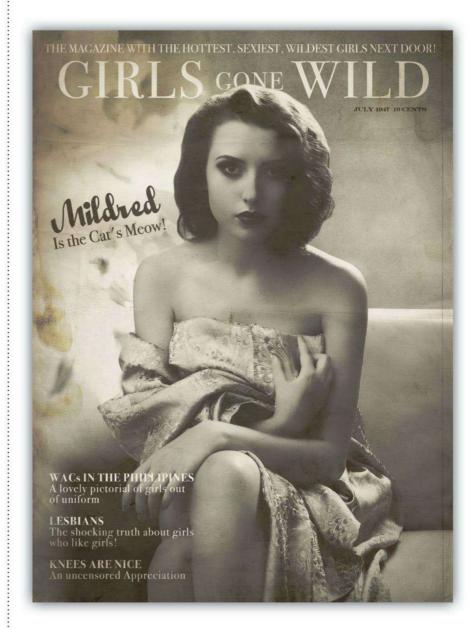
The poster for *Killer Joe* describes it as a "totally twisted, deep-fried Texas redneck trailer park murder story" and it more than lives up to that unsavory description. At the age of 76, William Friedkin (*The Exorcist, The French Connection*) has directed a film that is darker and funnier than pretty much anything dudes 50 years his junior are doing. Working again from a script by Tracy Letts (after 2006's *Bug*, another oddball must-see), Friedkin's *Killer Joe* follows a father/son pair of dimwits, a scheming harlot, a killer cop and an innocent girl through some of the most unbelievably heinous and hilarious scenarios ever committed to film.

As far as the performances are concerned, everybody is at the top of their game. McConaughey continues his comeback streak (*Eastbound* and *Down, Bernie, Magic Mike, Mud*) with another strangely brilliant performance. He's kooky and menacing and deranged and Kate Hudson — that generic fun sponge — is nowhere in sight. Hirsch is good as a backwater dunce and Haden-Church is even better as his even dumber father. There's a minor slapstick scene late in the film involving the sleeve of Haden-Church's Wal-Mart blazer that is a genuine laugh-out-loud moment. Gershon is great and still pretty damn fuckable (though you'd want to wear two condoms) and Juno Temple is alternately creepy and sweet as the trailer trash innocent offered up to McConaughey as a retainer for his services.

Technically speaking, the Blu-ray transfer is great. Extras are plentiful and worthwhile — the Friedkin commentary alone is worth the price of the DVD.

Killer Joe Blu-Ray Special Features and Extras

- · Audio Commentary With Director William Friedkin
- Southern Fried Hospitality: From Stage To Screen
- SXSW Q&A With Cast
- SXSW Intro by William Friedkin
- · "White Trash" Red Band Trailer





NOTES FROM THE OBSERVATION DECK

BY CAPTAIN OBVIOUS



Lotta times when I have sex with a hooker I wear a condom. Just in case she has an STD or something.



I want to be a price check guy at the Dollar Store. Since everything costs a dollar, I probably wouldn't have to do much.



I bet Bill Gates has got a couple bucks in the bank.



Daniel Day Lewis looks a lot like Abraham Lincoln in that Abraham Lincoln movie.



Seems like there's a couple different *Law* and *Order* shows that are on TV a lot.



Some girls really like it when you pee on 'em. But be careful because some girls don't like it at all.



went to the beach and forgot my bathing suit. Luckily there were ots of places around there that sell 'em.



I like when a girl wears no underwear under a short skirt and you can see her pussy and stuff.



Those guys on *Mad Men* smoke an awful lot of cigarettes.



Jerry Seinfeld is a pretty funny guy. Somebody ought to give him his own show.



Snowshoes actually aren't all that much like tennis rackets when you really look at 'em.



Lotta times you meet a girl on an Internet dating site and she ends up being fatter in person.



That Dolly Parton has got a nice set of jugs.



I always think a girl with a really hairy pussy has got something to hide.



Cheers was a pretty good show.

COMING UP...



CAMPUS CUISINE

You're one broke-ass college freshman. Your choices for dinner usually range from that disgusting slop they serve in the dorm cafeteria to ramen noodles and popcorn to the six baskets of chips you can pound away while nursing a single beer at that Mexican place. We'll show you how to eat better — and for free — if you don't mind breaking a few rules. And laws.



10 LIES EVERY GIRL TELLS

We're sorry to burst your bubble, big guy, but that little hottie you've been spending time with doesn't hit the orgasm jackpot every time you hook up, no matter how good a show she puts on. She hasn't been with only "one or two other guys" before you, either. Learn the ten little lies that all girls seem to learn before they hit college. You aren't gonna believe this shit!



BRO CODE

There are things you never do and things you never say to a buddy. Learn the code and avoid being an assclown to your buddies. You're gonna need those guys someday, so you'd better not give them any reason to blow you off when the chips are down. Learn the unwritten rules — written down now, for the first time anywhere.



I WAS A COED

You've met tons of girls who snatch dollar bills out of your hands with their snatches and claim to be doing it to "put myself through school." Ever wonder if any of those sweet skanks are actually going to college? Meet Dana Petreski, OSU class of 2013. She's an honors student on a full lacrosse scholarship by day and a \$400-a-night stripper by, well, night.



I SHOT JFK

Jay Rush interviewed Edward P. Roybal, a small-time hoodlum who claims he was the second gunman in Dealey Plaza on the day John F. Kennedy got his head blown off. Roybal provides a startling array of evidence, including the murder weapon and a poloroid photo taken from the grassy knoll seconds before the fatal shot. Roybal's motive? "The sonofabitch was banging my girl."

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