

THE MAGAZINE WITH THE HOTTEST, SEXIEST GIRLS NEXT DOOR!

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M A G A Z I N E

JESSI

WISH THEY ALL COULD BE CALIFORNIA GIRLS ...

SEX OUTDOORS

SEX TIPS IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

SON OF A PORN STAR

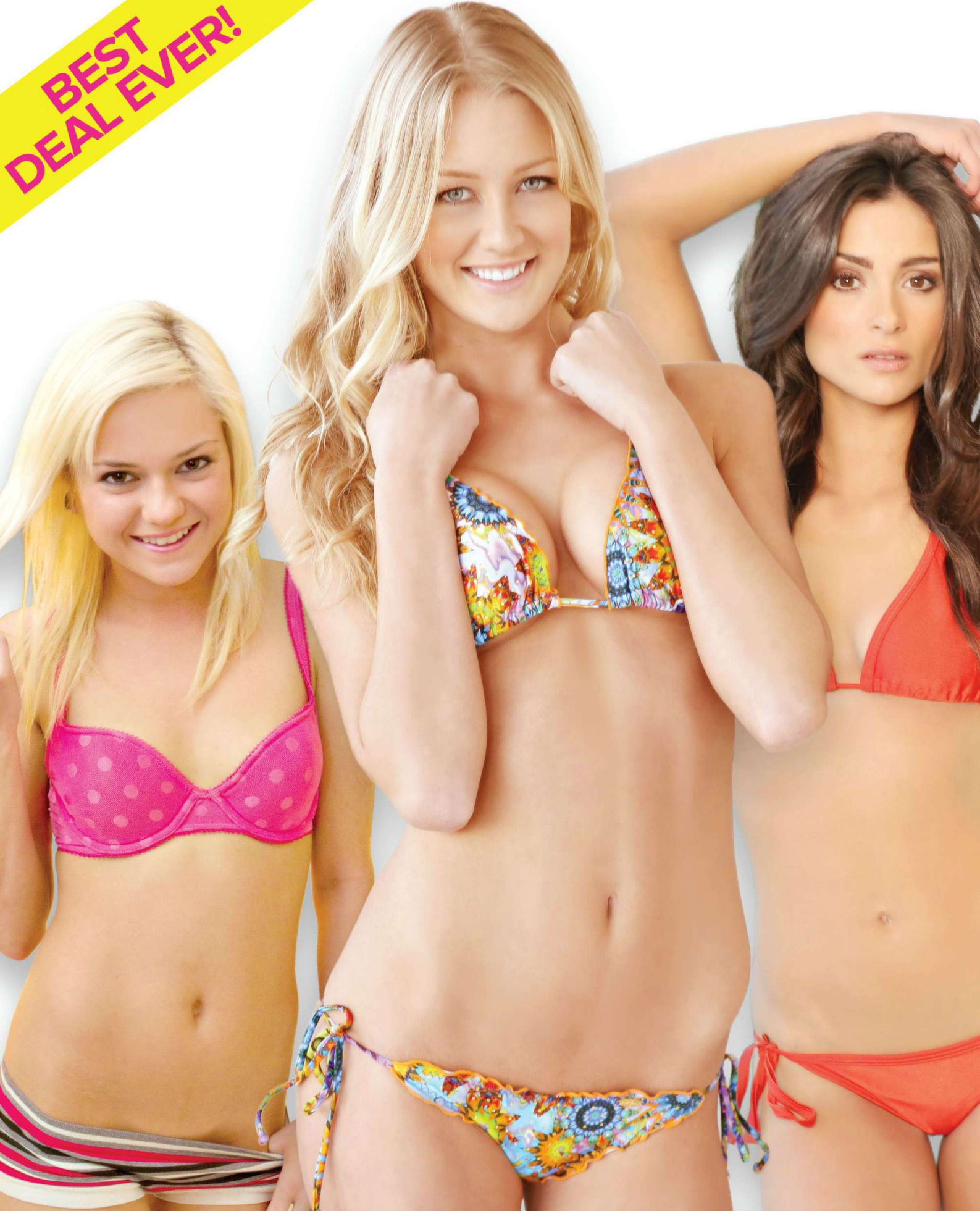
BASED ON A TRUE STORY

TAKING THE GRENADE

WHY PICKING UP GIRLS WHEN
YOU'RE DRUNK IS A BAD IDEA



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SUMMER 2013

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Photography by Russell Baer & Cory Sorensen
Makeup by Kristin Turner



ON THE ROAD WITH GIRLS GONE WILD

On The Road With Girls Gone Wild

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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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Win Some, Lose Some.

Hooray! Summer's here! The season of beachside beers, bikini-bearing babes, BBQs, and constant use of alliteration. It's a proven fact that weather has an effect on one's mood. Out here in sunny Los Angeles (almost) everyone has a smile on their face. It's a great feeling to live in such an amazing city. I, however, recently lost a close friend. RIP Rizzo. No, he's not dead. He's just moved back to hell, otherwise known as my hometown, Buffalo, NY. Rizzo recently had an insane weekend. I'm recounting this entire ordeal from a few drunk/coked out voicemails, so bear with me.

Rizzo's dad came to LA for the weekend to celebrate Rizzo's promotion. He was so proud of his successful son. Keyword in the previous sentence is "was". Rizzo was a personal assistant to a very successful high-end CEO for an established entertainment company. Rizzo picked him up on time from the airport, and the two of them had a great Saturday together! The entire day consisted of bar hopping, smoking blunts on the Venice Boardwalk, and a quick evening surf. Rizzo dropped his dad off at a nice and fancy hotel around 10PM, and told him he would see him tomorrow morning around 8AM for an amazing manly breakfast feast consisting of bacon, bacon sausage, bacon gravy, and pancakes.

Rizzo and I met up with a couple other friends at a club downtown to celebrate the weekend. Rizzo said his dad was quite the partier, and invited him out, but after a long flight he decided to go straight to bed. We started partying around 11PM, and kept going until around 4AM. This is when I left. I decided to be responsible for once, because I had plans to Skype with my east coast family early that morning. Rizzo decided to stay out well after everyone else left. The last time anyone can account for him was when he was spotted literally following a trail of cocaine into the women's bathroom. Rizzo and his cocaine.

Fast-forward to later that morning. I think it was around 7AM? I woke up to a voicemail from Rizzo:



"Hey, heyyyy man! I need help SO bad. Got home around 5:30? No idea. I know I only slept for an hour, maybe less? I came home accompanied with these two lovely ladies. Ladies? Fuck that. Two slutty sluts. My kitchen is a mess--boy, is IT a MESS! We tried to make pancakes. Pancakes!? I can't even tell what's baking powder, and what's cocaine! It's like a mini blizzard in my kitchen, man. I'm scared. And very very high. Also, who can I call to help me remove bodies? NO, they're not dead. Just very, very unconscious. Actually, I only see one slut out of two. Shit. I gotta find the other one. Uhh, bye." -- CLICK

I'm experienced when it comes to drunk voicemails, so what did I not do? I didn't call back. I hopped in the shower, and when I got out I was greeted with yet another voicemail:

"Sooo yea. I thought she had jumped out of my sixth story window. She didn't. Just puked out of it, and onto some Porsche below. I think she's in the bathroom. I think this because the door is locked. Hold on. SHIT! My dad is calling me. It's almost 8! Umm, yea. I might be fucked here. I need to do more coke. Wait, I don't need it. I WANT to. You think my dad would want some pancakes? Maybe he'll know what to do with these sluts. No he won't! He's an asshole! Get a hold of yourself, Rizzo! Your dad is a beautiful man! I gotta break this door down. Coke strength?" -- CLICK

I left my cell phone in my bedroom charging, and Skyped with my family for about an hour in the living room. I came back to check my phone to see fifteen missed calls, twenty-four texts with just the words "Help me", and this voicemail:

"I just broke down the bathroom door! HULK SMASH! My dad is pounding on my front door. Holy shit, man. It smells so bad in here! Shower's on. Chick's passed out naked in the tub. Hmm. She has a nicer body than I remember. Go me. Who is my dad talking to out there? Sink's clogged with what appears to be cocaine. Toilet's clogged with what appears to be shit AND cocaine (starts crying). I am so fucked here, man! What do I do!? Why is this happening?! Help me, please! (pause and heavy breathing) Fuck! The landlord is opening the door for her! I gotta flush this cocaine! Ummm... Fuck! The toilet is clogged! I'm gonna do it all! Right now! (pause) Hi dad! Yes! This is cocaine, and it's all going in my face! Don't touch my drugs, ASS! I love you! I need cocaine. You can have the sluts, I just want cocaine! No, don't touch my cocaine, dad! I know what I need in my life. It's my life! Stay away!" -- CLICK

So long story long, Rizzo is now back home in drug rehab. His dad literally grabbed him by his dick (in a non-gay way), and flew him back home, leaving his entire life behind. He's burned all his bridges. He's fucked. Thanks, Obama.

So yea, don't make bad choices like Rizzo, and if you do make sure to invite your dad to partake on post raging sluts and/or cocaine. It could save your life, your dignity, your integrity, or anything else that ends in "ITY".





I've read that article "Friend Zone to Dead Zone" and that poor schmuck reminded me of Charlie, a friend of mine from college. He and the girl he was in love with were BFFs until that day he found out she was banging that asshole quarterback Trevor. It was painful to watch. It made things around campus rather awkward. Well, last thing I can remember Charlie saying was something along the lines of: "I wish I could erase this whole damn stupid thing from my memory." After we graduated, I hardly ever saw him again. And when I did, he tried to ignore me. I'm telling you, that whole friend zone thing completely ravaged his soul.

Tyler M., Montauk, NY



I love me some Genia! Fuck, how come all of those eastern European chicks are so damn hot? I've been backpacking through eastern Europe and know from experience every second girl was smoking hot. There must be something in their water.

Brian G., Modesto, CA

In that "10 Things Women Find Irresistible about Men" article you forgot to mention "money". Bitches love money. If you have money it equals everything else out. You can be fat and ugly, stupid and have the IQ of a bagel. All that doesn't matter. Hot chicks will still fuck you. Mission accomplished. On the other hand... you can save yourself the trouble and a lot of money if you just fly to Vegas and have yourself a threesome with two hookers.

John D., Thousand Oaks, CA

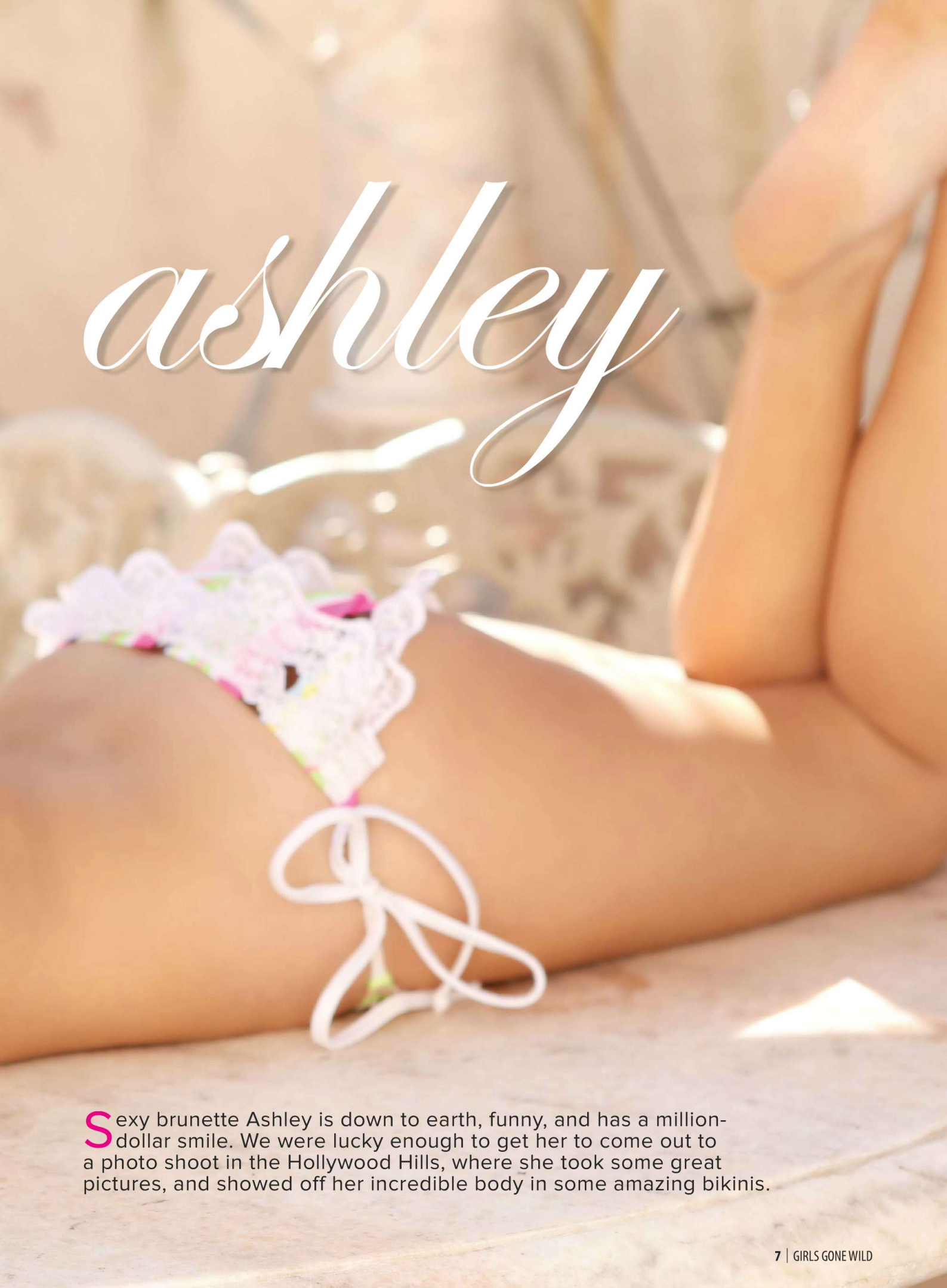


Hey, why does Girls Gone Wild never come to Alaska? What are we? Chopped liver? Sure, it's really cold around here but we have some nice tits, too! Perhaps these pair of boobs will convince you otherwise.

Julia F., Anchorage, AK

Good Lord, those are very nice. :-D





ashley

Sexy brunette Ashley is down to earth, funny, and has a million-dollar smile. We were lucky enough to get her to come out to a photo shoot in the Hollywood Hills, where she took some great pictures, and showed off her incredible body in some amazing bikinis.



“

**Guys tend to want
one thing from me –
maybe two.**

”





“

I started realizing that guys were noticing me, and I liked the attention.

”

Q&A with Ashley

So out of all the bikinis you've been trying on today which one is your favorite?

I really like the hot pink one I just wore for the last round of pictures. Has some really sexy fringe on it! (laughs)

Would you say modeling makes you feel more confident?

Oh, absolutely! When it comes to modeling everything is in the moment, and in that moment you just gotta own what you got!

What's one of your favorite things to do outside of modeling?

I really love Yoga. I think it's the perfect combination of meditation and body awareness, and it just relaxes me.

You do Yoga a lot?

Yea! When I'm not working or at school I'm either at my Yoga studio, or by my pool, doing Yoga (laughs), or reading a book.

What's the wildest thing you've ever done?

Hmm... It was on my 21st birthday. My friends and I drove to the beach at Santa Monica, and went skinny dipping! The water wasn't that cold, but maybe that was because I was so excited I couldn't feel anything!

Do guys approach you when you're out?

No, they don't actually. But if they do, they should always start out with a compliment. Not a sleazy one, though! A nice one! If you wanna try to win me over that is! (laughs)

G

HOT BIKER CHICKS of LA

If you thought this article was about loud Harleys or douchey crotch rockets, be like Bob Seger and Turn the Page. Here at Girls Gone Wild we're trying the suave, eco-friendly approach, and wanted to present to you, dear readers, some gorgeous gems that are hiding right in plain sight. Believe it or not, Los Angeles has tons of people that not only care about the environment, but also how they look! Such crazy times we live in! These relatively attractive citizens do whatever they can to stay looking super sexy. One of the more fun ways they do this is to leave their cars at home and cycle out into the city! Yes, not only people with low income and/or low self-esteem ride bikes. Hot people do it too, and they do it better. Here are some reasons why chick bikers are some of the hottest people on, and off the road:



SPORTS BRAS

Saved the best for first. Although these are quite restricting on the female figure, they do have some serious perks. When women wear them it's usually ALL they're wearing as a top. A fit female has abs to show off below her sweaty sports bra, and when they're out for everyone to see, sweat glistening in the sun, it really is a spectacular sight.







WORKOUT PANTS

Again, tight like sports bras, but they serve a different purpose. This article of clothing isn't worn to constrain, but to conceal. Sure, no one would mind if women biked around without a bottom, but let's be chivalrous for a second and think about them for once, alright? It wouldn't be very pleasant for their bodies, now would it? Chafing bad. Comfort good. Comfort is key, and a sexy lady wouldn't want to ride a bike if she was uncomfortable. Plus, sometimes the illusion of sexy is better than actually seeing sexy. One is left simply with his imagination. Is she wearing panties under her workout pants? Maybe. Is that camel toe I see, or just a fat layer rolled over too far? Who cares. It's fun to dream.

HELMETS

Now, bicycle safety is very important, but looking hot is even MORE important. Helmets aren't very attractive. They conceal a female's hair and most of her face. How can men check them out while stopped at a red light if they are trying to be more safe than sexy? That's what health insurance is for! Beauty can be fixed. Brain damage can't. A hot chick in a coma is far superior than an ugly chick in a coma.

THEIR STORY

Their Story: Where are they biking to? What's their rush? These are the types of questions a lonely man asks himself while sitting in traffic and listening to White & Nerdy by "Weird Al" Yankovic. That's one of the sexiest things about bikers. You can invent their story. You could either be lame and just think:

"She's biking to my place, so we can SMASH. BOOM!"

OR if you're a creative thinker, and stuck in your car for the next hour you could weave an epic masterpiece like this one:

"Oh, my sweet Libby. I watched as she dodged traffic and bullets while fleeing from the police down Santa Monica Blvd. Her backpack full of diamonds was only going to be used to provide for herself and her two other identical triplets, Linny and Lizzy. She slams her bike into my car, breaking the handle bars and bending the wheel. I roll down my window and tell her to 'Leave it!' and 'Get in!' I veer down an alley, and after an epic car chase we lose the police. I pull up in front of her apartment, and Libby squeezes my leg. She leans over, licks my ear, and whispers that I should come up so her and her sisters can repay me."

You then pre-ejaculate inside your pants as the light turns green. Great stories like that always end with seriously sticky cliffhangers.

Remember, don't ignore your surroundings while driving. You might miss something amazing. You should just take your bike out sometime and see what happens. You never know, maybe you'll get lucky and bike into a group of topless women riding for Breast Cancer Awareness. Stranger things have happened. Just don't pre again. You're not in your car anymore. You're in real life.



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CUTE JESSI

Jessi is a down-to-earth Oregon turned California girl. Right now she teaches as a jetpack instructor in Newport Beach. She enjoys herself by living life on the edge as much as possible! Her long term passions are in the fashion industry. She's a little girl with big goals!

“ I may look innocent, but behind closed doors I’m very very dirty. ”





Q&A with Jessi

What is one thing you wish you could do better than anyone?

I'm an honest person, and I really appreciate it when people are honest back. I would say calling out someone if they're lying.

Do you have any secret talents?

Yea! Something really weird, but awesome. I can do the worm front and backwards!

If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be and why?

It's hard to say because I have not explored all parts of the world BUT my ultimate desire is to live and work in at least three continents.

What is one thing a guy has to have to get you interested?

I really enjoy a guy with pretty eyes. There's just something really soothing about them.

What's one of your favorite things to do outside of modeling?

Hmm... It's always hard to narrow it down to just one thing. If I had to though, I would not be able to live without creative expression in music.

What's the wildest thing you've ever done?

I was once involved in a police chase! Unwillingly, of course!

Are there any pick-up lines that work on you?

That's a tough one! I say as long as you convey confidence, any line is as smooth as a "winning" pick up line in my book. **G**





“

*I really enjoy a guy
with pretty eyes. There's
just something really
soothing about them.*

”





GIRL FROM THE ROAD

Brittany

It's not often that a girl's ass can perfectly fit the thong she is wearing. The curvature of Brittany's butt goes along so well with what little she has on. Her eyes and slender body are really something to admire. Like a Venus impersonator taking a break from her sexual duties. If this is what you call a "break" I can't wait to see you working! Fantastic tits-to-ass ratio. It really pulls her whole look together. I wish girls dressed like this all the time. Especially her. Yes please? I would go outside more often if that was enforced. Keep it up, Brittany. You look amazing.

See more girls from the road at:
GIRLSGONEWILDMAGAZINE.COM



SEX SECRETS FROM A GIRL GONE WILD

BY KRISTI ROMEO



Q: *I started dating this girl a couple of weeks ago and we're getting into oral sex. When she does it sometimes I can feel her teeth on my dick and it hurts. Am I supposed to feel her teeth or not? How should I ask her to do it differently?*

Raymond H. (Dearborn, MI)

A: Few men like to feel teeth on their dicks. Those who do are the kind of men who like their balls roughly handled and their man-nipples pinched hard. You'd know if you're that kind of man. You'd be writing to ask my advice about how to persuade your wholesome girlfriend to tie you up and dominate you.

Otherwise, to paraphrase the poignant lyrics of N.W.A., the general rule of giving head is that it don't matter

what she do, as long as she don't bite it. You should not feel her choppers if she's doing it correctly. My cynical male friend thinks your girl is passive aggressively expressing her dislike of oral sex. He should know: He's the guy who gets excused from cleaning the bathroom because his roommates long ago realized he'll always do a lousy job.

"BABY, THAT FEELS GOOD, CAN YOU TRY USING YOUR TEETH?"

However, I don't think your girl is using her teeth maliciously, especially if she's young and inexperienced. It takes a while to figure out how to coordinate the hands, tongue, and lips to create that special kind of suction. The word on the street is that women don't apply enough pressure when we suck cock, so she's probably trying to firmly pucker her lips, which may cause her to scrape

her teeth against your meat. How do you talk about this problem without making it sound like you're critiquing her sexual performance? When your girl is going down on you, say, "Baby, that feels good, can you try using your teeth?" She'll bite, of course, so you should say, "Ow! That hurts! Can you try it with no teeth?" She'll go back to her regular

a set of bondage restraints. Metal handcuffs look sexy, but they dig into the skin and leave marks that you have to explain to co-workers.

Instead, choose padded leather or nylon restraints, at least two inches wide. Figure out how to attach them to your bed. This will usually involve some combination of hooks and rope, found at the local hardware store. Pick a safeword so that you both understand how to stop if things go awry.

routine. Then say, "I think you're still using your teeth" repeatedly until she curls her lips to cover her teeth. Reward her with praise and return the favor.

If that doesn't work, go online and buy a Blowguard at blowguard.com. This vibrating device looks like an athlete's mouth guard. Designed by an ingenious dentist to protect penises from teeth, the silicone crescent covers the lower incisors, creating a smooth surface so all she has to do is bob her head up and down.

Q: *I'm dating the most amazing woman who, outside the bedroom, is quite confident and accomplished, but in the bedroom is passive. I like being submissive and the feeling of being used. How can I get her to take control in the bedroom?*

Lance W. (Alameda, CA)

A: First, organize your thoughts. Under the bracket of kinky sex, there are many subcategories of filthy things your girlfriend can do to you. Do you want her to tie, gag, and spank you? Or do you just want her to initiate sex once in a while? Suppose you want to be tied up. Go shopping with your girlfriend to obtain

Most women aren't taught to be aggressive during sex, so there is a lot of ambiguity about what it means for a woman to take charge in the bedroom. Some of the hottest clichés; thigh high boots, riding crops, tight black dresses are sexy but high maintenance. There's a reason why professional dominatrices charge \$250/hour. Professionals are paid not only for their whip-cracking skills, but also for their eclectic wardrobes, and their willingness to perform various roles, ranging from the latex-clad ice queen, to the assertive Wall Street CEO wielding a strap-on under her suit, to the dominant schoolgirl who seduces and blackmails her professor.

Your partner may enjoy enacting these fantasies once in a while, but my advice for the long run is to give her freedom to evolve beyond these stereotypes. Over time, she will develop her own deeply personal understanding of what it means to be a sexually dominant woman. Be open to switching back and forth, taking turns being in charge. She may be nervous at first, but soon enough she will feel intoxicated by the power. She will figure out what turns her on and it will probably involve long intervals of face-sitting. Feeling used now, boy.

G



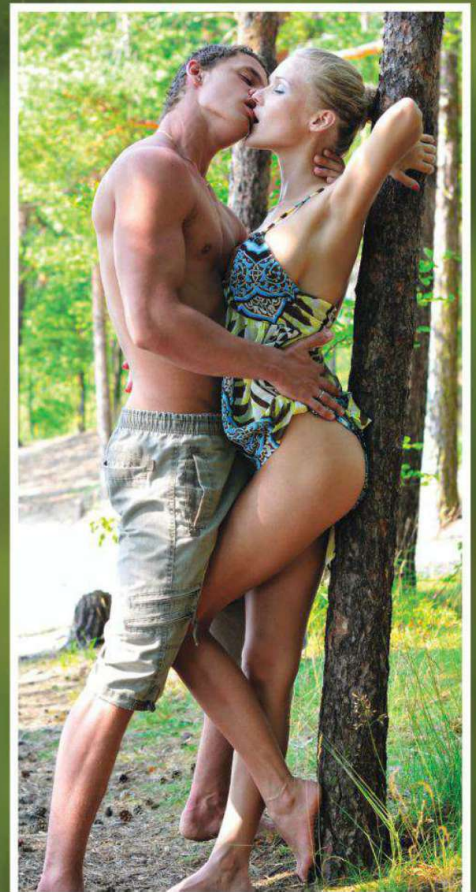


SEX TIPS IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Having sex anywhere but the bed just has a “rebellious” feel to it. On the kitchen counter, under a bush, in a car wash. Wherever you think you and your partner could have a fantastic time. Personally, I love nature. The outdoors has always been a huge part of my life, so I’m always up for a great camping trip. I already feel great in front of a campfire, just add intercourse to that and I’ve got one amazing night. Finish that off with a postcoital s’more, and I could die the next day and not give a shit. Here is a list of the best camping spots to take a girl, and I guarantee she will sleep with you.

THE FOREST

The possibilities here are endless. One of my personal favorites is just hanging a hammock between two trees, and literally letting nature take its course. No woman can resist the seductive serenity of a hammock. How many people do you know can say they’ve had suspended sex? Wanna act like Tarzan and Jane? Climb a tree, pick a sturdy branch and see what kind of fun you can have. Sounds crazy yes, but if monkeys can do it why can’t we? Just be careful. It is dangerous, but if you’re into the constant rush of danger then this might be for you. When the sun goes down, and you don’t mind having nocturnal critters watching you then pitch your “tent” by the light of the fire. Just make sure you dispose of any used contraceptives. Don’t leave the forest filthy. The fire isn’t the most ideal place, but it is better than leaving it on the ground. You don’t want to create any racoon/human hybrids.



THE DESERT

Yes, it's out in the middle of nowhere, but you won't find another place quieter than this. If you go during the summer, the day will be very hot, but at night the temperature is perfect. Take her to see the sunset over a cliff to set the mood, and once those stars come out there's no way she won't get naked for you.

The sight of space is just absolutely breathtaking, and the nighttime is so quiet you'll be able to hear her heartbeat from ten feet away. If you get lucky, you'll see the random cloud formation moving in that will blast heat lightening for hours on end. If that doesn't get her hot and bothered then she's not human (although, sex with a possible alien is encouraged).

Make sure you have sex in your tent and not outside. Rattlesnakes are known to inhabit the deserts, and I'm sure you don't want your snake competing with any other snake that night. Just remember to keep the volume down. You're in the middle of nowhere, so her moans will be heard from across the heavens. But if you don't care about noise then scream all you want! Let the cosmos know you are a conqueror and you have just fulfilled your quest for desert climax!



THE BACK OF A PICK UP TRUCK

This would be best if it's somewhere quiet. A little more risky, but if that's your type of thrill then go for it! You just need a truck. If you don't have one, borrow your friend's. Don't tell them what you're using it for. They would most likely say no. Once you have your truck, you're ready for some port-o-sex. Pick a destination, drive to it, and have some fun. After that's over, you can either stay there all night or move on. You and your partner could be like sex nomads. Enjoy your journey, and take whatever life shoots at you in the face. Well, hopefully in her face.



THE MOON

A personal goal of mine, and it should be one of yours, too. I would love to go camping on the Moon. Footprints of the Apollo astronauts are still up there preserved in time, so how cool would it be to leave handprints of the woman you're railing from behind on its surface for all eternity? Lunar sex can simply be described as "out of this world". Neil Armstrong might have been first person to walk on the moon, but I want to be the first person to spill my seed on lunar soil.

I hope these tips have given you some great advice for future sex-peditions! Summer is quickly approaching, so you better get to planning! Please practice safe camping. Use bug spray.





Samantha

Samantha is an adorable 20-year-old SoCal girl full of energy and positivity. She has a great personality, and an even better sense of humor. She had a great time at the Girls Gone Wild photo shoot, and was more than happy to show off her "life of the party" attitude!

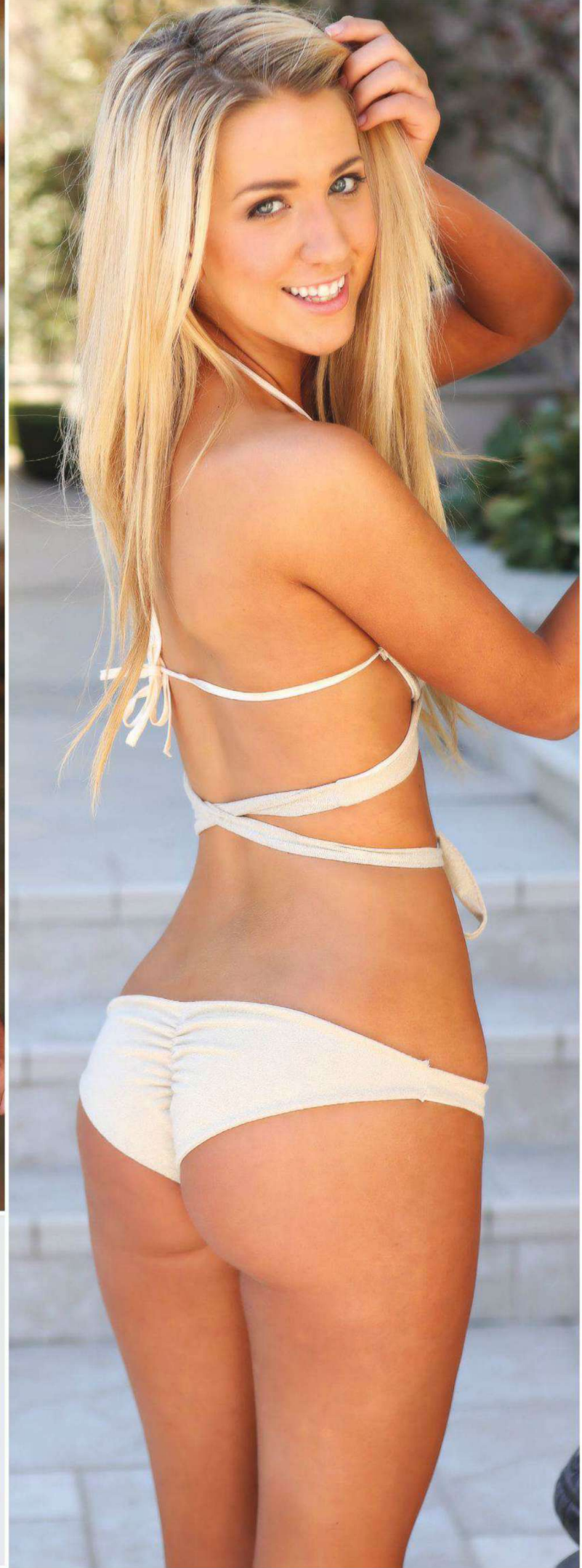




“

**I'M REALLY NOT PICKY.
A GUY CAN TAKE ME
ANYWHERE AS LONG
AS HE'S FUNNY.**

”



Q&A with Samantha

So let's start off with a question that's random and also delicious!

What's your favorite food?

Right now?

Hmm... Right at this EXACT moment? Now? Pizza! Simple, yet delicious!

What is one of your favorite things to do outside of modeling?

I'm very close with my family. Since I'm from SoCal I see them all the time and that keeps us very connected. I'm either with them or at my apartment, relaxing or painting.

What's the wildest thing you've ever done?

(laughs) Good question! I'm only 20, so my list of wild things isn't THAT long yet! Umm, I honestly can't really pick one!

What would a typical lazy night in entail?

I have this planned down to a tee. If I'm lazy I like to be SUPER lazy. My routine is sleep, eat, shop, eat, sleep. And if I have time I'll repeat!

Do guys approach you while you're out?

They do, yea. They often fail at it though. I really only hear stupid pick-up lines, and that just gets me real annoyed real fast.

What would you consider your perfect date?

I'm really not picky. A guy can take me anywhere as long as he's funny. I just want to be able to laugh the whole time and really enjoy myself!

G





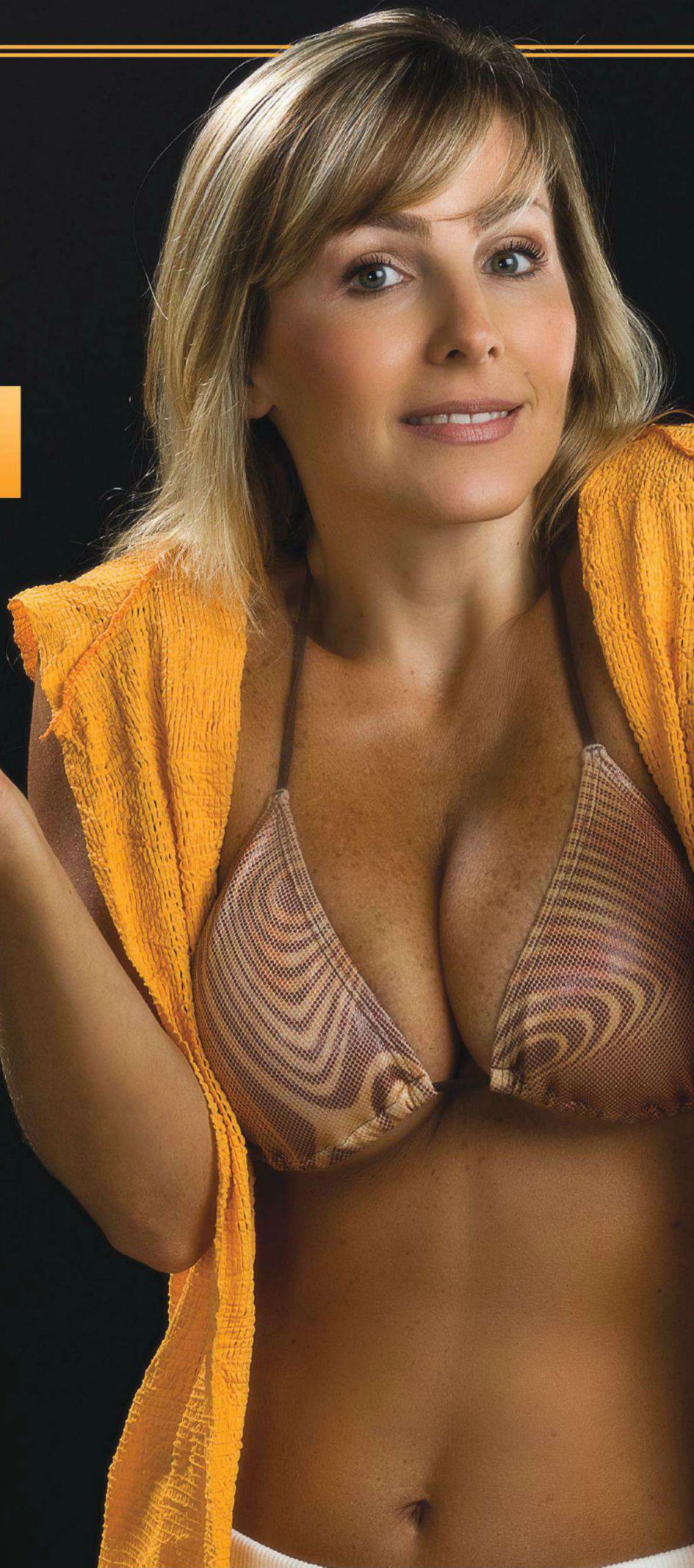


**“
I RUN AROUND
MY HOUSE
NAKED
”**

Samantha

MY MOM WAS A PORN STAR

I need a metronome to sleep. Not because I used to play an instrument, but because almost every night as a child, I was soothed to sleep by the sound of my mother's headboard banging up against the wall. I was lucky enough to share a wall with her. The intercourse was constant, so that usually helped me doze off. The moans didn't help though. Lower class apartment bedrooms are cheaper to film in than a studio. I am the son of a porn star.



ELEMENTARY SCHOOL:

Oh, the years before I knew what a vagina was. I just thought all human beings had little dongles dangling between their legs. Small, but sensitive. Believe it or not I wasn't a bus child. My mom always thought that buses were too dirty to ride. How ironic! Every day she would drive me to school in her POS Toyota Camry. I don't remember the color. All I

remember was the constant smell of dead skin. She always parked in the

Principal's spot and would walk me to my classroom. My classroom had a clear view of the parking lot, and her car would just sit there until around lunchtime. When I came back it was gone. She had left job number one, and was on her way to job number two. She was never late to pick me up. Not once. My mom was awesome like that. After school we always went to the same Chinese restaurant. We got home around eight o'clock and she let me eat the leftovers while I watched that evening's episode of Power Rangers. The rest of the night was like clockwork:

8:30 - Power Rangers ended.

Tommy came over. He smelled funny.

8:55 - I was in the bath. Eddie came over. He always gave me a toy car. I liked Eddie.

9:15 - Jules got me changed and put me to bed. Out of all my mom's

friends, I only knew Jules' last name: Jules Fluffer. She told the best bedtime stories.

9:30 - Sleeptime. Jules told me that my mom was making movies to pay for my Reeboks and Chow Mein. I was so proud of my mother, the actress.

It wasn't until around the end of my fourth grade year that this fat kid walked up to me with a VHS tape in his hand. He shoved it in my face and asked me "Is this your mom taking a dick?" Now, I didn't know what a dick was at that time, but she clearly had a very long dongle being shoved deep into her mouth.

That same day on the way to Chinese food, I asked her about the tape. We didn't eat Chinese that night. We went straight home. Nobody came over, either. My mom sat me down on my bed and said to me "I work so that we can survive." I told her I loved her and she put me to bed. No headboard metronome that night.

Just silence.

MIDDLE SCHOOL THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL:

Throughout this time my apartment had turned into a mini United Nations. So many people of different colors, shapes, and sizes.

Middle school was an important time for one reason; It was the longest stretch of time that I went without seeing my mom. No, she didn't abandon me to go off into the "porn mist".

Her "videos" just started selling so well that her work asked her to fly out to Los Angeles for long periods of time. Sure I missed her, but lucky for me, Jules moved in and took care of me. She was the greatest babysitter a kid like me could ask for. My mom would constantly mail us checks, along with postcards addressed to me. I've saved every one. From fifth grade up through tenth grade, Jules lived with me. Tenth grade is when I finally moved out to Los Angeles with my mom! She wanted me to stay

home and finish up high school, but when I ended up walking into the apartment to find Jules high on cocaine, naked, and confessing her undying love for me, my mom figured it was time for a change of scenery. I did enjoy seeing Jules' vagina. It was the first time I had even seen a living, breathing one.

LOS ANGELES:

Let me say that my mom's new house was amazing. No more single bedroom apartment. Finally a real house! The hug I gave my mom probably changed the trajectory of the earth. The two of us! The band was back together! Just like old times! But then I met Duke. Fuckin' Duke. He was my mom's boyfriend/lover/scene partner/drug dealer/cock sucker mother fucker.

From the moment I shook his hand, I knew he was bad news. We locked eyes, and we both knew that only one of us was going to come out the victor. Long story super short, Duke ended up being the victor. I went off to college up north, and my mom continued to make her films. Fuckin' Duke. Fuckin' dick.

COLLEGE:

I loved college. Well, most of college. Three years at home finishing up high school and living with Mom and the Dukester was enough for me. My hometown was a faded memory. My dad must have been one handsome fucker, because I. Looked. Gorgeous. The ladies loved me on campus. Since I was in California I decided to major in something unique and not well known. Film seemed like a good choice. I'd been around film sets all my life, so I already had some experience. My grades were good, my girlfriend and I were in love. My friends looked up to me. Life was the shit.

Of course this all changed during my junior year. I ended up walking in on my roommate/best friend fucking my girlfriend. Murphy's Law was not kind to me that semester. Just like the flip of a coin my grades started slipping, depression became my girlfriend, and cocaine became my best friend. The ladies still loved me, but only if I did the coke. I went from talking to my mom everyday to sending her short texts once every three to four weeks. I was in rough shape. When I lost the ability to sleep, I really started to unravel. My last good night's sleep was interrupted by a dream involving twenty guys running the train on my mom. All twenty guys looked like Duke. Fuckin' nightmare. When I couldn't sleep



I just did more coke. I was on academic probation and circling the drain. I remember the date and time exactly. January 23rd, 2:30 PM, at the local Target. I was walking around the aisles looking for something to steal, and I bumped into none other than Jules. I just stood there and stared at her, and she stared right back. The next thing I knew was hugging her, crying.

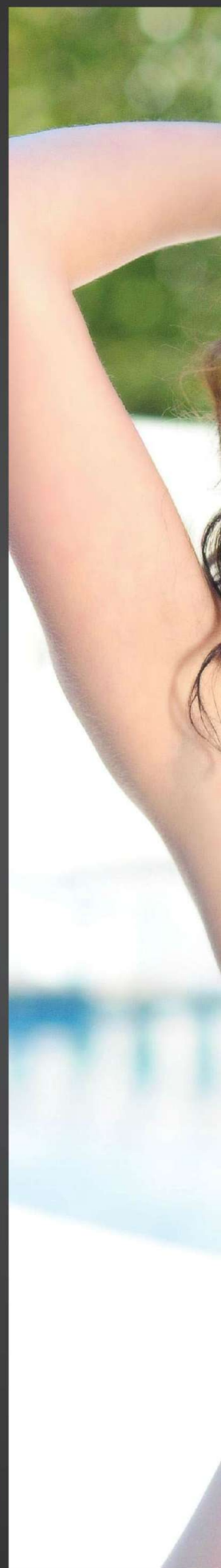
Jules lived with me for the next month. It was just like old times. She took care of me, and helped me out of my depression. My grades got better, my attitude became more positive. Jules saved me. Her being there was the reason I could sleep soundly again. One night I came home from class and she was there waiting for me. Yes, we finally had sex. It was awesome. Just think of the sex God must have had with Mary to conceive Jesus, and multiply that by a thousand. I woke up the next morning, and Jules was gone. She left behind a simple note that said "Had to run out. You can do it. I'll see you again. Love, J". She also left a metronome.

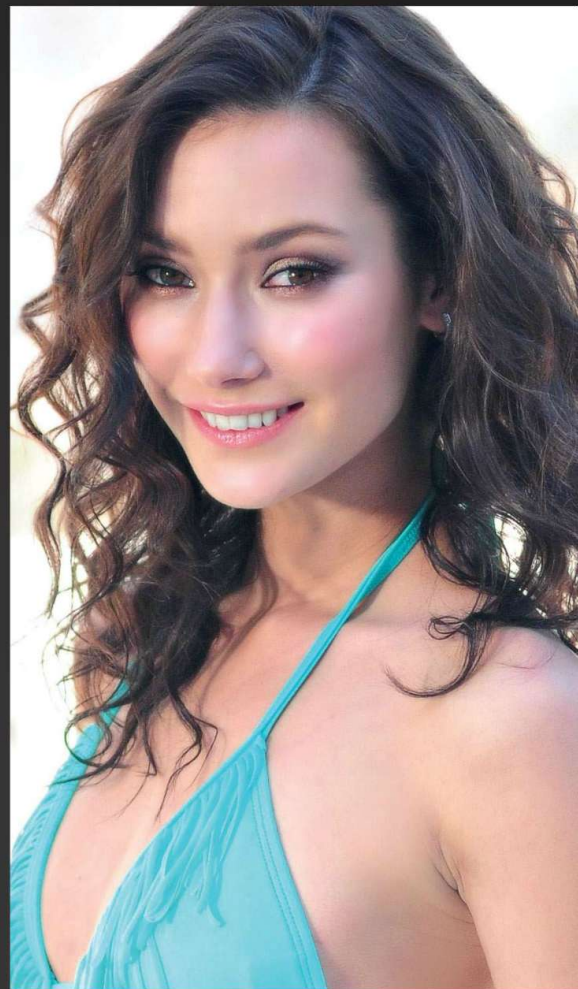
PRESENT:

I recently moved back to LA with my mom from Norcal. Duke OD'd on heroin, and mom was in rough shape. I hated the guy, but I felt really bad for my mom. She loved him, I think? Not sure why? It's funny how life leads you to swap roles. Now I'm taking care of her. I'm not going to follow in her footsteps and do porn. It's not for me. I tried making sex tapes with my ex in college, but they just didn't feel right. I kept looking into the camera and making faces. I can't complain, my life is still pretty awesome. I'm seeing this awesome chick, and her boobs are humongous. It's like I'm looking at three faces. That metronome still

keeps me sane. If it wasn't for that, and for Jules, I don't know where I'd be. I'm now taking life with my mom, the EX porn star one step at a time, or in metronome terms, beat by beat.



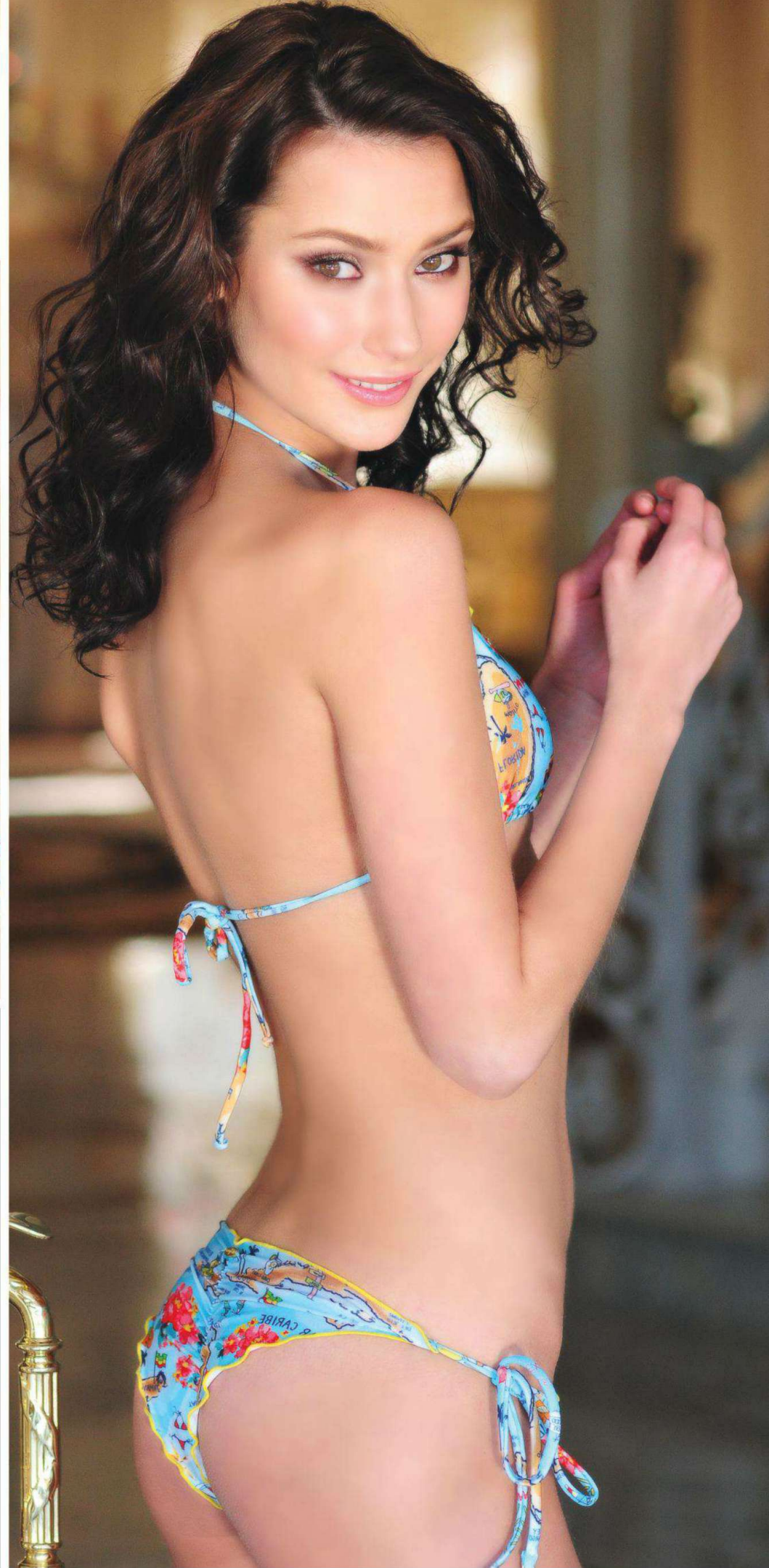




ENCHANTING MARINA

.....

Marina has been modeling for a while. This Russian bombshell's positive attitude, commitment, and fun personality keeps the job fresh. She's down to earth, and really is quite the romantic. She is all about honesty, so if you're truthful to her, she'll give it right back!



“

*I love anything
extreme. Something
that will push me to
the limit!*

”





Q&A with Marina

Where was the most recent place you traveled to?

Well, I only moved to Los Angeles recently. I lived in Hong Kong for two years, and lived all over Asia for nine years before that. I love to travel!

Oh, nice! So you like to travel for fun. Anything else?

I love to explore different cultures. They're all just so interesting. I love meeting new people, trying new food. Oh, and the beach! I go there a lot. I'm so excited summertime is here now!

Are you a thrill seeker? Anything crazy you would like to try someday?

I love anything extreme. Something that will push me to the limit! I really wanna try skydiving. I'm very afraid of heights, but I still wanna do it!

What's your favorite part about modeling?

I said earlier that I love to travel. Modeling sends me to some amazing places! So definitely the traveling!

Do guys approach you when you're out?

All the time. When I'm out anywhere, but especially at live events. Yesterday I was asked out by four different guys in an hour! It gets crazy!

Do you consider yourself a good kisser?

Oh yes... No one has ever complained. I've only received compliments! ;-)

G



TAKING THE GRENADE

BY DANIEL BRACEY

You randomly wake up. It's a little bit after 4:30 in the morning. The hangover is slowly starting to make its way to the front part of your head, knocking on the inside of your skull. You burp. The smell of beer invades your mouth and sinuses. You start to gag and roll over, and that's when you see IT. The mound of mass underneath your favorite comforter. The comforter you've had since you were a baby. THAT comforter, and this THING is soiling itself in it. You poke at it, and it moves. You pull the cover away to reveal HER face, and that's when last night starts coming back to you:

- Shot
- Beer
- Beer
- Karaoke song (More Than a Feeling by Boston)
- Shot
- Another shot
- Your group meets a group of girls out for a bachelorette party
- You get stuck with the Grenade because it's "your turn" (When it's really not)
- Beer, shot, car bomb. Two car bombs
- Bourbon on the rocks (The Grenade keeps buying you drinks to give you thicker beer goggles)
- Karaoke song AGAIN (A Whole New World, her choice, obviously. Sang a duet with her and did Jasmine's part? This was very sloshy)
- Double shot
- Grenade drives YOUR car home (Shit! She knows where you live!)

Your first thought might be something like "How do I fix this?" You can't. You look around for anything helpful, and pick up your trash can. Several used condoms stare back at you. At least you won't have to hear from her in three weeks.

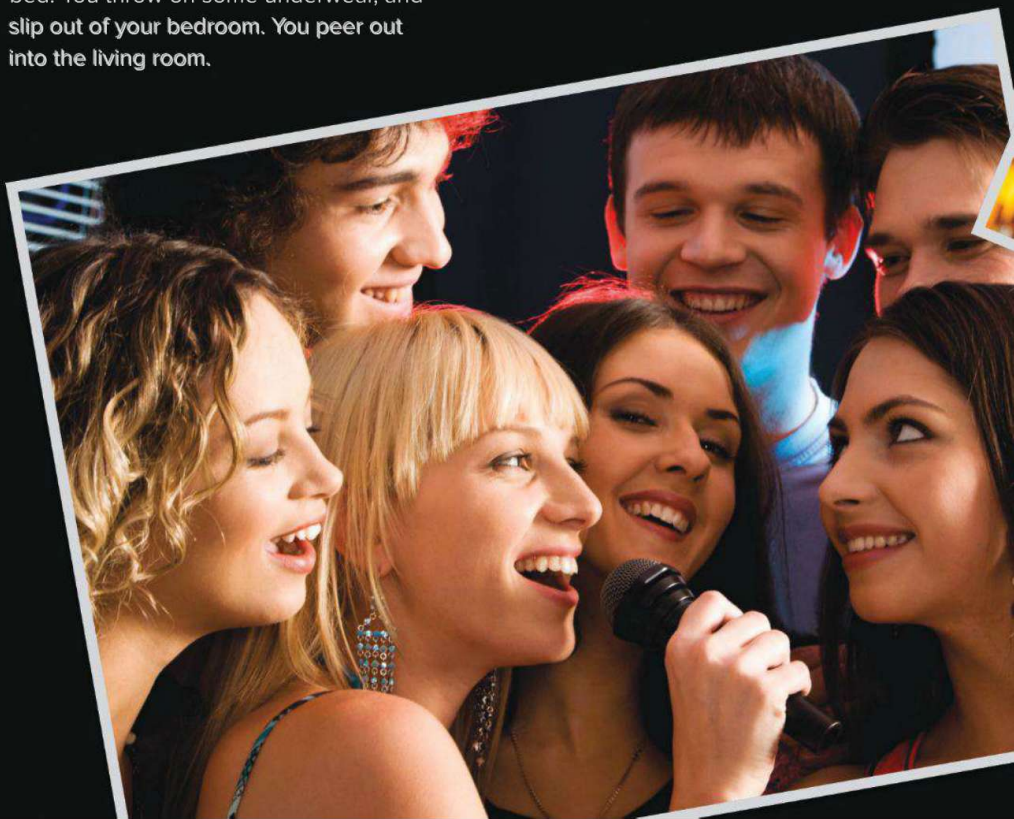
Your next thought is "She drove ME home, which makes her more sober than me last night. I could play the rape card?" Nope. Not going to work. You can't rape the willing. You're friends won't let you live this one down. No amount of loofa scrubbing will erase this memory from your genitals or your mind. She is a Creature of the Night, and they haunt your dreams.

It's at this point where stealth plays a key factor. You know she's going to wake up soon. They all wake up eventually. You slowly and quietly ease your way out of bed. You throw on some underwear, and **slip out of your bedroom. You peer out into the living room.**

Three friends are sprawled on the couch, chair and floor. Dried vomit in front of the TV. And you thought your college days were over? Welcome to immature adulthood.

You tiptoe over to your roommate's room, but then suddenly make a b-line towards the bathroom. You kneel down in front of the toilet and release the hangover puke into the bowl. You don't flush. You don't need to. This is YOUR house. You crawl over to the sink and splash some water

in your mouth. Puke taste is gross. You regain your balance and continue your trek to your roommate's bedroom. You slowly open his door, and peer inside. How did he end up with the bride to be?! Again?! He always does this. This is the last time you're taking the Grenade. Too much pain and suffering.







TAKING THE GRENADE



You shut his door in a silent rage and walk back to your bedroom. You open the door and stop dead in your tracks. She's gone! You look in your closet. Not there. Under your bed. She can't fit under there. You then hear a loud GAG coming from the bathroom. You rush over and open it, and see your lucky lady taking a massive shit, completely nude. Her excrement mixed with your vomit smells deliciously terrible. This smell isn't ever coming out. Fumigate, fumigate! She waves, but you slam the door, gagging. You stumble around, disoriented. You grab your roommate's backpack that's lying on the floor and puke into it.

And as if things couldn't get any worse, your friend walks into the hallway from the living room. He's still very drunk and out of it, and clearly has to piss like his life depended on it. He gives you drunken wave and starts to walk towards you. What do you do? Let him see what you dragged home last night? No. You must hide your mistakes. You do the only thing you can do;

you push your buddy into your bedroom and shut the door. A few seconds later the toilet flushes and the Grenade walks out. She clearly didn't wash her hands. It smells as if death has died in that bathroom. You close the door, not risking to light a match in case of a methane explosion. You direct her back to your room. You open the door to see your friend peeing on your bed and on HER clothes. That's not good. You reach in, grab a towel, a bathrobe, a sheet, and your car keys, and leave. You'll drive in your boxers. At this point you give zero fucks. You grab your "prize" by the arm and start to drag her towards the door.

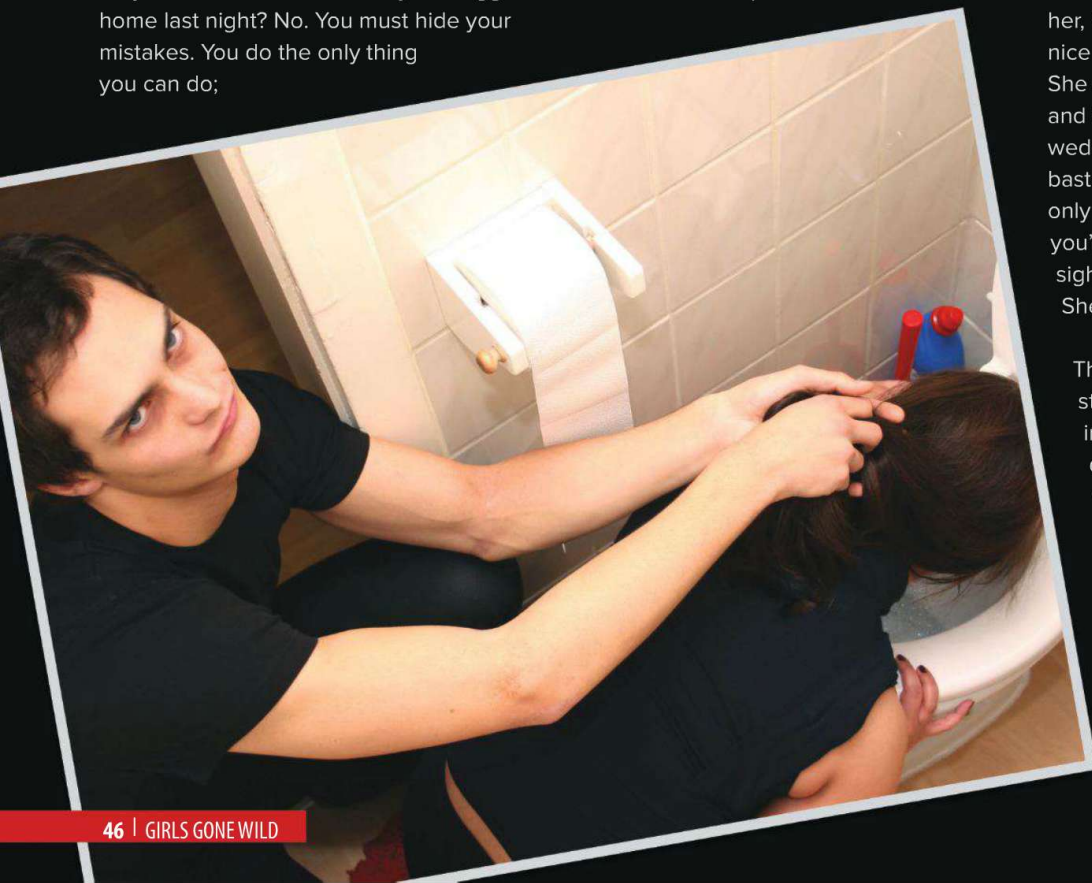
You MUST get her out before anyone sees what you've done (literally). Five more feet. Almost there. The Grenade then turns over and pukes on the floor. Well, not ON the floor. She actually pukes right on your friend's face who's sleeping on the floor. All you can do now is just stand there, waiting for him to wake up.

Seconds feel like days. He slumbers on, now donning a new mask. You turn and leave, knowing that your quest to save your integrity is much more important than your friend's vomit-covered face.

The car ride is an odd one. You couldn't let her walk home. You may be an asshole, but you have a few morals left. Your mother would be proud. She's wrapped in your bathrobe. She can keep it. She asks you where her clothes are, and you tell her "You never had any clothes. I found you on the side of the road and I'm returning her safely to her apartment." It looks like she actually believed you. This must happen a lot with her. You make a mental note to get tested TODAY.

You pull up to her place and stop the car. She looks at you, and smiles. "Thanks for being such a nice guy." She leans in for a kiss, hug, something physical. Who cares? You deny her. Half because you don't want her, half because you know you're not a nice guy. Well, maybe it's more like 60/40. She mentions her friend is getting married, and that she still needs a date to the wedding. Dear God, how much more of a bastard do you have to be today, and it's only a little after 5AM?! You lie, and tell her you're going to be out the country. She sighs as if she already expected a "No". She gets out, and you drive away.

The drive back home is much less stressful. It should be fun to walk back into your apartment. You stop and get donuts and coffee to hopefully help with what is going to become an even crazier day. You've been making up stories all morning, so why stop now, right? You turn on the radio, and A Whole New World comes on. You punch your dashboard and turn the radio back off.



GIRLS FROM THE ROAD

Jessica

Jessica is slim and looks fantastic. She has the perfect face and the body to show off, and she knows it. You gotta watch out for these types of girls. They know they're the shit, and can take full advantage of any situation they're in. Whether it's with a smile, a wink, or even a lick, they can have you wrapped around their sexy finger in a matter of seconds. If it's just for one night I say put up with it, as long as you end up with what you want. She knows what she wants, so give it to her. But be nice, alright?



See more girls from the road at:
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RANDOM
SH*T

CLOUD ATLAS

BLU-RAY/DVD + ULTRAVIOLET DIGITAL COPY COMBO PACK)



T Cloud Atlas features a complicated plot, multiple story lines that intersect, and is epic in scope and size. This could be a joy to behold for some or a confused mess for others and as such, audiences were unsure if Cloud Atlas was worth the time, money or effort to watch.

The failure of Cloud Atlas and its reported \$100 million budget could mean other studios to be wary of other challenging big budget sci-fi

movies that, while rewarding, may be a dud at the box office. For studios who want to make money, that might mean taking less risks or hedging their bets and producing challenging movies but with much smaller budgets.

Could some of Cloud Atlas' near-three-hour running time have been cut? Probably. Might a few of the more tangential storylines been trimmed? Sure. But the filmmakers clearly approached this project with the feeling that more is more: in the same way that a single poppy, though beautiful and perfect in its own right, cannot compare to the overwhelming beauty of an entire field, the telling of the same story in six different ways amplifies its nuances. It was never boring, and for the most part thoroughly engaging, be it in a Streets of San Francisco-style car chase and shootout, a campy Great Escape-style breakout staged by pensioners, or a futuristic nightmare where all of society willingly lives within a CGI fantasy. Themes of cannibalism (both physical and intellectual) and corporate greed are balanced by moments of healing, generosity, and kindness.

Like the passengers on Adam Ewing's ship home, the sprawling cast of characters constantly struggles to find its footing as the deck pitches beneath them. Some do better than others, but each tale brims with hope for a kinder present and a better future. Whether you love Cloud Atlas or hate it, there are far worse ways to spend your three hours than considering the same.

Some will find Cloud Atlas mentally exhausting, slow, or just plain distracting with its use and reuse of the same actors across the centuries. Since the bulk of the cast, led by Tom Hanks and Halle Berry (featuring Hugo Weaving, Susan Sarandon, Jim Sturgess, and Jim Broadbent), appear as different characters through the span of the movie, undoubtedly, people will find themselves playing "find the celebrity". But, the film is packed with more than just great production values, character design, costumes and prosthetic make-up awesomeness. The film's underlying threads of consequence, human kindness and cruelty are timeless and speak to even larger themes about the meaning of life.

BADDEST JOKES IN THE **WORLD:**



What did the farmer say when he lost his tractor?
"Where's my tractor?"

What's the last thing to go through a bug's mind when it hits a windshield?
Its asshole.

A horse walks into a bar. Bartender says, "Why the long face?"
Horse says, "Whoa is me."

What's brown and sticky?
A stick!

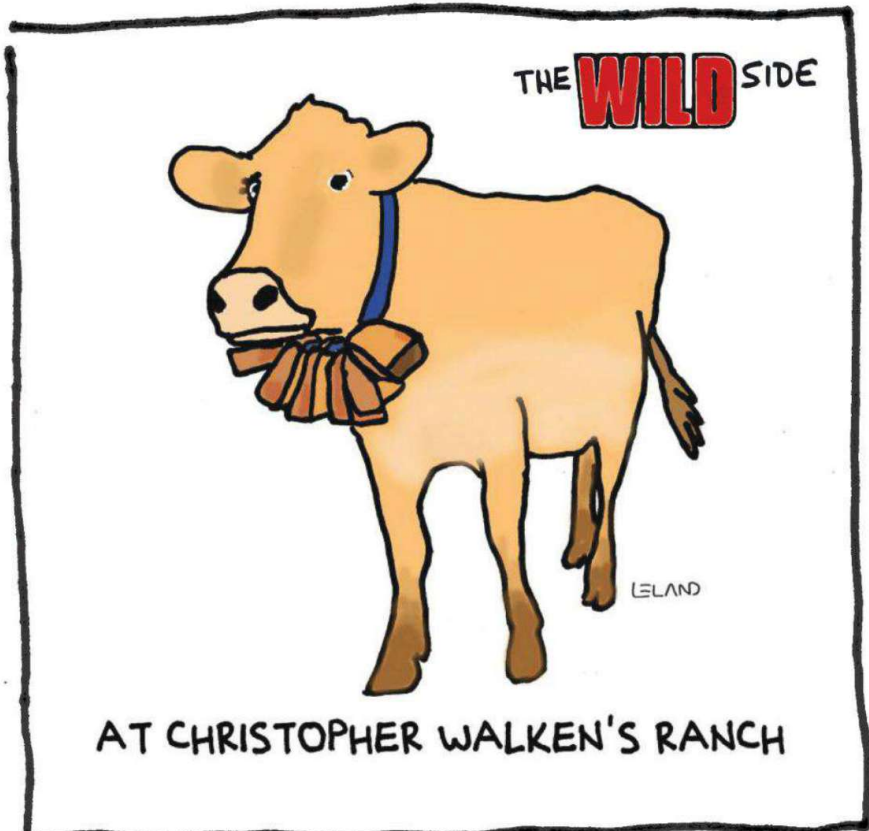
What's 18 inches long, has a purple head and makes women scream all night?
Crib death.

What has two legs and bleeds profusely?
Half a cat.

Two guys watch a dog lick his balls.
One guy says, "Wish I could do that."
Other guy says, "Maybe if you pet him first."

How many babies does it take to paint a wall red?
One, but you have to throw it really hard.

Why did the Koala fall out of the tree?
Because it was dead.



THE WORST PICKUP LINES

If you want to try these, please be my guest. I would recommend bringing an extra shirt for drinks thrown at you. Maybe even pain killers to numb your face from the constant slaps? Or a coffin? It's your funeral.

"Great legs, what time do they open?"

"That shirt's very becoming on you. Of course, if I were on you I'd be coming, too."

"Can I buy you a drink, or do you just want the money?"

"Breathe if you're horny... Alright, score!"

"Is your last name Gillette? Because you're the best a man can get."

"Roses are red, violets are twisted. Ready or not. You're about to get fisted."

"I lost my keys. Can I check your pants?"

"Would you help me with my math homework? I think I know a formula. You have to add a bed, subtract the clothes, divide your legs and pray you don't multiply if I am correct."

"I'm a man! You're a woman! You do the math!"

"I put the STD in stud now all I need is you"



THE BEST PICKUP LINE
"I'm Batman!"

COMING UP...



THE MILE-HIGH CLUB: SOLO AVIATOR DIVISION

Having sex with a girl 3,000 feet in the air is hard to pull off. Literally. There is a lesser known solution. One full of shame, regret, and comedy; masturbate on an airplane. Get your solo sticky wings, and become part of a prestigious club that is talked about by two to three regular, non-famous men ...



FACEBOOK RUINED MY HIGH SCHOOL REUNION SEX SPREE

It's true. Social media has ruined in-person gatherings, especially high school reunions. One must make do with the times, and figure out ways to sleep with the girls he will never be able to see drunk in one place again. Condoms will be broken, tears will be shed, and hearts will be crushed. How nostalgic!



YOU'RE HOOKING UP WITH A GIRL, AND HER PARENTS COME HOME. WHAT DO YOU DO?

Uh oh. You're screwed, and not in the good way. That part was interrupted by your random fling's parental units coming home early. You don't even know her name! You have to get out, but how?! Don't worry, these simple, yet unorthodox tactics will hopefully help if you. If not, you're on your own.



IT'S WEDDING SEASON! WHAT NOT TO DO

Yes, it's that time of the year again. Love is in the air, but is usually drowned out by lust. Grab your flasks and condoms, and get ready to wedding it up. But first, here are some things to watch out for, and not do when you're in the heat of the moment.



BEDDING A CAT LADY

This is harder than it looks. Watch out for hundreds of hairy little obstacles interrupting your every advancement. It's almost impossible to make a move! I hope she's someone special, or you're just trying to get your "Cat Lady Card". Is that a thing? I hope not.

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