



waif

What is Waif.

When that noise is so white you can't even hear it.

Messy hair is waif, but so are bangs.

Waped Veed is Vaify.

Waif is when you fall down the stairs but still can't scrape your knee.

Waif is when you play the piano & you don't know how to play the piano.

Waif is when you play piano really well. And drums. Because you were taught.

Kix is Waif. So is special K. Trix is not Waif.

Whores are Waif. Prudes are Waif. Dudes are Waif. Nudes are Waif.

Your Grandmother is Waif, only when she's knitting a hat for you, you Waif.

Waif is when your corn shows up later.

Gardening is Waif. Love your dead plants.

Waif is when you shave every single hair on your body. Waif is when you've never cut a single hair on your body since birth.

Talent shows are Waif. Throw a talent show. Invite us.

Arms that jiggle like hot jello are Waif.

Zit Scabs are Waif.

Chicken feet are Waif.

Beady eyes are Waif.

You can't spell Waif without I.

Leave the taps dribbling overnight if it's below 30 degrees fahrenheit.

You, me, all, we're all Waif. If we want to be. And we want to be.

waif

magazine

issue 06: the passion of the waif

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SUBTLE PRIDE

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ARTS AND CRAFTS: Make Your Own Waif Shirt



WAIF



*** Monica**
While she still hasn't received her Purple Heart, Lewinsky has sacrificed much to provide the American people with good television, and for that we crown her the Waif of Honor

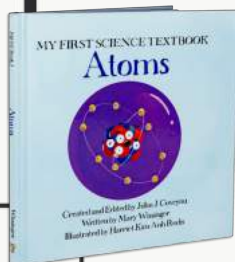
*** Protest**
After a year filled with protest, we're left wondering, is there anything Waifier than thirsting for revolution?



*** Joan**
Burned at the stake for wearing Men's clothes, Joan was a virgin who only hung out with Angels. If you can think of anything Waifier than that - give us a call at 1800-WAIF



*** Mr. Tumnus**
We've been fawning over This half-man since 1950. Need someone to worship? He's the waif choice.



*** Science Books**
As 2018 comes to an end, schools across the world remain obsessed with science. And for good cause. Science is Waif. Build us a volcano



*** Sheep**
The wise men had them, and for good reason. These animals are not only incredible at navigation but make a marvelous snack in a Donner situation



*** Chalice**
There's no better time to act like a king than the Holiday season. Fill your goblet and settle in, you deserve worship, Waif

*** Xxxtentacion**
Even congress couldn't stop the dead 20 year old rapper from releasing a top of the charts album. Is he a bad person? Only Santa knows



STATE

CHURCH



*** White Eggs**
That's right, not egg whites, White Eggs. America loves a clean surface, hence the stripping of an eggs natural color, brown. Leave it to the US to white wash an essential snack



*** Trees**
Dress your tree up just like Jesus wanted. With lights and colors and photos of his daddy, Santa



*** The White House**
Growing up in America the White House seems like the grandest palace on earth. But after your first McMansion sighting? The illusion is shattered and all we want is McDonalds!



*** Alexa**
She's there even when no one else is. Sounds too good to be true? That's because it is. She's selling your secrets to the gnome community under your house

*** Furs**
Chinchillas didn't die for your sins, unless your sin is that horrendous coat. That's right, we said it



*** Prayer**
There's no better time to pray than December, just before the world resets itself by spinning backwards three times and circling the moon

*** Mr. Centeneo's Nudes**
Why scratch the depths of the internet for the nudes of a Netflix star when pics of JC are public access & just as delicious?



NOT WAIF



YEAR IN REVIEW

//

*A quick look back on 2018
By Satchie Snellings*



A new hope: Women and LGBT people made history in the 2018 US midterms. A record 117 women were elected, including the first Native American woman and the first Muslim woman in congress. Colorado also elected the first openly gay governor in history.

2018 was the first year that Trump was president every day. The year of Trump was largely defined by the midterms and the ongoing Mueller investigation. In the run-up to the midterms Trump aimed to capitalize on and enhance fear of immigrants, exaggerating threats of a migrant caravan to the south, sending thousands of troops to the border and, now, threatening a shut down over funding for a border wall. Meanwhile, the Trump team has faced consistent legal troubles with Michael Cohen sentenced to three years in prison and Michael Flynn pleading guilty to lying to the FBI. 2019 here we come!

The right to vote?: Florida recently approved an amendment to restore voting rights to roughly 1.5 million felons. However the midterms also drew numerous claims of voter suppression, particularly in the Georgia race between Stacey Abrams and Brian Kemp. Threats to the voting process raise serious concerns heading towards 2020, so let's all promise to keep an extra close watch on the democracy these next few years....

Good year for ganja: Marijuana was legalized nationwide in Canada, the second country to legalize nationally after Uruguay. As of 2018 weed is now legal for recreational use in 10 US states and for medical use, in varying forms, in 30 countries worldwide.

#MeToo: Accusations of sexual misconduct against high profile men continued in 2018, leading to the resignation of New York Attorney General Eric Schneiderman, the chairman and CEO of CBS Les Moonves, and more.

History has its eyes on us: Brett Kavanaugh was appointed to the United States Supreme Court despite multiple accusations of sexual harassment and assault, including public testimony from Dr. Christine Blasey Ford.

March for our lives: Students from Marjory Stoneman Douglas High organized a national campaign against gun violence, including the March for our Lives which gathered over one million protesters across the US to march for stronger gun violence prevention.



LGBT competitors make happy history: Miss Spain, Angela Ponce, became the first ever transgender contestant on Miss Universe, while Adam Rippon and Gus Kenworthy competed this year as the first openly gay contestants in the Winter Olympics.

Protect the press: In 2018 more journalists were killed, attacked or faced violence than in any other year on record, according to Reporters Without Borders. Freedom of the press is essential to democracy and progress. Demonization of the press, as done repeatedly by Trump, poses a serious risk to the future of our nation and to the safety of journalists worldwide.

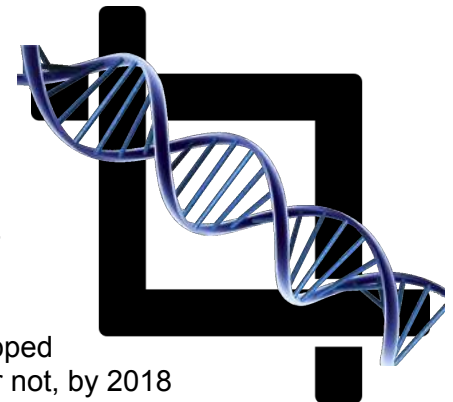
Plan(et) B! In November NASA's InSight Lander reached Mars, and photos from our neighboring planet went viral. InSight will spend the next two years exploring below Mars' surface.

Gene editing: A Chinese scientist claims to have created the first ever gene edited babies, a set of female twins, one of whom he claims is resistant to HIV. Meanwhile the Gates Foundation is working to use gene edited crops to fight global poverty and hunger.

Black Panther was the highest grossing movie of the year, and the top-grossing superhero movie in history.

From Oslo to everywhere: Norwegian breakout web series Skam wrapped its fourth and final season in 2017, much to this writer's dismay. But fear not, by 2018 remakes of the popular show had appeared in America, Germany, France, Spain, Italy and Holland.

Record breakers: According to the Guinness Book of World Records, 2018 witnessed the world's largest covered wagon, the first ever prosthetic tattoo gun arm, and the most balloons blown up by one person in an hour





which

SEX AND THE CITY

gal are you?

Where do you sleep?

- A. My bedroom in my abusive mother's home
- B. The barn
- C. My townhouse on the Upper East Side
- D. My Victorian four-poster canopy bed

What is your most notable skill?

- A. Telekinesis
- B. Spelling
- C. Editing an internationally acclaimed magazine
- D. Tending to my horses while wearing my Victorian Era Horseback Riding Gear

How do you feel about pigs?

- A. HATE THEM!!!!
- B. Terrific
- C. Pigs? In a quiz? Groundbreaking
- D. I prefer horses

If someone were to play you in a movie, who would it be?

- A. Chloe Grace Moretz
- B. Julia Roberts
- C. Meryl Streep
- D. AnnaSophia Robb

In your group of friends, what role do you fill?

- A. The "evil" one
- B. The "eight-legged" one
- C. The "dragon lady" one
- D. The "historically educational yet relatable" one

which

If you answered mostly A's,

congratulations! You're a CARRIE! Whether you're at the prom being covered in pig's blood or starring in Broadway's most legendary flop, you're an iconic Stephen King character through and through.

If you answered mostly B's,

congratulations! You're a CHARLOTTE! When Fern's dad threatened to slaughter Wilbur, you came in clutch by spelling out words to describe him in your web. Putting a whole new meaning to the term "web design," am I right? YGG!

If you answered mostly C's,

congratulations! You're a MIRANDA! Easily the best option on this quiz, you are one of the most legendary characters of the 2000s. From hiring the smart, fat girl, to sabotaging Nigel with James Holt x Runway, to promoting Andi right past Emily, you're a boss bitch.

If you answered mostly D's,

congratulations! You're a SAMANTHA! Between doing chores for your Grandmary and tending the horses in your stable, you're a relatable BFF for every millennial girl whose parents couldn't snag Kit or Molly. Plus you serve looks inspired by the Victorian era even though the Edwardian era would be more accurate based on your 1904 birthday! Go off!

C. The "dragon lady" one

D. The "historically educational yet relatable" one

Things I Hate That Other People Love

By Zach Donovan

1. Hamilton

Unlike most people, I've seen this play and I did not like it very much. To start, it was way too quiet. I could have heard it louder through my headphones in the comfort of my own home and for free. The set was always moving and made me nauseous. The choreography was forgettable - I can't even remember what it was like. The story, like the choreography, was not memorable. I still don't know what Alexander Hamilton did. I thought Leslie Odom Jr. was better than Lin Manuel Miranda by a long shot. I love musicals and for a musical, I thought this was bad. Obviously, the cultural significance of the show is important, I can't deny that. I just wish the show were about anything else. Seems like a musical written for a podcast as a pseudo joke??? Maybe I'm crazy. I liked Lin Manuel Miranda before, but Hamilton? I did not like it.



2. Thank U, Next by Ariana Grande

I saw right through this the whole time. I'm sorry, Ariana Grande, the biggest pop star in the world, is dating who? Nobody, that's who. Don't get me wrong; I loved the pop narrative, and of all the people to fake date, Pete Davidson is a great choice. But the attitude of Thank U, Next seemed incongruous. Sure, Pete Davidson is as disposable as anyone else, and I think yeah you have to call off your press engagement when your actual ex overdoses, but I don't read Ariana as the kind of girl who's so desensitized to love that she just is grateful for dating who she dated and then dismisses everything with a quasi diss track. And the song is not very good. Pro Tip: Don't mistake some half-baked idea for a wedding cake.



3. Critically Acclaimed Movies

American Beauty, American Psycho, The Silence of the Lambs, La La Land, Manchester by the Sea, Lady Bird, Birdman, The Favourite, Call Me By Your Name, any earnest superhero movie, Harry Potter, Magnolia, Crash, The Great Budapest Hotel, 8 Mile, The Hatefule 8, Happy Gilmore, Boyhood, etc.



4. When Work is Easy

When work is easy, it's just wasting my time. If I'm getting something out of this I want to be worked to the bone or not at all.

5. Cats

Plain and simple. Dogs are about playing games to have fun. Cats are about playing games to drive you mad. You can't make a dog mad, but you can make a cat mad. And the cat will really tell you that it's mad and then run away and hide and it can go anywhere because it's so small. Dogs want to be around people. Cats are happy to hang out, with or without you. It's just mean. I've never met a wholesome cat. In a word: fickle.



THE DOUGH EYED WAIF //

Mr. Santa's favorites snack, hot and ready

***Photographed by Brigitte Lundy-Paine
Special thanks to Blaise Godbe-Lipman***

1. Make the dough



2. Have the Nuts



**3. Mix the nuts up
with the Dough**



4. Mix it good



5. Have the Chips Ahoy™



6. Open them



7. Put them on a plate





8. Put them on a tray

9. Tray goes right into the oven



10. No heat, just time

Bake

Broil

0 10

Mo

Timer

Clock

CANCEL

Less-



MAYTAG

11. Tray comes out



12. Have it



It's good to be you



THE KIDS ARE ALT -RIGHT//

By Zach Donovan



It's 2018 and it's December. I live in New York City and I'll be the first to say: it's a fucking shit show. The hustle and the bustle have arrived but in a more scramble through the bramble kind of way; the end of the calendar year has caught up with all of us, as if we didn't know that after October and November would come December and then January. My job takes me on seemingly endless errands to 5th Avenue between 42nd and 59th Street. If you're an out-of-towner, like 90% of everyone in New York, this is the Christmas hub: Rockefeller Center, Radio City, an assortment of decorated store windows, the incredibly beefed-up police presence - it's all happening, now and in a major way.

As I write this, thousands of Santas are roaming the streets for a yearly celebration known only as SantaCon. My boyfriend texts me: "If I had known SantaCon was today, I never would have left my house. Don't they know they're all white supremacists?" I feel his pain. The Santas - though admittedly not *all* white supremacists - stumble from bar to bar throughout Manhattan, getting plastered over the course of about 12 hours, and are famously loud, brash, and most importantly young. I would imagine 90% of these Santas are under 29 years of age and are composed of what internet trolls refer to as the domcult (short for 'dominant culture'). Each year on this day, the city feels extra volatile. Around every corner waits a new team of tall men, uniformed in red and white, shouting about nothing at all in an effort to entertain their cronies. It feels like high school gym class.

In 1980, director Bob Clark released a movie about the Christmas season in small town Indiana that tells the story of a young boy whose sole Christmas wish is to be gifted a sleek red BB gun. He knows the dangers of asking for such a gift from his family, so he carefully crafts a campaign to make his wishes known without coming across as too eager. I'm not sure if

my upbringing in small town Indiana begets the literally constant play and replay of this movie on basic cable, but this movie is played on continuous repeat 24 hours a day for at least all of Christmas Eve and all of Christmas Day. And I get it, I've seen the movie, it's funny, and especially nostalgic for people of older generations. Moreover, it's grown to be iconic: the Leg Lamp, the F Word, the Pink Bunny Costume, and, of course, the official Red Ryder, carbine action, two-hundred shot range model air rifle. Not to spoil it for you, but the boy - who all through Christmas morning thinks the adults' conspiracy that he'll shoot his eye out has persuaded Santa Claus to think the same - receives the gun as a surprise last minute gift from his father.

Walking to the train, I see a girl Santa engaged in a screaming match with a boy Santa, and, enhanced with alcohol, the fight is scary. On the train, there are seven or so Santas, laughing and shouting and playing music through their phone speakers. The train is pretty full, but the Santas are undeniably in charge. One guy smells something bad and says, "Ok who shit themselves?" to which a girl he's with says, "Who raised you? George Lopez?" And they all laugh loudly. The whole ride is about them.

There's something about these figures - young, loud, brash - that feels like danger. It



feels like the adoption and misconstruing or repurposing of quotidian symbols often associated with fascism and popularized today by the Alt Right. My mind jumps to the Alt Right meme of chugging glasses of milk as a display of white supremacy - the idea being that there's something in the genes of white people specifically that allows lactose to be digested while the genome that aides this process is missing in people of color, particularly from Black people. Geneticists have come forward to denounce this as a misrepresentation of their studies, but the efforts are hardly effective. After all, the Alt Right is a decidedly young group of fascists, and geneticists are only a different kind of authority to resist.

The leap from SantaCon to White Supremacy seems impossibly small. After all, what does Santa do to wash down the thousands of Christmas cookies he eats on Christmas Eve? Slams back a glass of milk at every house across the world.



Now this is not to say, of course, that Santa is a white supremacist. I'm not crazy. To use this article to call Santa a white supremacist would be insane and unproductive. But this equivocation seems important, simply as demonstration for the ease and subtlety with

which innocuous symbols can be repurposed.

The holiday season has been a highly charged political event for upwards of 50 years since some guy wrote a pamphlet - yes, a pamphlet - claiming that The Jews were trying to take Christ out of Christmas when people (read: businesses) want to display a menorah during Hanukkah, or greet people by saying "Happy Holidays" rather than "Merry Christmas," or change the color of coffee cups from white to red: the War on Christmas.

I think a lot about *A Christmas Story*, maybe because of where I grew up (Central Indiana) and where the movie takes place (Northern Indiana), or maybe just because of the iconography (I love icons). But the pastiche of Ralphie's wintertime as a young boy makes me remember what it was like to be young and just want someone to hear what I was saying. I didn't want to go to Boy Scouts

anymore; I wanted to take dance lessons. I didn't want to play with toys, I wanted tools to help me achieve my goals. I wanted to be famous, but first, that meant I had to be seen.

One of the foreman of modern Fascism is some guy known online as Mike Enoch. He sounds a lot like me: went to school in New York, moved to Bushwick in Brooklyn, and started dating a blonde woman from a Jewish family. He got a job in Manhattan but assured his friends and

family that he wouldn't stop swimming upstream just because he worked with the masses. My boyfriend is not a blonde woman, but does come from a Jewish background. Where Mike Enoch and I differ is that he got sick from an unprescribed medication and quickly fell into the depths of Reddit and other hot-button sites for (often

radical) political debate. The power of the internet is anonymity and that it's so vast that no one really can keep track of who's doing or saying what. The New Yorker's profile on this guy likens his online activity to, "[just] another video game," complete with the same sort of social interactions afforded by ever-popular live gaming experiences. As his social consciousness in the real world deteriorated, his reputation online blossomed. He started a blog called Right Stuff so he could share and discuss his radical political ideas with a community of like-minded individuals and give himself a voice he couldn't have in New York City.

Mike Enoch fell victim to an internet phenomenon called 'doxing' where an online figure is outed by other internet users as being the human person they are by releasing personal information in a public manner. To me, this sounds terrifying and electrifying. On the one hand, to be exposed as someone responsible for his own troubling thoughts and opinions is terrifying. But from another angle, Enoch can finally live his truth. He can't dissociate from this online celebrity he has created for himself; he can, at last, rise up to meet it. It's what he's wanted all along, and quite frankly, what the rest of us want from these types of people too.

The cult of Celebrity is tangible in this cultural moment. We love famous people, especially if we don't know where they came from or what they're doing. The access we have to original content created by billions of stranger peers is immeasurable. But increased access means it's harder to grab someone's attention, so we have to create the attention ourselves. The New Yorker didn't make Mike Enoch or the Alt Right famous. Enoch created his celebrity for himself by taking a controversial stance on a variety of topics until he had created an ideology. It's genius, regardless of the fact that it's detrimental to thousands of people. But this type of celebrity is nothing new. We see it in America nearly every day and we are addicted.

Children of the 90's know the names of the Columbine shooters. The guy who shot up the Aurora, CO screening of *The Dark Knight* is nearly an internet meme because of how

he looks. The guy who tried to assassinate Nixon was trying to impress Jodie Foster. John Wilkes Booth shouted in Latin and jumped from the box seat Lincoln was sitting in while he was fleeing the scene. Dangerous people are those of us who live humdrum lives and want to be known around the world at any cost.

We pretend we have the power to decide who is famous and who is not, but as we see in countless rags-to-riches stories throughout time, we don't. Parents of Alt Right figures and school shooters always wonder, often publicly: what went wrong? And there are always a myriad of speculations about how Marilyn Manson made them do it, or they played too many violent video games. And though studies do show that violent video games have the same psychological effect as actually hurting someone, it seems like yet another scapegoat.

Could it be that the impetus to hurt people is as simple as the desire to misbehave? That the more we warn against danger, the more the danger becomes desirable? I think back to Ralphie and his official Red Ryder, carbine action, two-hundred shot range model air rifle. The more people that tell him he'll shoot his eye out, the greater his desire grows. At the climax of the film, when Ralphie receives the gun from his father, we feel that youthful sense of pride and accomplishment in his subtle and gradual deception of every adult figure in his life. Why don't I feel fear?

I could have been any of these boys. I went to summer camp as a Boy Scout and learned to shoot a BB gun. I listened to Marilyn Manson and went to more alt rock radio festival concerts than I can count. Am I counting down the days till when my past catches up with me and the only way to rectify these events is to hurt a lot of people all at once? The only difference I can determine is that I'm a *gay* white man, but the LGBTQ+ community is often a target for this kind of violence. It seems that, however many times we may ask what went wrong and what we could have done differently, the answer is simply: we don't know.

As I grow further into my twenties and the age gap between me and the proverbial kids grows greater each day, I have started to assess my own influence as a role model, especially as it directly opposes my aspiration to appeal to a certain level of youth. And as I daydream about my own future and whether I, myself, will be a parent, I wonder about how much I will be willing to sacrifice my own dignity in order to appeal to a new generation, and how much the choices I make about the gifts I give will influence my child's behavior. After years of watching the acts of quote-unquote troubled children be attributed to the music they listen to and the activities they use to fill their free time, I must say: I only want to take care of the younger generations. For these reasons, I recommend the following gifts in lieu of a Red Ryder, carbine action, two-hundred shot range model air rifle:

1. Socks: You're going to need them no matter how much you may hate to receive them
2. Underwear: The sexiest and/or least cool gift to receive ever
3. Scratch Off Lotto Tickets: A cheap way to remind your kids that the only way to make money is to work hard and earn and honest living
4. A Bible: A piece of media no one in the 21st century will consume, regardless of their spirituality
5. A Bright Pink Bunny Rabbit Costume: Maybe Aunt Clara had it right all along. ♦



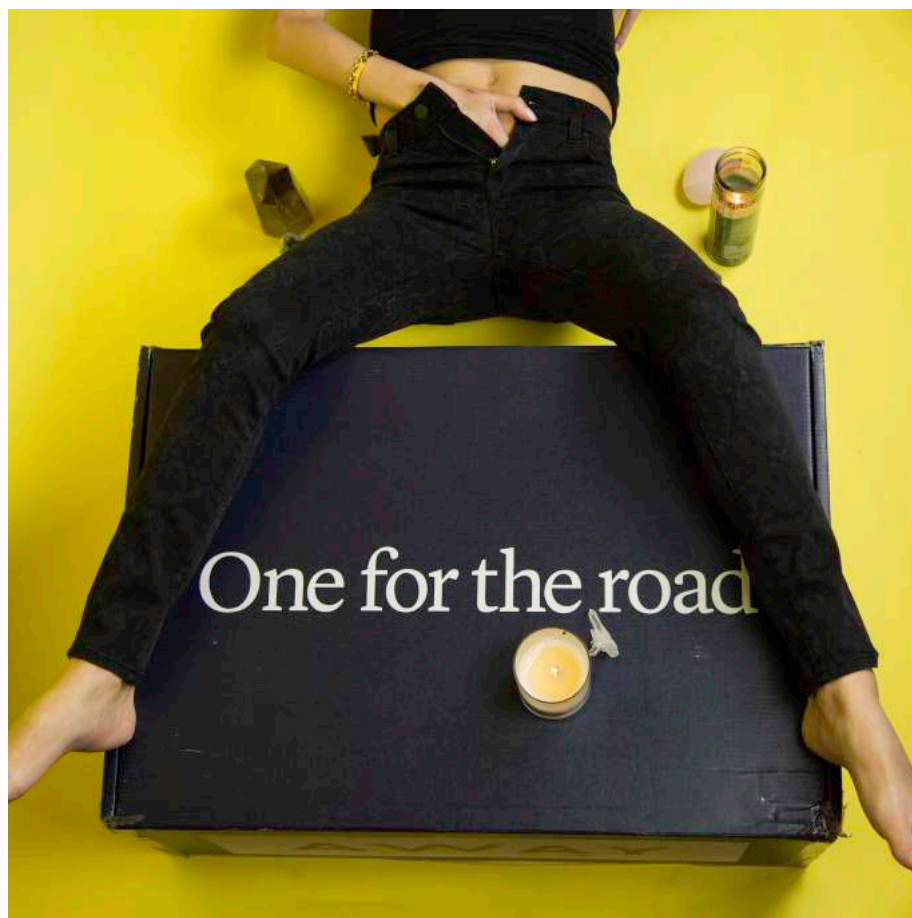
AS SEEN ON IG //

After hours with your favorite millennial products

Photography by Sarah Laufer

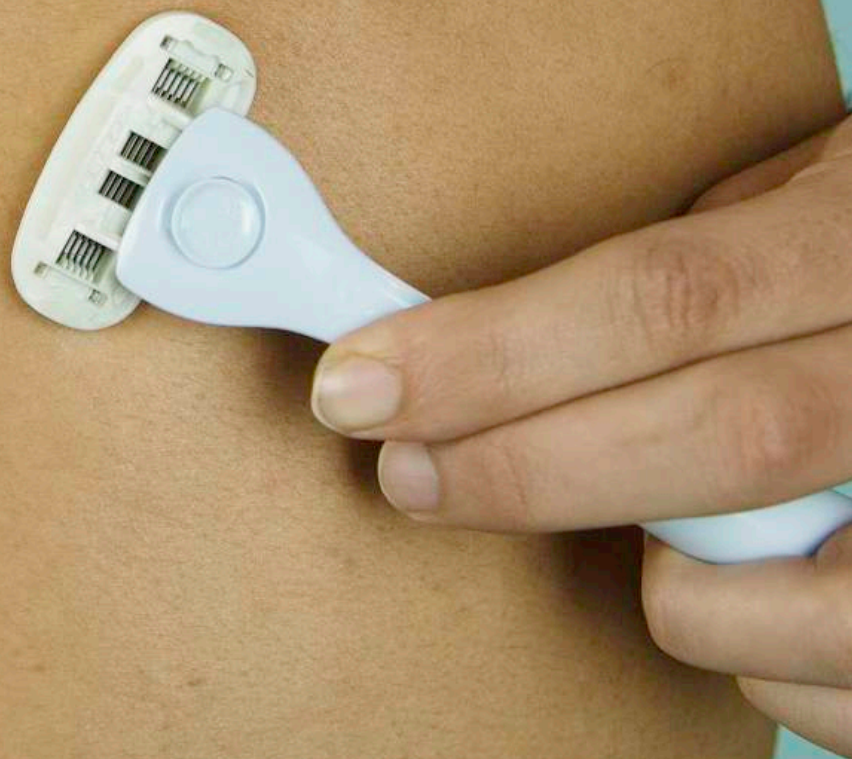
Modeled by Sina Al-Qamar & Stephanie Shafir

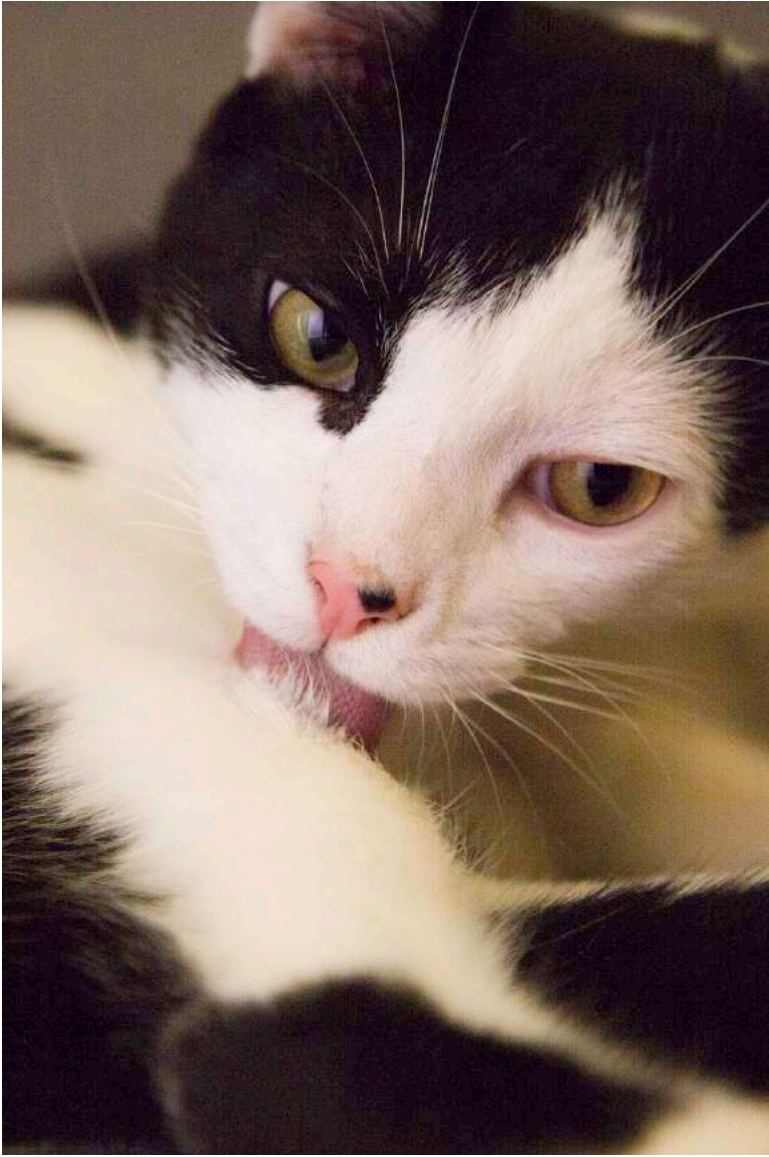


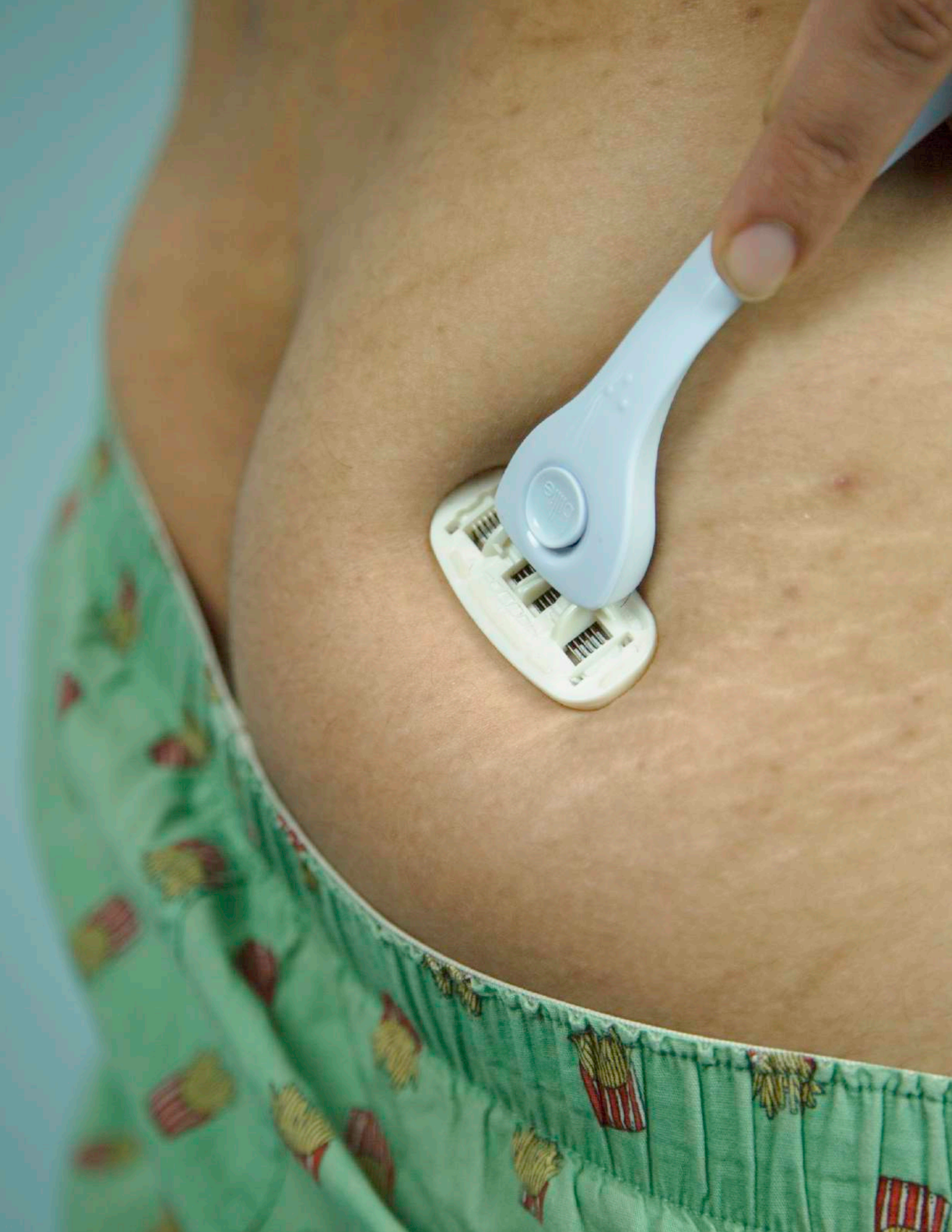




le vent se lève!...



















Star Garland with white LED lights
By Penny Newell

what we forgot about christmas leaning on yellow tarmac on an ex-soviet market charming no music too utterly silent for that covered markets are the best in my own vomit too – it reminds me of dry cold – was all i want for christmas is fabulous hair or to make apparent the fact that i chose my friends for reasons they will never understand or the next day sitting here with them watching a film doing this every day for the next and the next new year exact same me

My Mom, The Baker

By Matt Keim

It's the kind of winter where
I don't need to keep all my
chocolate chips in the fridge,
and I can reminisce of pleasant days
Being wakened by kitchen sounds.
–Grinding coffee, bacon frying,
Pots pulled from cupboards,
A blender whirring, promising
Muffins, scones, and cantaloupe.–

My mom always made peanut butter
Chocolate chip muffins on my
birthday.

They helped get me out of bed
On cold mornings before school.
In fact, I remember one birthday
We got so much snow
The buses couldn't make it out to
us,
Despite the plows pushing
Mountains down our street.
I got to eat muffins
And play for hours.

I bet I'll still be babbling about
that birthday
When I'm old and senile,
Confined to a bedroom in a big home,
Full of old people who are
Just as in love with muffins as me.

WARM

TH //

The cold means nothing to a Waif

Photography by Zoë Ellen Kidwell

Modeled by Jake Levy



HERLI FOREST
RR-1
HALF DRY
WIND - 5
ADULT

INTERVAL V. S. 12 MC
MICRO XR STORM PRO
5 Micron polyurethane coating
Electronic micro-weave polymer
Moisture permeability 220 g/m²/24h
Water resistance 300 mm
Air permeability 0.07 cm³/s/cm²
Water repellency 100-90-90

















Things I Like That Most People Hate

By Mina Walker

1. Gifs about dabbing
2. Cold leftovers
3. Pork rinds as chips
4. Neon
5. Bros
6. The word bitch
7. Saying my feelings out loud
8. Fluorescent lights
9. Walking really long distances instead of taking the train or driving
10. Instagram ads
11. Copying
12. Sitting inside when outdoor seating is available
13. Only drinking half of my coffee
14. Burritos with only beans and cheese and rice in them
15. Plain saltines
16. Plain cheese sandwich. Not grilled cheese. Just cheese and bread
17. Leaving the door unlocked in public restrooms
18. A pile of clothes on a chair
19. Bald animals
20. Playing music out of an iPhone speaker
21. Not listening to podcasts
22. Wearing a baseball cap to the club
23. Peeling my fingernails



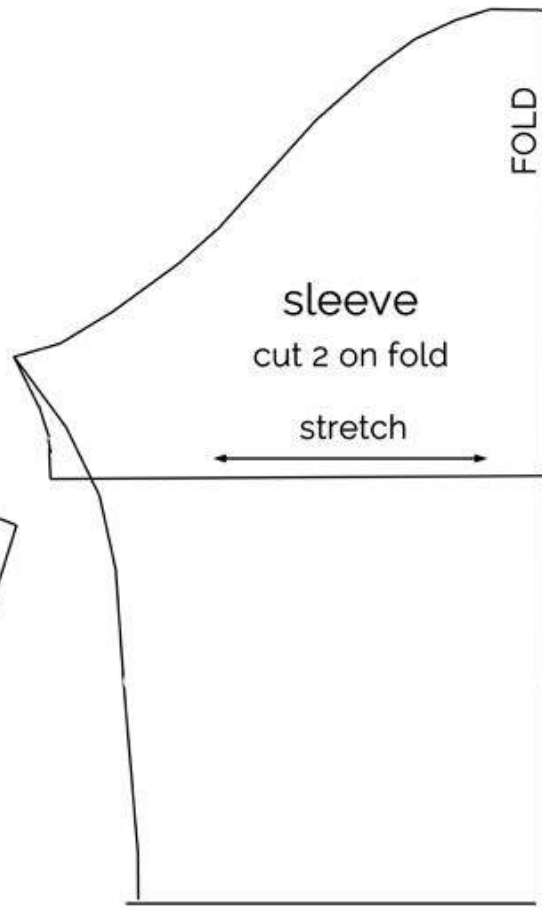
- 24. Drying my hands on my pants
- 25. Pretending to talk on the phone
- 26. Asking someone to hang out when I just wanna go to bed
- 27. Dinner for breakfast
- 28. Blackhead videos
- 29. Tomato juice on airplanes
- 30. The movie Sing
- 31. Brushing my teeth in the shower



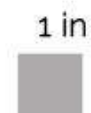


Make Your Own ☆ Own Waif Shirt





also cut neckbinding:
1.75 inches high
by 26 inches wide
(stretch goes along width)



is wait if



Thank you for reading Waif Magazine issue 06.

Issue 07 will be released in January. Stay tuned!

Like the IS WAIF apparel featured in this issue? Order a shirt at www.iswaif.com/shirt

Don't like what you read in this issue? Send us your stories, photos, artwork at waifmagazin3@gmail.com.

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