

# M Meme Insider

## Facebook: An Untapped Market

Meme Insider compiles a comprehensive analysis on what lies ahead

*Inside the world of a Social Media intern*

*NICE News exclusive: murder investigation on the MayMay Express*

*What role do political memes have in the meme economy?*

# WELCOME BACK

First of all, thank you for taking the time to read through our latest issue. You are the reason we keep working hard to bring you a quality product. The following is a list of everyone who has helped make this magazine a success. Thank you reader, and thank you team for all of your hard work!

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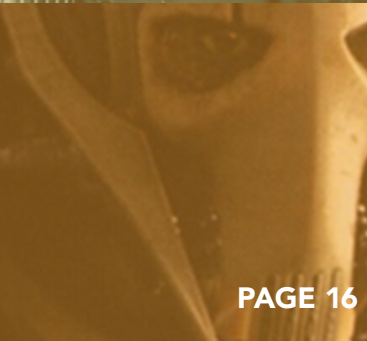
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# In the Beginning

TRACKING THIS YEAR'S INCREASE  
IN TERRIBLE MEMES TO ITS ROOTS.

*u/words\_of\_a\_mortal*

**February 2017.**

Finding quality memes in 2017 seems to be a tireless effort. Whether it's your Salt Baes or your Cash Me Outsidies, memes in these first months seem to consistently be low-quality with early normie turnovers, and extremely unreliable. Most of the memes in the month of January weren't worth investing even one good boy point in. The extreme flaws in workmanship in recent memes seem to be connected to how they are created—and promoted—in the first place. The hard truth is that many memers are unwilling to take risks. Whether it's promoting a rising meme

waiting for its big break or even just creating original content, people are just unwilling to take any action that may put them in an uncertain position. For many things in life, this is a good strategy. But in the meme markets, you have to push memes, do some hard work and take risks.

This kind of thinking hurts the economy in many ways, the first being gaps in the meme line-up. Once inside jokes and niche memes go big and run their course, there need to be follow-ups to take their place. But if there's



no one to promote the more niche memes, the successors will never come. This undermines one of the core principles of how the meme market works, how the cycle continues: a small concept emerges, that small concept gets big, the big concept dies, and another small concept gets big to take its place. Unfortunately, those gaps have to be filled by normie-produced memes, like Cash Me Outside. Normies keeps Meme Street running by helping inflate the popularity of memes, but memes that flow into the market from normie-run factories are often terrible, parasitic memes that steal the spotlight from others. The small memes are suppressed and eventually die down, taking wasted potential



*Example of a non-toxic political meme*

and hard-earned good boy points with it. Since the majority of how memes go big is just aggressive sharing, it's important to push the right material for the right effect. The purpose behind most successful memes is to poke fun and satirize something—lighthearted or not. But following one of the most heated election cycles yet, some of the memes that have been pushed out are political pseudo-memes, just vessels for personal political statements laced with vitriol.

It is important to keep political memes around, since they're huge cash cows. But if they are less about the joke and more about

« Memeing public figures is a dangerous business »

an agenda, they become a toxic poison that slowly cripples the economy. As with all things, use moderation. Concentrated toxicity in general is a risky move. If a meme is truly toxic, it usually doesn't get past the specific individuals who seek out toxic content. They don't really get big and they aren't profitable.

Memeing public figures, too, is a dangerous business when politics seeps in. Celebrities in real life are in a state where they are judged for their political stance and even internet celebrities are constantly pushing out opinions. This is a time where the maximum amount of attention you can get is through politics-infused actions, and oftentimes, investors turn away from memes that satirize those kind of publicity stunts. If a meme is to gain traction everywhere and still hold its integrity, it's important to shift the focus away from demonizing certain viewpoints.

The main safeguards for keeping yourself out of a meme black hole this year is to take chances on the little memes, and push the memes that have a positive impact on the market. Doing this will prevent toxic and normie-produced memes from choking the creative nature of the market, and keep a steady stream of quality content (and good boy points) flowing.

# FACEBOOK: A VIABLE MEME RESOURCE

EXPLORING THE MEME MARKET IN A HYPER-SATURATED MEDIUM.



**/u/GBDH. February 2017.**

It is a generally accepted postulate in meme economics that Facebook is the place where memes go to die - where the masses, “normies”, devalue ripe meme material into nothingness. The issue lies in both the quality of the content and how Facebook users in particular circulate penny stock to those who may not identify as a part of the meme community. The growing divide between self-professed meme lords and other such investors alienate the meme farmers and curators who use Facebook as their primary platform for trading. In addition, this can discourage people from using Facebook as a meme resource. Despite its shortcomings, Facebook offers a rich underground meme market that could greatly expand one’s

investment portfolio.

Those deep in meme culture tend to disregard Facebook as a viable source of meme material because of its negative associations and connotations with normies. Such associations include tasteless humor, cheap jokes, or cringe; as soon as memes are taken by ‘mainstream’ culture like corporations or ‘comedy’ pages, they do lose value at an alarming rate. The hyper saturation of certain memes in this way, most recently those of 2017, has caused many to feel as if normies are ruining perfectly good memes -then generalizing that group to an entire social media platform.





The meme community, especially the Meme Economy subreddit, recommends selling shares as soon as their invested memes appear on Facebook. A search of the keyword 'facebook' in the subreddit displays repeated posts with words like 'sell,' 'low,' 'decline,' etc. Often, it appears that investors do not actively use Facebook for meme hunting; rather, they use Facebook as a red flag to divest.

However, Facebook is a gigantic platform with millions of users, some of which are dedicated meme farmers and curators. By disregarding the entire platform with negative connotations to it, we also disregard a large body of the underground, independent meme workers. Such pages range from fringe doggo memes to "\_\_\_\_\_ memes for \_\_\_\_ teens," and while not all produce top shelf material, these Facebook-based creators and curators constantly and consistently push the boundaries of the known meme world. Individuals and communities throughout the site are challenging us to find the true hidden gems that lie among the thousands of memes out there. Experienced investors and seasoned meme veterans understand how to diversify their portfolios over multiple platforms and media, not just a handful of niche twitter communities or subreddits. There are literally hundreds and hundreds of meme pages varying from normie to ironic

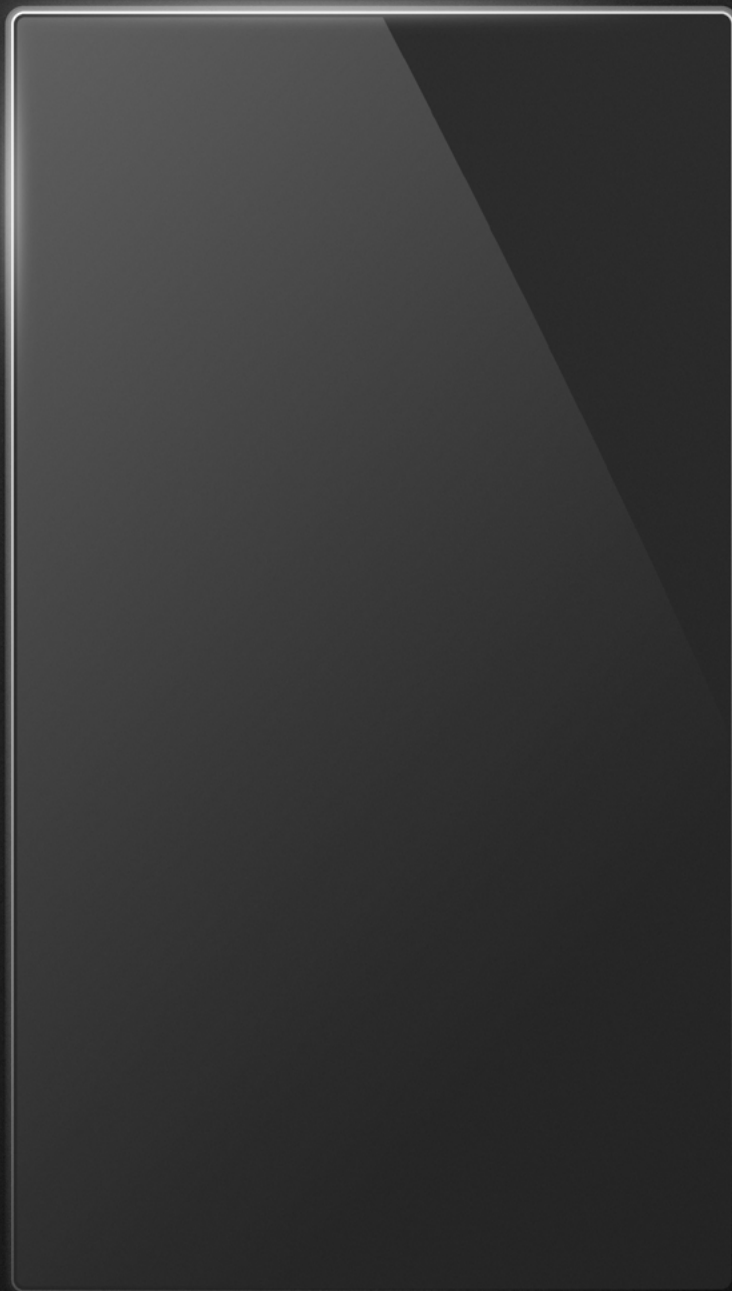


to double unironic - ultimately, we cannot rely on mainstream or commercialized memes to represent Facebook's rich meme community. The diverse pages not only have original content, but also share content from other platforms investors may have not seen before. Associating Facebook with meme devaluation and decline can dissuade people from exploring the lively market beneath the stereotypes and negative connotations. It is only our duty as a wider community to not necessarily like or invest in, but respect each realm of meme. We are living in the greatest age of memes, let us not waste any potential.



# Literally a piece of glass.

Sharp looks, fragile design, dead inside.







# A WAR CAUGHT ON FILM

## CONTROVERSY ON YOUTUBE STIRRED BY IGNORING THE EVER IMPORTANT CONTEXT

**/u/deros94. February 2017.**

The plains of the montevideo was shaken recently with cries from two distinct camps. On one side you could hear, «*Come on you, [actual words lost in the wind] you wanna live forever?!*». Across the way the second camp were heard saying, «*Cash me outside how bout dat?*» The lines in the sand were drawn, the commanders had run their simulations, both had complete confidence in victory. A group of DramaAlert reporters had shown up there to cover the fallout and the reactors who had plans to carpetbag the devastated war victims were also present. This was the first clash in 2017 between the YouTube camps of non-PCs and PCs creators. Neither side knows who took first blood, but iDubbbz and Tana Mongeau both felt the burn.

Drama-bombs were the daily life of the YouTube communities after the start and Tana's air force were quicker on the draw.

Some felt the fire and left, unaware of the cost of war, others ran to their sheds, and joined the camp with their blades sharpened to a. Her camp felt validated and in control of the war until iDubbbz's retaliation blew up their backline crippling Tana's support network. iDubbbz had a risky gamble; instead of meeting the attacks head on, he planned a stealth mission to break her hyperbole and strength.

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### CONTEXT WAS UNIMPORTANT

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His crack team of COPS, «*Content Oinkers Patrol Secretly*» with Ian leading the way found documents undermining Tana's



position. Inside the documents were old files showing Tana covering up her use of slurs; a fact that would blow apart her war effort. Eventually, meeting her at a press conference iDubbbz had his hand around her in a polite embrace and right before the camera flashed he uttered the word that she had previously used herself. As predicted by iDubbbz she was terrified leaving the venue with security pursuing iDubbbz out. With his return a success, the propaganda piece was loved by many and the war had settled down to small fanatical border skirmishes.

Now the main issue that was at the center of this war a problem in regards to context. In an iDubbbz video, he showed Tana telling her followers that context was

unimportant and any use of hate words is intolerable. The rallying call against his non-PC attitudes gave a moral high ground to Tana. Now this is where her first fault arose, as Tana had engaged in non-PC phrases in her past, specifically the use of racial slurs.

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## PEWDIEPIE IS A NAZI

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The irony being that her moral claim stemmed from iDubbbz and his fans use of the word to the point it lost meaning. By removing context any action related to hate, even parody or humor becomes





equal to the original. A little bit after the Tana and iDubbbz called a drama-bomb ceasefire, PewDiePie found himself facing a firing squad of articles aimed at his person and his credibility.

While the title, «*PewDiePie is a Nazi?!?*» coupled with thumbnails full of emojis may have been a potential YouTube video it should be to hyperbolic for the mainstream media. The top YouTuber had made a series of jokes about Jewish people centered around the website Fiverr. In a video, he wanted to see what others would do for five dollars, including making anti-semitic remarks. Now this is common fodder for YouTube drama. Selectively editing and cherry picking clips can allow drama focused creators to call out PewDiePie. This would lead to some DramaAlert videos as well as PewDiePie and the creator's communities engaging in skirmishes. Ultimately it would look like Tana vs iDubbbz.

Except this was not a fight between YouTube personalities or communities. It was mainstream media hyper focusing on attacking PewDiePie's credibility. Media outlets were able to put pressure on his income. Disney and YouTube Red have now dropped PewDiePie from his contract with him, hurting his personal financial future. In other words this was a declaration of war by the media against PewDiePie; slanderous claims and falsified evidence for clickbait and ad revenue just to spite the self-made Swede. Ultimately the PewDiePie drama is still ongoing, but with groups such as H3H3 defending his character, it appears that he has the people on his side.

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## CONTEXT IS THE KEY GOING FORWARD

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YouTube drama will continue to exist as long as people enjoy drama. This should not come as a surprise when Keemstar's DramaAlert channel is built upon drama. iDubbbz has and will likely continue to use his COPS to engage other personalities and the moral PC people will likely always find his content offensive. Context is the key going forward. Legitimate problems or legitimate hate crimes should be cracked down on. articles and blog that attack creators can have a much wider impact and can lead to character defamation. Especially if the articles are ignoring context or manipulating evidence. While one drama conflict ended another is likely sparking but hopefully all parties involved can go home and sleep easily at the end of it.

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# JOURNALS OF A SOCIAL MEDIA INTERN



## SHEDDING SOME LIGHT ON WHAT IT'S LIKE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF /R/FELLOWKIDS

### Brian the Intern. February 2017.

**M**y name is [Redacted] but I'll go by Brian. Over the last few years I have gained quite a bit of experience in Social Media marketing. I'm not an intern anymore, but what follows are some of my journal entries (written much later) that may shed some light on what it's like on the other side of /r/fellowkids.

#### Day 0 of internship- The Interview

I wasn't sure what to expect on my first day, but the interview had been eye opening. I put on my resume that I had experience with running a page on Facebook, getting likes on Twitter, and favorites on Instagram. I still remember hearing

my teacher's voice as I typed my resume say, "it doesn't matter what you actually did Brian, just make it sound professional and your potential employer will like it."

**Unfortunately for me, I didn't realize what I was getting myself into.**

I ran a meme page on Facebook, reposted memes on Instagram, and retweeted meme accounts on Twitter. That's close enough, right?



When I sat down in the interview the manager started by saying “We were really impressed with your resume. We have been struggling to reach an audience on social media, and we are looking to hire a social media manager.”

I almost laughed. I remained composed as he continued “We would like to hire you part-time to handle our social media. Your resume says you have experience with graphic design, which would be part of your role. We need someone to come up with graphics for our weekly newsletter, website, and advertisements so your experience using Gimp photo editor should be a big asset.”

Holy shit. This guy was clueless as to how little I actually knew. Sure, I knew some stuff from managing a facebook page, but I was going to be a graphic designer now? Unfortunately for me, I didn't realize what I was getting myself into. I was pulling the best prank of all time: I put a joke on my resume and got a job. Didn't matter that I was in over my head. I just figured I'd wing it.

### Day 1 of internship- Winging it

My first day was on a Monday. I was still living with my Mom, who was super excited I got a job doing anything, so I woke up to a few pop tarts, a frozen hot pocket, and Diet Mountain Dew in a lunch box on the floor outside of my room. There was a note next to the lunchbox that said: “Good luck at your new job today, Brian! The drink is for lunch, not breakfast. Don't be late!”

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**“Fuck it, it's diet.”**

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Sugar in the morning can lead to early onset diabetes. Mom said that constantly. I was super tired from

a night of memeing, so I grabbed the Mountain Dew and mumbled, “Fuck it, it's diet.”

I got to work a few minutes early on accident. I didn't realize how long it took to drive to work, that just meant there was more time to sleep in the next day. My boss was super impressed I was there so early. He always got to work 15 minutes early. In his mind, he isn't gonna ask his staff to do something he isn't willing to do. That was cool and all, but I remember thinking “If he jumps off a bridge or drinks suspicious Kool-aid, quit on the spot.”

Being a part-time employee, there wasn't a desk for me. They had an old Windows PC running on a tiny folding table in the corner of the lobby with a wooden stool to sit on. I didn't mind the stool or the table, but that damn PC became the bane of my existence. It was slow, loud, and cream colored with gray. It reminded me of my grandmother, so I named it Geraldine. Everyone in the room was waiting for this one to die as well.

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**“It was slow, loud, and cream colored with gray. It reminded me of my grandmother, so I named it Geraldine.”**

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My boss told me there was a note on the secretary's computer with the social media password. She wasn't in yet so I went over to her desk and booted her computer. Kittens as the background. Right click>Customize the picture is literally cutekittens.jpeg so I decided this lady had to be over 60. I skimmed her documents folder and found out she saves every email as a PDF to the documents folder. I checked the desktop, I checked the media folder, I

even checked Notepad to see what the recent files

were. No luck. I went into my boss's office and told him I couldn't find it on her computer. He walked to the door and said: "Brian I can see it from here..."

I looked over his shoulder confused but sure enough, right on top of the monitor was a pink sticky note. I was extremely embarrassed as I sulked across the room and retrieved the login credentials. I typed in the facebook login and was logged into my boss's account. I was confused but looked for the company's page so I could add myself as an admin. There wasn't a page yet. What the hell was I supposed to manage? A few minutes of browsing my boss's facebook and I realized that was the social media for this company. He made posts about his business and responded to Messages from customers. He even had a hashtag he tried to start. #whatashittyhashtag is what I'll call it. The the last time he got a like on a post was 2 months ago, and it was his mom. I finally saw what this guy's problem was: He literally had no clue what he was doing. Good thing his saviour was sitting in the lobby on a rickety wooden stool.

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**Good thing his saviour was sitting in the lobby on a rickety wooden stool.**

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By the time I had finished reading his messages and last few months of posts, it was lunch time. I ate my sandwich, but I didn't have anything to drink. How am I supposed to get early onset diabetes with only one soda a day? Thankfully, there was a gas station on the corner near the company, so I just walked up the street to see what I could drink. A two for \$5

deal for Red Bull sign greeted me at the door, and I knew what needed to happen. I drank one immediately as I clocked in and sat back down to work. I was wired, felt like I could accomplish anything. I made a company Facebook page, added myself as admin of course, and got to work customizing it. This company was a paving company. They paved sidewalks, parking lots, building foundations, etc. Out of the window next to me was a huge pile of gravel and pebbles used for paving roads. So you bet your ass the entire Facebook page was filled with rock puns.

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**So you bet your ass the entire Facebook page was filled with rock puns.**

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I downloaded gimp and added a pile of rocks as the banner. Geodude zoomed in on the face was the profile picture. I added the address and the website URL to the description and leaned back in satisfaction. Note to self: don't lean back on rickety wooden stools. When I got up from the floor I sat down and realized I had built a new world, but it was empty. I made a new post "Hello World" and started inviting everyone on my boss's friends list to like the page. He was out on site so I figured I'd tell him the next day that our new page got 10 likes in the last hour of the day before I left. I thought I was really getting the hang of this thing.

### **Day 2 of internship- I Wasn't**

*Make sure to look out for this entry in next month's Meme Insider Magazine.*



# ROLL SAFE REPORT

BREAKOUT PENNY STOCK EMERGES TO  
DOMINATE FEBRUARY TRENDS

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## /u/Lexquire. February 2017.

Web Series “Hood Documentary” actor Kayode Ewumi is the rug that ties the whole room together in this image macro based meme. The cornerstone is that of infamous character MC Roll Safe pointing to his forehead with the text applying unreasonable solutions to often complex problems. The juxtaposition between the confident Roll Safe and dubious problem solving is a vicarious reflection of our own desire to find an easy solution to the struggles of life. Highly relatable, easy to apply, and wide range of appeal makes it clear why this home run of a meme exploded onto the scene at the beginning of February. Roll Safe’s popularity likely came about as a result of wholesome decline, despite similar implementation in November. While certainly not a positive concept unless used ironically, giving the audience an outlet for poor decision making and flawed logic as they navigate challenges in their own life is its own sort of wholesome. As people transition from an optimistic New Year outlook and return to their day-to-day lives, our memes reflect that transition and lend insight to our own personal lives.

didn’t make any significant profit. It just doesn’t have enough versatility to adapt into new concepts. Roll Safe dwarfs its source content “Hood Documentary,” which hasn’t seen any significant boost in exposure as a result. The mass appeal that made it so popular caused a short profit window before breaking it down to a slow decline without much hope for resurgence. Roll Safe is going to be a familiar face for a short period, but eventually will fall victim to a narrow concept. Versatility and an extensive source can be great for dividend gains as the markets adapt to different takes on the underlying concept, but if you’re looking to hit the lottery, recognizing broad appeal is the key component of a justified early buy. Roll Safe went under the radar for some time before really taking off and early traders that were able to catch this template as before February saw some great margins. Keeping an eye out for high appeal penny stocks is necessary for a truly diverse portfolio. Be sure to hedge your bets with low-risk, high-reward content such as Roll Safe without dumping your entire account into penny stocks and you’re sure to hit the jackpot in no time.

Roll Safe garnered appeal to a wide demographic, but unfortunately if you didn’t invest within the first few days of the month, you probably

# A MONTH IN REVIEW

## PREQUEL MEMES, CLUB PENGUIN, AND MORE!

### /u/CartoonWarp. February 2017.

We're only two months into the new year and already the meme market has gone in unexpected directions even to the most dedicated of investors. In this monthly piece, I will go through each of this month's biggest fads to determine which were dank, and which were stank. Using this, wise traders can expand their already robust portfolios, or choose to drop any assets which have gone stale in the past few weeks.

Our first, biggest, and most surprising meme asset of 2017 comes from a galaxy far, far away. Prequel Memes were by far the hottest stock investment coming into early February. Projections for Prequel Memes were high, but they far out-performed even the most optimistic of predictions. Early Prequel Meme investors received excellent dividends, but this humble investor says it's not too late to invest even now! Fine Addition to my Collection variants, as well as I am the Senate memes still show steady signs of growth to this day. A robust and very active subreddit, /r/prequelmemes has even spawned as a result of the expansion of this meme sub-genre.

Club Penguin memes also made quite a splash early this month, on the heels of Disney announcing that they would be finally closing down the popular children's MMO. Club Penguin fans have been paying their respects to the franchise by dropping a bountiful supply of spicy memes. Fueled mostly by Club Penguin's auto-ban messages for using

profanity in chat, memes surrounding Club Penguin have proved to be extremely lucrative- and show signs of remaining as such until the game finally goes belly-up March 29, 2017. Projections advise keen-eyed traders to watch for a second spike after Disney releases the Club Penguin mobile game in March.



Shooting Stars memes made a significant impression on the video-centric markets mid-to-late February. The song, written and performed by Bag-Raiders, became extremely popular amongst r/YouTubeHaiku, Instagram, and countless other platforms. Usually accompanied by trippy space footage and spinning subjects, this meme was, and continues to be a reasonable investment heading into March. However, use caution, as this meme bubble is bound to burst, and traders will need to stay vigilant watching for stagnation.



Cat with a Bat Memes have been slowly trickling in this month. While not offering as much returns as previously discussed stocks, Cat with a Bat memes did certainly come to play this month. However, this meme has never truly been stable, and will likely fizzle out by the time I'm done writing this sentence. only our duty as a wider community to not necessarily like or invest in, but respect each realm of meme. We are living in the greatest age of memes, let us not waste any potential.





# V A P E N A T I O N







# N.I.C.E. NEWS MONTHLY

## MURDER, HE MEMED.

**/u/DesmanMetzger. February 2017.**

*Desman has been a wartime investigative journalist for the past 4 years, graduating with a 'Masters of Journalism (Hons)' from the prestigious Panama Drive-Thru University. He appears on contract for Meme Insider.*

*Continued from Meme Insider – January Issue*

“That’s not how you bang a chick, bruh.”

“Of course it is! Works every time!”

“Nah man, you’ve got to be real subtle about it. You can’t just walk up to her and say, ‘hey bb, u want sum fuk?’ It won’t work.”

“Alright brosef, how do you do it?”

My head split with every word fumbling out from the people next to me. I groaned, the pain was immense, “What happened?” I managed.

“Shit! Look who’s awake!” The first man japed. I peeled one eye open, getting a brief look at him; he wore something an unkempt shepherd would

wear, except he had a bandoleer full of brews strung across his chest. He smelt like Axe body spray.

The back of my head throbbed from where the rifle butt had struck me – I was probably concussed. “Please, I have to get back home. Let me go.”

The second one was tightening the straps on my arms, “This is your new home now, brah!” He wore boat shoes, a toga, and snapback cap.

I looked around – the room was dim, but my eyes had adjusted to the gloom. I was sitting on a wooden chair. To my right was a small table with a variety of instruments; there were pliers, jumper cables, car batteries, a mallet, and a bucket of water. Things were not looking good.

Toga looked up at his instructor, “Anyway, where were we? Ah yeah! So how do you score then, smartass?”

Axe made his way to the table, letting a few sparks fly with the jumper cables, “It’s simple



bro – chicks dig subtlety. First, you walk up to her and ask her what she does for a living.” He tested the pliers next, making sure they could grip my fingernails, “Then when she tells you, you’re supposed to look disappointed. Really disappointed.”

Toga was enthralled, “Okay, what next?” He tightened the straps on my other arm.

“Then when she asks you ‘What’s wrong?’, you’re supposed to say, ‘Oh I was hoping you were an archaeologist.’”

I tried to roll my eyes, but the pain was too intense. Toga hung on every word, “Uh-huhh.”

“At this point, this chick has to ask why – they always need to know!” Axe paused to build suspense, “When they ask ‘why’, you say, ‘Because I have a large bone that needs examining!’” He moved the pliers towards his crotch, thrusting into the air.

Toga erupted into laughter, his world would forever be rocked by this revelation in seduction.

McAbdulface barged into the already cramped room, “Not enough work for you idiots!?”

The two straightened up suddenly, “No sir! I mean, yes sir!” one of them answered back.

He made his way around the chair, facing me and took off his Venetian sunglasses, “Is our guest ready?”

Toga checked the straps one last time, “Yes, sir!”

McAbdulface grabbed my chin, turning my head to examine the wound. “Are you going to cooperate, or will we need to make this more

unpleasant than it already is?” He gestured towards the table.

I couldn’t think through the pain, “What is it you want? I don’t know anything!”

He moved towards the pliers, “Let’s start with how you found out about the Kenbonium.”

Silence. McAbdulface pinched my thumbnail with the pliers and gave a sharp, warning tug.

“Ah! Shit, okay! This man called Rustlov told us. I don’t know who he is – some General maybe.”

McAbdulface smiled, “Ahhh! Now this is podracing! Rustlov sent you?”

I nodded.

“Rostlov. What a pain in my asshole that man is! Of course, that’s not his real name, you know that, right?” My silence suggested I did not.

“Rustlov, also known as Lenny Rustlestein when he’s day trading – and Dr Jim Rustles for when he’s back home.” He stared down at me, floating in and out of consciousness, “What else did he tell you? Did he send you so that he can play the meme market at our expense?”

McAbdulface slapped my cheek, keeping me awake.

“I don’t know how else to phrase it; I don’t know anything else.”

McAbdulface paused for a moment, assessing his torture options. “Should we try the car battery next?” I didn’t answer, “Or maybe some waterboarding?” He paused, looking at the men, “Prepare the Ludovico machine!” They jumped into action. Axe held my head in place, while

Toga placed a neck brace on me, to keep me still. One of them came towards me, with some kind of sadistic helmet, complete with surgical hooks, wires and braces. The other tried to pry my eyelids open for the hooks.

I struggled violently, “Fuck off! I told you everything!” I began to wish for the pliers.

The men held my head still whilst carefully opening my eyelids with the instrument, “It’s just a prank bro! It’s just a prank!”

I finally ceased struggling – there was no fighting the hooks. I looked towards McAbdulface, my eyes pried open, whilst he fiddled with a Klan robe the compound had laying around.

He took it apart carefully, turning it into a makeshift projector screen. One of the men wheeled in the projector, the other filled a syringe and injected me with some mystery drug – most likely some dangerous cocktail of 6 whole marijuanas, and purified self-loathing.

I started to lose my grip on reality – the walls sighed and moved along with the pace of my shallow breathing. Eye drops were placed in my eyes, and I was directed by one of the bros to look forward at McAbdulface. “You’re going to tell us everything you know!” McAbdulface barked, “Even if we have to break your mind in the process!” I saw him rolling little earplugs

into his ears. The lights were turned off, the projector started whirring – it seemed like they had left the room, leaving me in this torture device to watch whatever was about to be played.

Suddenly the film started, accompanied with various grating sounds designed to wear away my resistance – mainly air horns and gunshots. Images of cancerous memes from me\_irl dotted the screen, I gasped at how monumentally fucking low quality they were, “Oh God... No! No!” I yelled.



A stock image of a chair and a caption appeared, “This is the chair of unending comfort, upvote in 2.345354321 seconds or be forever uncomfortable”. I screamed unashamedly – how could someone be subjecting me to this? Another ‘meme’ popped up, this time a picture from a biology textbook that showed the process of a person taking air into his lungs, it read

“LMAAOO LIKE IF YOU’VE DONE THIS”. Another, just shitpost after shitpost of the same picture plastered on the front page of me\_irl. My eyes started to bleed from the visual AIDS I was witnessing. I lost track of all time, with the seconds blending into minutes and hours. If I was to ever escape this hell on earth that was me\_irl, I’m not sure if I’d ever be the same.

At some point the power had cut off – the gentle whirring of projector ceased, and I was left alone



with the images I had witnessed burned into my retinas. I wondered what had happened. Suddenly sounds of gunfire rang through the compound's hallways; an organised team were making their way closer to where I was, shooting briefly, then advancing. The door had burst open and I was unshackled from the monstrosity. "Who are you?" I whispered, as the men helped me up.

"Shh bby, is ok" one replied, "We've been sent by your boss – you're going home."

With my last jot of energy I had smiled weakly; my eyes slowly shut, almost of their volition.

### *The next day*

Jason and I had finally made it to the station, our time in this hellhole would soon be over. When we stepped onto the platform, we were greeted with a most welcoming sight; a powerful steam locomotive, complete with all the carriages you would expect for our transcontinental voyage home. The body of the train was elaborately gilded, its red enamelled paint shone brilliantly in the sun. A sign on the train schedule read "THE GRAND MAYMAY EXPRESS – Memeopolis, transit through Lazytown."

I turned towards Jason, taking a deep breath, "I think we'll be alright! We're finally going home!" He nodded in agreement.

Once on-board, we made our way to our cabin – a modest bunk attached to the first-class carriage. We continued on, acquainting ourselves with the lounge car, the dining hall, and the recreation car. We got a drink at the bar, and decided to do some people-watching.

I pointed out a pompous looking man, he had a grandiose moustache, military uniform, and walking cane. Jason laughed and nodded subtly towards an older lady – she wore an expensive gown; her silver hair was up in an ornate bun. She had a pair of spectacles on an elaborately unpractical rod that she held up to her face when reading. By our fifth drink we had made up stories for most of the passengers on the train: the grimy engineers who shovelled shitposts into the boiler to fuel the train; the aging man in a Magistrate's gown; and the young nanny who cared for someone's unruly children.

"What a zoo!" a man standing by the bar had said.

We looked up, startled by the fact that we were being watched ourselves. The man wore a smart burgundy lounge suit, and had a boater hat in his hand.

"Sorry, we missed what you said." Jason lied.

"I said what a zoo!" The man pointed at all the people walking by, suggesting that he found it funny too. He extended a hand, "Johnathan Normanhurst, pleased to meet you." We shook his hand and introduced ourselves.

My journalistic instincts kicked in, "So John, do you have any idea who any of these people are?"

The man chuckled softly and took a sip of his drink, "Yeah, they're regulars on the Maymay Express." We must have seemed confused, since he clarified, "They're always on their way somewhere, but they basically live on the train." He pointed towards the older lady, "That's Nichelle Featherbottom, the Duchess of Deepfriedmemes"

Jason faked knowing who she was, “Ohhhhhhh, yeah, I see it now.”

John smiled, “It’s a very small Duchy, you’ve probably never heard of it.” He continued, “That man is Magistrate Spez. He’s just finished his secondment at The\_Donald – people say he hasn’t been the same since spending months in that ass-end of nowhere.

“Rectum?” I added.

“Damn near killed ‘em!” John smiled and waved over a young woman, “This is my twin sister, Jane!”

Jane smiled politely, and waved, “It’s nice to meet you! I hope my brother isn’t boring you!”

We laughed and explained what we were doing.

“Ahh! How positively mean-spirited!” she laughed along and pointed at the military man, measuring how many palm lengths the carriage was, “That’s Général Autisme.”

“Autisme?” Jason asked.

She shrugged, “He’s French, I think? Rumour has it that he just came back from advising the French President on the flotilla of Italian warships off of the French coast.”

“What happened?” Jason continued.

Jane held back more laughter, “Turns out it was just a shipment of frozen pizzas that had fallen into the sea!”

I pointed towards the nanny, wrestling away a heavy rolling pin from one of the misbehaving children, “Who’s that?”

The twins looked perplexed. “Well... we’re not sure, actually.” John answered.

“Yes, I’ve never seen her before. How odd.” Jane added.

I wasn’t sure if it was the drinks, or the setting we were in, but I felt inspired to join in on the ludicrousness of our surroundings, “Well no





matter! Let us finish our refreshments, and then sup in the dining car!" I had said.

We all laughed gaily, and continued our night elsewhere. It didn't take long for Jason and I to lose track of the time, "My goodness," Jason had said, "it's almost a quarter to three! We should probably retire for the night."

The Normanhurst twins sighed in disappointment, but agreed that we would have plenty of time on the trip to catch up, and do this all again. We made our way to our beds, heads swimming from the drinks; a strange bed had never felt so cosy. I shut my eyes and drifted asleep.

### *Sometime later*

A shrill whistle had lurched me out of my slumber – the train had ground to a rapid halt, throwing Jason off of the top bunk. "Ah! Shit! What happened, did we hit something?"

"I'm not sure."

The whistle sounded again – we could hear it getting closer to us, "Everyone get up! There has been a murder! Get up!"

I turned on a lamp, and looked at Jason, "Get the camera!" We rushed out in our robes, trying to locate the epicentre of the drama; the crowds had begun to form in the recreation cart.

Once we had pushed through, we were confronted with a most gruesome sight; someone had killed a meme passenger in cold blood. I approached, slowly pulling the white

cloth off of the body, the witnesses recoiled in disgust – the victim was Professor Whom'st, his eyes were still open in horror.

"Who could have done this!" a passenger had yelled.

"Get the Conductor!" another added.

Looking at the meme was difficult – the body had been bruised heavily. I unbuttoned his collar slightly to reveal that the bruises had extended all over his now blue body; his arms, legs and chest were all covered in small marks. "What is this?" I gasped.

A doctor who had been travelling on board stepped up to take a closer look at Professor Whom'st. "Hmmm..." he ruminated, "It looks like blunt-force trauma – the man had been beaten to death with something."

Whispers rippled through the crowd. The Normanhurst twins had pushed through the crowd to get a closer look. "Desman! What's happened?" Jane had asked, holding a handkerchief to her face. I explained all I knew, which wasn't much.

Jason took a few quick photos with his camera, before the conductor had rushed up to stop him, "That's enough! Have some respect!" he snapped. "Did anyone see what happened?"

More whispers came from the crowd. John stepped up, "Well, I did see something unusual, sir. The General was having an argument with him earlier in the night, when the four of us were having dinner."

The Conductor clicked his fingers, and addressed one of the staff, "Summon the General!"

Within moments, Général Autisme hobbled over on his cane, only partially dressed in his uniform. "What is the meaning of this?" he boomed.

The Conductor began the questioning, "General, there have been reports of you arguing with the Professor just before his death. Do you wish to enlighten us on this?"

The General, flustered and embarrassed at all the attention, managed to sputter out a few words, "That's preposterous! Surely you're not suggesting I had something to do with this whole sordid affair?"

John walked up to the man, eyeing his cane, "Well, that thing could pack a mighty wallop, I'm sure. Maybe enough to leave all these little bruises?"

"How dare you! I can barely stand without it, let alone muster up the strength to beat a man senseless!"

Magistrate Spez stepped in, "Alright, alright – there's no need to get upset. We're just trying to get to the bottom of this, Old Bean. Would you tell us what you two were arguing about?"

Général Autisme thought for a moment – it was unclear if this was due to his age, or whether he was trying to cover his tracks. He finally spoke, "The Professor and I had a disagreement regarding how familiar he was being with my wife. I had called him a rascal, and he decided to storm away." The General thought for a moment

longer, his eyes lighting up, "Oh! Before he disappeared from sight, he had bumped into one of your engineers! He grabbed the man by the collar and shoved him, causing the man to drop his shovel!"

I had placed my hands into my robe, seeking to warm them up, but found a strange surprise in one of the pockets; a detective's pipe, complete with a liquid to make bubbles with! I pulled it out of my pocket and blew a few contemplative bubbles, "What did this man look like, sir?"

"He was the rough looking sort – he had a rather large scar on his left cheek."

The Conductor looked up from the body in surprise, "What? A scar? That's Edgerson you're describing. Surely it wasn't Edgerson that killed the meme?"

Magistrate Spez shrugged apologetically, "Well we should question him, to be sure."

The General spoke again, "I've realised we have stopped the train. We mustn't let the real killer get away; you should give the signal to go ahead, at least until we get to the bottom of this."

The Conductor nodded in agreement, and called for the engineer. The train had once again begun to press on forwards, gradually picking up speed.

Edgerson emerged, covered in shitpost soot from head to toe, "You called boss?"

"Where were you on the night of... Wait," I had messed up my delivery, "Where were you tonight?"



The man looked at me as if I was an idiot, “By the boiler, making Enid chuff!”

Magistrate Spez adjusted his spectacles, “The train’s name is Enid?”

Edgerson nodded.

“Well no matter! Did you see the Professor at all tonight?”

Edgerson realised the man who had bumped into him was now dead, on the floor. His Cockney accent changed tone considerably, “Lads, hold on a minute! I had just stepped away from the boiler to take a piss! The wanker had bumped into me, and then shoved me to the ground. He told me to watch where I was going, and then stamped off. I almost fell on me shovel!”

The Doctor that examined the body had taken the shovel from the man, comparing it with the bruising, “Hmm, it doesn’t seem to match the size of the handle – these bruises are much smaller.” He handed Edgerson back the shovel, “Well, did you see him with anyone else?”

“Yeah I did! That nanny girl! When I was coming back, he seemed to have her cornered in the hallway, trying to chat to her – she seemed quite uncomfortable.”

Jane stepped forward, “She did have that rolling pin from earlier on. I don’t want to be presumptuous, but I suspect that she may have had something to do with all this!” She started to make her way towards the cabin door, “I think

I saw her skulking around somewhere at the back of the train, I’ll see if I can find her.”

“That doesn’t seem like a good idea, Jane.” Jason warned.

“I’m sure it will be fine.” She paused, trying to quell his concerns, “Why don’t I take John with me, just in case?”

Jason looked at Magistrate Spez, who nodded his approval.

Moments later the young nanny appeared from the shadows, clearly fearful of her summons, “What has happened? Did I do something wrong?”

“Where are the lady and gentleman that called for you, miss?” I had asked cautiously. “Pardon me, I’m afraid I don’t know your name.”

“My name is Metamora.” The woman was pale with worry, “They had made their way to the sleeping cars after calling me here. Please, what is this about?”

Magistrate Spez rose from his armchair, “I’m afraid Professor Whom’s’t has been murdered.” He directed her to where the body was, “We have been informed that you may have spoken to him last.”

Metamora recoiled slightly at the thought, “No! It cannot be! I had nothing to do with this; you have to believe me!”

“Tell us what happened, then.” Magistrate Spez ordered.



“Nothing

happened, truly.

The man was drunk – he hit on me when I had come out to deliver the Dutchess’ medicine. I was with her the whole time, she’ll tell you!”

“And the rolling pin?”

She looked puzzled, “What? The one I had taken from the child, earlier on in the day?” she pointed to a kitchen hand from the crowd, “I returned it promptly to that man.” Everyone present had turned to him, eager for him to deny it. He did not; it seemed like Metamora was not responsible for the meme’s death.

I moved in closer to look at the body. We were getting nowhere! None of these suspects had been the person to kill Professor Whom’s; we would be here for days, at this pace. I had begun to press at the bruises with my fingers mindlessly, curious to see what would happen. “Hmm, that’s interesting” I had said quietly.

The Conductor walked up to me, curious to see what I had found. “What is it?”

I pressed my thumb over one of the bruises; it seemed to be a perfect match. “Could these be thumbprints?” I had said, almost in a joking tone.

The

Doctor checked the hypothesis with his own thumb, “It certainly looks like these bruises could be thumbprints. But how is that possible?”

Edgerson laughed inappropriately, “Hah! What, was he thumbed-up to death? That’ll be about right! Normies will thumb up anything!”

A surge of adrenaline hit me, “What did you just say?”

Edgerson looked at me, puzzled “What, that he was thumbed-up to death?”

“No! After that!”

“That normies would thumb up anything?”

I looked at Jason, and then at the Conductor, “The Normanhurst twins. They’re the normies!” We rushed past the crowd, The Conductor and his staff close behind us, “We need to find them before they get away!”

# RE-INCORPORATING NORMIES



## AN UNDERUTILIZED MARKET

**/u/deros94**

This past year was marked by a steady stream of memes. Some of the top quality memes of 2016 are meme staples that garner large tendie gains. These are your We Are Number Ones, the Dat Bois, and the Spongegars. Reddit, 4chan and Tumblr are often the main platforms for meme creation and sharing. However, how many of us look externally out of the meme markets? Yes, this refers to the memes created and shared by normies. Understandably this is often considered heresy by dank traders. But by looking into normies and their memes, we can see that new markets emerge.

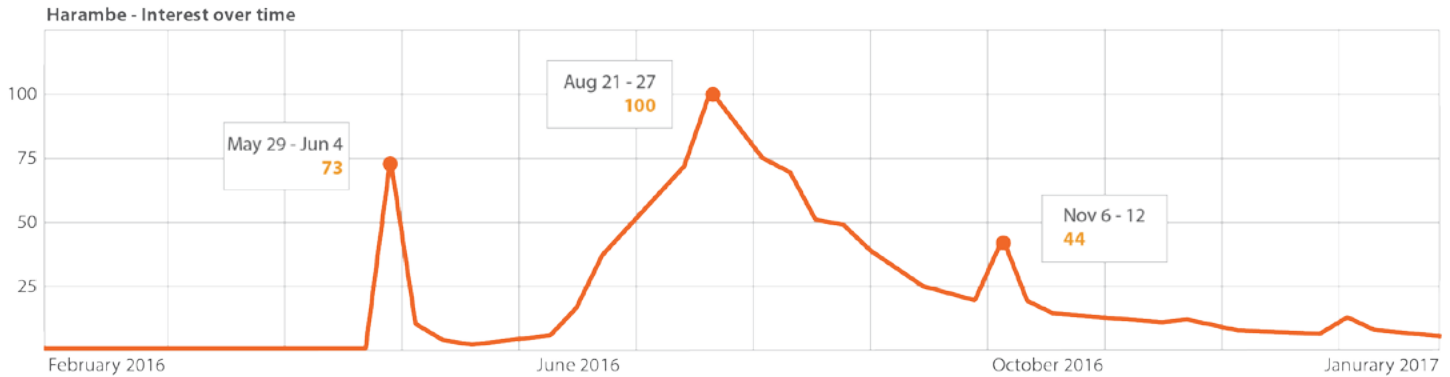
As all good traders know, the memes we share and bet on, invest in, often fly above normies' understanding. A commonly mistaken attitude is that if normies grasp onto a meme, the funeral toll will chime and one can see the meme's Dankness Potential (DP) shrink. Yet I would suggest the inverse; a normie invasion only

drives its dankness upwards, and it is us who kill off the memes prematurely. Similar to bank rushes in cash markets, a "normie rush" will send ripples of panic through buyers and ultimately reach the creators. These ripples are what drive down prices, not the normies themselves.

This is not a time to change major trading habits. There is no way to hide the truth. While most of these memes lack value, it doesn't mean that one should ignore them outright.

As both creators and investors generally find normie interaction disgusting, dank memes are often curated to fly under normie radars. However, many will remember the strange case of Harambe. The gorilla's death and the media hype around it eventually led to the creation of a quality dank meme. Versatility was the name of the gorilla's game. But since it was a public news story the meme was quickly picked up by





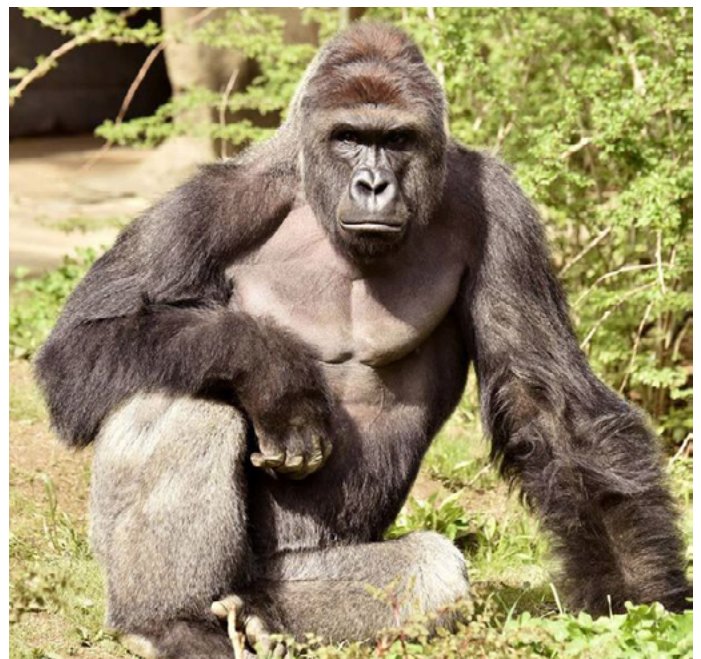
This was especially true of the Dicks Out sub-meme.

Harambe should be the case study for normie interaction bringing up DP. The Harambe Meme was extended from its original inception in July and August onwards through November. It had a larger web search presence than Pepe during this time period. This changed after the anti-defamation league declared Pepe a hate-symbol but it was still close for a few weeks after that news story. Various magazines and online publications such as Vox, The Washington Post and New York magazine wrote articles about the nature of memes. Musicians such as Young Thug and Excision each created a song titled Harambe in the wake of the normie Harambe memes. The explosion of normie influence led to a massive increase in awareness and growth of the meme.

This ties into my next point about the normie market. If you didn't snatch up normie memes throughout the past year you weren't investing intelligently. The top 2016 normie memes were such classic garbage as Damn Daniel, the "Dab" (outside its use as dance move), and Pen-Pineapple-Pen. In 2017 investors should be looking at the surge of Salt Bae and Cash-Me-Outside for potential diversification. Normies have a very cheap buy in period which can last a long time. This is due to the slow but steady burn of

memes that normies love. They will grind their memes into dust, but the buy-ins are so low it's makes for a rather safe investment.

This piece comes to you savvy investors in a time when the meme markets are slow. The end of 2016 had us blazin' the biggest vapes and whipping up youtube remixes. After a stressful year you might want to share your favorite depressing comedy format with family. Many of whom will look at you like the redpill that you are if you mention Bee Movie or Robbie Rotten. Learn to appreciate the simpler, less valuable, memes in order to bolster a weak 2017 opening.



*RIP in pieces*

# R/DANKMEMES PEDOMEME CONTROVERSY

TRIGGER WARNING: RAPE, INCEST, PEDOPHILIA



WHILE THE BAN WAS UNPOPULAR AMONG USERS, IT MAY HAVE HAD POSITIVE CONSEQUENCES.

**By u/toastmeme69, February 2017.**

Recently, r/dankmemes mod u/LingLing\_NorthKorea made a controversial announcement: No more pedo memes on the largest meme subreddit. For a while, the top comment on the post stated “I’m legitimately happy the mods don’t want this to turn into r/ImGoingToHellForThis.” This positive reaction at the top of the post veiled a shitstorm of hate beneath it however. Users cried “meme censorship” and “mods are fags” for the next week. There was little disagreement between users: the erupting war pitted readers against mods.

First-time visitors to the subreddit found the “new” section clogged with moderator hate and reference to recent events. It was suggested many times that normies had infiltrated the ranks of the moderators. Even the frontpage was filled with anti-moderator content. Finally, the other mods made a tough but necessary decision: demod LingLing and repeal the ban, effective immediately. This was hugely

popular among subscribers, and was met, as shown in a frontpage post following the repeal, with “overwhelming autistic screeching... of justice.”

Some were still skeptical, however. As one user quoted, “The installment and immediate repeal of unpopular acts is often used as a cover for deeper problems,” along with the question, “What are the mods hiding?” Perhaps a major defeat was suffered in the War Against Normies. Perhaps reposts and normie memes were clogging the subreddit and the mods needed a distraction. Whatever the reason, not everyone was convinced by the repeal of the pedo ban.

Doubters were soon silenced by what one user described as “The second non-fag moderator action in as many days”: the introduction of a custom r/dankmemes watermark to insure that OC content couldn’t be stolen by normies.



This was another smash hit, and moderators have since seemed to regain an almost pre-ban level of trust from users.

The immediate effects of the pedo ban were very easy to see simply from the content on r/dankmemes following its installment. Many users created ironic “Former Pedo Memes” in which “child” is sloppily replaced with “consenting 18 y/o.” The amount of “mods are fags” memes, which had been a quip on the subreddit for awhile, increased exponentially. Memes about finding new places to post pedo memes arose from the chaos also. In general, memers found loopholes that got their point across without being covered by the ban. In an internet phenomenon known as the Streisand Effect, a ban on pedo memes increased the references to pedo memes while decreasing the amount of pedo memes themselves. The moderators had intended to increase the subreddit’s favorability to new users by taking off some of the particularly edgy content. The opposite occurred, with references to pedo memes increasing drastically.

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## The opposite occurred, with references to pedo memes increasing drastically.

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Other edgy memes, like suicide and rape memes, increased in volume. It’s rational to assume that many users posted these to spite the moderators and reverse their intentions. Either way, the effects of the ban were the opposite of the intentions. It was something the mods didn’t foresee, but which any seasoned meme analyst could have predicted. Instead of being greeted with less “controversial” pedo memes, new readers were instead greeted with either memes about the ban (which they didn’t

understand) or other edgy memes, like rape or incest (just as “controversial” as pedo memes.) Pedo, rape, and incest memes all rose from the meme drought, in which a void was created that only shitposting edgelords could fill. The void was emptied by the ban, only to be filled again by memes about the ban which rose out of the chaos. Such is the beautiful cycle of the meme market.

While extremely unpopular among subreddit users, and widely regarded as a normie move, the ban may have served as an unintentional cleansing for a subreddit plagued by the War Against Normies. Normies often lurk in the shadows of r/dankmemes, ready to steal memes as soon as they pop up on the frontpage. The pedo ban may have purged these normie spies by removing the content they depend upon. Memes about a Reddit controversy aren’t viable for sites like iFunny and 9gag, where the normies repost many of r/dankmemes’ posts. It is likely that many of these normies left to find other places in the midst of the controversy. Their return is unlikely, since the aftereffects of the controversy are still being felt. Many frontpage posts reference the ban, repeal, or the de-modding of u/LingLing\_NorthKorea.

Scrambling for a way to regain user’s favor, the mods may have stumbled upon a new and powerful weapon in the War Against Normies: a r/dankmemes custom watermark, tailor-made to prevent normies from stealing the subreddit’s memes. What initially seemed a massive defeat for dank memes, meme freedom, and memers everywhere may have become a massive victory. As the post repealing the ban declares “The reason dankmemes has grown to become the largest meme subreddit is because of freedom. The freedom to meme, the freedom to dream.” We hope to see this freedom being respected in the move forward, so that r/dankmemes can continue to grow and keep its reputation as the biggest and best meme subreddit.