



lying to everyone about making a real  
zine and when they open it its just a

*fall out boy* fanzine

9m 

am half joking

8m 

No pls that would be so good I fully  
support u

Now

a special thank you  
to asher for putting up  
with this hyperfixation  
and encouraging me to put  
it into this zine! ily!



frankie a. zia



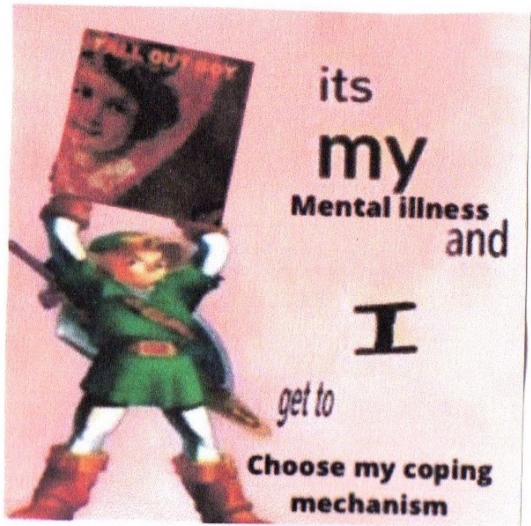


(this would've been a hit  
in 2003! sorry for putting this  
out 19 years too late!)

writing an intro for this feels  
a little silly but i will try my  
best. this was honestly one of the  
most fun, creative things i've made  
in a really, really, reaaaally long  
time. it gave me an opportunity to  
go back to my roots and love of collage  
(in print) and then going in to do  
the digital work after as opposed to  
how i've done with previous zines.  
these couple of pages before you are  
a compilation of fall out boy photos,  
lyrics, livejournal entries (spanning  
2001-2008), excerpts ffrom pete wentz's  
book Grey, texts (from me to asher),  
amongst other things. without further  
"a deux", here's a window into what  
my brain has probably looked like for  
the last 9 months.







(credit to asher for this precious meme)

"you're nobody until somebody loves you" at least that's half true. let's not make it through the night. come on, you look so wrong but you feel so right. **"he tastes like you only sweeter he tastes like you only sweeter he tastes like you only sweeter he tastes like you only sweeter..."** and so on until the end. sometimes i'm just a goddamned lunatic. but i only keep myself this sick in the head cause i know how you get off on these words. baby, i've got it bad for you.

Thanks for the memories  
Even though they weren't so great  
**"He tastes like you only sweeter"**



wrote you a goodbye note (you just wrote me off) **on your arm when you passed out. bestfriends, exfriends- better off as lovers not the other way around.** racing through the city in the back of yellow checkered cars. the takeoffs are the worst but the skin from your shoulder to your ear makes it all worth it. and im sorry the way my moods flicker on and off like old light on your porch. but i know you wouldn't have it any other way. sneaking in your window instead of out. the way you hold a cigarette cause you don't know what to do with your hands when we are sitting this close. **the way the waists of pants feel better at the ankles.** the way you always were my best excuse for calling in sick on everyone else. i miss you.

I wrote a goodbye note  
In lipstick on your arm when you  
passed out  
I couldn't bring myself to call  
Except to call it quits  
Best friends  
Ex-friends till the end  
Better off as lovers  
And not the other way around

fall out boy (from most to least favorite)		
#	TITLE	ALBUM
1	Bang The Doldrums Fall Out Boy	Infinity On High
2	G.I.N.A.S.F.S. Fall Out Boy	Infinity On High
3	w.a.m.s. Fall Out Boy	Folie à Deux
4	My Heart Is the Worst Kind ... Fall Out Boy	My Heart Will Always Be th...
5	The (After) Life Of The Party Fall Out Boy	Infinity On High
6	It's Not a Side Effect of the ... Fall Out Boy	My Heart Will Always Be th...
7	Dance, Dance Fall Out Boy	From Under The Cork Tree
8	Heaven's Gate Fall Out Boy	MANIA
9	Fourth Of July Fall Out Boy	American Beauty/American ...
10	Fame < Infamy Fall Out Boy	Infinity On High



HA  
HA

why couldnt i have normal  
autistic special interests like star  
trek and trains

why is mine FALL OUT BOY

cringe

~~with my hand right over my face~~ My blood  
cells are pixilated. My pupils dilated. ~~But I am alive.~~

~~When the moon first followed me~~  
Blood cells pixelate and eyes dilate  
And the full moon pills got me out on the street at night

I'm a lifer, sweetheart, I'm here till the bitter end.

I love you in the same way  
There's chapel in a hospital

~~We're the kids you used to love~~  
We're the kids you used to love  
But then we grew old  
We're the lifers here till the bitter end  
Condemned from the start  
Ashamed of the way

And one foot left the other

Sometimes the things you miss  
I'm sure it's better than you ever left.

~~coming to find me and remember me~~  
I cry in the chapel, say a prayer  
to God, who decided two nights ago that Her number  
was up. ~~God said to the angels~~  
~~that they be multiplied to include me~~

~~Thinking about her like a madman~~ Desperation  
isn't a strong enough word, but it will have to do. ~~if~~

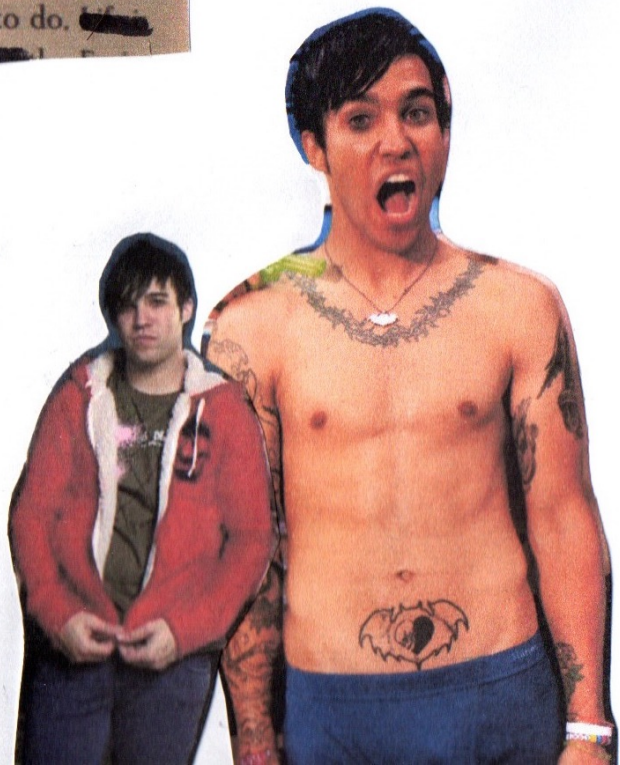
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"desperation isnt a strong enough word (but  
itll have to do)" pete wentz live journal





For whatever reason, it seems like we're against love. Everyone. People think love equates to weakness, or gullibility, or an unwillingness to deal with reality, so they try to ruin it, the social scientists and the admen, with studies and lingerie shows and boxes of candy. They try to invalidate it, dirty it up, but they can't, because people in love know the truth. They know love is good and pure and really the most beautiful thing in the world. They know love is greater than anything, greater even than God. At first, I didn't believe it, but I do now. You have made me realize it. Being away from you has been the hardest thing I have ever done. I am shaking and sweating. I am going into withdrawal. I need you. You are my withdrawal. You are my blood.

does your husband know  
the way the sunshine  
gleams off your wedding band?

i am a pete wentz type of  
romantic, i would dedicate  
a whole album to a boy, i  
would write every album  
after about him, i would  
give him an xray to show  
him my heart, i would wear  
a pin of his face, i would  
always talk about you on  
live journal, i would write  
songs about you on other  
bands albums

anyway fall out boy has the most  
romantic lyrics love me a good  
fall out boy lyric about romance



july 26, 2005

literally whoever i fall in love with  
in the near/distant future is just  
gonna receive whatever love this  
man had when writing "does  
your husband know the way the  
sunshine gleams off your  
wedding band? does he know  
the way i worship our love?"

lately i've been into believing fictional stories like  
the ones about me and you being happy. they've  
gotta be science fiction cause how else can you  
have a monster fall in love with a boy with no  
heart? actually i'm pretty sure you have a heart,  
but i'm just as certain it'll never be mine. i can tell  
you're willing to be loved somewhere on the  
inside but that doesn't do me any good when i'm  
still seeing things through thick curtains over  
windows and padlocked doors on the outside.  
bitter regrets, predictable forfeits. we lit a fire that  
was nothing but smoke and hot air. ashes, my  
hands are empty and you hold all the cards, kind



to taste Her spit;



i only want sympathy in the form  
of you crawling into bed with me

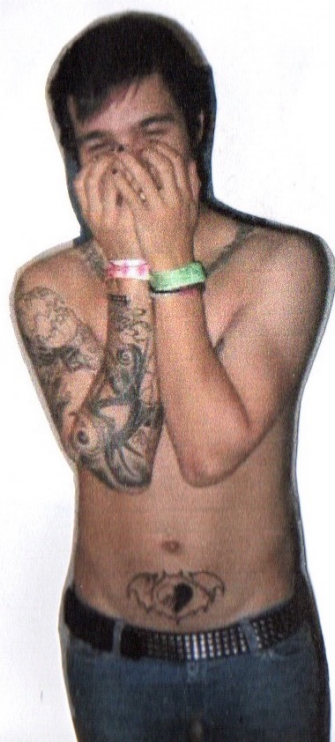
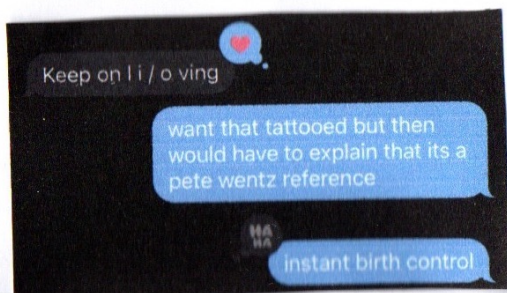
jul. 15, 2005

Though I am over hearing your thoughts on  
haircuts and pants. I'm over us trying to be  
perfect tens for your little eyes. We don't care  
what you think of us. Listen to a song and time  
your heartbeat. Let it be okay to fall asleep slow  
tonight. Think about a good friend. Think about  
god. Think about death. Think about someone  
elses hand clumsily on your belt in the dark. Think  
it will be okay.

~~thoughts~~ when mistakes have warm flesh and all the  
right words it's really hard to tell them no. ~~when~~

~~mistakes do what your conscience doesn't would~~

hurry, hurry  
you put my head in  
such a flurry, flurry  
what makes you so special?

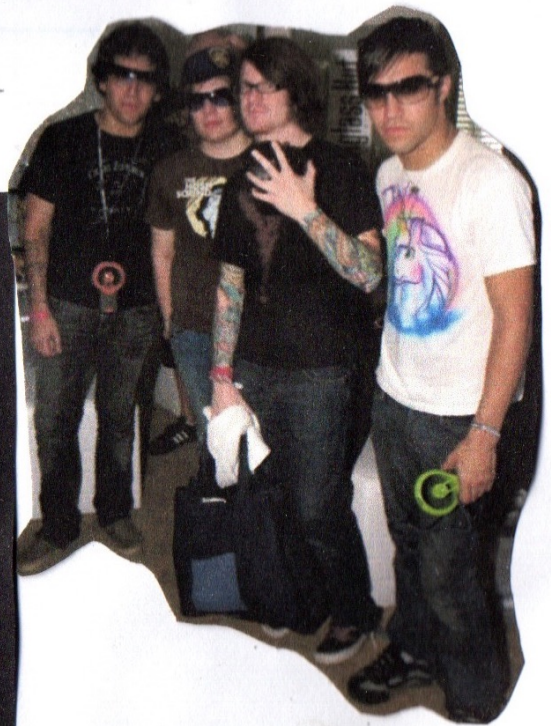




literally crying about fall out boy  
when will i grow out of being 13

one look from you  
and i'm on that faded love

you're making it okay: uncrustables (strawberry only), tiny hoodies from the little boys section of thrift stores, new bright eyes, this movie windy city heat- i swear to god it is the funniest movie i have ever seen, elliot smith "from a basement...", chocolate cake milkshakes, full moons, 80 degree weather in january, catcher in the rye (almost as cliché as me, but its the best there is, its safe), stealing clothes from photoshoots instead of doing laundry (never should have let us try on the clothes hahaha), the san diego zoo, bob for buying me an electric scooter-FBR tour is gonna be radical, new panic at the disco song, patrick laughing at me trying to squeeze into hilarious jeans- i promise you it's gonna happen, champaign for my real friends- real pain for my sham friends.



I want to protect you from all of this. When it's all over, I want to run away with you and never come back. I want to be buried in the ground with you. It's the only way we can keep this pure and beautiful, I'm afraid.

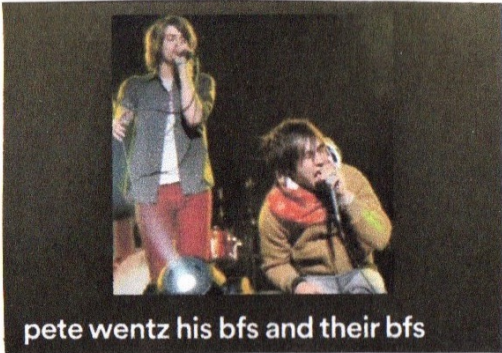


why dont you showme a little  
bit of spine you've been saving  
for his mattress, love?

It is not going to turn out the way she wants.  
Let's just make it through tonight, worry about the  
mattress. I am pulling the wool over Her eyes. I am not the wolf or the sheep. I am another animal altogether. This is not dress-up.

The conversation and the possibilities are running out. Last call. Every time she moves Her hand to Her hair, she is sending me signals—fight or flight. Why can't I figure them out? Don't strike first. Wait until I'm tired enough to make a move. I want to be like Her, being so much closer to conversation. As I pull back, she keeps talking about writing, she thinks will make Her look cooler. There's too much distance between us now to tell. Too much water under the bridge. Too much mileage between the legs. I push my tongue into Her mouth. She smells like stale cigarettes, smoked by boys who were me on nights before. This is all I can think about as we begin undressing one another, panting with false ferocity. It's all a show, and we both know it. Her body feels hollow. I push on anyway. Afterward, we lie in my bed, and I trace my finger down the scar on Her back. It runs the length of Her spine, as if somebody tried to steal it. I joke at Her like this: "Someone must have ignored the blueprints, look at all the structural damage." But I stutter and trail off. The smoke curls off Her lips. For a second, I am dying to be it. Dying to be as clever and kissable as Her.





pete wentz his bfs and their bfs

pete wentz whore era

got the entire 2005 emo punk scene  
fucking each other

15:43



**Tuesday, June 28, 2005**

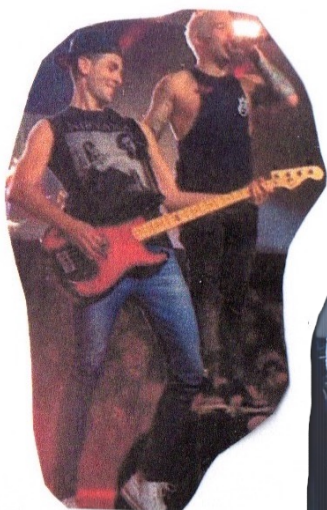
Amazing new mexico sunset.  
I'm hanging on a bridge with  
my friend mikey way from my  
chem. Its all orange and pink  
above us. We went to  
another waterpark again. I  
love high fives again. Totally  
back in love. Saw the most  
amazing movie... I think its  
called spirited away. Watch it.  
Peterpan





Pete Wentz / Height

5' 6"



Andy Hurley / Height

5' 5"



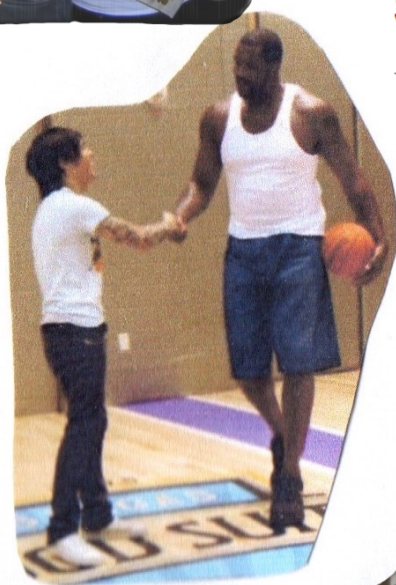
AND THEY'RE ALL LIKE  
5'6 AT MOST



Joe Trohman / Height

5' 10"

(and i would've been right,  
too! had it not been for joe!)



Patrick Stump / Height

5' 5"



i bid y'all "a deux"  
(yes i made the same  
pun twice! i'm sorry!)



signing off,  
i'm alright in bed  
but i'm better with a pen

@rejectpile

