



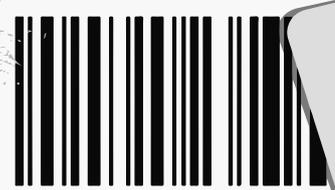
BITE THIS!

THE UNOFFICIAL TOAD
BISCUIT FANZINE



IN TOAD
WE TRUST

Please stop throwing your bra at Vaelyn!!!



1234567890





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IN TOAD WE TRUST

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Plus an exclusive printable Toad Biscuit poster at the very end!



Dear... ~~whoever reads this,~~
~~or like,~~

fuck it, this is probably just for me anyway.

We're halfway through the tour and I haven't slept in ~~three~~
~~maybe four~~ six days.

Vaelyn stole my hoodie (again). Kriia's texting me things like
"remember to eat that sad banana in your bag or I'll haunt you."
I ate it. It was warm. I regret everything.

Anyway, there's something unhingedly magical about playing these
songs that were born out of, like, literal breakdowns. To scream
them into rooms full of strangers and somehow—somehow—you
scream BACK?

That shit wrecks me.

This band isn't therapy,

It's chaos.

It's late night arguments about setlists, snapping a string mid-solo, and
someone putting glitter in my shampoo. It's also the only place I've ever
felt like I could exist fully—fucked up heart and all.

Angry, gutted, loud, and maybe still in love with the world a little.

but maybe it's group
delusion with filler
basslines?

If you're reading this,

I hope something in this zine makes you feel a little less alone.
Or at least makes you snort-laugh through your emotional spiral.

Thanks for being part of this with us.

We'd fall apart without you.

Actually, we're probably still falling apart.

But, like... together.

Vaelyn GIVE
ME MY
HOODIE
BACK!



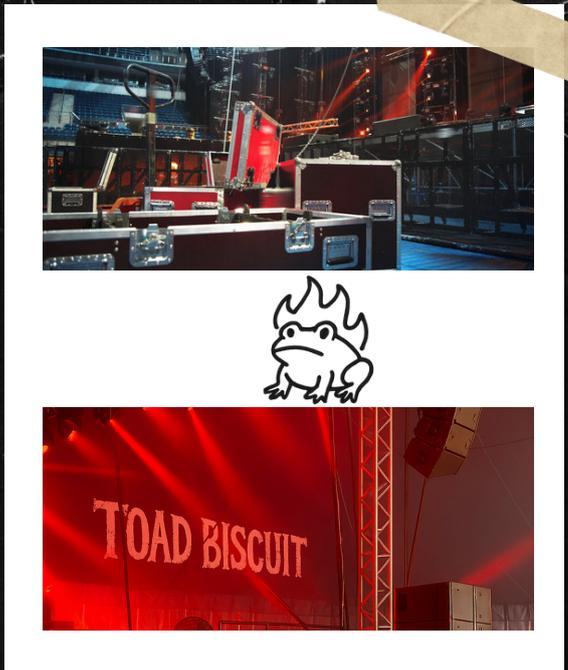
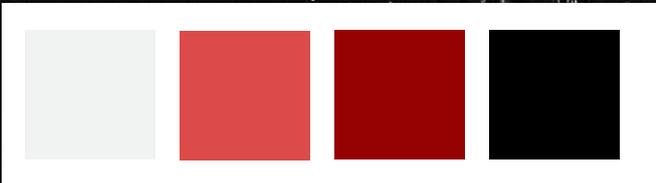
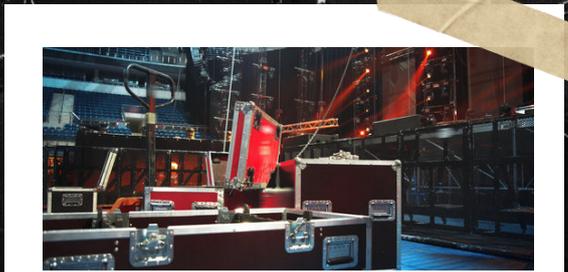
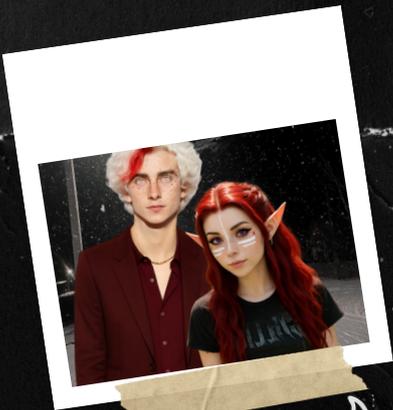
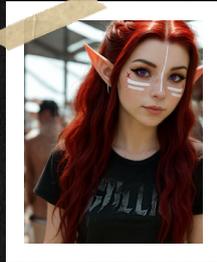
Remi stop drawing
dicks on my papers pls. 😞

— REXAR
FANG

(Chaos Coordinator / Frontman /
guy crying in the back of the van rn)

TOUR MOOD BOARD

This isn't just a band, it's a fever dream with power chords. Here's the chaos, the sweat, the glitter, and the ghosts that made us.



"LIE TO ME" - FAN RUMORS I'M NOT CORRECTING

"REXAR HAS SIX NIPPLES. THAT'S WHY HE WEARS OVERSIZED SHIRTS."

"VEE'S TATTOOS REARRANGE THEMSELVES AT NIGHT"

"VEE COMMUNICATES EXCLUSIVELY IN CRYPTIC INSTAGRAM CAPTIONS WHEN HE'S MAD."

"THERE USED TO BE A THIRD BAND MEMBER BUT THEY WERE ABSORBED INTO REXAR'S AURA AND NO ONE TALKS ABOUT IT."

"IF YOU SAY 'TOAD BISCUIT' THREE TIMES IN A MIRROR, VEE APPEARS BEHIND YOU AND CRITIQUES YOUR OUTFIT."

Favorite pre-show ritual?
PANIC PEE AND THREATENING THE MIC STAND WITH EMOTIONAL DAMAGE.

What's your skincare routine?

REGRET, GLITTER, FALLOUT, AND 2 HOURS OF STAGE SWEAT.

Is it true Rexar sleeps with a stuffed lion?

NO. IT'S A PLUSH SALAMANDER. GET YOUR FANFIC FACTS STRAIGHT.

What's something fans would be shocked to know?

I CAN RECITE THE ENTIRE BEE MOVIE SCRIPT. DON'T TEST ME.

Did Remi really bite a guy in a gas station?

DEFINE "BITE."
THEN DEFINE "GUY."

Why do you only wear one glove on stage?

BECAUSE I LOST A DUEL WITH A RACCOON AND NOW IT'S A TAX WRITE-OFF.

Do you guys even REHEARSE or just HOPE FOR THE BEST?

BOLD OF YOU TO ASSUME WE HOPE.

DO ANY OF THE SONGS ON TEETH LIKE TOMBSTONES HAVE SECRET MEANINGS?

EVERY ONE. I'M JUST NEVER TELLING YOU WHAT THEY ARE.

IS IT TRUE YOU WROTE AN ENTIRE SONG OUT OF PETTY REVENGE?

NO. I WROTE THREE. STAY TOXIC, SWEETIE. ♡

IF YOU WEREN'T IN A BAND, WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING?

ARSON. ALLEGEDLY.

Are the rumors true about Levi and the haunted toaster?

I'VE SAID TOO MUCH. NEXT.

Do you guys have a band therapist?

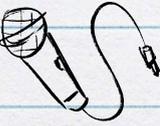
HIS NAME IS DENIAL AND HE'S DOING GREAT.



TONIGHT'S SHOW:

PICK 6 SONGS FROM THE TOAD BISCUIT CANON—OR INVENT YOUR OWN CHAOTIC MASTERPIECES.

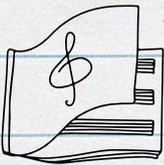
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____



Key change here!

Encore Track
(If We're Feeling Emotionally Stable):

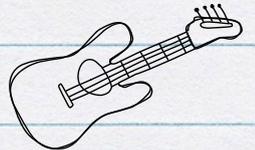
Encore: _____



CRADLE ME LIKE A CASKET	RED SKY
I'M THE FIRE EXIT, BABY	FLAME TONGUE
HEX ME SOFTLY	FLAME OF MY HEART
THE PIT DOESN'T PRAY	
LICK THE WOUND, LIE ABOUT IT	
I CAUGHT FEELINGS AND FIRE	
THIS SOUNDCHECK FEELS LIKE GOODBYE	
TEETH LIKE TOMBSTONES	
HOLD ME LIKE YOU MEAN IT	
A LOVE LETTER TO COLLAPSE	
FIRE	
LOST BROTHERHOOD	
BISCUIT BREAKDOWN	



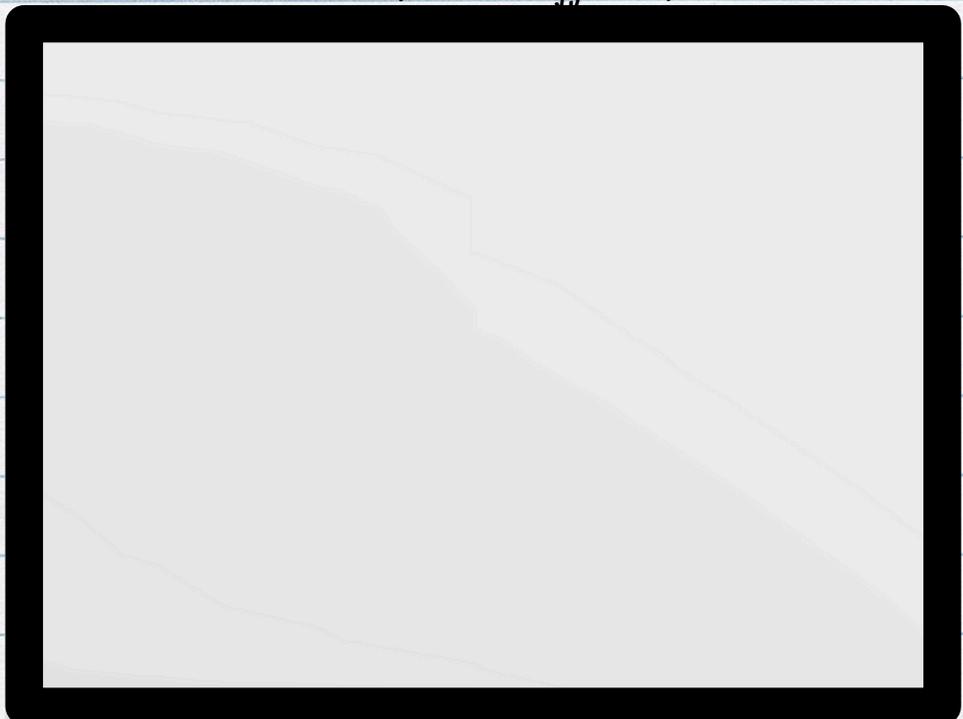
DRAW YOUR OWN TOUR FLYER:



Your town. Your lineup. Your chaos.

Use this space to create the world's most unhinged fake tour poster. Add fire, glitter, emotionally repressed wolves, and maybe a badly drawn bass.

Make it loud. Make it personal. Make it look like it was made at 3AM on an energy drink bender.



OVERHEARD IN THE VAN

Actual Quotes (Allegedly):

Rexar: "Technically, I could fit in the glove box. But should I?"

Vee: "If the ghost in the gas station bathroom tells me to do a kickflip again, I'm fighting it."

Rexar (2am, dead serious): "If I die before you, play Nickelback at my funeral. That'll teach 'em."

Vee (whispering): "Rexar. You drank six Red Bulls. We're not even out of the parking lot."

Rexar (from under a pile of stage lights): "This is my chrysalis. I will emerge hotter."

Vee (into the void): "Is it really tour if you're not questioning your existence in a gas station snack aisle?"

What's something Toad Biscuit definitely said on tour?

♥ Write your unhinged headcanon quote here:

♥ Bonus chaos: What item is always missing from the van?

Aux cord Someone's boot Shame All of the above

FANG RECORDS

“Biting into tomorrow’s music... whether it likes it or not.”

Titesway, Aleda • fangrecordsofficial@fangmail.net • (32) 5553-FANG



OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Toad Biscuit,

First of all, thank you (?) for submitting your new album “That’s Not A Toad, Susan” to Fang Records. We listened. We questioned reality. We sought spiritual guidance.

Unfortunately, after much internal debate, one emergency group therapy session, and a quick consult with a wildlife biologist, we must regretfully decline to move forward with this release.

While we admire your bold commitment to chaos, we have concerns. Several of them. Starting with track titles like:

- “I Croaked So Loud I Summoned My Ex”
- “Amphibians Don’t Owe You Closure”
- “Skin Shed, Trust Issues Remain”

And lyrically... we’re still recovering from the line:

“I watched you hop into someone else’s pond, Susan, and now my lily pad’s just a wet metaphor for abandonment.”

We won’t pretend to understand the deeply concerning spoken-word interlude, “Taxidermy Is Just Hugging Too Hard”, nor do we feel emotionally equipped to unpack the closing track “Bullfrog Funeral Dirge (ft. Screaming)”.

Also—and we cannot stress this enough—that is *not* a toad on your cover art. Our intern is still crying.

Please consider, as artists and also as people with functioning frontal lobes, revisiting your concept before re-submitting. Or perhaps... *not*.

With our sincerest confusion,

Fang Records A&R Team

P.S. Please stop mailing us bones. We’re very tired.



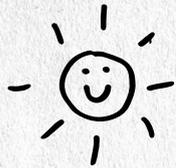
TOADBISCUIT



OFFICIAL TOAD BISCUIT MENTAL HEALTH TRACKER

(Because your emotional spiral deserves proper documentation.)

WHAT'S YOUR MOOD TODAY?



Sunny



Dreary



Dead
Inside



Full-
Blown
Chaos

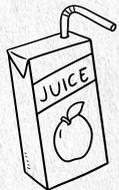
WHAT'S YOUR MOST LISTENED LYRIC THIS WEEK?

(e.g., "Red sky in the morning / I think I really need you" - it's fine. You're fine.)

COPING MECHANISM OF CHOICE; (CIRCLE ONE)



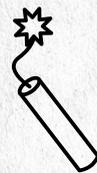
Coffee



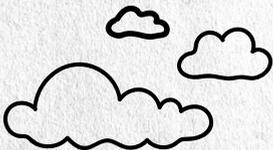
Juice



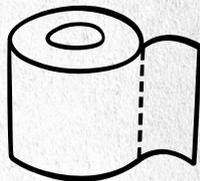
Retail
therapy



Screaming into
the Void



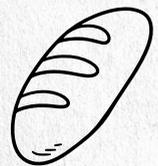
Lying Face
Down on the
Floor



Crying in the
Shower with
Dramatic Lighting



Putting One Song
on Repeat and
Calling it Healing



Eating Bread
and Pretending
It's a Hug

REMINDER OF THE WEEK:

Have you told someone they're a sexy emotional disaster today?
(It's called support. Look it up.)

SEE YOU IN THE PIT

NO REFUNDS. NO REGRETS. NO ENCORES.
JUST YOU, US, AND THE NOISE.



[SCAN ME]
Get the secret stuff.
Download an unreleased track.
Unlock a letter from the band we
definitely weren't supposed to post





**YOUR EX'S FAVORITE
BREAKDOWN BAND.**

