

FORTIES — AND — FOAMIES



VOL. TWO





HELLO.

If you're holding this pocket-sized mag, congrats—you've stumbled onto a slice of Pacific Beach magic. Inside these pages: local legends, inside jokes, and the kind of stories that make this place feel like home. Kick back, crack a smile, and enjoy the ride. You're one of us now.

Forties and Foamies

A Note From The **EDITORS**

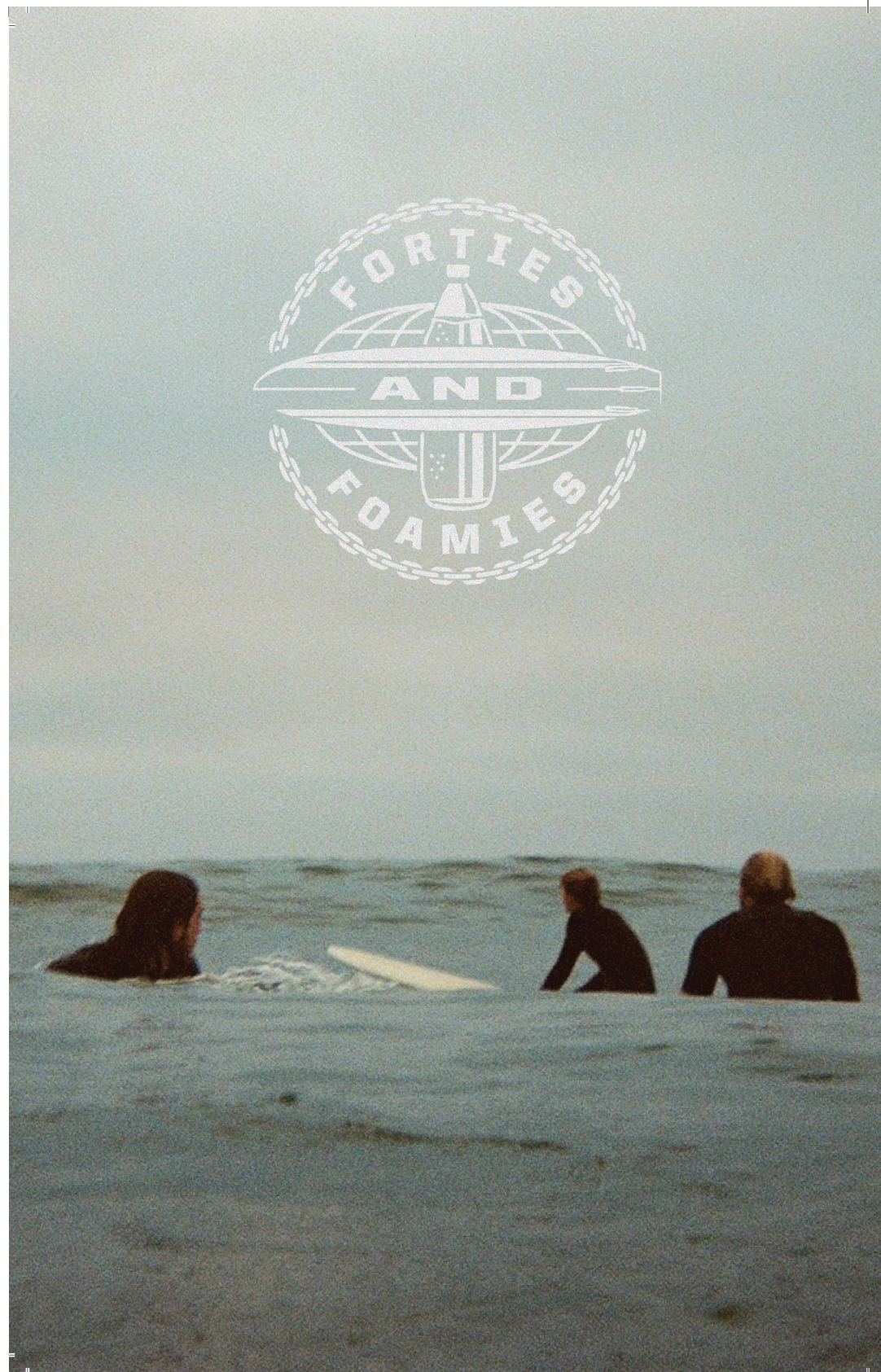
Its Volume 2. We didn't think we'd meet the deadlines or push through the budgets but in the words of Sam Seaborn, "It's next, because we came out of the cave and we went over the hill and we saw fire and we crossed the ocean and we pioneered the west and we took to the sky, the History of man is hung on exploration, and this is what is next. We are supposed to be explorers." We are here again after almost ten requests, and we are going to push the limits of this publication. The team at Forties and Foamies has had a productive Summer and has new members to summon when it's time for the Calvary to ride.

In this issue we explore the forbidden romance of North v. South Pacific beach, have first-hand accounts of the Catalina Island Marathon and the Mt. Whitney expedition, teach you how to find the Tallest Tree, and we lay down some opinions about California Burritos. We even added a Crossword puzzle so the Zine can make the transition from coffee table to your Bathroom. We are here to tip our hats to the culture of our beloved neighborhood. And to encourage you the reader to explore, ask questions, and appreciate this shared experience outside of the Magazine. If you have any ideas you'd like to expand on we now have a website, fortiesandfoamies.com that our webmaster OJ himself has been adding features to on the daily. (we also have Instagram, but go on the website first.)

But with all these changes we didn't lose sight of what we set out to accomplish when we first started this rudderless journey.

Whenever I am out trying to figure out what is next, whether I'm at Byron Bay, Whitney, Catalina, or in the clear water of Cold Spring Minnesota. On the last days of these trips before I am due home usually I am guilty of having a few drinks - but I always call home to somebody I'd feel comfortable saying I love you to without flinching. And I'll tell them how I crave a Double Double from that fast food restaurant, a Burrito from Taqueria Los Ruiz, a sunny day at Law Street, or how I want to have a beer at the West End with everybody. Whoever is on the other side of the call will promise those things in short order and that they'll have some form of it waiting for my arrival. And then I start packing.

Andres Gomez





“The PB Girl” STARTER PACK



Birdrock Surfshop
Cropped Tee \$28



Rayban
Sunglasses \$160



This sort of
Tapestry \$34



Levi-Strauss
Baggy Jeans \$98



Java Earth
Iced Latte \$7.50



Hanging
Plant \$24



Apple
Headphones \$539



Sambas
Adidas \$100

Any
Book \$20

“The PB Guy” STARTER PACK



West End
Hoodie \$50



Seager
Snapback \$38

Super 73
E-Bike \$3,995



Trader Joes
Tote-bag \$23



Meller
Sunglasses \$38



this
Facial Hair Free

6-Pack
Alesmith Pale Ale \$13.29



Nico's Fish Market
Poke Bowl \$22



Birkenstocks
Slip-ons \$169



Stop The 23 STORY TOWER

What You Need To Know From
Hailey Tyson

If you've taken a stroll to the beach lately, you've probably seen the signs: "Stop the 23-Story Turquoise Tower." And like any loyal PB resident, you've probably thought, "Yeah, fuck that tower,"...without actually knowing anything about it.



The Facts

Project Vela (PRJ-1121764), a 23-story high-rise known as the "Turquoise Tower" has been proposed at 970 Turquoise Street, the former site of the French Gourmet restaurant in Pacific Beach (not to be confused by the construction site beside Westend called "Turquoise Place" which will be a new 3-story apartment complex.)

High-rises are uncommon in Pacific Beach due to its location within San Diego's Coastal Height Limit Overlay Zone (CHLOZ). This zoning regulation, passed by voters in 1972 and legally put into effect in 1976, restricts building heights to a maximum of 30 feet or three stories. The primary goal of this zoning law is to preserve coastal views and maintain the area's character.

High-rises like the 11-story Pacific Towers and 12-story Capri by the Sea were able to be built in PB, as they were constructed in 1973 and 1971, respectively, before the Coastal Height Limit Zoning was officially in effect.

However, the developer behind the project, Kalonymus, LLC., intends to bypass the height restrictions by invoking California's State Density Bonus Law (Government Code §§65915-65918). This law permits developers to exceed local zoning limits if they include affordable housing units in their projects. Specifically, developers can increase density (number of units) on a property in exchange for reserving a portion of the new units for lower-income residents at below-market rates.

Legislative concerns have arisen regarding the developer's application of the State Density Bonus Law. The plan includes 74 residential units, 10 of which would be income-restricted affordable housing (five for very low-income and five for moderate-income residents). However, the project also includes 139 "visitor accommodation" units, which are essentially hotel rooms.

To understand the afford-ability aspect of the 10 income restricted units, the Area Median Income (AMI) for San Diego County as of April 16, 2025 must be considered. A single-person household qualifies as very low income (50% AMI) makes \$57,900/year, while a moderate-income household (120% AMI) earns \$109,860/year. As we translate this into rent on income-restricted housing, the developer can charge up to 30% of the household's adjusted gross income, resulting in monthly rents of approximately \$1,309.00/month for very-low income and \$2,608.00/month for moderate income households.

The primary concern over this project is the inclusion of the "visitor accommodation" unit that the developer intends to rent as market rate long term leases. This has sparked questions as to whether the project aligns with the spirit of the State Density Bonus Law, which aims to promote affordable housing, not to serve as a loophole for the developer's benefit.

In September 2024, the City of San Diego's Development Services Department (DSD) sought guidance from the California Department of Housing and Community Development (HCD) for "technical assistance" to clarify if this project accurately qualifies under the State Density Bonus Law.

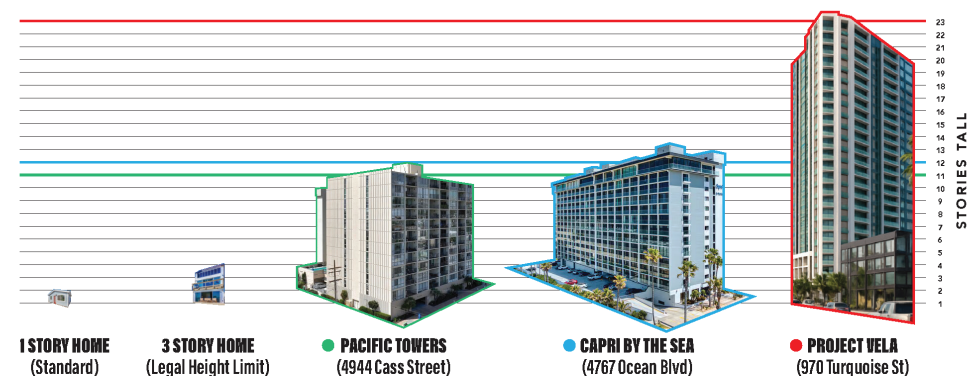
As a result of those discussions, the developer has been asked to provide an economic analysis showing that the "visitor accommodation" units are necessary to support the affordable units, and the City may conduct its own independent study to verify the claim.

We will have to wait and see what comes out of these analyses. At best, it seems the City could determine that a portion of the "visitor accommodation" units are not needed to support the affordable units. This could lead to a reduction in the number of units, thus decreasing the height of the high-rise.

It's likely that some version of this project will still move forward, but as your trusted local Pacific Beach news outlet, we promise to keep you informed about any new developments regarding the "Turquoise Tower."

Keep it classy. Keep it low-rise. Keep PB, PB.

Visual Height Reference



Apartment for rent



\$3,350/mo

853 Thomas Ave APT 13, San Diego, CA 92109

Price may not include required fees and charges.

[Costs & fees breakdown](#)

?
beds
 0
baths
 94
sqft

[Request a tour](#)

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Treehouse	Available Sat Aug 23 2025	No Pets
Outdoor Breeze	No in unit laundry	Off street parking
No furnace	No Overnight Guests	No Smoking

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★ THE ★ PARROTS



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LOCATION: NEAR YOUR ROOM

WHEN: EVERY MORNING ★ ADMISSION: INVOLUNTARY

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Death To INVADERS

A Short Story By
Sophia Krasny

Tourmaline has commanded the surf scene in Pacific Beach since Hawai'ians brought the culture to the mainland. To be exact, PB point was the spot that grabbed people's attention.

Before Tourmaline was a park, guys were living in little shacks in the canyons between North Pacific Beach and Windansea. The bluffs and beaches were their home and playground. But, the city and wealthy residents weren't too stoked on this concept. Fights between residents, city officials, and surfers broke out; surfers earned the 'bad kid on the block' reputation. Lifeguards and law enforcement were tasked with policing surfers. Restrictions determined when and where people could paddle out.

The point became a no-surf zone, but the public's love for surfing was growing, so city officials decided to build what we know as Tourmaline Surf Park, which became the first surf park in the United States. OG surf rats who had been surfing the point hated this development. It's understandable: they didn't want their lifestyle to be taken away or changed. They took to vandalizing construction zones; a tractor was even destroyed to halt progress. Steve, a local raised on these shores, commented on this: "We used to go out each day and write 'Death to Invaders' on anything we could find. From Windansea to Mission, you couldn't walk anywhere without seeing it." I pressed him to explain the slogan's meaning... "Well, what it meant is don't come here and try to change what we thought was perfect, you know, to us, what we already had was perfect." He continued:

"This place didn't even used to be on the maps... and now people think this is a beginner's beach, but they're dead wrong, you used to be able to fit 3 or 4 guys in a barrel."

But, just like anything, time moves on and change inevitably follows.

Tourmaline was established in 1965, just in time for surfing to rock popular culture in Southern California. "I remember when the Beach Boys' 'Good Vibrations' album came out, in '67 or '68, and I walked from the pier [...] to here, counted 4500 people in the line up [...] no one had leashes and all board weighed 30 pounds back then," said Steve.

The public took to Tourmaline, and it quickly edged its way into locals' and out-of-towners' hearts. I had the chance to speak with Uncle Mo, a native Hawaiian-turned-San Diego local. He's been surfing this break since the '60s. To Uncle Mo, Tourmaline had something special: "I came here in the 60s, and I started catching some good waves. The vibe to me was kinda Hawaiian... you know it wasn't full-Hawaiian, but kinda Hawaiian. And I met some Polynesians and we made it our little Waikiki."

But he found a bit more than solid waves. "... In the beginning, the first 15 cars in the lot, the old guys would have their doors and trunks open, and they would give away free coffee, donuts, and sandwiches. I thought it was great, I woke up and knew where I was going". This was the beauty of Tourmaline: it continued to be a home for surfers, even though the years of canyon shack-dwelling had ended.

Over time, traditions are tweaked and shaped by new generations. Surfing has changed a lot since those days; boards aren't 30-pound goliaths anymore – we have foamies and nice, cozy wetsuits to keep us warm. In general, it's more suitable for beginners and people who don't know the history and etiquette that ground the sport.

Uncle Mo explained his view of these changes, "Later, definitely with the pandemic, it made it [the vibe] worse. Because everyone would come out with their foamies, and fights would break out between some of the older guys and these young beginners. And I didn't use to help people out, but when I saw that, I told those people to come surf with me". But it wasn't only the locals who were initiating these fights, Uncle Mo emphasized the beginners had a huge impact on the vibe at Tourmaline. "It [the pandemic] brought a lot of rookies, it brought a lot of problems, some new guys, beginners, would come down with attitudes..."

Tourmaline, on its best days, is not only firing, but it carries a tangible feeling of family—you look out for one another, there's love for the sport, for the place, and for the community. A local's job is to carry this spirit and teach others, and a rookie's job is to become a local. To close: "This is a good place, we just want to make it a better place," says Uncle Mo.



Mt. Whitney And The Causality Of Casual Abandonment

Event Recap By

By T-bone

At 14,505 feet, oxygen was a luxury, and bad decisions were more abundant than granite. It began as eight friends' noble quest to summit Mt. Whitney, but quickly spiraled into a violent combustion, occurring in slow motion. It was a fiery unraveling, fueled by high-altitude, questionable food choices, and obstinate determination. Our friendships didn't succumb to the mountain, but they would have welcomed even a half-hearted attempt at CPR.

Let's start with Sophia—the MVP of the trip and Patient Zero. She battled an apocalyptic stomach bug the day before, then woke up and casually climbed the tallest peak in the continental U.S. Her diet during the hike? One green bell pepper and an undisclosed but troubling amount of cheese. She bit into that bell pepper raw like it was an apple. Not sliced. Not seasoned. Just vibes.

Midway through the climb, she declared: "Almond butter is peanut butter's slutty sister." We didn't ask for this information, and we also didn't contest it (what can one say in response to such a statement?). Later, in the van heading home, we thought normalcy was finally returning—until she sighed and said, "Ubers are the closest thing to a gondola to hell." She might have been the most emotionally stable among us.

Complimentary to Sophia's recklessness, Owen decided the best fuel for 22 miles was iodine, Smarties ropes, and an entire cantaloupe. You read that right. He brought the truest form of cantaloupe, with its rind fully intact. Everyone passed on this feast, which left him feeling deflated. At one point, he muttered, "No one wanted the cantaloupe." You never heard a sentence so solemnly spoken. If his love letter to the group was this cantaloupe, we tore it up and threw it into the flames. Later, we dreamt sweet nothings of using the 'loupe as a soccer ball. Coming to think of it, the 'loupe might've come to fruition (in both contexts) from a melee of super scramble... we'll dive into that later.

Henry kept an unwavering motivational schedule as the self-appointed Trail Sergeant (we didn't know this position existed). His mantra: "We gotta get more miles while it's dark." He said it no fewer than ten times. Our response? Blank stares, we were cave trolls aiming to survive. He had energy. The rest of us had regrets. The lack of miles occurring in zero-dark-thirty conditions haunted him later in the day, and the wheels on his bus slowly came to a halt. Sorry, Sarg, no rally from this head-lamp-wearing pep crew.

Eventually, we cave trolls were running on fumes. Naturally, at this point,



epiphanies were had, one of them being: "Only pussies use poles." Jacob then, with no shame and full commitment to irony, added: "Yeah, I just brought these poles in case a pussy needed them." He was using them within the hour. By mile six, they were holding him together physically and emotionally. He finished his adventure with a dreadful 10 hour trip back to Arizona. Godspeed to him, he might still be stuck to his pleather seats, in a way only a 'Zonian Subaru driver could achieve.

Then there was Andres. Sweet, quiet, stimulation-seeking Andres, whom we essentially left to die. Somewhere during the 97th switchback, the group pulled ahead, assuming he'd catch up or... figure it out. Hours passed. The mountain got steeper. Spirits darkened.

And then—like a mythic creature born from a trail mix fever dream—we saw him again: frolicking through an alpine meadow at 12,000 feet, arms wide, eyes gleaming. He was our bounding woodland sprite with zero qualms or complaints. He had been left for dead and returned as a high-altitude forest god. No one knows how. No one asked, we were speechless and in awe.

Cami deserves a shoutout for being, without question, the best-spirited of us all. Positive, consistent, and encouraging—for most of the hike. Oxygen deprivation hit Cami hard. Somewhere between the final rock scramble and the peak's elevation sign, he went from cheerleader to full-blown summit gremlin. Wide-eyed, wild-haired, and babbling in what we think was Spanish, he wandered around like he was simultaneously guiding a yoga retreat and hosting a cooking show in his head. He was unraveling. Yet also thriving. It was inspirational.



MJ was a silent mystery the entire trip. No one really knows what he was thinking, because he spoke zero words. And honestly? It was refreshing. Amid Andres' obsession with constant stimulation, MJ's quiet presence was a cold sip of water in the desert. Zen seeped out of him, which reminded us of our old friend Gavin—aka The Monk—a writer, a sage, and the only person we know who could beat MJ in a silence competition. It was comforting. Like hiking next to a still lake—a still lake with a 45-pound pack and dead eyes.

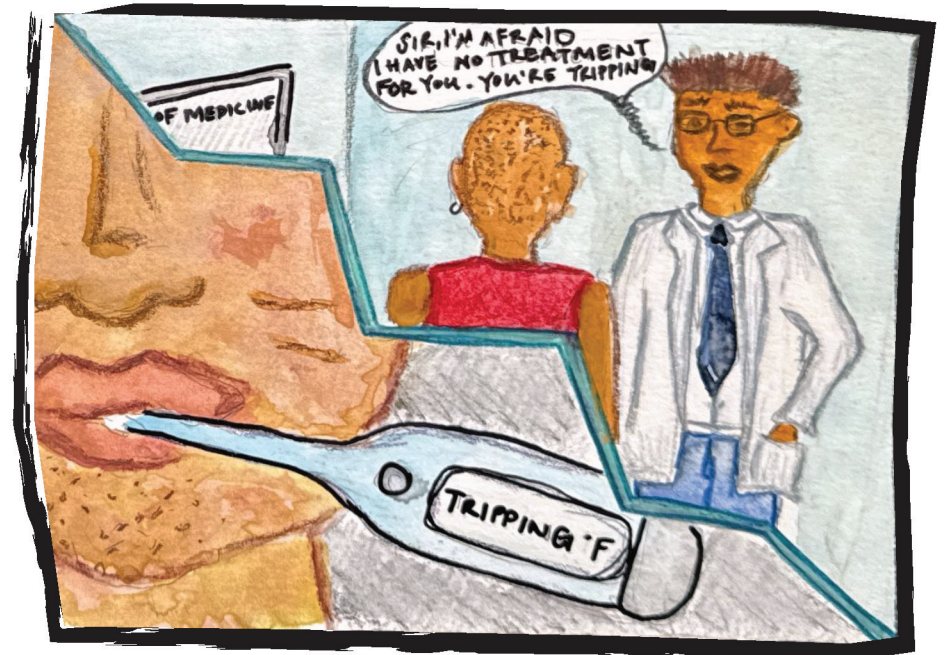


And for reasons we still can't comprehend, Owen only spoke of his 7 hour journey with super scrabble. Not the normal one, but normal for Owen. At 12,000 feet, who knows what goes through his mind. Ozone, as he's referred to, is the PB scrabble master. Someone spelled "quit." Someone else wept.

We made it to the summit. Somehow. Through cheese sweats, cantaloupe drama, high-altitude hallucinations, and the calming gaze of MJ. Whitney didn't break us—but we definitely took a few hits on the way up. We came. We climbed. We might never hike together again.



COMICS



ART BY:
SOPHIA KRASNY

Juliet At WATERBAR

A Love Story By
Henry Welsh

Once, Pacific Beach was a unified paradise. A sun-drenched land of surfing, burritos, and reckless optimism. That is, until November 17, 1984.

It was absolutely firing that day. Law Street, picturesque, peeling with glassy rights, Crystal Pier pitching steep energetic lefts. An idyllic day, until something ominous appeared on the horizon: a set so large yours truly would have soiled his wetsuit and cried for his mother. And dropping into the largest wave of the set like twins in a mirror: Duke "Three Legs" Malloy and Donnie "Skids" McGraw. Local legends. One ran a bar off Reed and gave free beer to whomever scored wave of the day. The other screened VHS surf films in his Loring surf shop.

Like creatures of lore they carved and cavorted down their respective ways a hush settled over the beach. Donnie on the left, Duke on the right. Who would bail first? Their eyes locked, daring each other. Neither flinched. And as waves collided outside present-day Diamond Street (site of Oscar's— please give me free tacos), a deafening crack was heard. PB was never the same again.

Dragging themselves to shore, leashes-entangled, egos bruised, the two unleashed a stream of vitriol that would fracture a community. "North PB is about as fun as a party in LA," Duke spat, saltwater dripping from his nose and dragging his dinged board onto the beach. "All you care about is stroller brands and pretending you're chill." "Yeah?" Donnie exclaimed, hauling his snapped knife behind him. "South PB is a walking hangover, propped up by vape clouds and credit card debt. I doubt anyone south of Hornblend knows what a 401k is."

And so it began: the great PB schism - a cultural fault line running down Garnet, a battle for the soul of Pacific Beach. Some say it's a clash of lifestyles: quiet residential streets vs loud party nights. Some say it's about values: chaos vs chill. But those who were there know better: it all started with a single wave. Two legends committed to being the most pitted. And for years this was the status quo, two halves of a whole waiting for something to bridge the divide.

If a single wave could split a community in two surely a single spark could heal it.

For as long as humans have been engaging in promiscuous affairs, one common theme rises above the rest: forbidden love. It leaves normal hookups, doe-eyed love stories and passionate escapades in the dust. Forbidden love stands alone. It gets the people going.

Try to name a more iconic story than Romeo and Juliet, or how anything compares to Donkey and Dragon absolutely carrying the Shrek movies, or Jason from Bachelor season 19 choosing Molly over Melissa (yes I did google this).

Titillating and turbulent, these stories transcend generations. They hold society in their grip, reaffirming your faith in the possible. This tale will show you how two individuals from polar opposite worlds stitch together a community at some (very little) personal cost.

It will remind you that, deep down, we're all just animals seeking that delicious, taboo thrill that sets the libido humming. The story I'm talking about is, of course, the forbidden affair between a man from north PB and a woman from south PB, a love arc which rocked our community to the core.

It started as a typical encounter: a swipe right from north of Garnet was met by a swipe right from south of Garnet and the seed was planted. The eloquence of the first encounter could certainly be overstated, but great things are built from simple stones; I've transcribed the opening conversation for posterity here (names have been obfuscated).

Chet and Sarah have matched (Send a message to see the sparks fly!)

Fri Jun 13 7:30 PM Chet: Hey

Sat Jun 14 2:10 AM

Chet: You up?

Thur Jun 19 6:30 PM

Chet: Hey you wanna get a drink?

Fri Jun 20 5:25 PM

Sarah: Yeah

Chet: Sick

Chet: West End?

Sarah: Ew north pb...

Chet: Yeah...

A rocky start for our lovebirds, but never fear, Chet's moving prose and Sarah's monosyllabic sass would guide them unerringly to their destiny. Sadly, this was the end of Chet and Sarah's written correspondence and our story picks up on a typical Saturday afternoon several months later: Chet awoke at 1pm on this fateful day. His hangover was so painful it reminded him of the first time his bro Chase chose his girlfriend as beer-die partner over him. This was going to be a doozy of a day and the mid-afternoon sun assaulting his retinas was the least chill thing, like ever. Grabbing his neon pink

Blenders, a pair of lightly soiled board shorts and a tank top, our protagonist headed out to begin his day with the sweet nectar of salvation, a California burrito. He whipped his Honda Civic (replete with In-n-Out wrappers two-layers deep on the floor) onto Mission, letting everyone hear the sweet sound of Kygo's greatest hits. Skidding confidently, and sending tourists scrambling, he parked and stepped out into the bike line approaching the burrito spot with a confidence so misplaced it could have been mistaken for all his father's affection.

On Mission Bay, a parallel path was unfolding. Sarah had awoken at 7:30 promptly and taken her usual morning sustenance of a piece of avocado-toast, two slices of an orange and a yogurt. Donning her tiniest pair of sunglasses, she just barely made it on time to the morning farmers market with the girls and began her weekly routine of flirting with the hot guy at the cheese stand. His name was Adam and he was hot in the, I have a cute obsession and I'm blissfully unaware of the surrounding world, way. Plus he knew how to slide a sample at the most opportune moment (I'm blushing on behalf of Sarah just thinking about him tbh). Collecting her purchases, she was flush with cash having chosen an on-sale item from Amazon earlier in the week (I'm told this is girl math, respect). Sarah returned home for a mid-morning rot. Innumerable tik-toks later and feeling refreshed, she headed to her 1pm pilates class unaware of how monumentally her life was about to change.

Walking out of the burrito place, it happened. Locking eyes across Garnet, Chet felt a slight twinge deep in his chest. There she was, the girl who had almost met him at West End. Exiting her pilates studio, she was everything his neanderthal brain could desire. But what should he do? How to approach and win her over? Sure, there were the tried and true methods: ask her what vape flavors she's into, tell her about his sickest wave, offer unsolicited financial advice. But this was no ordinary woman. This was a South PB babe. So, sighing, Chet realized there was only one answer. He would do the unthinkable, he would cross Garnet into South PB and invite her... to Water Bar. Leaving his car parked in the bike lane, he crossed the street, making intense eye contact from behind his Blenders. The heat was undeniable. He just knew— this was his situationship-mate.

I would take you through the elaborate courtship routines of a north PB bro meeting a south PB babe but I'm not here to be the next Sarah J. Maas. I'm here to heal a community.

Let's jump forward to the moment we are all awaiting, their first date. Sarah arrived fashionably late but felt immediate regrets. Her friend's warnings rung in her ears. "It will never work, he'll probably show up on a longboard."

"Just find a solid South PB bro and call it a day."

"Ew, what if he invites you to Kate Sessions or somewhere else in north PB?"

And yet there she sat, alone, overlooking the Pacific, wondering how long she'd wait for her sneaky link to arrive. Meanwhile, Chet was experiencing actual nerves for the first

time since his vape had run out mid-skate sesh last weekend. Pits sweaty, spirits high, he carved down the boardwalk with the determination of a man who'd just googled "how to make a girl fall for you in one date."

When he arrived at Water Bar he took a breath, adjusted his tank top, and approached her table. A few nervous south PB couples whispered ominously,

"Who does he think he is?"

"Are those... Chacos?"

"Look at that north PB guy thinking he's better than us."

But Sarah just smiled. She saw something genuine in this overgrown boy- earnest, sunburnt and smelling of zinc. So when he sat across from her and asked how the waves looked she smiled, shook her head and ordered them two Pacificos.

And they talked. They ate overpriced burgers. They swapped stories.

They hooked up in the Mavericks bathroom.

They went to boozy brunch.

They vibed.

Maybe it all ended after three dates and a shared Spotify playlist. Maybe it faded out into a haze of tequila shots, tacos and drunk texts.

Or maybe, just maybe, years later if you walk down the beach north of Diamond street you'll see two groms in the water. Their mother longboarding on the boardwalk. Their father lugging a Trader Joe's bag filled with snacks from the farmer's market.

Maybe you'll hear one of them yell, "This one's mine!"

The other will call back, "We can share it, Donnie!"

And as Duke drops in, he'll smile back at his brother. A shared wave.

A healed PB.

Stranger things happen every day.





SURF LINGO

FOR DUMMIES

Froth

Froth - Typically used as a description of dishwasher-like conditions.

You send a grommie to conduct a wave report, and you get this text

"The froth is unreal today, we shouldn't paddle out."

Morning Sickness

A way to describe absolutely impeccable conditions; adjacent to 'sick'.

"Dude we're gonna score, Surfline says there's morning sickness at Tourmaline today"

"Siiiiick".

Kook

Short-hand for Kookaburra; an endearing term used to describe someone who has agile, bird-like skill in the water.

"Look at that girl, her turns are clean."

"Yea man, she's a total kook."

Swell

Swell - "Excellent", or "wonderful".

"Managed to hit a few sick turns today."

"Epic, that's swell."

Shacked

To take a heavy beating, particularly from the post-explosive part of the wave.

"Dude I got shacked today!"

"Shit, sorry to hear that, what a bummer."

Firing

Firing - When the line-up is looking more like a zoo than the ocean.

"Guys, Mission is FIRING right now."

"Damn, let's pull up to Tourmaline then."

Offshore

The location of someone who paddled out. In San Diego, also known as "West County"

"Is Jason offshore?"

"For sure, you can't get him out of the water."



PACIFIC BEACH RESIDENT

OF THE QUARTER



“ TILLER ”

Earning PB Resident of the Quarter in your first Quarter on earth is an impressive feat. Yet, Tiller managed to win the honors by a landslide vote. Even more impressive, he hates the sun and has never been in the water. Still, the potential of this nautically named beach dweller is unfounded. He doesn't know everyone on his walk to Java (yet), but they know him.





Leaving SAN DIEGO

A Love Letter By
Sydney E. Smith

I left San Diego in April, 2025. My life (career, relationship, you know, The Big Stuff) up and moved to the Northeast, and I tentatively/hesitantly/...reluctantly followed it. I lived in America's Finest City for a smidge over seven years, or around the length of the average marriage. In some ways, I feel married to this city (or perhaps a "civic union" is a better term. *ba-dum tiss*). I've never actually been married, despite the machinations of an over-eager US Marine—thank goodness. But I gather that marriage, when it's good, is a commitment to consistency, or consistency of commitment, even when contexts change. In our time together, San Diego has given me a beautiful gift: the awareness of my own consistency through ever-changing context. I can best describe this through the lens of living in five different neighborhoods: UTC, Mission Hills, Hillcrest, La Jolla/Scripps, and Bay Park.

San Diego and I first met when I was 22, uncertain yet optimistic, and freshly matriculated from UC Santa Barbara. I moved into a soulless condo in UTC with two roommates who can be best described as having long sticks inserted deeply into their rectums. The rent was always paid and my commute to work at UC San Diego was easy, but it felt like a dorm, an Ikea neighborhood. My half hippie / half party girl heart craved a more vibrant life. Seriously, San Diego couldn't be this boring. Cue move #1.

Next was a magical apartment in Mission Hills, supported by sturdy California craftsmen, swept into serenity by whispering jacarandas and crawling nasturtium. Pandemic walks through canyons and over suspension bridges were accompanied by a chorus of songbirds and the dull roar of distant airplanes. I can still hear the crunch of

sandy gravel mixed with eucalyptus twigs snapping under each footfall. It was there I had my first real heartbreak, the kind that rattles your bones and scoops out your liver. San Diego held me and showed me how pretty life could sound, look, and feel when I was standing alone.

My next apartment in Hillcrest was less peaceful. Constant sirens pierced the air. Across the street there was a stone bench visible from my bedroom balcony, affectionately termed the Crack Bench, where I witnessed not one, but two, over-medicated and under-housed young couples break up. The Hillcrest/University Heights nightlife thudded my windows every weekend, fueled by Bahn Thai noodles and strong drinks at Rich's. It was the site of thickening friendships and the discovery that I was a more social creature than I once believed.

But, when UC San Diego Housing calls with a \$1.1k/month one-bed apartment overlooking Scripps Pier, you answer. So I moved again. The rich, salty air greeted me like a gentle hug every morning as I walked my dog down the cliffs to Scripps Beach. I never surfed (I know, I know), but that beach bore witness to a choreographed dance between sand pipers and wetsuit-clad athletes, neither particularly aware that they were waltzing together. With each wave, surfers bobbed, dived, and zipped. The whitewater pushed all the darting pipers back up the sand, a brief interruption of their fresh seafood breakfast. Repeat. The consistency and predictability of Scripps was a comfortable, stable foundation for two treasured years, but too-good-to-be-true rent contracts have to end, so I departed once again.

Cue my San Diego Suburban Housewife phase. Just kidding, but it was a house in Bay Park with a yard. Instead of a nuclear family, I got two goofy roomies, and they became my family anyways. It was there that San Diego solidified as my home, and my friendships deepened to soulmate status. I was a sponge for the feeling of living Here, and I could see myself staying indefinitely. But then I fell in love with a man who lived 3000 miles away, and I finished my doctorate. I could have stayed, chosen a different relationship, a career that kept me here, but somehow it felt like I would be forcing it. My love and the best professional opportunity of my life had me in a tractor beam towards the sunrise coast.

Deciding to leave was easy, but leaving was hard. Every time the view of a sunlit coastline crested my dashboard as I drove over Mt. Soledad, every time I heard my friends' giggles carry across a table piled high with homemade sushi, every time I watched my dog splash through the receding tide in OB, my heart sputtered in the collision of joy and sadness. Perhaps there were more San Diego things I could have done. I could have taken more trips to Tijuana, learned to surf, or gotten better at beach volleyball, but I regret nothing. San Diego and the soul family I met here showed me who I am. I will love it forever. I'm curious to see which parts of me, my marriage to this city, the identity it shaped, will stay with me into my next context, my next neighborhood. Until then, I love you, San Diego. Goodbye.

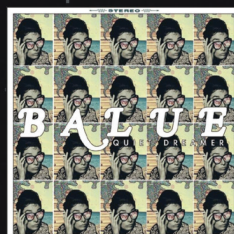
FORTIES AND FOAMIES

SONGS OF THE SUMMER



Sun Medallion KING TUFF

It's upbeat, it's punchy. It's summer. Need I say more?



Man in the Sixties BALU

"I was born in the wrong generation"... Sure, kid, we all were. This one's for you.



Mediocrity Rules LE TIGRE

AKA PB's surf anthem. Put it on repeat.



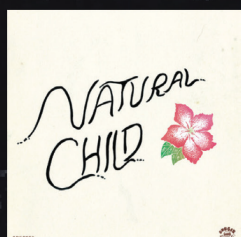
Cigarettes TEETH OF ENGLAND

Sure, "I only smoke when I'm buzzed" too.



More Women SAADA BONAIRE

Good for picking up ladies, works extra well if you force eye contact and slowly nod.



Out In The Country NATURAL CHILD

Some funky psych rock for those who need some help coming back down to Earth.



Japanese Squeeze SASHAMON

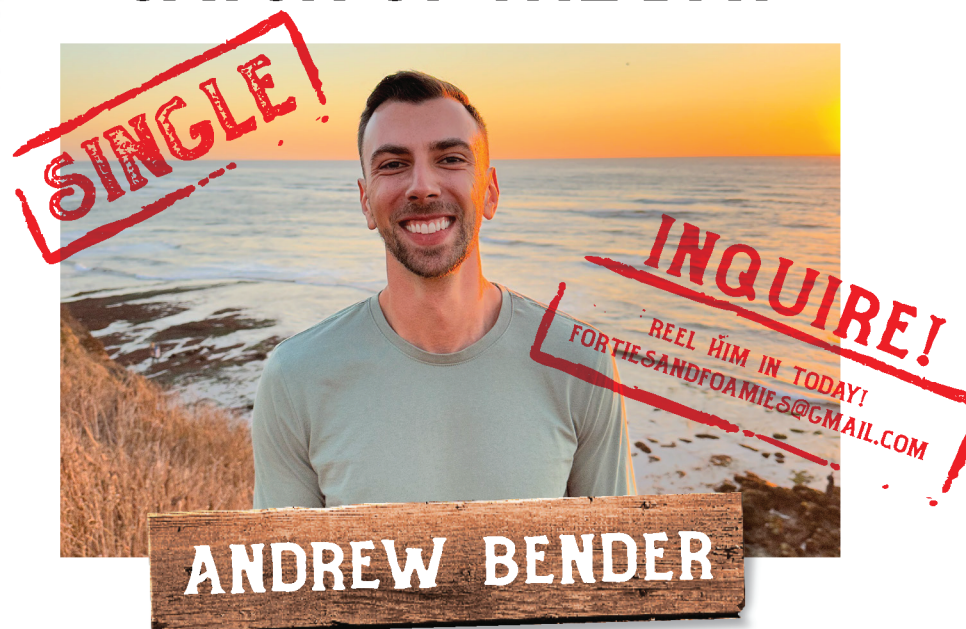
No games, no gimmicks, this one is just point blank good.



Beautiful And Very Smart HARLEM

This one. Oh man, it sets new standards for the genre of new age love ballads

PACIFIC BEACH CATCH OF THE DAY



Warning: This Bowser is searching for his forever Peach

Ladies, gentlefolk, and San Diego hopefuls tired of trying to flirt with men holding surfboards they can't ride—let me introduce you to one more: Andrew Bender: Minnesota-born, San Diego-based, and dangerously good at Mario Kart.

This man is not your average PB bro. In fact, he doesn't even live there (green flag alert). A computational neuroscientist who gets absolutely pitted studying brain waves, and has honed some skills: can meditate at The Silver Fox, organizes poker standings like a math genius, and is an athlete. Man can carry all of your surfboards and groceries... but not ur baggage.

Sporty? Intensely. Nerdy? Down to his mitochondria. Loving and grounded? Like your favorite childhood blanket, but in human form. Also kind of a sushi chef now? Weirdly, yes.

Andrew is the kind of man who reads books, hosts volleyball hangs, and makes time for both the boyzzz and the girly pops. He's got biceps and boundaries, emotional intelligence with a side of karaoke confidence. Whether he's locking in for a spicy beach volleyball game or hand-rolling tuna at a house hang, Andrew brings wholesome heat. Silly, steady, and always knows when to turn the vibe up - or turn the playlist down and be present. Hot.

So if you're looking for someone who's less red flag, more golden hour; who will actually remember your coffee order, and who is one of the hottest men on the vball court—Andrew might just be your final rose.

Location: Somewhere between a coding cave and Law Street.

Looking for: Someone who can duet Shallow or at least clap for him when he does.

The Catalina Marathon

Event Recap By

Owen Johnson

It's 4:45 AM. Bananas and granola bars exchange hands between neon-spandexed athletes. Our nostrils drown in the expression of 200 anxious stomachs. We pitch and roll in light seas, sitting back-to-back and feeling



Mayflower. Immediately, antics ensue; we meet a loose cat, fail to find a cup of coffee, and nearly miss getting to the starting line in time.

The gun goes off. Team Antics starts dead last. Before the half-mile mark, we are staring straight up a mountain. Under a mile in, and Travis drops us. Less than two miles in, and the remaining group has given up our dream of running this marathon, and has resorted to power-walking, counting false-summits, and cursing under our breath. We reach the half-marathon mark through a mix of



cramped on the carpeted ferry floor. It's two hours until the start of the race, a 26 mile scramble through the Catalina outback. Andres is inspiring others with introductions. "We're team antics! You'll see us on the course."

The ferry drops us off in Two Harbors, a serene isthmus at sea level with opposing ports; steep mountains loom over our flanks and foreshadow what is soon to develop. In contrast to the Mad Max-meets-island fever-meets Carnival Cruise Thunderdome known as Avalon (the main city on Catalina), landing in Two Harbors feels like stepping off the



windmill legged, gravity enforced sprints and vertical uphill strides. On this journey, we meet past victors, decades-long veterans, and high-five to a chorus of occasional, "Woo, Team Antics!" cheers.

On the back half of the race, we meet horses, hikers, and Suzuki Samurai. We learn about why half the island's real cars (see: Mad Max) are Suzuki Samurai. We see snow on the mountains behind LA. We avoid engaging with the sandal-wearing runners. We see exactly zero bison. For 24 miles, I prove to Gavin that I'm faster than him. He proves back



to me that he is faster for 26. Travis runs backwards up the course to finish with each of us individually.

Back in the big city of Avalon, we are greeted by doppler screams of the golf carts. To celebrate finishing the race, we splurged at the Vons pre-cooked section, our wearied conversations over macaroni and flavored chicken interrupted by the cadence of three carts per minute. Imagine running a marathon in the dunes only to have someone walk past you with a weed-whacker every 20 seconds (this is what it feels like). It'll make you want to adopt a parrot and hug your neighbor who practices woodworking in their urban garage. We're finally granted auditory asylum



as we are forced to empty bars for Andres' 30th birthday, the whole reason behind this conquest in the first place, and enjoy a few too many drinks with a few too few (see: none) fellow marathon runners.

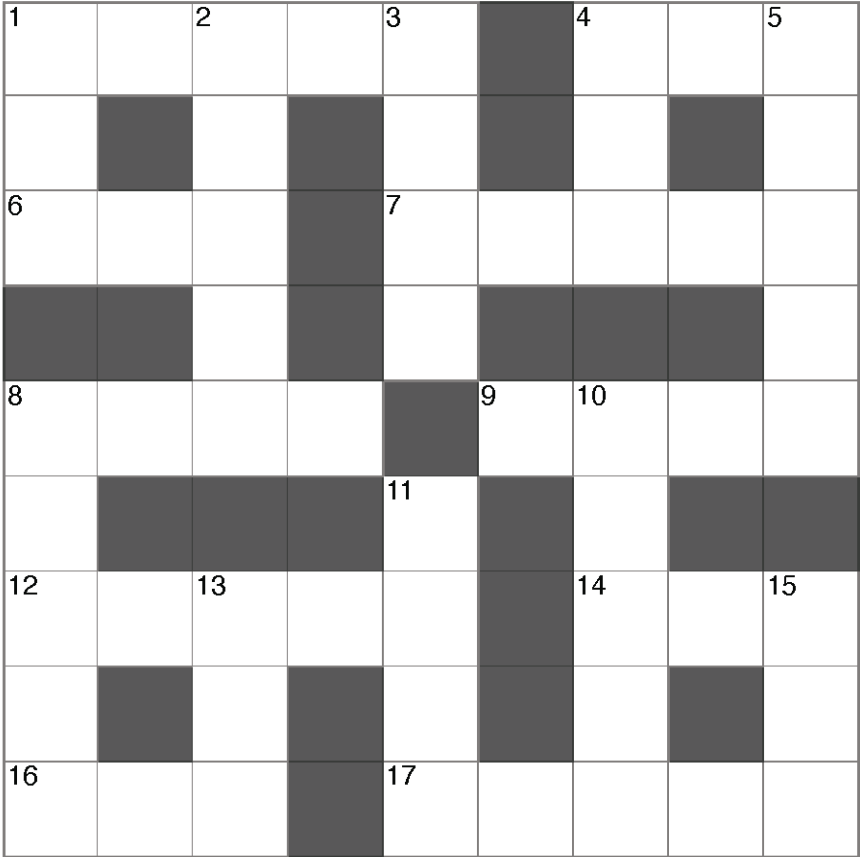
In retrospect, only a couple (meager) antics took place during the race, boasting that we were "Team Antics" being probably the most committed element in our effort. We were the only people to run shirtless, there was a family-like bonding at the mile 18 margarita stop, and a croc-wearing finish did follow. Even for this ADHD, trail-averse group, one might say no more zest or antic was needed in those spectacular, sun-soaked mountains — which is certainly why so many find it worth returning to each year.

Instead, we recommend to take it all out on Avalon; enlist the Carnival Cruisers, pirate a submarine, GTA a cart up (and off) a mountain. Better yet, just don't visit unless they go electric.



FORTIES AND FOAMIES

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



★ Andres' CALI-★ BURRITO REVIEW

The California Burrito, I don't think there is a Mexican restaurant that doesn't serve one in San Diego. You go to Los Angeles, and they don't know what you're talking about. Maybe you're trading more beef for fries, but maybe you should leave if you don't like that.

I ate 5 burritos in 2 days, I put my body on the line for you. I picked my top 5 favorite Mexican restaurants in North PB and all I learned was that I don't have a wide range when it comes to taste, as the quantifiable are very similar. They all weighed the same they were all nearly the same dimensions. Are they working together, do they keep track of each others prices? I tried to avoid putting in any sort of ranking. Use this as a Inflation bookmark but more importantly go and support these businesses there food is great. Write in to Forties and Foamies if you think I'm wrong.

Also why isn't there a Pizza Box that holds two Pizzas in the same box yet.

8



\$16.00 **TAQUERIA Los RUIZ**

Carne Asada, Fries, Sour Cream, Cheese. Guacamole extra \$1.35. Salsa Situation: Salsa Bar with Green, Red, and Arbol. Which I researched today, it's a roasted Tomato salsa – only other place I've found it is Lourde's in Cardiff.

602 G

BURRITO WEIGHT

78 G

MEAT WEIGHT



DID IT SIZZLE?

4:32

HOW LONG TO MAKE

8" X 3 1/2" X 2 1/8"

DIMENSIONS (L X W X H)

7.4



\$14.00 **Los DOS PEDROS**

Carne asada, fries, sour cream, guacamole. 2 red and 2 green salsas on the side.

605 G

BURRITO WEIGHT

105 G

MEAT WEIGHT



DID IT SIZZLE?

3:37

HOW LONG TO MAKE

8 X 2 7/8 X 2 1/8"

DIMENSIONS (L X W X H)

7.1



\$16.15 **HARRY'S TACO Club**

Carne, fries, sour cream, guacamole, and then three of their guacamoles automatically

606 G

BURRITO WEIGHT

102 G

MEAT WEIGHT

TWO FAR AWAY TO TELL

DID IT SIZZLE?

7:16

HOW LONG TO MAKE

8 X 3 1/2 X 1 7/8"

DIMENSIONS (L X W X H)

7.7

**\$13.20 La PERLA**

Carne asada, cheese, fries, guacamole, pico de gallo. You can ask for green or chipotle salsa

488 G

BURRITO WEIGHT

91 G

MEAT WEIGHT



DID IT SIZZLE?

6:12

HOW LONG TO MAKE

8 X 3 1/2 X 2 1/2

INCHES

DIMENSIONS (L X W X H)

7.0

**\$15.07 DON BRAVO**

Carne asada, cheese, fries, guacamole, pico de gallo, cilantro. Chips, and they have a salsa bar with mild red (big tomatoes), chipotle, green, and their arbol salsa

606 G

BURRITO WEIGHT

74 G

MEAT WEIGHT



DID IT SIZZLE?

3:26

HOW LONG TO MAKE

8 X 3 1/2 X 3 1/2

INCHES

DIMENSIONS (L X W X H)

8

TACO De Los RUIZ

Tender and crisped beef, the fries are nice, medium well-done. Catch the chef's eye, here's your chance to give him a smile, a nod, let him know you're a good person and you're hungry. Has that signature tang that TLR has. Most balanced burrito. The biggest size, a statement that is categorical and in no way biased. Ok fine, I live across the street. I'm going to stand for my team. And listen, they are the only ones to charge extra for guacamole, but the guaranteed carne asada sizzle keeps me coming back. This one is the industry standard; maybe they care a little more about the food than other places. Maybe the friendly staff makes it taste even better.

7.4

Los DOS PEDROS

Greasy and tender, this is how they used to all taste: thin fries, melted cheese. Fries are a little soft, maybe they're soaking in the grease. But this one is the old fashioned of the group. This one has the most meat technically. And maybe they're just melting the cheese and that's why it's all greasy. I don't care - this burrito reminds you of the days when your parents dropped you off at the beach with 10 maybe 15 bucks and that was more than enough for you to eat like a king. It's the only place that feels frozen in time. They say if you don't know what you want you won't get anything. You've got to want that nostalgia to appreciate Los Dos.

7.1

HARRY'S TACO Club

Tender, all the fixings. Crisp, perfectly over-cooked tortilla. Not spicy, definitely leans towards the "Americanized burrito" flavor profile. It's more creamy than it is meaty and spicy. Not a surprise when you know it's from a place whose sister restaurant makes pancakes. Look, this place is good. No way around it. But it's good in a way that a really good store-bought cupcake is good. You're going to enjoy it, but you probably aren't going to say it's your top pick. This is where you'll take your Midwest mom; she won't be offended by anything. It's good the way Chic Fil A sauce is good. You have to wonder if it really is good or if you're you're eating sugar sauce.

7.7

La PERLA

First thing you notice is the smell. It smells like it's going to be a little zesty. The spices of the onions and cilantro definitely hit first. It burns without adding salsa. Fries are smaller, crispier. The beef is tender on the inside with a great crust on the outside. It evokes a smash burger - charred edges, juicy center. I had a sore throat walking in but not walking out; the spices did some work. La Perla is like the Latitude 32 of burrito spots. You expect it to be dirty and greasy, but on the delivery, you get a clean finished polish. When you lift your hands off the table they don't stick, and when they don't, there's a pang of disappointment. La Perla used to be where Nico's is now. They gave up their ocean view because they clashed with the sleek facades (think Apple Store) of the new restaurants popping up. It's better this way. Now they're inland off Grand, maybe 40 minutes from North PB.

7.0

DON BRAVO

Very tender beef, felt like maybe a better cut. Absolutely no fatty pieces, fries are airy. They have the thin ones that you'd think are crispier. Admittedly, it felt like a fry burrito with some meat on it. Whenever I think of this place I think of getting out of school on a Friday afternoon and calling ahead because the line of parents getting their kids dinner is so long you'd have to wait like 20 minutes to get your food. This place is in between old style burritos and burritos that are trying to meet the standards of Birdrock and La Jolla parents, who are more likely than not coming back to yell that something is wrong with their order. Its good man possible I came in at the wrong time because this Burrito didn't excite me. They're also the only spot that has an Ocean view. These guys are in Birdrock. Still worth the trip.

A MESSAGE FROM
★★★★★ *Andres* ★★★★★





HOW TO FIND THE TALLEST PALM TREE IN PB

Hey Pacific Beach

North Pacific Beach has some of the most beautiful Palm trees in the World. The Beauty of these Trees is something that should be shared - beauty can't be measured but other aspects of the Tree can.

You can't miss them and sometimes their leaves don't miss your car. Home to the beloved song Parrots and always just out of reach of a thrown rock due to their height. They're providers of shade and a safe place to lock your bike to.

They're always around though you may have never noticed how tall they really are being eye level at the base of the Tree all the time. So instead of breaking your attention from your phone scroll while on your walk to look up, stick with me and I'll show you how to find the tallest Palm Tree in North PB.

You've lived in Pacific Beach for at least six years. As much as we have tried to destroy nature and pollute and ruin the environment around us, she keeps chugging away and the trees had been growing the entire time despite our efforts.

You should start by walking down Opal Street Towards Cass where a guy at the plant store tells you that the Trees were put in the ground in 1907 by a lady named Kate Sessions and some guys named the Folsom Bros. They were commissioned to make the neighborhood more appealing lining the original streets that were formerly Lemon and Citrus groves.

And you realize that, that Lady and those brothers probably didn't ever intend for the Palm trees to grow so tall. And even if they did know uh, they probably didn't know which would be the tallest.

It comes to you that you'll have to do this the old fashioned way. Here is a familiar scenario: you go to the tool bag that your friend gave you before he moved away. Your measuring tape isn't in there, so you walk pass Tourmaline Street on your way to find a replacement. You remember that your friend used to live on this street. You watched him and his girlfriend (at the time) catch their final wave together as residents of Tourmaline. Later, the same day the Wave took place you went to The Dog where he snapped a pool cue over his knee - and the Bartender got you off the hook from regulars-turned-pitchfork-committee. The next year you went to New Jersey to watch them get married and just earlier this year you got a FaceTime call to see that the watercolor print you got them of the Tourmaline parking lot is now hanging above their baby's crib. The tool bag was a nice gift, built to last. You agree to yourself that you'll keep it if your friend agrees to keep the baby, but you still don't have the tape measurer.

If you want to save money Instead of going all the way to the Hardware store, you can try and cut some corners, and ask the contractors at a job site to see if they have an extra tape measurer. The first site you go to is a remodel of a moldy looking building, and the contractor says they're out of spares. So, you walk to your friend's house on Wilbur. As you head over you realize that your old house is full of construction workers with belts full of tools. Your old house been bought and sold, the Plumeria Tree in the backyard is blooming with its bright white fragrant accents. For three lease cycles you watered and nurtured the Tree always looking forward to the final Flowery encore to signify that Spring and soon Summer had arrived. They better not cut it down, you think. When you were younger you used to slur your words in the late hours of the night and promise that you'd purchase the house on Wilbur Street and grow that Plumeria until your kids were old enough to enjoy the annual Blooms themselves. You used to try and grasp on to those little details - but it never actually happened. Instead, you served a nine-month sentence in another neighborhood, you usually try and forget this period of your life.

You'll notice that... uh, the construction workers on the other side of the sliding glass door

reconfigured the space, dragging the Porcelain Toilet and the memories out of their original spaces into the alleyway. Granite, high contrast paint, and farmhouse touches are plastered over your old stains and scratches. Covering your chuckles, giggles, and original neon orange cabinetry. Before you leave you glance over at where your bed used to be, and wonder, will that Toilet be rehomed?

I make it to my friend's house with a sore heart but finally, a tape measurer, but I can only get it to extend to 18 feet without it toppling over. This tape measurer can start treatment today with an online Doctor. I try and add some duct tape to the end of it, but it still doesn't quite work the way I'd like it to. So, I get on my knees and turn to science.

You didn't really pay attention ever after the bell rang but you remember there was a way to calculate distances between three points if you knew some distances and one of the angles. Your phone can fill in the blanks. You try it once or twice and get:

Tree Height = $d \times \tan(x) + h = 68$ feet

d = distance from tree = 25 feet

x = Angle to top of tree = 68 degrees

h = my height (5' 10" (see: 5' 9"))

You celebrate for a little because it's the first algebra equation you've had to solve in a decade. And then you realize you didn't really solve anything your phone did.

You walk around and try to replicate the equation a few times on the tallest looking trees on your street and when you realize that you can't accurately measure the angle to the top or your height you wonder if this goal is aimless on the tide. Why would you try and do this now the article is due in a few hours, somehow your friends have turned into schoolteachers telling you that you are late. What the fuck is this! Time to take to the streets, again!

The screen door screeches open, and you march down to the twelve-story apartment building on the corner of Wilbur and Cass, you've spent three years saying you're going to get to the roof and look down at your home, now old house. You speed walk into the lobby lobby towards the elevator and reach it just in time for the door to close in front of you. Now it is time to wait for the door to open again. Do I pretend I am delivering something?! Do I pretend I am seeing a friend and don't have the key or code because we aren't that close!? For two agonizing minutes you think of the verbal Judo you need to get through this checkpoint. And then a nice older woman asks you if you need to be let in with a Smile.

"Somebody give me a river to Ford or a Serpent to Slay!" Next stop the twelfth floor, right after that the balcony that overlooks the Ocean and the pier you see all of this for the first time, and it slows you down. You think about what it would be like to take a surf check from your front door three blocks away and - How was this here the whole time! You refocus and start to scan for the tallest tree in the area. But this time you are above the trees. Looking down at the plant store you notice all the different colors, what a compliment to this view. You walk to the back of the building and look up towards Turquoise Street and begin to scan looking for a tree that is more than the rest. There it is three blocks North and one Block east, no wait it's that Tree half a block down, is this for Palm Trees or just any Tree? Then you see it. Your friends are walking the neighborhood puppy, whose now on the long leash and can really get into his zoom. You look at your old house, feeling the disdain for them raising the rent on you. They got rid of your orange cabinets and your ability to fantasize that one day you'd own a Three Bedroom in Pacific Beach. You just sit and watch, and you begin to realize that this tallest tree is somewhere out there, along with your friends that moved away, and your old dreams.

But for now - all you really want is to be back down at tree trunk level with your friends, to hear what humor they've been building up all day, and to share how you finally found a way to get everybody up to the twelfth floor next Friday. After less than half an hour you head for the elevator. And agree to finally plant that Lemon tree in your yard that has overgrown its pot.

It's ok to spend time thinking about old memories and chasing the tallest trees. As long as you can use those memories and that same ambition to bring people together to create new memories in ways, you never expected.

This is Andres Gomez. Thank you for reading.



Pacific Beach Q3 HOROSCOPES

By Hannah S, your friendly
neighborhood astrologer

♈ Aries:

March 21 - April 19

You're a rocket this month, Aries—zero brakes, full chaos. Use that fire for something wild: a sunrise boardwalk jog, karaoke night at Cass St, or confessing your love to a stranger in the frozen aisle at Trader Joe's. (Yes, sweaty and holding cauliflower gnocchi. Perfect.)

♊ Gemini:

May 21 - June 20

You're in your curious, chaotic era, Gemini—and the stars say it's time to get weird. So when you wander into The Spiritual Psychic for a "just-for-fun" tarot reading and she immediately says, "Who's the ex with the beard?", try not to panic. The cards are coming for your life this month—past, present, and that confusing situationship from 2021. You came for clarity, but you're leaving with homework from the universe.

♌ Leo:

July 23 - August 22

Life's a rom-com, Leo—and you're the slightly unhinged lead with amazing hair. This month? A seagull might crap on you mid-bike ride down the boardwalk. Don't panic—it's not personal. It's the universe's way of marking its favorite. Later that day, you'll stumble into ridiculous good luck, like finding \$20, running into your crush, or being offered free Rolling Rocks at West End for life. Confidence never dies, even when it smells a little weird.

♉ Taurus:

April 20 - May 20

Summer is about sensual pleasures, Taurus—and you're thriving. You'll find peak bliss at the La Jolla Farmers Market, where the peaches are ripe, the pesto samples are life-changing, and that one hot vendor gives you an extra wink with your focaccia. This is your version of spiritual alignment: carbs, sunshine, and a tote bag full of overpriced strawberries. Don't fight it—lean all the way in.

♋ Cancer:

June 21 - July 22

It's your season, tender crab. You're riding waves of emotion like it's your full-time job. Ground yourself with a beach walk, a saltwater cry, or both. Just a heads-up, you will run into your ex at The Local. Try not to look like you rehearsed your convo. (You did. It's fine.)

♍ Virgo:

August 23 - September 22

You've been overthinking everything lately—from texts with no punctuation to whether your 5-year plan is too ambitious. This month, take a break from perfecting and just exist. The universe might just hand you clarity in the form of a perfectly balanced poke bowl from Nico's Fish Market—ginger, tuna, existential peace. Let this month be messy, flavorful, and slightly out of your control. You can't spreadsheet your way to enlightenment, but you can control how much spicy mayo you allow into your life.

♎ Libra:

September 23 - October 22

Your charm is in overdrive this month, Libra—you're magnetic, glowing, and pulling admirers like you're running a two-for-one special. So when you lock eyes with a cutie at Thrusters, it feels meant to be. The dance is flirty, the chemistry's real... until they try to take you home and casually mention they live in Oceanside. Suddenly, the fantasy evaporates like spilled tequila on a bar mat. Don't worry—you dodged a long-distance situationship (and possibly an air mattress).

♐ Sagittarius:

November 22 - December 21

Your group chat's popping off with airport selfies, baguettes, and questionable Euro tattoos—and you? You're still in Pacific Beach, eating a melted acai bowl and pretending it's cultural. But plot twist: this unexpected hometown summer might just be your glow-up. You're about to become a local legend—solid tan lines, beach bar charisma, and a situationship with someone who owns two surfboards and zero bedsheets. Europe who? PB is your wild, sunburned kingdom now.

♒ Aquarius:

January 20 - February 18

This month hits different, Aquarius. You're spiraling—but like, intellectually. One minute you're sipping a cold brew at Porchlight Coffee, and the next you're questioning the fabric of reality, the point of monogamy, and whether anyone actually knows what they're doing. (Spoiler: they don't.) It's okay. Let the dread wash over you, then channel it into something genius and weird—like a zine about emotional detachment or a podcast with no intro music. Embrace the void. Make it your brand.

♏ Scorpio:

October 23 - November 21

This month tests your strength—not emotionally, but gastrointestinally. One poorly timed iced coffee and a risky breakfast burrito could lead to a near-catastrophic moment on Law Street. You'll survive, barely, after a sprint to the public beach restroom that forever humbles you. Still, you emerge more powerful than ever. Because if you can get through that, you can get through literally anything.

♑ Capricorn:

December 22 - January 19

You're driven, but the stars are asking you to coast a little. Take a day off. Breathe. Touch some grass. Inspiration might strike when you least expect it—like when you open your neighborhood Little Free Library and discover a wildly smutty novel wedged between a self-help book and a Bible. You read the first page "just out of curiosity," and suddenly, your five-year plan has a new subplot.

♓ Pisces:

February 19 - March 20

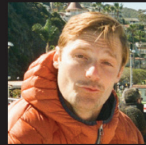
Leaving Pacific Beach felt... risky. What if the vibes were off? What if the coffee wasn't right? What if the ocean felt emotionally distant? But this month, you gather your courage (and three tote bags) and journey to Del Mar—and it's... kind of magical. Bougier, quieter, slightly unsettling, like PB's sophisticated older cousin who reads tarot and owns linen pants. You return changed. Not a lot. Just enough to start referring to PB as your "coastal roots." Growth.



Crew:



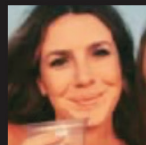
Cole



Trav



Owen



Hannah



Andres



Henry



Ken



Chiaki



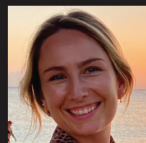
Gavin



Sophia



Sydney



Hailey



'Till Next Time

-Forties and Foamies

*If you'd like to contact:
fortiesandfoamies@gmail.com*



A pocket-sized peek into the everyday absurdities of life in Pacific Beach, San Diego. What you call vacation, we call Wednesday. Packed with inside jokes, local lore, and the kind of stories that only make sense if you've lived them, this zine is a love letter to the best place on earth.

