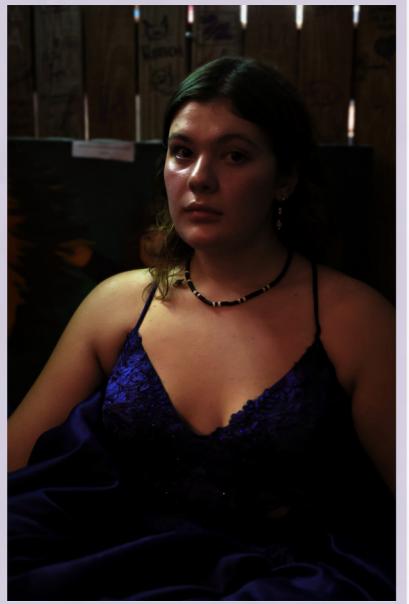


F A N G I R L

THE COMING OF AGE ISSUE



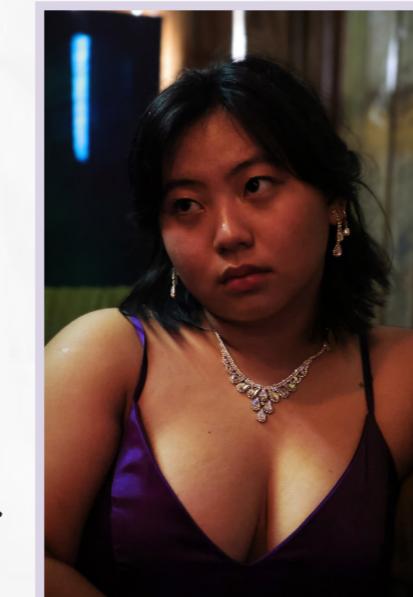
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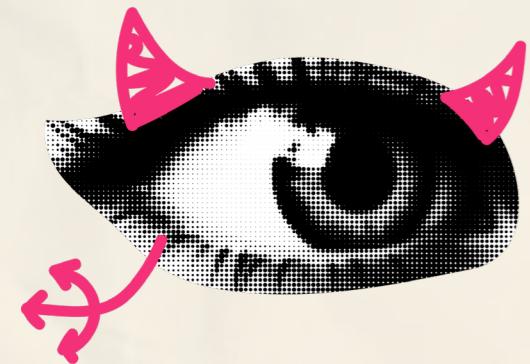
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CO-FOUNDER.

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FANGIRL CONTRIBUTORS

A MAGAZINE: FOR THE FANS THAT GET IT

Celeste Turso-
FANGIRL Founder, "Turning 20"
Writer, "Walking Blue" Writer,
FANGIRL Fashion Photographer,
"Love Letter To Scene" Writer

Louise-
FANGIRL Co-Founder, "Concert
Highlight" Writer, "Show Me
Your Playlist!" Man on the Street ,
FANGIRL Crossword

Benjy Phanor-
FANGIRL Co-Founder, Magazine
Editor, Graphic Designer, "Grow-
ing up w/ Coming of Age" Writer

Lucho Salva -
FANGIRL "Coming of Age Issue"-
Photoshoot Photographer

WHAT SHOULD I
WEAR TONIGHT?

DID YOU BRING
THE DIGITAL?

THE QUEUE IS
4 HOURS LONG!

LET'S GO TO A
HOUSE SHOW TN

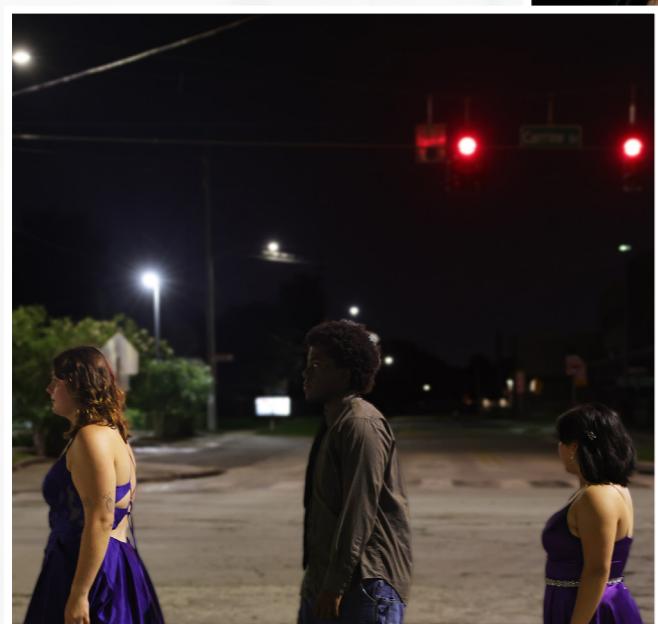
WHERE THE HELL
DO WE PARK?



NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Hey! I'm Benjy Phanor, the Editor and Graphic Designer of this first issue of FANGIRL. I just wanted to say I'm so grateful for the opportunity for being able to do this and now share it with our Florida music scene community. FANGIRL is about not only connecting with the lives of the young adults in our scene, but putting the spotlight on our artists AND our fans, we couldn't be where we are without each other. We wanted to start with "The Coming of Age Issue" because it's a genre of storytelling that in it's nature, weaves it's way through the lives of everybody. It taps into a part of our soul that sheds a spotlight on just how beautiful the lives we get to experience are. I catch that same vibe whenever I'm at a show and find myself just sitting back and watching everyone dance and have a good time. NOW more than ever I think It's important we continue to be loud, inclusive, and proud of the web of family and friends we've built together as music fans all across Florida. Thank you for reading this magazine. There's SO many exciting, bigger, and even better things that are coming, you don't even know it. Stay tuned <3





When this first came out Soundshots was nothing but a hope and dream I made in my senior year of highschool when I was 18, am now a month shy of 20 and never thought it would be what it is right now. Soundshots was originally supposed to be a blog about local bands in Orlando Fl but with the help of Benjy and Louise it's become so much more. There are 2 parts of soundshots, one being the media team in itself but the second being Fangirl, our online magazine. To make this make sense I'd like to think that there cannot be Soundshots without Fangirl. Fangirl is centered around the community, all of you!! Without you, local music scenes would not be a thing, the fans are just as important. I remember stumbling across stardust for the first time when I was 16-17 and being welcomed with the most heartwarming community. Though I was young, me and my best friends were welcomed with open arms.

-Celeste Turso <3



WALKING BLUE

A key component of a band's success is how they react in the face of adversity. Pull up the history of any of the greats in the music industry, whether they peak at the Billboard Hot 100 or the arguably more exclusive chart of a teen's Spotify Wrapped; it will always feature a story on the challenges it took to get them where they are. In the bustling local music scene of the early 2020s, a band named Walking Blue

emerged with a distinct sound and promising spirit. Anyone in Orlando's underground scene can attest to Walking Blue being an absolute powerhouse at their local gigs, but their rising status now proves itself to be a testament to the challenges all great upcoming indie artists and bands will have to rise to.

The band's story began in their freshman year of college when the boys instantly connected. Their bond, forged over a shared love for music, led to late-night jam sessions in the pavilion in front of their dorm, where they found a groove playing covers and discovering their unique sound. Their eclectic tastes and undeniable chemistry were evident from the start.

This interview gives insight into how Walking Blue formed as a band, it was conducted a couple years ago with three original members of Walking Blue, Jimmy, James, and Julian; prior to the release of their new EP, "Greyscale". Walking Blue's present-day members are Jimmy, James, Sean, and Lucca.

Their drummer, James, always had an ear for music. Before Walking Blue, he started a band in high school in his hometown with a couple of friends. The band grew from "jam sessions" he planned with his friends similar to Walking Blue. Julian, their bassist, also had prior experience in a band back in his hometown. His connections to the music he loves to play started in a standard high school band class where he met one of his previous bandmates. The class challenged his technical abilities as they pushed him to learn hard music. "It would take me months to learn a song," Julian explained, highlighting the work it took him to get to his playing today. Jimmy, a lead vocalist and guitar player in the band, fell in love with music at an early age, in a town he noted didn't have that many musicians. "I spend, like, almost all of my time playing music." His love for music showcases itself through his singing, playing, and the writing he does in his free time.

The band's journey wasn't without its challenges; the rise of Walking Blue was forged through the

struggles that shaped their current identity as both a band and as individuals.

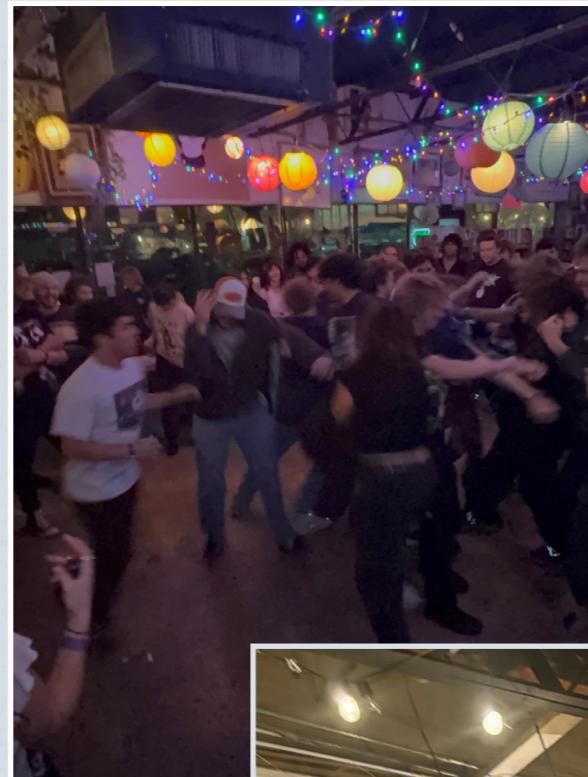
The internal struggle is a pivotal moment and a true test for any great band; like many, Walking Blue wasn't exempt from it. They faced a significant problem when they had to part ways with their previous bassist; "a void" was left in their sound as described by the band. Fate intervened when they met Julian, who would become their permanent bassist. Julian's addition marked a turning point for Walking Blue, bringing a fresh dynamic and further enriching their sound, as signified through the bands he draws inspiration from, some being Deftones, Queen, and Avenged Sevenfold. With an abrupt leave, a new member in the band, and shows already booked to play almost every week for a long period before this past summer.

External struggles, however, presented themselves through a facet the boys should've been able to further their progress as a band, their education. Although

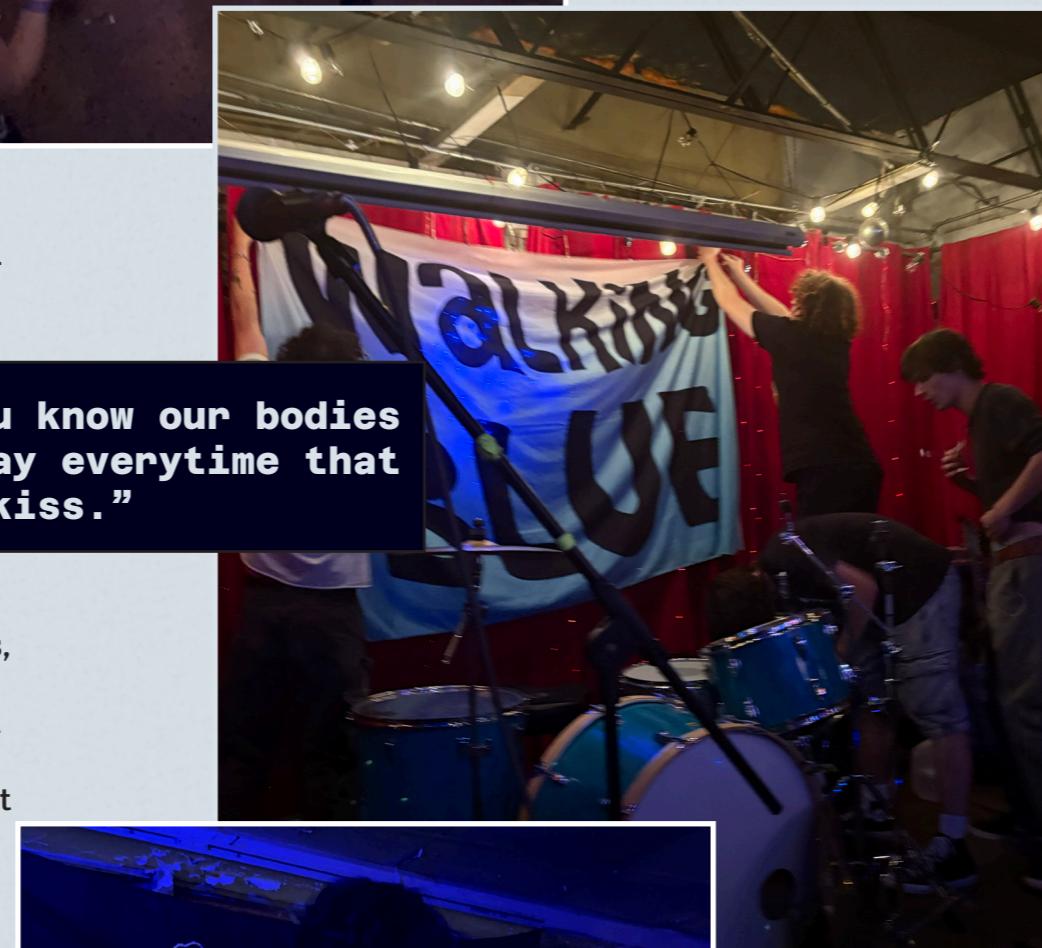
they're enrolled in a school with a heavy focus on the arts, Walking Blue and many others were upset to find that access to recording equipment and practice rooms was severely restricted to those outside the school's small selection of music-based majors. While navigating these setbacks, the band took advantage of all the resources they could find, from the facilities of their student-run radio station to a studio up in New Jersey they visited during the summer. All the while, they never stopped writing and practicing.

Jimmy noted that despite these challenges, the band had shows booked to play almost every week for a long period before this past summer.

Navigating the complex world of the music industry and their school, Walking Blue encountered numerous other obstacles. They struggled with negotiating shows, often dealing with unfair contracts and demanding venues. Despite these difficulties, their com-



"You know our bodies decay everytime that we kiss."



mitment to their craft never wavered. They financed their tours and accommodations, investing every cent back into their music. These experiences taught them to advocate for themselves, blending passion with practicality as they approached the industry.

Walking Blue's perseverance paid off with the release of their album *Postcards & Love Letters*, a collection that showcased their growth

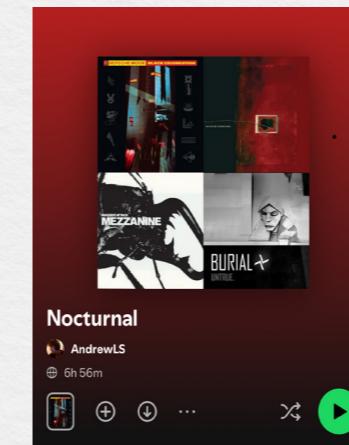
spective depths of "Doodad & The Sandwich." Each track resonated with the authentic essence of the band, capturing the highs and lows of their journey and lives. When asked how they wanted the audience to respond to their music, Julian explained that in today's often scary world, they mainly want people to "forget all the shit in the world and enjoy the music." They've achieved just that; their live music is beloved by many in the scene, accumulating its fair share of mosh pits, lyrics screamed back at them, and lasting memories made in the audience and with the other bands they play with.

As they prepared to release new music, Walking Blue headed into the studio for future projects that promised to showcase a more cohesive sound. This project was a significant step forward, reflecting their maturity as artists and willingness to push creative boundaries. They were eager to experiment, ensuring that each track was a true reflection of their drive.

Jimmy, pursuing a solo act, often reflected on the difference between performing solo and with the band. He found solo performances both exhilarating and intimidating, as they required him to confront his vulnerabilities without the support of his bandmates. This solo work, while challenging, fueled his passion for music and inspired him to explore new sounds and styles, which he sometimes brought back to the band's

collective efforts

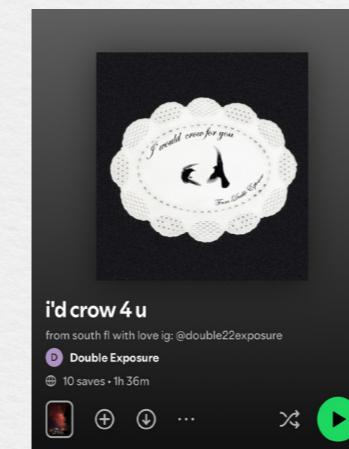
The story of Walking Blue won't be ending anytime soon, pulling in fans from Orlando to New Jersey; their current rise serves as an example and an important reminder to aspiring artists; that hardships are an integral part of growing as a musician and as a collective; and dreams can indeed become a reality when pursued with determination and genuine passion. The boys have experienced many challenges and will continue to do so in the future, but it'll shape who they are as a band and the stories they play and tell. Walking Blue's story will forever be one of resilience, creativity, fun, and unwavering dedication.



PLAYLIST HIGHLIGHTS :

Rosemary - Deftones
Put Me Down - The Cranberries
Thirty-Three - The Smashing Pumpkins
Sea, Swallow Me - Cocteau Twins
A Question of Lust - Depeche Mode

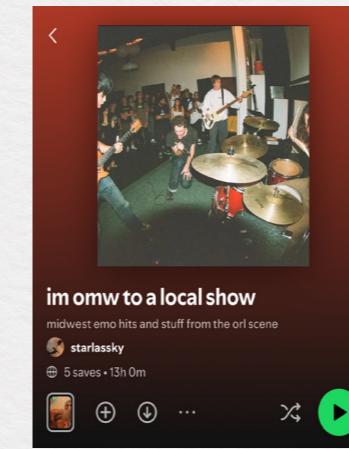
@andrew.smolinski on Instagram



PLAYLIST HIGHLIGHTS :

can we forget - glidr
letter from july - easterlin
override - Disputer
Lover - Staircase Spirit
Sweetly - Prettier Now

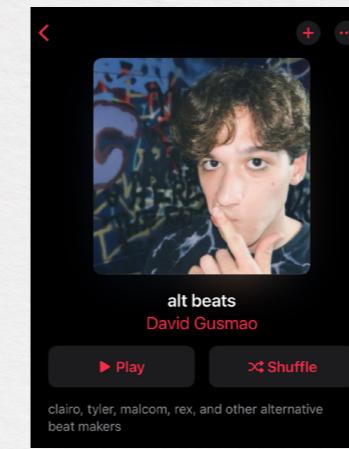
@double22exposure on Instagram



PLAYLIST HIGHLIGHTS :

Dad Rock - TRSH
Broken Cash Machine - Modern Baseball
Scott Pilgrim vs. My GPA - Mom Jeans
it's always cloudy in kalamazoo - saturdays at your place
i haunt ur dreams - hey, nothing

@starla.in.space on Instagram



PLAYLIST HIGHLIGHTS :

Numb - Men I Trust
Too Long - Arlie
Add Up My Love - Clairo
Earrings - Malcom Todd
Drifting - Omar Apollo

@d4davidg on Instagram



There have been a hundred versions of this story and trust me, I've written them. I think it's because this is the one that sticks to my ribs. The one that actually feels like me. My last "draft" of this story was a glorified yap session—a rushed list of half-baked reflections from 13 to 18. And sure, those years mattered. Of course they did. But now, standing at the edge of 20, I know something for sure: The most transformative year I've lived so far is 19. We don't give 19 enough credit. It's not shiny like 18, where everything's all graduations and big decisions like in the movies. And it doesn't have the sparkle of 20, where people start throwing around words like "real adulthood." 19 just... sits there to me it was always a filler year. The blurry middle between finishing being a teen and "adult hood" I used to want to skip it. But now? Now I get it. 19 is where everything shifted—not all at once, and not in obvious ways but it's the year I grew in silence, in spirals, in notes app rants, in 2 a.m. gym sessions and quiet unlearning.

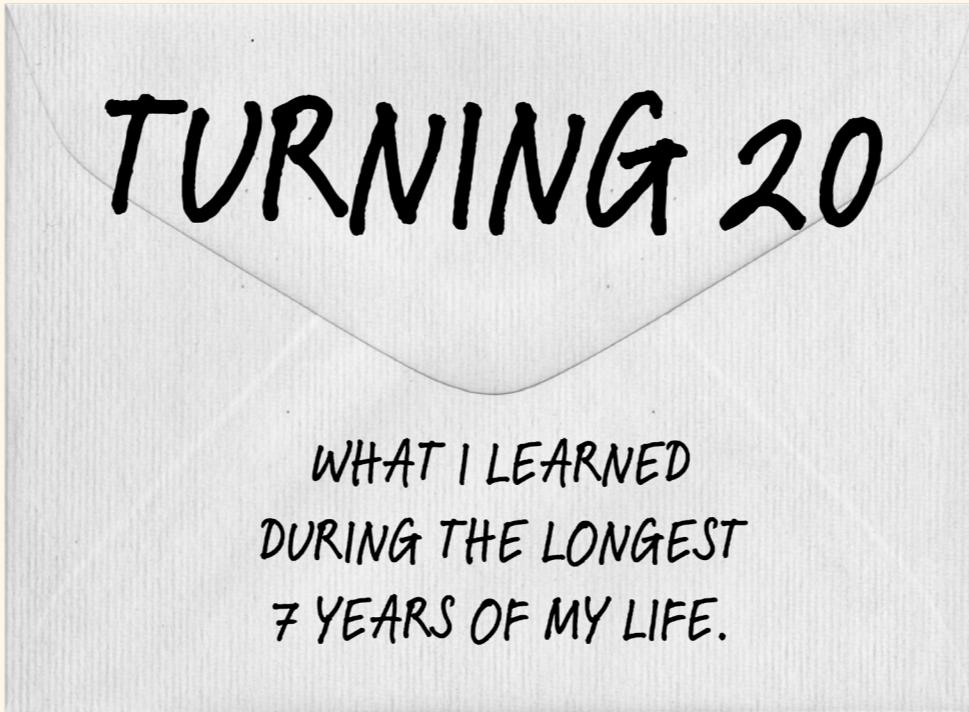
Before I get into that though, I want to rewind. Just a little. Because the years that came before still built the foundation for this one.

13: The Learning Phases of Me

At 13, I became someone I'd later cringe at. And that's okay. Neon hair, a hundred aesthetic shifts, cosplay accounts, the Lasagna alter ego. I lived through every phase with dramatic intensity, and for a while, I felt embarrassed by her. But now I understand—I needed her. That version of me was figuring things out in real time. That girl with the green hair and the want to be Tumblr energy? She's the reason I started writing, the reason I found my passion, the reason I'm even here telling this story. I don't shame her anymore. I thank her.

14: It's Okay to Let People Go

14 was the year I moved and lost contact with people I swore would be in my life forever. It hurt. It felt like betrayal on both sides. But I've learned since then that not all friendships are built to last. Some people are chapters, not whole books. And honestly? Some of those friendships had to end. The ones that made me feel like I wasn't enough, that drained me, that only showed up when it was convenient. It took me years to stop feeling guilty for letting go. But looking back now, I know it was necessary.



15: Life Doesn't End Just Because You Say It Does

At 15, everything felt like the end of the world. Every heartbreak, every bad grade, every awkward silence it all felt permanent. Like there was no future after the pain. I couldn't see past what was hurting right now. But now I know: most of what felt like the end was really just a turning point. Back then, I didn't know that time keeps moving, even if you're not ready. And that's the gift of it. You don't have to be okay today to be okay eventually. The worst moments aren't where your story ends, they're just the parts that make you stronger later.

16: Sometimes the Problem Is You

At 16, a friendship I thought would last forever completely fell apart and I spent a long time blaming her. What I didn't want to admit was that I had a role in it, too. I pulled away. I shut down. I didn't ask for help or talk things through. I isolated myself and called it healing, when really I was just avoiding accountability. That space we took? It was necessary. And eventually, we did find our way back to each other—older, softer, more self-aware. But that wouldn't have happened if we hadn't done the uncomfortable work separately. Friendships don't just break. They unravel slowly, through little moments. Sometimes, you're the one holding the scissors.

17: Nobody Actually Has It Figured Out

The world tells you that by 18, you should know who you are. I thought I'd have this polished identity by then. Like I'd wake up on my 18th birthday suddenly knowing what I wanted and how to get it. But instead, I felt more lost than ever. The truth is, we're all still figuring it out. Even the people who look like they have their life together are just winging it. Music, movies, all those coming-of-age stories they made it seem like 18 was the end of the self-discovery arc. But it's not. You don't need to have a fixed identity. You just need to stay open to who you're becoming.

18: Life Doesn't Follow Your Timeline

At 18, I thought I was about to live the life I had always dreamed of. I got into my dream school. I had plans. Momentum. Everything was supposed to fall into place. Then tuition jumped \$20k last minute, and just like that, my plans shattered. I enrolled in community college instead. It felt like failure. Like I'd taken ten steps back while everyone else moved forward. But here's the thing, I gained so much in that detour. I got to work, save money, travel, live on my own, and find passions I never had time for before. The life I thought I wanted got replaced by one that actually fit me better. There's no race. No universal deadline. And falling behind? That's a lie we tell ourselves when things don't go according to plan. You're never behind when you're living your own story.

19: Sit With It

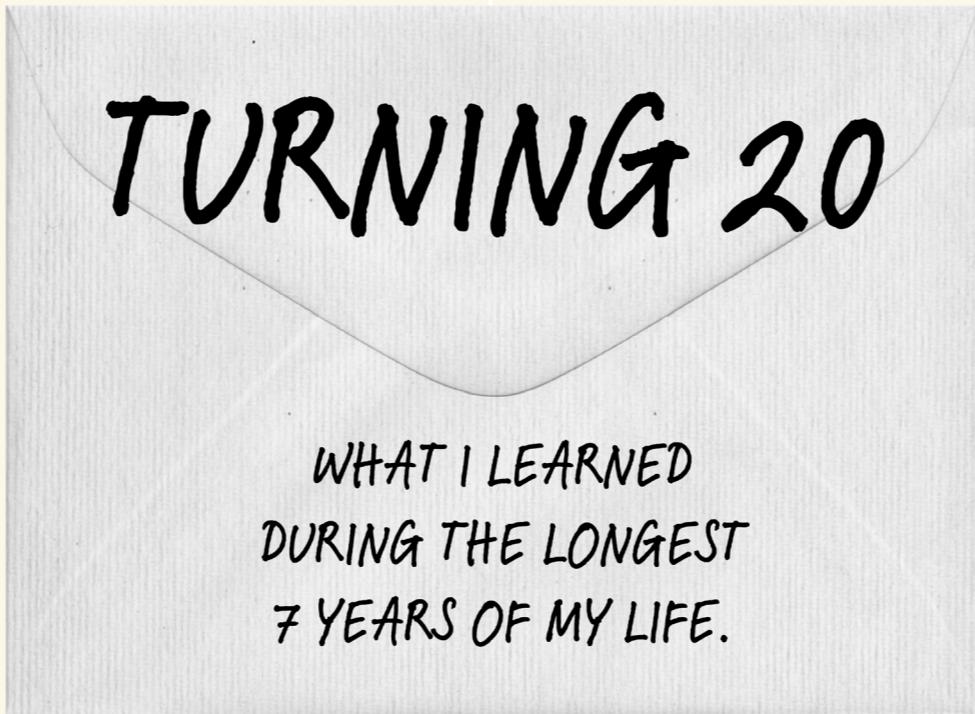
Now finally 19 was the year I never looked forward to. Not as freeing as 18. Not as defining as 20. It felt like the "meh" year was just something to get through. But looking back, I think 19 became the most important chapter of my story. Not because something dramatic happened—but because I finally had to face everything I kept trying to avoid. This was the year I learned how to sit with my pain. To stop distracting myself from heartbreak and actually process it.

19 started out fantastic actually, I turned 19 in New York on a trip with my best friends, I went to dream concerts, started a new internship with Disney, changed majors and found some passions I forgot I had. Moving forward my friend told me I should apply for a Disney internship, long story short I got accepted and made a friend group. It was all fun and games till it wasn't, I got involved with someone in the friend group and it was going really well and it had been my first genuine real relationship since my sophomore year of high school. I was proud of myself for this one, I did not self sabotage or have a lack of communication. I tried really hard to make this one work, but a tale as old as time, it didn't. It ended with us and when I lost him I lost everyone else as well.

At first, it didn't feel real. We didn't technically break up, we weren't even official. But the ending felt just as sharp. Just as final. I thought maybe I was dreaming. That I'd wake up the next day back in his apartment, wrapped in his arms, talking until 2 a.m like always. But that Sunday ended up being the last time we truly spoke.

And at first, I didn't cry. I convinced myself it was just another failed situation, that I'd be fine in a few days. But the truth was, I wasn't fine. The truth hit me the moment I saw my mom and couldn't pretend anymore. That's when I knew this wasn't just a fling—it was someone I had built an emotional world around. And now I was the only one left standing in it.

I tried to act like I didn't care. I avoided the songs that reminded me of him. I worked out more, filled my calendar with obligations, drowned myself in distractions.



"Sometimes you just have to sit with the hurt and be truthful to yourself—not throw yourself into work. I mean, it's always good to keep busy, but be busy in a way that benefits you creatively and emotionally, not in a way that will drain you."

I drained myself. I pushed people away. I turned my sadness into spite and pretended I was over it. But inside, I spiraled every time I saw him looking happy. Not because I didn't want him to be but because I couldn't understand how he moved on so easily when I still felt stuck in the memory of what almost was. A million "what if" scenarios ran through my head constantly, always wondering how he could leave so easily or end things the way they did.

"Sit with the fact that maybe I didn't want him back, I just wanted to prove that I was worth staying for."

Once I admitted that, everything unraveled in the best way. I saw it all clearly. We didn't really know each other the way I told myself we did. I didn't know his favorite color. He didn't know mine. He didn't know what made me anxious or what made me cry. And I didn't know that about him either. We moved too fast, said too much too soon, and tried to force depth into something shallow. It wasn't love. It was loneliness and lust and wanting to be wanted.

"I feel like we were looking for someone to want us—a silly little distraction. It wasn't love. It was rushed and it was lust. But sitting with that truth doesn't mean it wasn't real. I cared about him and part of me always will because for what it was, it mattered."

And even if it was short, it changed me in ways I could never explain in words. The worst part wasn't even losing him. It was realizing how much of myself I gave up just to keep it going. I lost focus. I neglected my friendships. I made myself small to be easier to love.

And the breakup? It exposed all of it. The ways I isolate. The way I convince myself I'm fine when I'm falling apart. The way I avoid healing by calling it "independence."

"Sometimes you need to apologize for the choices you made out of emotion."

And I did. I reached out to people I hurt. I admitted I didn't know how to ask for help. I told the truth not just to them, but to myself. I sat with the ugly parts of me. The clingy parts. The insecure ones. The part of me that wanted to scream "please don't leave" but never said it out loud. And in that silence, I found clarity.

The day I got my stuff back from him, he said something that shattered me even more:

"I never wanted to break up."

That sentence haunted me. If he didn't want to, then why did he let me go so easily? I spent nights rewriting alternate endings in my head. Ones where we slowed down. Ones where we took time. Ones where we didn't fall apart.

But maybe we needed to fall apart.

Because through that heartbreak, I came back to myself. I threw myself into the gym, into school, into therapy, into healing—but this time, not as a distraction. This time, with intention. I rediscovered my love for running. I started showing up for my friends again. I reconnected with my family. I grew.

And no I'm not going to sit here and say I don't still miss him. I do. I miss the version of me that felt seen. I miss the comfort. I miss talking with him at 2 am after work sharing secrets about our day. I miss what it could've been.

But I also know now: heartbreak doesn't last forever.

It lingers. It returns in waves. But it doesn't last forever.

Heartbreak doesn't mean you won't love again. It just means you'll love harder. You'll love better. You'll love differently.

And that's what 19 taught me.

That it's okay to miss someone while still moving forward. That healing doesn't mean forgetting, it means making peace. That you don't have to distract yourself to survive. Sometimes, the best thing you can do is sit in silence. Let it burn. Let it bruise. And trust that it's shaping you into someone stronger.

So if you're in the thick of it, if you're crying at 2 a.m., if you're trying to stay busy just to feel normal, know this: you're not weak. You're just human. And you're healing. Even if it doesn't feel like it.

Even if it hurts.

Even if you still miss them.

You're healing.

And one day soon, you'll wake up and realize you don't need them to feel whole anymore.

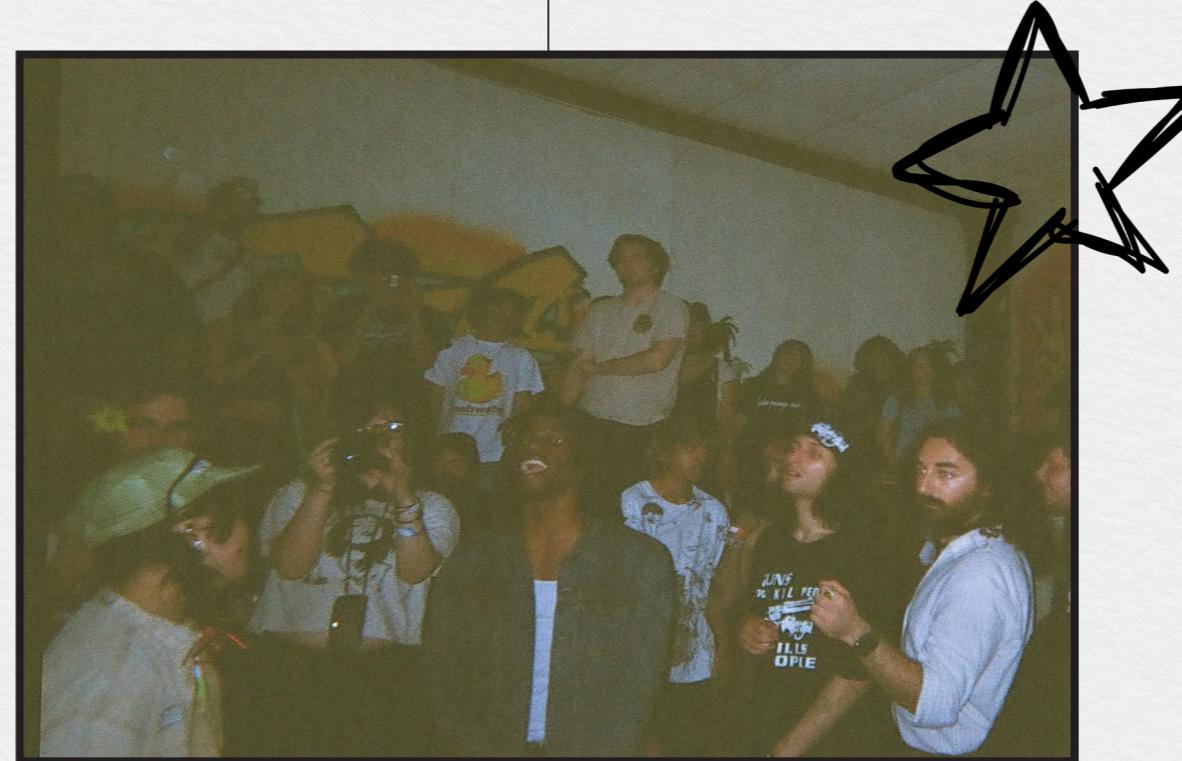
That's when you'll know:

19 was never a filler year.



CONCERT HIGHLIGHT

As part of their Memory Wells EP tour, the band took a quick pit stop at Central Florida Skatepark and turned it into a night to remember. More than just a place for skaters to drop in and grind rails, this Orlando-based park doubles as an offbeat venue where the local music scene comes alive.



That night's lineup featured the genre-blending talents of Walking Blue, Sincerely, Listener 555, and Amani, bands spanning from mid-2000s-inspired emo to heavy-hitting hardcore. The diversity in sound reflected the crowd: listeners of all kinds showed up, from seasoned showgoers to those experiencing their first mosh pit. Some had traveled from nearby cities, others from as far south as Miami, all drawn in by a shared love of raw, live music.



The Central Florida Skatepark proved to be more than just a backdrop. It was a character in the experience, offering a gritty, genuine space for bands and fans to connect. It's venues like these that keep Florida's underground music scene a thriving, sweet little gem that reminds us why we show up night after night.

growing up w/ coming of age media

FEELING LIKE AN ADULT

I'm nearing 20, and life is feeling a little too big. So I sit on the couch in my new apartment, paying close attention to the screen during *The Edge of Seventeen*. There's a specific type of ache that comes with watching my favorite coming-of-age movie at this point in my life. It doesn't stem from embarrassment but rather a squeezing sort of feeling. The grip this movie has on me took hold at 13 years old and has been holding onto me ever since, and oddly, with even more strength.

There's a silent expectation that the coming-of-age media we consume during our teenage years was meant for just that: our teenage years. But for some reason, we don't stop watching. The reality is these stories don't stop speaking to us as we grow older. If anything, they start saying even more. Entering adulthood isn't the time you grow out of these stories; it's the time you should begin to understand and let them take hold of you more deeply than ever.

AFTER THE FINAL SCENE

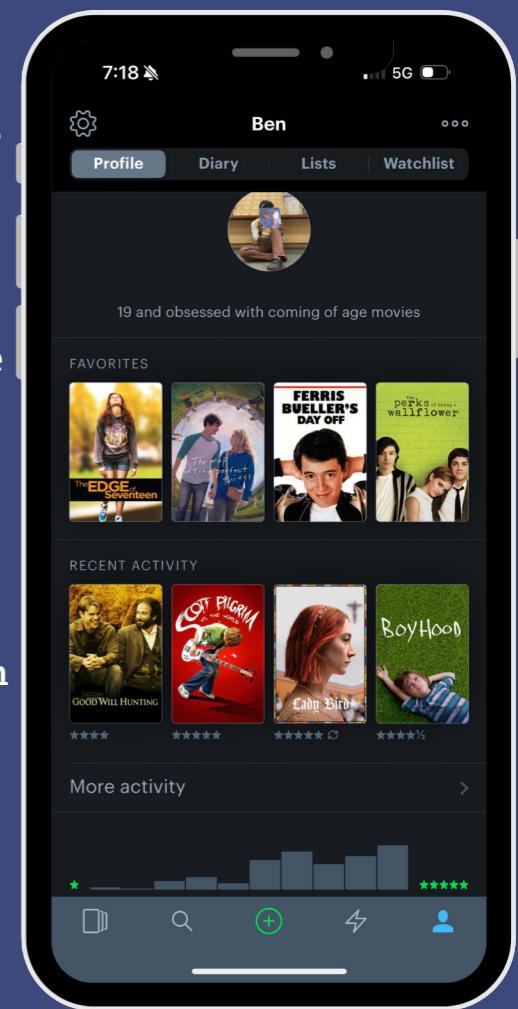
We're raised on stories that package growth into perfect arcs. There's a storyline that most coming-of-age movies share: the protagonist starts out feeling out of place and isolated, but by the end of the film, they find their people by overcoming a series of messy events. *The Perks of Being a Wallflower* (Stephen Chbosky) outlines the trope perfectly, the movie follows Charlie whose repressed trauma hatched into feelings of loneliness, dissociation, depression, etc, all the while going through his freshman year of high school. By the end of the movie, the love of his friends, Sam and Patrick, allows him to face his trauma and feel like a whole person rather than a shell of one. Stories like Charlie's resonate with many during their teenage years. Charlie's life didn't stop after the final scene of a heartwarming monologue in the middle of the beautiful shot of him, Sam, and Patrick driving under an overpass with the windows down. He admits that he still "doesn't have all the answers." Human life is a long process, and fortunately, one turning point in teenagehood doesn't cut it short. The tunnel ride, the music, the wind in Sam's hair, that moment feels like less of an ending and more of

a beginning of sorts. In hindsight, it's one of many beginnings we experience as young adults. We don't leave those freeing coming-of-age moments behind; we start to find them in different places. On spontaneous trips. In the night drives with new people who suddenly begin to feel like old friends. In the silent dance parties you decide to throw alone in a room that looks quite different from the one you lived in when you were in high school. Life after the "final scene" (if that's even a real thing) isn't an endless reflection on the lessons learned in the previous story; it's new stories, new highs, and new messes.

WHY THE STORIES HOLD ON

The grip that a coming-of-age story has on us as we enter adulthood isn't just because of nostalgia or comfort. It's because these stories yell out an emotional truth that doesn't leave someone behind as they age. You're reminded of what it's like to feel everything so intensely, every relationship, song, mistake, even moments of silence that felt like it mattered. The part of us that feels all those big emotions doesn't disappear as we grow older; perhaps it gets drowned in working late nights, paying rent, and the societal pressure to have everything figured out.

The beautiful thing about coming-of-age media is that it cuts through all of that like a knife. It grabs onto you and tells you that "you don't have to be done becoming." It emphasizes the continuous journey aspect of life rather than asking for the viewer to be polished and certain of everything to come. Films like *Ladybird* (Greta Gerwig) don't just capture a girl navigating high school; they capture emotional truths that extend into adult life. Viewers are told that there will be times they so badly want more than they have, times when love for people you're close to will be tangled in feelings of betrayal and resentment, an uncomfortable shift when you start seeing your parents as just people. The messages of *Ladybird* and other coming-of-age movies alike hold onto people because they remind us of emotional truths that transcend the process of aging and stay with us





“THIS IS
HAPPENING.
I AM HERE.”

-perks of being a wallflower

at every stage of our lives. Adulthood often asks for armor to be worn, and in doing so, we forget that we shouldn't have it all figured out. A coming-of-age story allows us to take that armor off and sit in the fact that there are many emotional truths to live with as well as feelings that are allowed to stay indescribable but also felt fully and deeply.

HOW TO KEEP “BECOMING”

It's natural to feel like you need a guidebook. Entering your twenties, thirties, forties, and beyond can feel terrifying, but honestly, a lack of a guidebook is what it's all about. Coming of age isn't a high school thing. It's a thing you'll find in many places, like the new apartment you've made feel like a home. It's even in the moments you realize you've outgrown places or people. Writing this a little over halfway into nineteen myself, I for sure don't have any advice that'll be worthwhile to everybody, but here are some tips of things that remind me I'm still “becoming.”

- A late night drive, alone or with friends
- A favorite spotify playlist
 - Podcasts
 - Scrapbooking
- A coming-of-age movie.

The ache I and many others feel watching a coming-of-age movie in our adulthood isn't proof we've outgrown it. It's proof it's still working. These stories have always been about navigating turbulence, shifts in identity, and the unexplainable and intense feelings that continue beyond teenage years. Coming-of-age media stays with us because we're still growing up. The growing relevance of coming-of-age media in our lives is what makes it easy to hook onto. There will never be an expiration date on relating to stories that remind us how many times we're able to feel, to fall apart, to learn, to begin, and to do all of it loudly with its own series of beautiful cinematic moments that get captured in their own right.

We haven't missed it.

We're not behind.

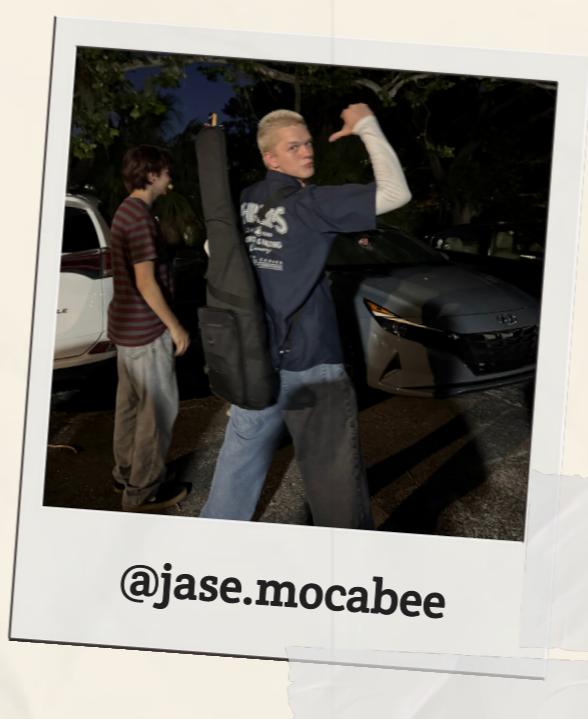
We're still becoming.

-benjy phanor <3



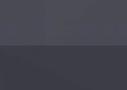
FANGIRL FASHION

Here at FANGIRL, we're all about our scene community and we're ALL about aesthetics. We took to a local show to see what Fans are wearing on their nights out to enjoy live music. Here's some we captured along with their socials!





WE HAVE...
A MONTHLY PLAYLIST!

SOUNDSHOTS MONTHLY <3

soundshotspress

Saved on Spotify

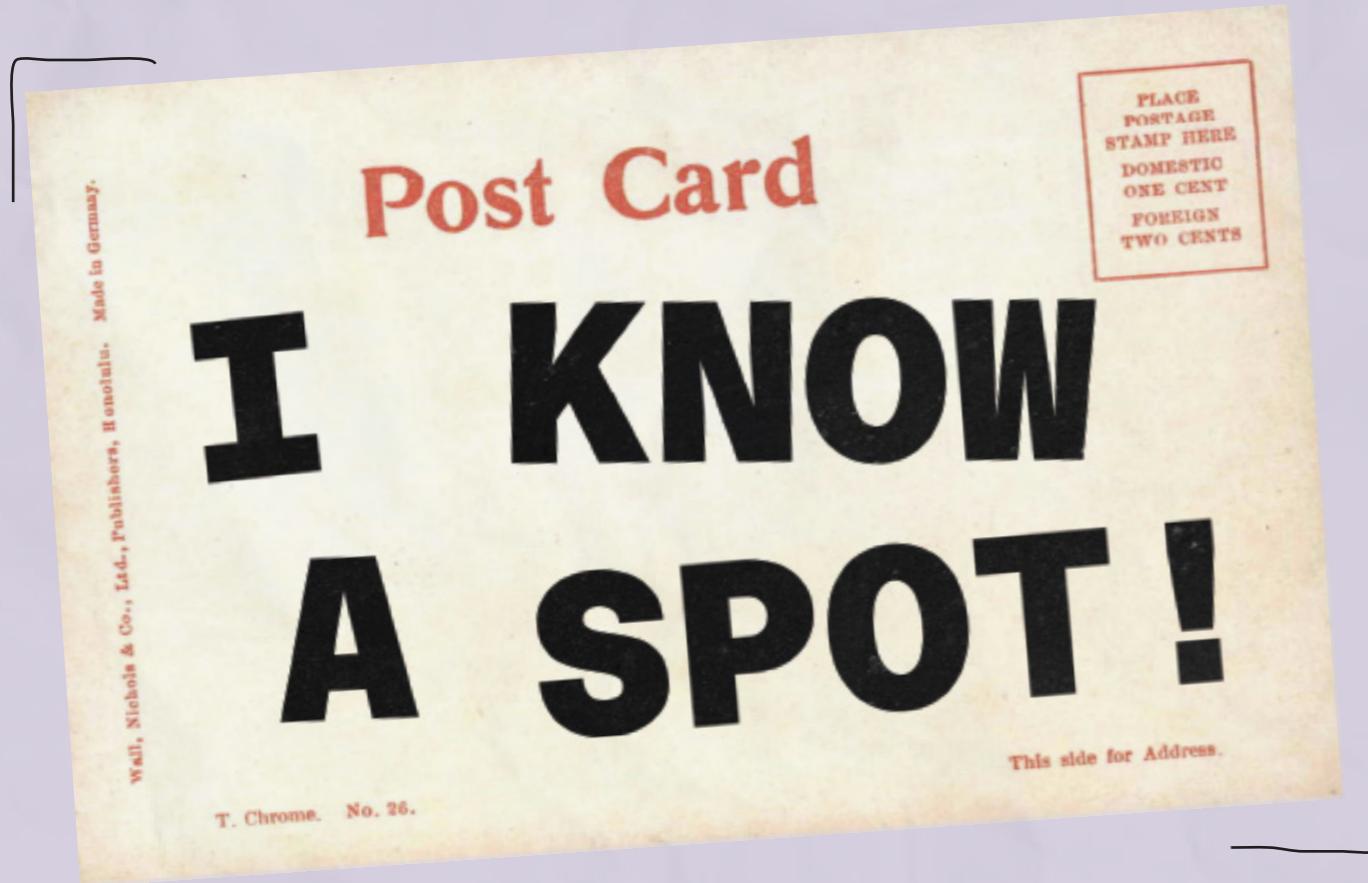
00:00

1 Katie
Sunny Side Up! 03:46

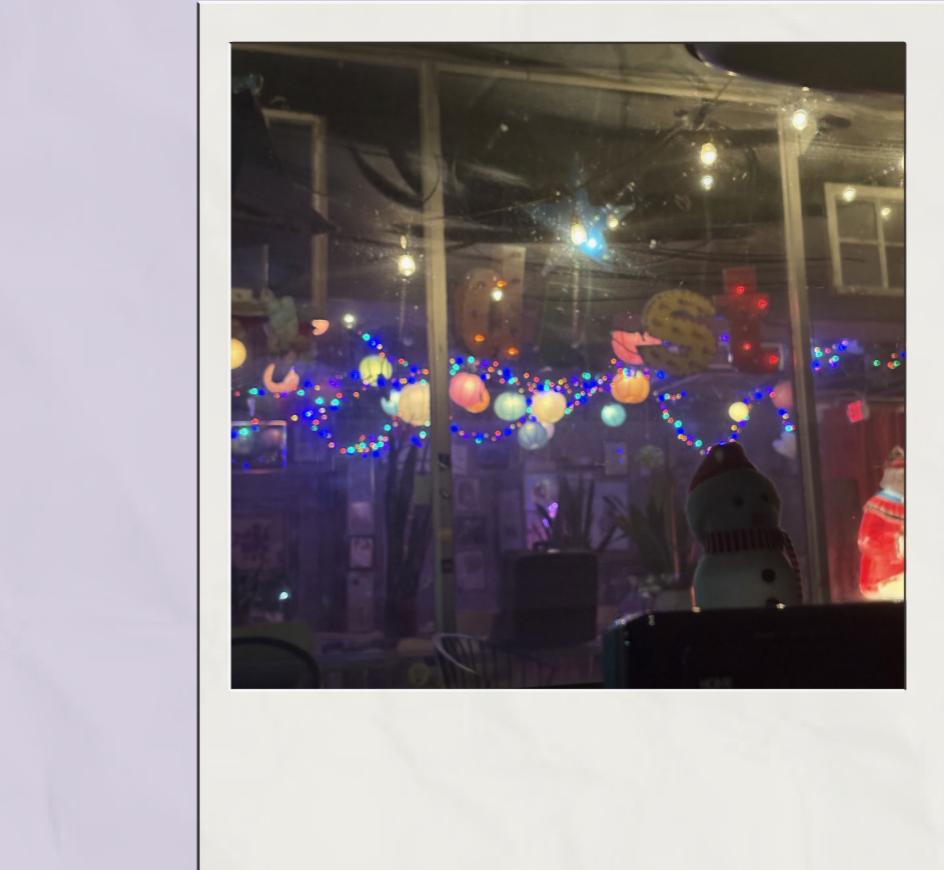
2 Bags - Recorded At Electric Lady Studios
Clairo 04:39

3 Arm Wrestle
The Buoys 03:38

STARDUST VIDEO & COFFEE



An integral part of growing up is finding a "Third Space". A space apart from the home or workplace where socialization flourishes. It's no secret Third spaces are disappearing from the U.S. Within the live music community in Florida we hold spaces like these very close to us, so we wanted to give you a few central florida spots we know that serve as a third space.



Stardust Video & Coffee is a cafe located in Winter Park, Orlando. The aesthetics of this cafe are gorgeous and serve a large variety of coffee's, tea's and food. Stardust and its neighboring stores also love to house markets every now and then filled with local vendors. The cafe also serves as an event space for concerts, trivia nights, and more!



THE ACRE



The Acre is one of Orlando's most unique spots, a place essentially meant for lounging. Located in Edgewater, The Acre also serves as an event venue; but on days where those events aren't scheduled, It's a beautiful plot of land with many places to sit and socialize such as their cabin, "The Lodge" with plenty of seating and games to enjoy.

BALDWIN PARK



About a 5 minute drive from Stardust is Baldwin Park. A beautiful, very walkable neighborhood in Winter Park. Within the area sits a huge lake with a tiny boardwalk leading into a gazebo. With a constant bustling atmosphere; the entire area is filled with shops, restaurants, and plenty of trails to walk on.

GROW UP
COCAINE
NEW GIRL

ROS
HOBO
CHERI
SPACE

IDENT ATTORNEYS

CONDUIT
02/15 VALENTINES SHOW!

\$20
DROP D TUNE

ORIGINAL

FENCES

COCOON TUNE

NIGHT SHIFT*

BAD ROMANCE

SWEET
BIRDS
DRUM

152 booking

Flowers
Perfect storm
James Learns
18
Freaking out
Sofia
Dood
Nicole



MWEE

DEAD!

26 CAPO

M2M

KEEP ON

TUNE

COLD HARD

TRANS

CIRCLES

99 RED

TUNE goober

MWEE

SWAMP

Core
Austin
Mi

Au
Lai

CT

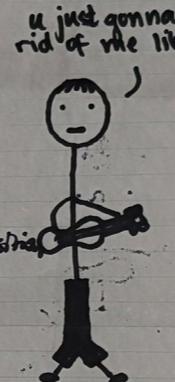
• Walking
Blue
• DEFAULT
FRIEND

• Stick or
• Accident
Att.
• The
phenome

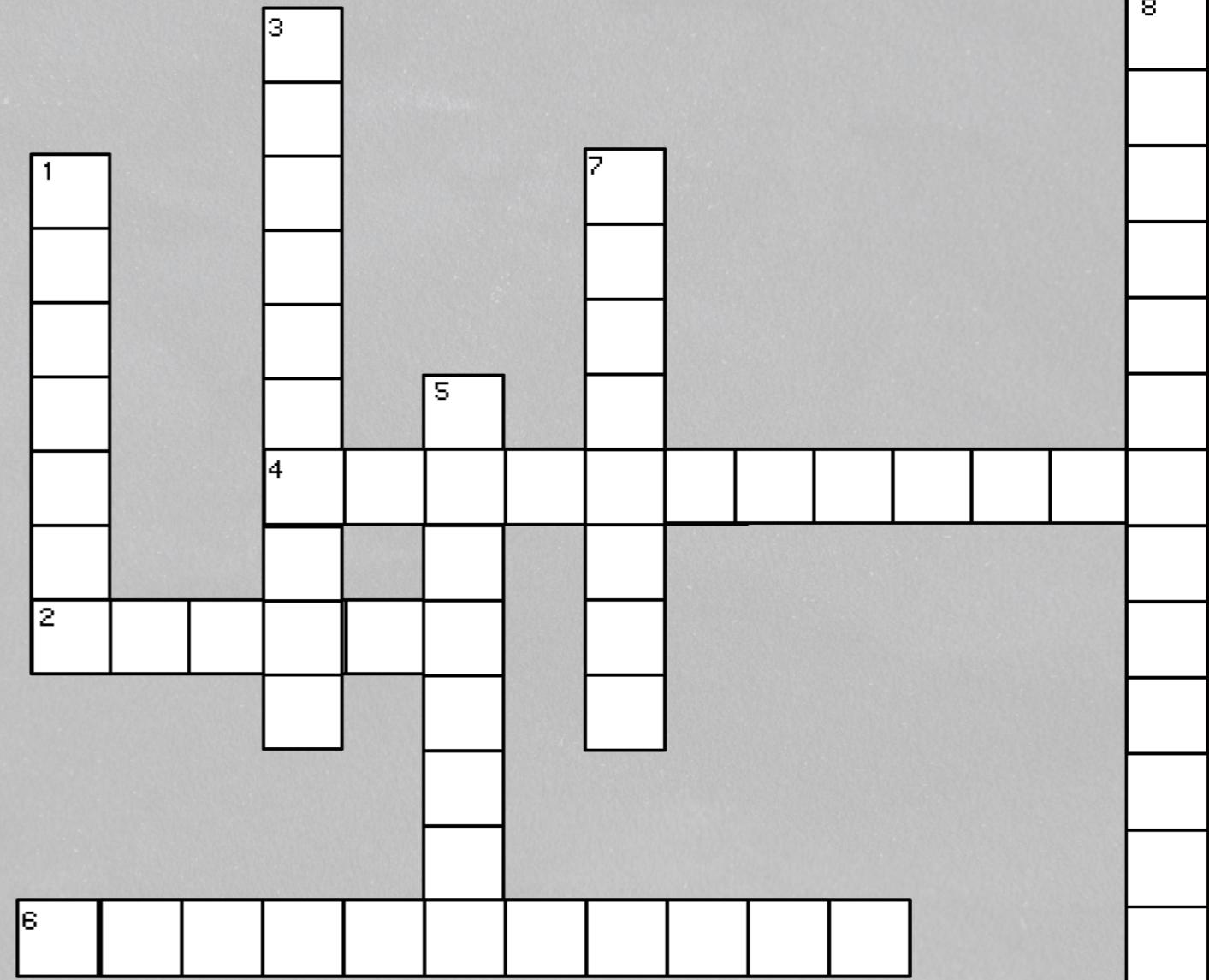
• LAST
SONG
• Stickers
• Mailing

NOG

Isaac



FANGIRL CROSSWORD



DOWN

1. A form of dancing where participants push or slam into each other.
3. Media team dedicated to the community within the Florida Music Scene
5. 1842 E Winter Park Rd, Orlando, FL 32803
7. An enthusiastic and dedicated female fan
8. AMY

ACROSS

2. 6 strings
4. An individual that captures images
6. The band your mom will love

FANGIRL DONATIONS



FANGIRL VENMO:
[@soundshotspress](https://venmo.com/@soundshotspress)

Us at FANGIRL use all our own money to fund everything that goes into making our magazine, any donation able to be made will be deeply appreciated!

FOR THE FANS
THAT GET IT.



To the Orlando Indie Music Scene,

This is a love letter to you

You've always been more than a collection of shows, bands, and venues. You're a community. A family. A place where strangers become friends through basslines and broken strings, where sweat drips and the voices in the crowd sing just as loud as the ones onstage.

At SoundShots and Fangirl, we love you. We see the sticker-covered guitar cases lugged down Winter Park, the homemade flyers tucked into coffee shop corners, the garage bands that turned into legends overnight or never did, but still played like they were. We've been right there in the front row, camera in hand, and bodies ready to mosh, because you've always made room for us.

This magazine is for you. For the local kids who find their first mosh pit family, the artists who play to ten people like it's ten thousand, and the fans who show up early, stay late, and scream every word. We started SoundShots because we needed a place to hold all the stories this scene has given us now we're handing that place back to you

You've always been there for us. Now, we're here for you. There would be no Fangirl or SoundShots if not for the community we built here.

With all our love (and maybe a little ear ringing),

FanGirl.