

skizzleplex - oh, my precious beef!

C'mon! - \$7.95!

Issue 6 - The (second) best issue since Issue 5!

Issue 6 - My apologies to all the loyal readers who have been kept waiting for a new issue. As Skizzleplex grows, we take on new responsibilities. It's just par for the course. I find my time equally divided between selling ad space, courting new distributors and managing the hundreds of new employees. Only THEN, when everything else is done, do I have any time to sit down and actually WRITE something! LOL! Anyway, now that I just found out my country band will not be doing the fair circuit this summer with Trace Adkins, I should have a little more time to devote to this newsletter. Anyway, this issue's theme is "lower your expectations, you're not that good" - The Editor

Camping - It's "in-tents"!



(ADVERTISEMENT)



"Are you gonna drink the rest of that?"



It's Elemental!

This month's featured element is **Chromium**, broseph! With a chemical symbol like **Cr** and an atomic number of **24**, you know this motherfucker ain't playin' around! Though it's noted for its hardness and resistance to corrosion this tough guy is malleable as shit and often prefers a quiet night at home to hittin' the club scene 'til 3 am! Admittedly a bad breaker-upper, abandoned chromium production sites may need environmental cleanup :(

My Son Stevie - by Phillip Kowski

If your sexual predilections skew towards the 'kinky' end of the spectrum as mine do, you might want to take this advice to heart.

Sometimes regular old intercourse just doesn't cut it and when this happens, you may look to the boundaries of society's accepted sensual practices. Hell, you may jump that fence and make a run for the border! Nah, I'm just kidding.

Speaking of the border, illegal immigrants looking for work are a veritable goldmine for those of us with exotic tastes. Their poor English skills and aversion to law enforcement means they're more likely to just move on, rather than rat you out to the cops about your unsavory dealings.

One of my favorite moves is to hire foreigner women to care for "my son, Stevie". When they show up for work, I tell them I have to get to the office, but that they should let Stevie sleep for another 15 minutes or so. Then I leave, sneak around the back and climb in the window, trading my business suit for a pair of adult-size footie pajamas with the butt flap in back.

Then I (Stevie) just poop myself, start crying and let the fun begin!

Now you might think, "Why would anyone put up with that?" Obviously, you underestimate the lure of twenty dollars an hour, cash to someone trying to get a leg up in a tanking economic environment.

Anyway, they do usually get fed up, at which point, I counter their threats to leave with a 2-3 dollar an hour raise. When they start to abuse this, I know it's time for us to part ways.

But hey, by that time, I'm bored anyway, right? Time to move on! - PK

STORY CORNER!!!

My parents were reactionaries in the truest sense of the word. They reacted to whatever the prevailing winds were and did the opposite, all for the sake of "being different".

So when my younger brother was born in the midst of the the go-go Reagan 80's, they became super liberal hippie types.

One example of this was not giving my brother a name.

They said it was too important a decision for them to just "label" him whatever they felt like. He should do it himself, organically.

They felt he would eventually find the name that "fit".

That's how I got my little brother, Super Nintendo Filipkowski.

Consequently, as a "reaction" to this hippie bullshit, my dad re-registered as a Republican three days later and put our condo in the Haight-Asbury district up for sale. We were moving to Ohio to be around real people!

And that's how I got my *new* (6 year old) brother, Ronald Nixon Filipkowski.



(not to scale)



"Sneakers - They'll get you where you want to go!"™ - Actress/Activist, Sandy Duncan

When you have kids, it's important not to spoil them. You need to instill wholesome, American values in them at an early age. When your parents don't do that, it's up to the kids to take it upon themselves to make sure they don't grow up to be losers.

For example, I didn't want my parents to just buy me an apartment complex and have me "manage" it for them like every other spoiled brat. This is a total cop out. Everyone knows it's not a real job.

So I had my dad (head councilman, 4th district) change the law that states restaurants which don't provide a public restroom are subject to small fines. Before, it was more like a slap on the wrist, but now if they get caught, they're basically out of business.

This worked out much better than the apartment manager thing or even my earlier idea where I planned to bring a gun to a gun free zone near a school and then sue the school for false advertising, because it's not really "gun-free" if I'm there with a gun, right?

So anyways, now I go around to these little mom and pop establishments and basically blackmail these poor-working immigrants into giving me \$300/week by threatening to report them to my dad. Well, after all the boo-hoos and "Meester, we no have-a the money!"s, they realize shelling out a few day's worth of profits to me each week is better than losing the whole joint.

So now I'm rich and the best part is that I didn't rely on my parents to set up some phony baloney apartment manager job. I enjoy my money more, because I actually earned it.



CORRECTION: We apologize for the typo which appeared on page 1 of this issue. The correct spelling is "intense", not "in-tents". We regret any confusion this mistake may have caused the reader.



Futurecast!

"The News of the future!"



Prediction:

In the future, scientists will invent a machine that allows them to talk to ghosts!



I'm a spooky ghost like you see on TV!

In my past life, I was a child actor in Vaudeville. Gee, that's actually kinda sad :(

The only problem with this is that ghosts don't exist. That won't change in the future, so really... this device is rendered totally worthless.

Prediction:

The scientist who invented this machine will get fired for wasting everyone's time.



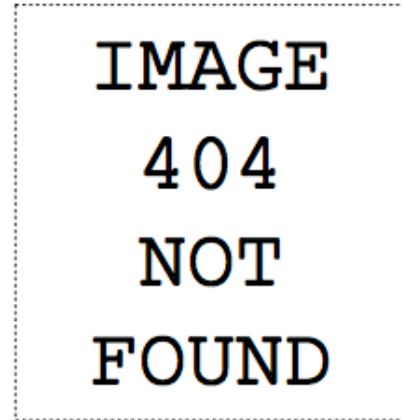
"You're not hired!™" - D. Trump

Apparently, Donald Trump is in the future too, I guess? To be honest, this really isn't making that much sense.

Hey, did you find this in the garbage?
Do you want to receive new ones?
Email skizzleplex@yahoo.com

Prediction:

The lack of real ghosts will totally derail some loser's stupid "comedy" bit in a newsletter that ten people read.



Yeah, I got nothing.

Prediction:

To waste some space, said loser will insert a random picture for no reason.



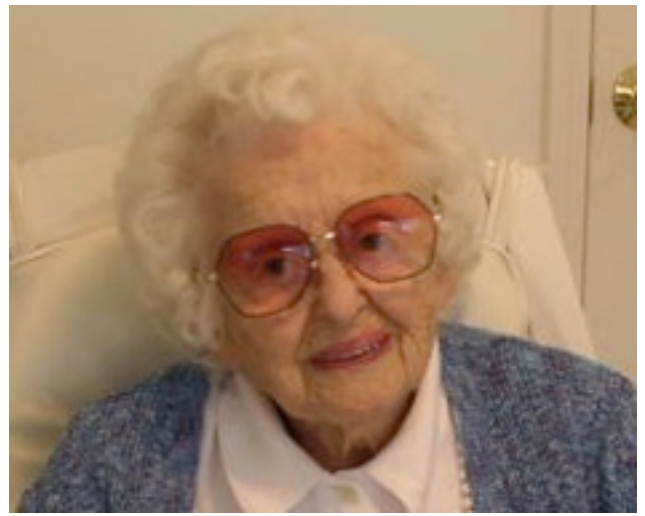
Wow! One of these actually came true! That's just a Baby Ruth, but it sorta looks like a poop, right? I mean, poop is funny, no? I guess the lesson here is that the future is unwritten. It's what we choose to make of it. So grab hold of your own destiny with both hands, because there is a world of limitless possibilities right outside your door!

Classroom Discussion Aid:

- What did we learn about the future?
- Could these mistakes have been avoided?
- How does this relate to your own future?

Cool Times - by My Granny Fanny

I have 23 grandchildren and already those horny bastards have shit out 4 great-grandchildren. Not that there's really anything "great" about them. I'm sick of kids. There, I said it. Hey, I'm not made of stone, I think babies are cute and all that crap, until they actually do crap, in which case, it's time to pass Lil' Junior Shits-a-lot off to Mommy. In my day, kids were almost tolerable because they knew that if they got out of line, they were going to get the business end of the wooden spoon or spend the night out in the woods down by the men's shelter, as punishment. Either way, they'd be wishing they had an extra pair of underpants on, believe you me! So, in summation, all these brats and their dipshit parents can rot in hell.



"Awww, you're leaving?" - Granny Fanny, to a family of four with two bratty, spaz kids, walking out the door at the Outback Steakhouse in Burbank, CA last month.

Hungry yet?? (check one)

I am!

"Hungry Yet??" is an addendum to the usual column, "Inventor's Bench" which features strictly food-based inventions that don't exist yet, but should.

Not me!

Pancake Nachos - Silver dollar pancakes instead of tortilla chips. Covered in syrup instead of nacho cheese with whipped cream instead of sour cream. In place of salsa, you can use fresh strawberries or whatever kind of fresh fruit topping you like (for an additional charge).



Like a karate kick to your taste bud's face!

"All Crust" Pie - We take the best part of the pie: the crust, and we fill it with mashed up pieces of (you guessed it!) more pie crust and cover it with pie crust and bake it 'til it's golden brown. No yicky fillings! Just all pie crust! Delicious!



Got any milk? This is kinda dry!

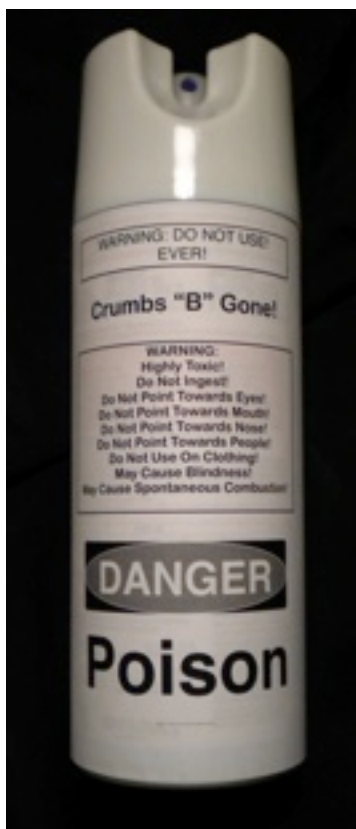
Word Power!

stuff |stʌf|

noun

1 matter, material, articles, or activities of a specified or indeterminate kind that are being referred to, indicated, or implied : a pickup truck picked the stuff up | a girl who's good at the technical stuff.

Inventor's Bench



(industrial mock-up)

Crumbs "B" Gone! - A highly toxic spray that makes your shirt 20% more resistant to crumbs. With cracker season just around the corner, can you afford NOT to buy this??
\$59.99 per 3 oz. Bottle

For outdoor use ONLY

Not for use on:

**People
Shirts
Crumbs**

Fun for the whole family!

(not for use on families)

iPhone Holder Wrist-Watch - Dick Tracy meets the 21st Century *in STYLE!* You'll be the talk of that big meeting when everybody sees what's normally just your boring old iPhone securely fastened to your wrist! A definite conversation starter, now you have your smart phone at the wrist of your hand! "What time is it?" More like, "time to make a phone call!" Or check my email! Or play some Bejeweled Blitz! The possibilities are endless!



Just like the ones truckers use every day!

"Breaker, breaker! This is Captain Tinypenis. I'm gonna be making a delivery of chocolate hotdogs to underpants avenue if I don't find a place to go 10-200! Over."

Up until now, you had to make a choice: either you wore a pair of \$1200 hand-crafted Italian loafers OR you had shoes with a red light in the heel that lit up as you walked down the street. What makes these shoes so special is that they are literally *the best of both worlds!* I hand-carve a hole into the back of each pair and insert the lights in there myself, using only a knife I found at the park, my third grade education and some masking tape. I'll admit, I don't know jack squat about shoe-making, but I do know that these shoes are "flashy" enough for that big business meeting AND the hot new club that the guy with all the tattoos who works in the shipping department told you about!



"Dew" The Math! - sponsored by



If you think math is just for those chumps in "college", you don't realize that it can actually help

you in real life. Don't be ignorant.

EXAMPLE:

If my dad takes me to Disneyland, he has a strict policy that we can only go on five rides. Plus, he counts the escalator as a ride. BUT, if our maid, Consuela, takes me instead, I can go on rides all day long, the problem being that it's embarrassing to hang out with the 'help'.

Now, for extra credit, solve this problem, using *math*.

All inventions copyright Eric Filipkowski. Any interested parties seeking to partner in the manufacture of these great ideas should contact me.

"C'mon, let's make some dough!™" - Eric F.

Car Shopper!

**Beep!
Beep!**

I set out to the local dealers with a fixed budget and some tips on haggling that I picked up on the internet. Did I find my perfect car? Let's see!

**Vroom!
Vroom!**



2010 Nissan GT-R

This car was fast! Boy, was it ever! And I liked the styling. But it has a tiny rear seat, the fuel economy is so-so and they wouldn't meet my price, even with my trade-in. Oh well!



2010 Lexus LS

Another sharp-looking ride, if I do say so myself! Plenty of room too. Again, the big engine made it fast, but a gas-guzzler. Still out of my price range and I've got my own GPS, so I'd just be paying extra for stuff I don't need.



2010 BMW 328i

A much more reasonable choice in the import luxury/sport sedan market. It seemed like the ride was a little harsh, I'm not Mario Andretti, after all! Just kidding. Anyway, costs way too much.



2010 Dodge Challenger SRT8

Jeepers creepers! I'm not sure what I was thinking with this one! OK, I do: I was thinking I was gonna be like Bo and Luke Duke! Back to reality! Nice car, too impractical. Also, way out of budget.



2010 Chevy Cobalt

A much more practical choice but it still had some nice touches like power windows and air conditioning. After the other cars, you definitely see and feel where they cut corners. Nice car, beyond my means, though.



2003 Kia Rio (used)

Jesus Christ, this piece of shit is 7 years old! The rear window won't go down and you've still got the balls to ask for 2 grand? What am I? The King of England? If I was, I wouldn't be driving around in this shitbox!

Can't Touch This! (Without the \$\$\$)

OK, well, things didn't work out quite like I had hoped. Apparently, \$300 can't buy what it used to, even in this economy. Looking on the bright side of things, I'm staying in great shape walking everywhere, which is better for the environment!



“Why are there so many songs about rainbows?” - Kermit The Frog

Well Kermit, maybe it has something to do with the large number of gay people working in the music industry? Sorry that kind of thing upsets you or whatever. Got any more questions, you fucking homophobe? I mean, seriously man, what’s your deal? I know you’re just a frog or a turtle or a puppet or whatever, but it’s two thousand and goddam ten, get over it. I mean you seriously think their lifestyle choices have any effect on you? Like they’re going to try and ‘convert’ you? Man, that’s weak. Grow up.

“I live in a swamp, so I’m allowed to be a dick!”

Great Moments in Liberal Guilt (cont. from Story Corner)

When I was in college, some friends and I were strolling around a snowy Harvard Square when we stopped to watch a street performer. He was a legitimate musician who had set up in front of a store, playing his music. Behind him was an old homeless woman. Any money he put in his guitar case, he would give to the homeless people, because he didn’t really need it, he just liked performing, I guess. Anyway, halfway through one of his songs, this lady wakes up from her drunken stupor and while remaining in a prone position, she pulls her pants down, rolls over on her side and begins to urinate on the sidewalk, steam rising from the puddle she had made. There’s maybe 20 or 30 people watching this guy play and we’ve all just seen this happen, but his back is to her, so he has not. The worst part is, she’s up on a small incline so the pee is slowly dripping down the sidewalk in a little yellow river towards the guy’s amp. What the hell do you do in that situation?? Well, if you’re me and the other 29 people watching this play out, you don’t do anything but stand there and gasp. Normally, I would have run for it, but I couldn’t walk away without knowing what happened. “What happened” is that the guy finally noticed the look of horror on everyone’s face, turned around, saw the pee just inches from his expensive music equipment and quickly scooped it up out of harm’s way. Then he launched into a tirade at the poor woman, asking her how she could have done that when he’s just trying to play his music and make some money for her to get something to eat with. It was at this point that I decided to run for it. And that was the best summer ever!



Profiles In Awesome People

Eric Filipkowski, age 23, is a successful actor, writer and entrepreneur who lives in Hollywood. We caught up with him at his mansion which has its own Slurpee Machine. He listed his hobbies for us:

- Going to Outback Steakhouse and saying, “That’s not a knife. THIS is a knife!” and laughing hysterically.
- Going to Outback Steakhouse and saying, “An alligator with sunglasses? Now I’ve seen everything!” and laughing hysterically.
- Ordering swordfish at Outback Steakhouse, then throwing it on the ground and saying, “That’s for Steve Irwin!” and laughing hysterically before asking for my money back since I’m not eating food off of the floor.
- Ordering 2 sodas at once.
- Having a great time and making a positive change in the world.

“Patients” or “Patience”?
What’s the difference?
We may never know :(

Hugs not drugs!

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