

# skizzleplex - a place for friends

Still just \$8!

Welcome! Consider this the inaugural edition of the printed version of a website I have that has nothing to do with this at all. But you may ask, what is skizzleplex? Simply put, it is the largest number in the world. it's equation is  $x = y + 1$  where  $y$  is the previous number conceived as the largest number in the world. Seen as a function of time, if skizzleplex is  $x$ , then  $x + 1 = x(t + 1)$ . Capiche, ya fuckin' mook?

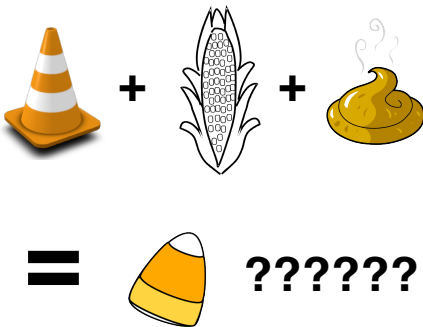


I got molested!

If I have a kid, I'm gonna name him "Doctor". Like, that would be his first name. Cuz then I could say my kid is a Doctor and not be lying and also, he could write me prescriptions for Vicodin. I mean, not as a baby, cuz that would be stupid, but when he gets older, he totally could, cuz it's the law and stuff. That's a pretty good idea, right? You can take that and name your kid "Doctor" if you want, just make sure to give me credit and some Vicodin, because if you don't, I will report you to the cops and tell them your kid isn't a real doctor. Then I will go to the police auction of your stuff and buy the Vicodin you had for really cheap.

Why I'm not in advertising (or stand up comedy)

Candy Corn - It's barely candy and it doesn't look like corn. They should call it "shit traffic cone-type dealie".



It was my birthday. So this issue has an unintended birthday theme to it. Originally, the theme was 'revenge' but that has fallen to the wayside, would you not agree?



Here I am at Disneyland, beating my friend's stupid ass at Buzz Lightyear.

As I sat in the coffeeshop downtown, I breathed a heavy sigh of relief. I had kicked my addiction. Oh sure, it had taken moving to a foreign country where music was against the law, but it had been the motivation to finally get me to quit. I had twelve years behind me now and I was finally starting to relax. And then, almost as if on cue, I heard it. The elderly gentleman behind me, in his heavy accent singing almost inaudibly, but I picked the sound out amongst all the others in the crowded restaurant. How could I not? It was practically the national fucking anthem of people like me! "Shut up, old man!" I thought, for the good of us both. But he didn't. I should have gotten up, walked out, but I didn't. "I can beat this!" I thought. "Private eyes - they're watching you," he muttered. My right pointer finger twitched. Keep it together, Eric! Second chorus, an ever-so-silent tap-tap on the table. I was sweating bullets. Literally. Six people died of their wounds from my sweat in the span of that two minutes. But shooting people isn't illegal there, so nobody even noticed, but when I heard that final verse, I couldn't help myself. I jumped up on the table, pulled my hands back and bam! (continued on page 2)



"Oh man, you shoulda smelled this fart" - by Secretary of State, Hilary Clinton

Bro, you're not even gonna believe it! I'm in this meeting with these Arab guys or whatever and this one dude totally fucking farted! I mean, like it was bad enough that we all heard it and shit, but as we're like looking around at each other all, "Oh snap, did that dude just totally fart in the middle of this meeting?" then we all like smelled it and looked at each other. Like I thought I was gonna barf and shit! For reals. I don't know if it's that fucked up food those guys eat or what but this didn't even smell like a regular fart, you know? It was like way worse and I know that any of the other people at that meeting will back me up on this one. I know you totally think I'm lying, but I swear to god, this is true! It was like so bad! Anyway, I was gonna say something but this other guy told me not to, so I didn't.

You know how much fun Vegas actually isn't? A lot. - Brain Teaser!



Don't forget! Halloween will soon be here! (Oct. something?)

(continued from page 2)

"PRIVATE EYES, THEY'RE WATCHING YOU! <CLAP CLAP>!!!!" I stood there, my hands still together. Everyone staring intently, not sure what came next. "What came next" was, of course, the secret police storming into the restaurant and pointing their guns at me. "Well, in for a penny, in for a pound!" I thought, as I began to clap clap clap my clap-junkie fucking heart out. I jumped from table to table, as they chased me, Keystone Cops-style. Clap clap clap clap! I went, all about the restaurant, stepping on peoples' clap clap clap colcannon and clap clap clap haggis breakfasts as I did. Finally, my clapping came to an end, as they held me down, my arms apart. They beat me unmercifully and I feared the end was near, but luckily for me, a construction worker outside had a momentary lapse and started to whistle. They bolted for the door, batons drawn for their next savage beating, while I snuck out the back and made for the U.S. embassy. Soon I would be home and back to my old ways, I'm sure.

# STORY CORNER!!!

the birthday balloons - My girlfriend says my birthday is over, but the joke's on her. There's a little known rule that if you still have birthday balloons that are still inflated, it's technically still your birthday. So I am currently storing mine in a zero atmosphere safe room that normally houses silicon chips and such. The scientists tell me those balloons will keep their shape for another 200-300 years in those conditions. Sure, it's costing me \$580 a week, but it's worth it! If I want a bj, she's gotta give me one, cuz it's my birthday! "Hey, go get me some water! You have to! It's my birthday!" "Lie to the cops and tell them you were with me in Orlando when Terri Schmeck was murdered. It's my birthday!"



## Inspiration

"Reach for your dreams!" - Fiona Apple

"Never give up!" - Charlie Sheen

"Reach for your dreams!" - Alan Cumming

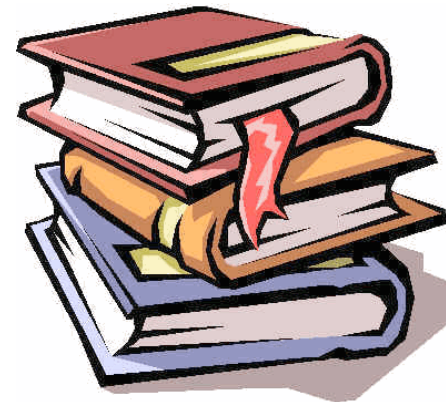
The time I became gay - When I was a biologist, back in grad school, I would sit out there at my post in the marshes of Eastern Kentucky and I would marvel at the birds, all day long. How majestically they soared overhead! If only I could fly like that, I would truly know what it was like to be free. So, I did the next best thing: I quit my Phd program, I bought a toy remote control blimp, attached a cheap video camera to it and took it to the town pool, because the changing rooms had no roofs over them. Everything went off without a hitch until I got my blimp and it's precious mini-dv cargo home and stuck it in my player, where I discovered I had been hovering over the wrong changing room the whole time.

"Fun times!" - Carol Moffett, AK



This was supposed to be one of those animated .gifs where the butterfly is flapping its wings and stuff, but I forgot that this isn't the computer and so you can't see it doing that, but trust me, it's pretty cool!

Growing up, I was always a tall kid. Up until fifth or sixth grade, I enjoyed my place as tallest kid in my class. You may know that girls hit puberty faster than boys, usually, so I had a rude awakening one day in seventh grade as I held the attendance book over Mrs. Morgan's head. I told her she couldn't make me tardy if she didn't have the book! She slumped down in her chair, resigned to failure. "You can't reach it up here!" I taunted, just as I felt the leather-bound volume slip from my hands. "But I can!" came the booming, baritone as Terri Schmeck, the tallest girl in school handed Mrs. Morgan the book, which she happily wrote my name in, as I stewed in my seat.



"School is cool!" - Anonymous

**the end?**

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