

skizzleplex - no time to f around!

Buy it! \$7.96!

Issue 5 - Puke-free in 2010!

Issue 5 - Things have been getting cRaZy here at Skizzleplex Industries! The holiday season saw a jump in circulation of almost 320% over last year! I heard a rumor that a whole swath of old growth, virgin redwoods was laid to waste just to handle our printing demands. Good riddance, that's what I say! Don't even get me started on trees. Hey, you lazy son of a bitch, don't just stand there all day! What? That's all you can do? Bah! Knuckleheads. Anyway, things are good with me, I sold a 23% share of my stock and now run my own Korean BBQ food truck. Also, the theme of this issue is "Where in the world is San Diego?" - The Editor

Don't miss my EXCLUSIVE interview with this bag of **Cool Ranch Doritos!**



"Yep, I'm gay!"

(page 15)



Letter to Devin Ratray - Devin Ratray is an actor, probably best known as "Buzz", the older brother in the hit movies "Home Alone" and "Home Alone 2: Trip to New York". This is a letter that I wrote to him like six minutes ago:

Dear Devin,

First off, I want to say I am a huge fan of yours. I have seen both Home Alone movies at least once and was moved by your performance, in particular. I have never written to a celebrity before, so please excuse me if this is awkward for you. I just basically wanted to know why you're such a dick? To Kevin especially? I mean, the poor kid is like 8 or something. He's just a little kid! You're 12 or 13. Don't be such a douche. I mean, he obviously looks up to you, right? You're his big brother, it's your job to look out for him. I get it, you don't want this little kid 'buggin' you all the time, but I think when you get older, you're gonna wish you were nicer to him. I don't have a big brother, but my little brother is actually much tougher than I am and would be a jerk to me and push me around all the time too, so I can sympathize with poor Kevin. Plus, that kid is rich now. I think he has like 20 mil or something. Boy, I bet you feel stupid, huh? I'm sure that deep down you actually do love him, but it never hurts to tell him every once in a while. Like at the end of the movie, when you tell him it's pretty cool he didn't burn the house down. That wasn't so hard, was it? I think you'd feel pretty bad if he *did* burn the house down or if those robbers tied him up and molested him or something and then killed him so he wouldn't rat them out to the cops. I mean, I know it's all funny when he hits them with bricks and stuff, but if they had caught him, they probably would have done some fucked up shit out of revenge. Imagine if he had died, his body all slashed up, his head and fingers cut off so his body couldn't be ID'd, thinking you hated him? Man, that would suck! Anyway, if you can send me an autographed picture or something, that would be great.



It's Elemental!

This month's featured element is **Tungsten**, ya'll! This heavy-hitter has the chemical symbol W (for its other name, *wolfram*) and an atomic number of 74! You know when things get hot, Tungsten is down wit dat, because it has the highest melting point of any non-alloyed metal! Par-tay!!! Tungsten is also a big fan of the Twilight Saga and counts itself a hardcore member of Team Jacob! Woooo!

STORY CORNER!!!

My dad doesn't trust the government, so when I was a kid, we never had trash service. He got in this big fight with the town, because they said it was a rule that everybody had to have the sanitation department dispose of their refuse. His answer to this was to just stop paying taxes. Eventually, they worked it out and then the garbage men would just skip our house. In addition, he said he didn't want any goddam Gypsies picking through our stuff, so we also couldn't just take it ourselves to the dump. So every week, me and my dad would take our trash and we would go out in the van, late at night. We'd find a lonely stretch of interstate and it was my job to push the garbage through the hole in the floor of the van that my dad cut out. I had to gingerly dump out the contents, a little bit at a time. It would take hours! I'd always be real tired the next day at school. My dad said it was the original form of recycling because the other cars would run over the cans and stuff and then everything would get pushed to the side where they had people come by and clean it up every once in a while. He said that's what taxes were for. I didn't dare point out that he wasn't even paying taxes at the time, cuz he kinda had a short fuse. One time I asked why we couldn't just take the bags and ditch them on the side of the road somewhere. He got real mad and yelled at me and was like, "What are we, animals?" And that was the best summer ever!



(not a real garbage can)

knowledge or "know, ledge"?

"Life is like a box of chocolates, you never know what you're gonna get!"
-Anonymous (taken from a seafood restaurant menu)



"I got ya meatballs right here!"

Have you ever heard about those subdivisions where you have to sign a contract when you move in, promising to put up some sort of light display each Christmas? Some people are shocked to find out those even exist, but we had a much weirder one on the street that I grew up on. On my street, Meatball Avenue, we were contractually obligated to make meatballs every night from 4pm to midnight. Not only that, anybody who came to our front door was entitled to one free meatball per day. No matter what! Seriously. My worst enemy shows up at my front door, I have to give him a free meatball. If I don't, I'm fined two hundred dollars for each offense! You see, just like those Christmas tree light neighborhoods, it's a gimmick to get people interested in the street. "Hey, let's go see some Christmas lights over on <x> Street!" It's suddenly a big deal and you have these people with no life who actually want to live there! "Ooh, look at us, we're famous!" Why? Because every once in a while some teenagers will huff some paint and go, "Hey, let's go get some free meatballs on Meatball Avenue, that street full of weirdos!" Obviously, this gets super annoying after like the first three days. I don't know what my parents were thinking. We moved a few months later, after spending thousands of dollars on hamburger and tomato sauce. Anything was cheaper than those ridiculous fines. When I got the idea to write about this part of my childhood, I asked my parents why the hell we moved there. They told me that it seemed like it would be "fun". Housing prices were comparatively very low (gee, I wonder why?). In addition, by some ironic twist of fate, there were almost no Italians on Meatball Avenue and we were never very fond of them.

Cool Times - by My Granny Fanny

How come women today are such whores? Back when I was in culinary school, men liked a little mystery. You didn't just go whipping out your flapjacks every time a boy would take you to Coney Island for a Lime Rickey. Don't even get me started on that Lady Gaga. "Hey, nice vagina!" I want to say to her, but I don't, because that's not how I am. I told my grandson Jamie to stay away from these trashy girls. They're liable to give you the ol' Alameda Suck-n-Blow. That's a drink they give you so you pass out and they take your wallet and then go home to bed their gentleman callers. And the worst part about the ol' Alameda Suck-n-Blow is you can barely taste the booze, so before you know it, you're passed out in some alley with your pants around your ankles, getting doused with a fresh helping of canine cologne! No thanks, I'll take chastity and virtue, any day, you terrible people.

FACT: Some people eat bugs!

(nah! JK! Gotcha!)

If my name was Jake, I'd make sure to take lots of pictures with fat guys. You know, like on the sly? I'd have a whole folder of 'em! I would title the folder, "Jake and the Fat Man". So it would be important to take pictures with only one fat guy at a time, so that it was "Fat Man" and not "Fat Men". I'm not gonna start a whole other folder just for this silly hobby of mine, is what I would say to myself if my name was Jake. My main concern, though, would be that when I was getting my picture taken next to a fat guy, while pretending I was posing in front of something else and the fat guy just happened to be there (cuz it's not like some big fat slob is gonna get up and move out of the way just to get out of my picture), I would worry that my friend would be like, "No Jake, a little to the left," and the fat guy would overhear and put two and two together and get pissed off. So maybe I would work out a system of signals or something. Or a code name. Cuz if my friend called me "Jerry", it probably wouldn't dawn on anybody, because "Jerry and the Fat Man" isn't even a real show! Plus, they both begin with the letter J so as to cut down on any chance of confusion. And that was the best summer ever!



A literary "what if?"

What if the Odyssey was the ancient time's version of "Twilight"? A huge blockbuster, but a really terrible pile of crap, quality-wise. What if there was some other book that was way better, but was lost to the sands of time? Like their version of "Harry Potter"? And we're reading the pile of crap, thinking it's so good, but meanwhile, there's this other book that's way better and we don't even fucking know it!



Norm MacDonald and Ricky Gervais
(not pictured: Robin Williams)

"Canadian New Years" (continued from Page 7)
Canada's recognition as a country would take place in Saskatchewan, in honor of little Tommy Douglas on JulyB (August in America) on the 14th day at 10:39 am. When asked why the royal commission picked JulyB14th Henri Severin Beland replied, " I guess, cuz da date, she's right in da middle more or less and fordeen is two seven and dat mean da date she's double lucky fer sure!" (continued on page 6)

Inventor's Bench

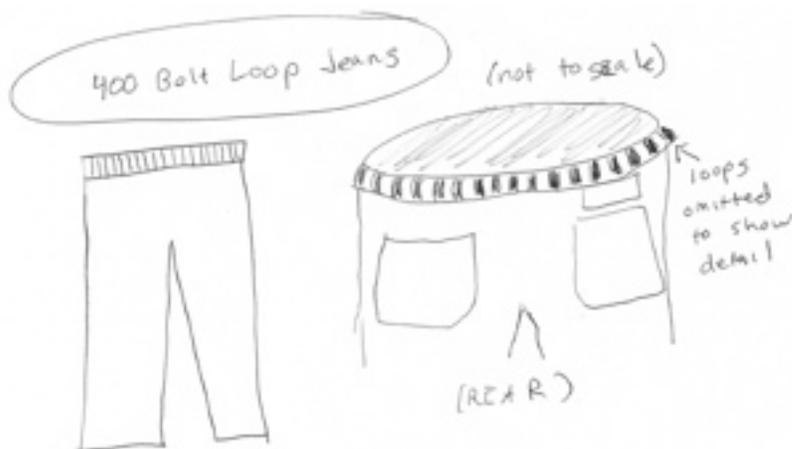


The "Get a Job, You Bum!" Bill

My first invention is these fake one dollar bills that you can quickly hand to homeless people or street performers or the Salvation Army so that you don't look cheap in front of girls, but also don't compromise your belief in hard work and self-reliance, the cornerstones of this great nation. The trick is to make them look realistic without actually being a "counterfeiter".

The 400 Belt Loop Jeans

If you're like me, your biggest fear is that the belt loops on your jeans will one day fail and send your belt flying and your pants will fall down. While having 400 belt loops on a single pair of fashionable dungarees won't guarantee that will never happen, it greatly reduces the odds, since the load is more evenly distributed.



The Underpants Toaster

Stepping out of the shower and into a piping hot pair of underpants is truly one of life's great pleasures! Unfortunately, those fat cats in Washington don't want people wasting electricity, running their dryer every time they take a bath. Plus, who has a dryer in their bathroom? Not me, I'm just a regular guy, like you. Well, get ready for your life to change, thanks to this great invention! The Underpants Toaster's name is somewhat misleading, it's more of an "Underpants George Foreman Grill", but that's not as catchy.

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.



"Look what you did, you little jerk!"

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Buying a used car - When I was growing up, there were these two, older dirtbag kids who had a van with a bed in the back that they called "The Fuck Truck". There was a time when buying a conversion van like that meant one thing: it was time to bang! Nowadays, it's more likely to mean "I can't go, unless they've got a ramp" or "I used to have a regular house, but now I live in here!" So really, the only way you can guarantee you're buying a vehicle that a.) has had sex inside it and 2.) will continue having sex inside it is to get a 1980's-style limo.



Futurecast!

"The News of the future!"



Prediction:

In the future, dogs will drive cars, but will probably do a terrible job because they don't even have hands.



Think it can't happen? It already has! Check out this picture I found. If you doubt its authenticity, consider the source: the internet. Yeah, I'm sure somebody just made that up! Right.

Prediction:

The first real showdown in the war between man and dog will be triggered by NASCAR's refusal to allow dog drivers to compete in their events, citing 'safety reasons'.

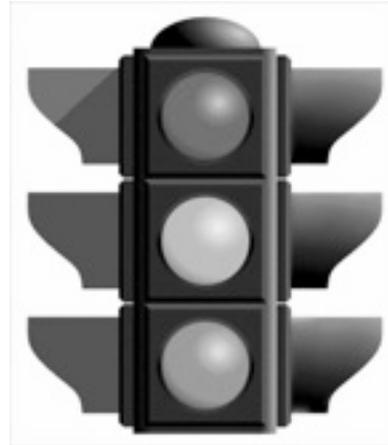


Said the Dog Ambassador: "Ruf ruf ruf ruf ruf!" Translation: "Clearly the only concerns of our human counterparts is for the ass-whopping they would receive at the paws of our dog drivers!"

Woofi Meow! Say what???

Prediction:

Car-driving dogs will lead to a five-fold increase in traffic fatalities due to their lack of color-vision. We won't see this trend start to reverse until someone can devise an effective black and white traffic signal.



Stop? Go? Uh oh!!!

Prediction:

One economic upside to the influx of dog drivers would be the resurgence of the drive-in movie theater. Business was up almost 16% in the year 2342 alone!



It's no secret that dogs hate sitting in traditional theater chairs. Even the luxury seats installed in some newer, high-end cinemas can't compete with the ability to flop down in the back of a station wagon, when you're a dog.

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

“Canadian New Years” (continued from page 3)

But what about the year? As a way to get international press it was decided that a distinct Canadian year number should be created. After much debate with no consensus, nine holes were drilled in a circular spinning enclosure. Each hole had a number from one to nine. A mouse was dropped in four times and the number of the hole the mouse ran to became a digit of the year. That is how 1910 became 1873 in Canada! It is also the reason that the mouse is so revered in Canada and why you see so many mouse vendors on Canadian new years.

On July 14th of then 1910 Wilfred Laurier, then Prime Minister of Canada, arrived in Moose jaw to officially recognize Canada as a country by cutting down a swath of Canadian winter wheat with a golden sickle at midnight. But when it was discovered that no one had put together a commission to acquire torches for the ceremony the event was moved to 12 noon. Prime minister Laurier, however, was an impatient man so at 10:39 am he raised the golden sickle and cut the wheat but due to his lack of skill he also sliced the back of his hand. Laurier shouted the phrase “Shitballs!” and sucked the cut on the back of his hand. Those in attendance did the same and a new years tradition was born.



Staaaaaaamooooooooooooo!!!!

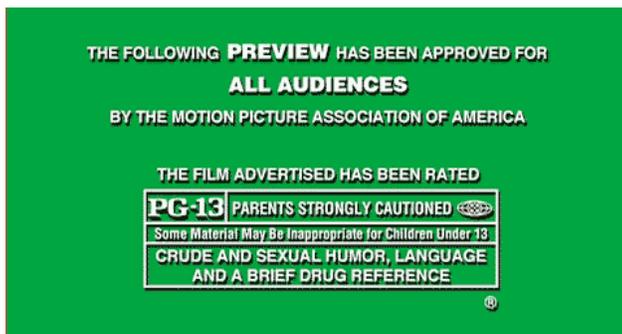
If you can't make it to Moosejaw then most Canadians content themselves by watching Paul Anka's Rollin Christmas eve. Paul has been hosting the show since 1974(1937 year Canada) and he shows no signs of getting older unless you count the wheel chair, his red leaky eyes and the catheter. But then he's always used the wheelchair, it's just now he really needs it. What started as a lark on his first show to poke fun at crippled people is now another tradition that many Canadians observe.

“I think its neat,” says quadriplegic Rick Sawchuk, “it makes everybody equal for one day. And that makes me not cry as much.”

This year's show is a star-studded event headlined by RUSH, TRIUMPH, LOVERBOY and always-popular THE STAMPEDERS! Anka also Promises to wow the attendees with something he calls “glow sticks” which he describes as “sticks that glow but with out batteries or anything. They use science or something to make the glowy stuff and it's pretty cool.” Wow, if you say so Mr. Anka but I'll have to see it to believe it!!

As always the count down is timed to the threshing of a field of wheat by a golden tractor. When the last stalk of wheat falls it is exactly 10:39 and the new year is ushered in.

So, save your nickels and dimes and maybe you too can be in Moosejaw this summer. I know I'll be there sitting in my wheel chair with a mouse in my pocket watching the last wheat stalk fall so I can scream SHITBALLS and kiss the back of my hand to a new year in Canada. (with additional reporting from Kyle McCulloch, also a Canadian)



This is the green movie trailer rating card. That means the movie is going to be stupid, but it should be safe for 13 year old girls, in case you are on a date.

Fun Flickz!



This is the red movie trailer card. Generally, these movies are better with lots of killing and boobs and stuff, but again, not appropriate if you are on a date with a 13 year old.



“Canadian New Years: A rager on the prairies”

By Dennis Sinclair

The whole world may be abuzz with the upcoming Olympics in Vancouver but anybody who is anybody knows the real party is coming this summer in Moosejaw, Saskatchewan.

While Americans have already seen the New Year come and go, north of the 49th parallel preparations are just getting under way to ring in the New Year. As every Canadian knows the city of Moosejaw is the place to be when it comes to partying in the New Year. But this year is extra special as it is the Centennial of Canada’s recognition as a country.

Although Canada became a country in 1867 it wasn’t until 1909 that anyone thought to recognize it. The catalyst for that recognition was a then 5-year-old Tommy “Kirk” Douglas who posed a simple question over the breakfast table:

“Mommy, how come no one knows Canada is a fucking country yet?”

With no ready answer, Mrs. Douglas told her son to write to Ottawa for the answer, hoping that Tommy would get mired in bureaucracy and tire of the question. But bureaucracy failed and the question made it to the floor of parliament. With so many other pressing issues of the day to contend with, the idea of spending the government’s time and money on a PR campaign for Canada struck Parliament as a great idea.

Immediately, royal commissions were created to look into party preparations, advertising, picking the date of recognition and the ordering of new suits and shoes. (continued on page 3)



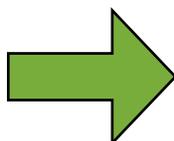
O’ Canada!

When you're a kid, you think, “When I grow up, I'm gonna sleep in a sleeping bag every night!” But then you do grow up and now Lindsay says you can't. It's bad enough she won't even let you have a bunk bed! But then The Dreamie comes along! “What the hell is a Dreamie,” you ask? Now, because of the name, you might think this is just a Snuggie or a Slanket or something stupid like that, but it's totally not! The way they market it, I think it was invented for when you don't want to sleep in other peoples' pee and poop at a motel or something, because it's like a bottom sheet and a top sheet altogether, but the real reason it's awesome is because The Dreamie is basically a grown up sleeping bag with no zipper! That way, you get all the comfort and advantages of a sleeping bag, but since it doesn't have a giant picture of the Smurfs on it, your girlfriend can't say shit! Trust me, this thing is great. It's like being in the womb of a Teddy bear. And because it's brown, you never have to wash it! Even if you have an accident because you took too many horse tranquilizers and woke up and suddenly you found yourself unable to move, even though you were totally awake and conscious the whole time. Weird!



“Before”
 (“After” not available)

Shameless Plug Alert (S.P.A.)!!!



Don't forget to watch “Funny or Die Presents” on HBO, starting Feb. 19 at midnight!!!
(yes, that's technically Feb. 20)

Timmy Gustafson and his water bed - By Jimmy Gustafson

There was a time when pretty much the coolest thing in the whole world was a water bed. I knew this kid and he had one and he let me sit on it once for like five seconds and I couldn't even imagine how awesome it would be to sleep on that! It was like being on the ocean! I begged my parents over and over to get me one, but what kind of irresponsible jerks are gonna get a six year old a water bed? Especially when they needed that money to buy my polio-stricken brother some new crutches? Answer: mine. Personally, I think they did it to 'stick it to me', because as anyone who's actually been on a water bed for more than five seconds knows, they're about the least comfortable thing in the whole goddam world. I remember my dad tucking me in on my first night, not understanding why he was smirking and telling me to enjoy it, as the first pains started to shoot up my spine. Well, thirty five minutes later, I was in their room, telling them I wanted my old bed back. Well, seeing as they had just dropped about eight hundred bucks on a big plastic bag full of water for a six year old, that didn't fly. They marched me back in there and made sure I didn't get out until I was sound asleep. Or so they thought. As soon as they were gone, I slowly lifted my body out of bed, so as not to make too many waves and began constructing a makeshift berth in my closet. Luckily, I got up early enough that I could scramble back into my new bed when I heard my parents coming to get me up for school. "How's the new bed?" my dad asked me. I told him it was surprisingly comfortable once you got used to it. His look of disappointment told me that my earlier suspicions were correct. Later, as I sat at the table, eating my Alpha-Bits and trying not to feel too guilty as my brother dragged himself into the kitchen, his tiny legs dangling lifelessly behind him, I realized my problem was two-fold.
(continued on page 100)



Your Grandson, Jamie - I always keep this picture of me and my brother with our CP Action Figures with me when I go to the pharmacy or other places that old people hang out at. What I do is I wait til I find some old lady, all by herself, who looks particularly out of it. Then I go up to her and say, "Grandma! It's me, your grandson, Jamie!". If she tries to argue with me, I whip out the picture and show it to her to 'jog her memory'. And then I get her to go with me to the atm to get my "birthday money". Last year alone I made almost \$400k! It's a victimless crime!

(continued from page 100)

Not only did I have to make myself a new place to sleep, I would have to construct some sort of surrogate body to put on the water bed in place of myself, in case my parents were to check on me while I was sleeping. The first few versions were pretty crude, but what do you expect from a child with no formal woodworking experience? Each year, I would construct a new dummy, to account for my increased height. I had carved a false bottom in my closet floor where I would house my makeshift bedding, as well as my wooden doppelganger, whom I named "Timmy Gustafson". Well, with a few notable exceptions, this worked like a charm. If you've ever seen a cheesy sitcom where the teenage co-star has to sneak out of his room to meet up with a girl or buy crack or whatever, then you're familiar with the few close calls I had. Finally, when I was 15, my dad sat me down and told me that I had won. They were getting me a new bed. Since my brother had become a registered Democrat, he was dead to my parents and without his constant medical bills, they now had a lot more disposable income. I had to admit that they had taught me an important lesson about personal responsibility and because of this, I waited until after they had purchased my new bed to show them Timmy Gustafson and tell them I had tricked them good. Understandably, they were upset, but I think my father had a new-found respect for me, since I had made such a fool out of him while still at such a young age.

Stay cool, be a school!

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