

skizzleplex - "what the hell happened?"

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Issue 10 - Hospital Edition

Issue 10—well, in case you've been under a rock, you must have heard that I recently got out of the hospital. I underwent a controversial, expensive and some would say completely unnecessary operation to separate my cranium from my torso, fulfilling my dream to one day become the first person who is completely a true disembodied head. Sure, life without a neck, chest, arms, legs, penis, balls and ass has not been without its challenges, but it will surely pay off in leg room, once I finally take that first airline flight! The theme of this issue is "huge mistakes you almost instantly come to regret."



FINALLY! By Hugo DeChance (media critic/darling)



The TV show "Mike & Molly" airs this weekend, but if you're fat, you know that. Across the country, screening parties and loosely organized groups of friends are planning events around the show. It's just a show, but it's also a movement. The message: support a show that's about fat people for fat people so Hollywood will keep making them. "I encourage each and every one of you to watch Mike & Molly this weekend not just because it's hilarious, but because we MUST show Hollywood that fat people DO want shows that are degrading and humiliating to the overweight and morbidly obese," said a struggling, overweight screenwriter. When asked what his favorite part was, he replied, "Actually, I haven't seen it yet but I just know it's hilarious!" I don't know about you but I don't want to live in a world where one can no longer see and laugh at the exposed crack of a bent over fat

ass. Are you ready to say farewell to the comedy staple of a sad, obese woman falling off of her diet in the middle of the night and splurging on a platter of chocolate fudge brownies? I'm sure not. CBS's Mike & Molly is a winner! If you haven't seen it yet, set your TiVo® and fasten your seatbelts!(belt extenders are available if you're a little too round in the mid-section*) and let's make Mike & Molly the hit that it deserves to be!

*Actual Mike & Molly joke.

Mike & Molly airs Saturdays at 9pm PST on CBS

Contributors:

Craig Anstett
Felicia Bradley
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Elizabeth Tippet
Derek Waters



Kermit Sez: Did you ever notice laughter is only one letter away from 'daughter'? And two from 'slaughter'? Does this mean that it's funny to kill your daughter? Only if it's brutally!

Eulogies For Unexceptional People

Not everyone's a captain of industry or a great baseball player or the nighttime manager of an Arby's, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't pay our respects to them, just the same.

Square dancing—it's got to come back into style one of these days!

I remember one time Craig went to his favorite restaurant, Red Lobster and he was so thirsty, he drank four Coca-Cola's. Boy, he sure did love that stuff!

RIP grandpa. May your collection of TV listing magazines that you get free with the Sunday paper, grow beyond your wildest dreams in heaven!



I think the thing my sister was most proud of, was her sense of humor. She took great joy in the fact that she had the complete series collections of both "According to Jim" AND "2 1/2 men"

Although Ronnie never left his home state of Arkansas, he was able to traverse the country in his mind, through his collection of license plates he bought on eBay.

Maybe choking to death on your cell mate's penis wasn't the way that Arthur thought he would go out, but when you live life to the fullest with no regrets, shit happens.



People throw around the terms "bravery" and "courage" a lot these days without really thinking about what they mean. But what is braver than beating up a retarded kid who couldn't even defend himself, knowing full well that you would be ostracized by society and doing it anyway? That's why I think Randy was braver than anybody I know.

5 Questions to the WORLD -By Derek Waters

1: What's Marc Summers favorite time of year? 500 days of Marc Summers would of been a great movie.

2: If Bill Clinton was president in this day and age of technology, would he of said, "I did not have SEXT with that woman."?

3: Which of these came first: Universal City Walk, City Wok, or that independent movie, "Wok The Line."?

4: Was the Ghost in the movie, "3 men and a baby" really Eric Clapton's kid by the window? Or is that something people talk about the ole' camp fire?

5: I hate to get serious but I kinda feel I have to with everything going on in the world today. I think it's great we found the evil man Bin Laden and killed him. However, my last question is one that we've asked ourselves for years and still have no answers for: Where in the fucking world is Carmen San Diego?



Confessions!

Well, in the June/July 2010 issue, we asked for your deepest, darkest secrets and you certainly didn't hold back. All we've got to say to you is that you all are a bunch of sick puppies! Nah, just kidding! But here's the juiciest confessions we received! And as promised, it's all anonymous!

"Recently, I got fired from my TV show for being drunk and hanging out with hookers all the time. I was so angry for what I deemed the unfair actions of my employers, I barraged the media with a succession of increasingly erratic and bizarre interviews and statements. Then, I went on a poorly planned and executed "comedy tour", that mostly consisted of me complaining about how I was unfairly fired from my TV show while peppering the audience with my tired and and now clichéd catchphrases."—C. Sheen

"I'm not faking, by any means, but I certainly am milking my medical problems for all they are worth! (but don't tell Lindsay)."—E. Filipkowski

"I once went on a date with a girl I met on Twitter. She had sent me a picture, but I had the feeling that it was pretty old. Just in case she wasn't as hot as she was in the picture, I went to meet her wearing a disguise. I got there early and grabbed a seat in the corner so she couldn't see me, but I could see her. A girl who kind of looked like her, but uglier, entered the restaurant. I was so pissed off, that I went home and told everybody on twitter that she wasn't as hot as she seemed and she was passing a misleading picture off as her and she had herpes. I also wrote a nasty message to her Twitter account, accusing her of being a phony and a whore. Just as I finished, she sent me a text, apologizing for running late for our date."—Bennie A.

"I did it!" —OJ S.



Letter to My Abusive, Racist, Alcoholic, Dead Father by Elizabeth Tippet

Dear Dad,

Hey! How's it going? Things here are going pretty well. Work is busy as always, but I really shouldn't complain. At least I have a job, right?

Especially in this economy. I know a lot of people are out of work right now.

Anyhow, it's really sunny and hot here today. I don't know the exact temperature, but I think I heard on the news this morning that it's supposed to get up to 83 today. There are a few passing clouds, but the wispy ones, not the ones that you can pretend look like rabbits or hats. I think they're called cumulonimbus. Or maybe cirrus. I'm going to google that later. But, boy is it hot. And tomorrow it might even hit 90. It's a lot different than last week because last week it rained every day, which was actually good because we needed the rain. Spring is unpredictable. Well, I guess I'm running out of things to say, so that's all for now.

Take care, Elizabeth

PS – The Sox won! Now they're only 4 back,

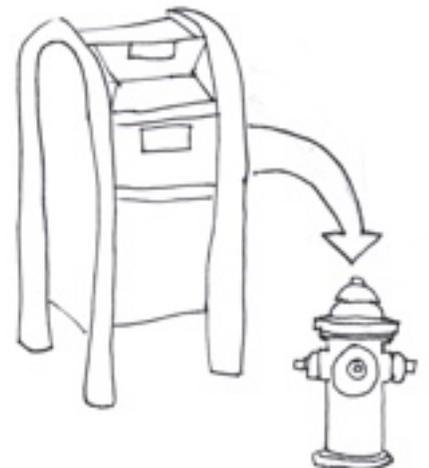
Inventor's Bench



A garbage disposal for your toilet



A mailbox you put over a fire hydrant to provide parking



Detect-O-Matic 5000 - a device for stand up comics to gauge when they tell too many child molestation or poop jokes to be considered tasteful and mainstream. Sounds a buzzer when you cross the line into poor taste, spokesperson is Michael Richards

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.

SKIZZLE SCOOP! by Kyle McCulloch

Although the White House has declined to release pictures of the deceased Osama Bin Laden they have been willing to allow some video footage taken from Bin Laden's Pakistani compound to be made public. These clips, released exclusively to Skizzleplex, include Bin Laden cutting down a neighbors tree which ends up destroying a portion of the house; Osama taking one to the nads by his son wielding a whiffle ball bat and a startling video of the once Al Qaeda leader in an unsuccessful quad jump off a homemade ramp.

The White House announced that it there are literally hours of like footage that will be reviewed and eventually released under the title "Osama Bin HILARIOUS Vol. 1" with volumes 2 and 3 to follow. These clips will be packaged with clever comments by celebrities, said to include, David Cassidy, Eric Flipkowski, a black guy, and whoever is available.



An Open Letter to Lindsay

Dear Lindsay
Come on bro, just let me get a mini fridge! I'm serious! I really want one! Stop being unreasonable, you're coming off as a real dick. My friends all think so. Your friends too. Let me just get one. It's not like you have to pay for it or nothing. And I checked the Energy Star rating, it's only going to cost about three bucks a month in electricity. If you want, you can tack that onto my half of the electric bill. It could totally go in that spot next to the cart in the kitchen. We could just push over the recycling. I know you say we have no use for it, but just think how much more room you have in the refrigerator for your vegetables and shit if we didn't have all my sodas and beers and crap taking up space. Plus, I don't like bending over to reach them, because they're usually pushed all the way back. You know how I feel about leaving myself open and unguarded in case a rapist comes. You know that's my number one fear! This way I wouldn't have to have my back to the door when I want a soda. Another point you made is that what we really need is to make some room in the freezer. I've got good news for you! There is a little freezer portion on the top of the mini fridge I want to buy! I think it is usually used for making ice, but if it can be used for that, I would assume it could be used to freeze anything. We will just pull out those ice trays and put some of your health food in there instead. Problem fucking solved, bro! So it's settled, by me publishing this in a moderately popular underground newsletter, you are legally obligated to comply with the purchase of the mini fridge of my choosing, unless you publish a counter letter, expressing your displeasure with my decision. Of course, I am under no obligation to print your letter, even if you manage to write it before I go to Best Buy. Suck on that, Lindsay! Still undefeated!

Sprite—it's a liquid Some people
choose to drink!

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

STORY CORNER!!!

When you ask people what they would do if they had a time machine, most of them would say they would go back and kill Hitler or witness the birth of man or even hide in the closet and watch those two hot lesbians totally have sex with each other. But not me. If I had a time machine and I could go back and change anything, I would go back in time to when somebody first gave me a pair of novelty boxer shorts as a present and instead of lethargically saying, "oh thanks, these are great", I would say, "Fuck you! I don't want these!" And then I would ball them up and throw them in the face of the person who gave them to me. Then I would take my birthday cake or whatever I had available, and throw it at them. While screaming, I don't want any more of these ever!" That way, I would be sure to rectify the situation I find myself in now, the owner of roughly 700 pairs of completely unwanted novelty boxer shorts. We don't know what these are for. "Oh, I'm going to have family Guy or Bart Simpson on my underpants, right next to my Dick and balls, where they belong! What a great gift idea!" That way, when I go to the gym or the doctor's office or I am having sex, everyone can laugh at me for dressing like an eight-year-old, just because I was too lazy to do laundry and thought, "what the hell, nobody will see them anyway!"



I can't help but feel it's my fault that I'm burying my youngest son instead of watching him play in his first T-ball game. Just last year, he was constantly hounding us for a racecar bed. He was like afuckin' broken record with that thing. He would never shut up about it.. So we caved and got him one for Christmas. That should've been the end of it, but you know kids, never satisfied. "You lied to me! It's not in a real race car! It's fake!" I told him that he should get on his knees and thank Jesus that it wasn't a real race car. At five bucks a gallon, he'd be broke before he backed out of the driveway. For Christ sakes, he only made seven dollars a week allowance! Anyway, I would quickly come to regret those words, my final words to him. I would never imagine he would take those words as advice to him that he should go out and buy some gasoline, take it up to his room and pour it into his racecar bed. If this had been it, he just would've ruined the bed and maybe the carpet, but that was due for replacement anyway. The hardest part of this was that if me and my wife hadn't let the kid smoke in the house, I would be complaining about being out a couple hundred bucks instead of standing here at the foot of my son's coffin. I'm not going to beat myself up over the smoking thing. Seven-year-olds are going to smoke, that's just a fact of life. Better they do it at home, rather than on the street somewhere.

Happiness is when what you think, what you say, and what you do are in harmony.
- Kathie Lee Gifford

Story Corner Continued:

I am hesitant to share this, for fear that it will come across as childish nonsense, but if I acted on that impulse, this newsletter would cease to exist. All my life, I have had the feeling that I have superpowers. This is ludicrous, of course, because in reality, my physical abilities are on par with the average seventh grader. Maybe "average" is pushing it. So let's say, a below average to mediocre seventh grader. Have most seventh graders reached puberty? I think I read an article that said they have, due to all the hormones in their food or something, so to be safe, let's say your average fifth grader. Anyway, I am weak and have never excelled at anything requiring physical prowess. So even excluding the obvious fact that I cannot fly, am not impervious to gunfire, nor have I x-ray vision with the ability to shoot lasers out of my eyes, clearly it is laughable that I would assume I am "super" in any way. But, this has not stopped me from believing that I am. Maybe my superpower is denial or the ability to make ridiculous excuses for my failure to measure up to the lofty goals I set for myself. For example, I concocted this fantasy scenario whereby I imagined myself to be held back by some medical ailment, which when rectified, would allow me to manifest my true self. I speak now of my "Chuzzle." Think of it like this: I was a race car and my Chuzzle was the restrictor plate. Once removed via surgery, I would be free to experience the full horsepower of my body. Sadly, this was not to be, for I was rendered even weaker and more fragile than before. But fear not, dear friends and readers! By using my true superpower, I will concoct a new justification to explain my missing superpowers.



Friend Spotlight: Tara

My friend Tara or "T" for short, is one of my oldest friends I have had in Los Angeles. I met her when I was working on a terrible movie as a production assistant, having just moved here. She fancies herself a hard worker, but I just don't see it. I would often have to cover for her while she went off somewhere to hang out with the cast and goof off. That said, she is a pretty good friend. One time we went to Las Vegas, but don't get the wrong idea. There was no funny business afoot. She is nice enough and has an okay body, but I generally only date girls who are a nine or a 10 and she is, at best, a solid eight. When she worked for Disney, we would often go to Disneyland because she had a pass that got her in for free. I was not using her for this pass, as I had my own. One time we went to Disneyland with her sister and her sister's kid and her sisters friend. Her sister sat on my lap when we wrote they Matterhorn and after we were done, her sister remarked loudly that I had gotten an erection. This was not true. After this, her sister bought poorly made, overpriced school supplies for her daughter at the Disney store. One time, Tara met Maya Rudolph and took this picture for me. For some reason, she thought I would want her in the picture too. That seemed weird to me, because I already knew what she looked like. So, all in all, my friend Tara is a good person, but she is a little full of herself, as you can see with the picture thing.



PLANK YOU by John Marshall

Planking is the art of being from Australia and having someone take a picture of you without anyone being able to tell that you're from Australia. You do this by lying face down with your arms at your sides in someplace where you shouldn't be. This boring, yet exciting activity is all the rage and has resulted in several deaths. This means the afterlife will have scenes like this:

Soldier: How'd you get here? I jumped on a grenade to save the men in my platoon.

Planker: I was lying face down on top of the Sydney Opera House for a photo. Then I, like, rolled off.

Soldier: Are you mentally retarded?

Planker: Yes. I mean, no.

Lying face down with your arms at your sides has existed for thousands, if not millions of years and photography has existed since 1826, but combining the two was something Australia come up with a few weeks ago. Since then it has taken the world by storm and threatens to replace both television and microwave cooking. In the state of Texas it has already replaced Thomas Jefferson in the school curriculum and has come up as a suggestion in several of the nation's improv shows.

It's getting harder and harder to come up with stupid things to do because most of the good ones have already been taken. Pole sitting was a big craze in the 1920's, if you can call watching people sit on top of poles a craze. Last year the big thing was balconing, which was jumping off a balcony into a pool, but nobody cared about that and only six people died.

Here are some new fads that will be coming out of Australia in the next few weeks:

Venetian Blinding. You pull the cord on the Venetian Blinds and you actually *go* blind.

The Laundry. You do the laundry and get injured.

Beveling. You act like a beveled edge and then you get killed.

Finger in the Door Slam. You slam your finger in a door and your friend takes a picture.

Remember, there is no cure for stupidity, except for common sense, education, wisdom and sobriety. By the time you get to the end of this sentence, at least two people will have laid face down with the arms by their sides and died, so I would go back to the beginning of this sentence and not finish it.



Planking

My plan to cheat Jenny Craig.

I saw an offer for Jenny Craig that was as follows: lose all the weight you want for just a dollar a pound, plus the cost of food." So I signed up for three years of this crap and now when I go to meetings, I just wear weights under my clothing so it only seems like I'm not losing weight. The terrible food they sell you actually gives me diarrhea, so it's been a challenge. But nothing worth doing is easy. That goes for scams too.



Rock the vote! Or just vote, regular-style. There's no discernible difference.