

~~Skizzleplex - Election Issue!~~

~~Thanksgiving Issue!~~

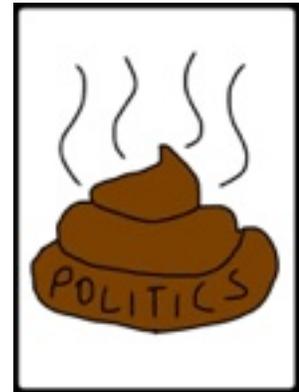
~~Christmas Issue!~~

~~New Years Issue!~~

January 17th Issue!

Note: This issue was originally started in late October, aiming for a mid-November release. Owing to numerous issues outside my control, like my extreme laziness, I am just finishing it now. I decided to leave it 'as is' because I felt that it would afford the reader an interesting look into my process.

The presidential election is almost here and naturally, people couldn't care less. And they shouldn't. We all know that voting is stupid. One person definitely can't make a difference. I know some people will think I am speaking ironically; issuing a challenge to go out and prove me wrong, but I am serious. Voting is a big waste of time. Time that would be better spent in my brand new online Skizzleplex merch store! We have everything you need to say to your friends, "Hey Bub, I am one hep cat!" Hats, glasses, scarves, decorative monocles and coming soon, Skizzleplex: The Jacket! So this November, cast your vote for these fine, quality Skizzleplex brand products.



Eric Filipkowski, Esq.
editor in chief.

Mama's Mush



When I was growing up, my mother served as a dish that she called, "Mama's mush." I guess it really wasn't a specific food, but rather a way of preparing and presenting it. You see, we were very poor and as you know, poor people generally have terrible dietary habits. Consequently, my mother worried about us becoming obese. Her solution was to take whatever food she was preparing and mix it all up together. The main dish, the side dishes and the sauce or gravy, altogether. Not only was this delicious and convenient, because instead of sitting down to eat it, we could just grab it to go in a big Super Big Gulp™ and drink it on the run. The other consequence of this, was that we would frequently have diarrhea. At times, "Mama's mush" became synonymous with the gastrointestinal effects the meal had on us. We would sometimes use it as a verb: "oh damn, I didn't get any sleep last night, I was mama's mushing it on the toilet for hours!" Mama, as we called her, stopped worrying about obesity in her children, when we started looking like National Geographic cover models, despite our 7000 cal a day diets. Anyway, the point is, if you A HOLES hadn't interrupted me, is that we used to sing a song about it. (Sung to the tune of "this old man/the knickknack paddy whack song.)

*Mama's mush, just one push
It will squirt right out your tush
With a great big bite and a drink to gulp it down
It will turn your undies brown.*

My brother's girlfriend.

People often mistakenly assume that technology only benefits humankind. This is clearly not true, as illustrated by the following video chat interaction between Allison and Mr. Scrambles.

Mr. Scrambles: are you being good while I am away?

Allison: Meow!

Mr. Scrambles: Good. I don't want to catch you sleeping on the ottoman when I get home!



Allison: Meow! Meow!

As you can see by the above example my brother's girlfriend, Mr. Scrambles and my brother's cat, Allison, are now able to communicate over a vast physical distance using technology.

Paparazzi Party

For my daughter, Brooklyn Montana's sixth birthday party, we decided to have a paparazzi themed birthday party. We rented out the hottest club in Hollywood and had all the children arrive in limousines. We had a line of real paparazzi photographers outside waiting for them as they pulled up and got out of their respective cars. We made a game of who could get the most scandalous pictures taken of them in front of the step and repeat banner. The girls really tried to outdo each other. Any pedophile would have given his right leg for the flash memory cards on those cameras! Next up was the red carpet interviews where our daughter and her friends were grilled about the designers they were wearing by foppish celebrity personality, Kojo! that was followed up by mocktail hour, cake and ice cream. Then, of course, the girls didn't eat anything, but they really enjoyed smelling and looking at it. My wife then unveiled a special surprise for our little sunshine, she had hired some actors to attend, dressed up as poverty-

stricken and just generally unattractive party crashers who the girls had a great time belittling and demeaning before Cialis had them



roughed up and ultimately ejected from the festivities. It was a nice touch that the kids really enjoyed. Kudos, Sweetie! The the only minor hitch came during the fourth hour hour of presents – opening time. It seems that one of Cialis' little friends had blatantly ignored the minimum gift giving price point and all the girls had to rip her to pieces, before eventually having security throw her out in tears. Again, it was fun for the kids, but it probably would have been more fun if it had been the first time they bullied someone to tears and not merely a repeat of the scene with the actors. So, in summation, if any of you want to judge me and accuse me of “spoiling” my daughter, I would just ask you this: what good is

having money if you cannot spend it on the ones you love in front of other people so that the other people will know how rich you are?

Steve Ballmer - isn't he just dreamy??

Out of all the billionaire CEOs in the world, I have to say that my favorite is definitely Steve Balmer of Microsoft. He is Just. So. Cute! Come on, are you serious? Who is cuter than that? Bald? Check! Chubby? And how! Way too enthusiastic? If he had an autobiography, that would probably be the title of it! LOL! Nah, JK! it would probably be, “Steve Ballmer: portrait of a dreamboat.” I know that I'm not the only one who dreams of sneaking into his mansion, suffocating him with a pillow and removing his skin to wear it as a suit. And I bet it would fit like a dream, because he's chubby. I'm no dummy. I saw *The Silence of the Lambs*. Don't get me wrong, I'm no obsessed weirdo or anything like that. I'm just your average 52-year-old Mormon father of six. I pay taxes. I worry about college tuition. I love my wife and I hope she would support me if I eventually get the nerve to live my dream of sneaking into Steve Ballmer's house, murdering him, removing his skin and wearing it as a suit. Because, let's be honest, is not going to pose naked in front of the mirror and act out all the elaborate fantasy scenarios I have envisioned for him, just because I ask, right? I'm no famous rich guy, I'm just a 53-year old Mormon father of seven, just trying to make it in this world, like the rest of us. If you see an easier way of making this happen, I'd love to hear it. Because I just had a birthday and my wife just had another child while I was writing this and I would really like to make it happen.

Superpowers dream

One morning, I had a dream and when I woke up, I did a voice note into my phone so that I wouldn't forget it. I sometimes do this when I think it is a really good idea. Sometimes, what I think is going to be a really good idea, turns out to be not so great of an idea when I listen to it in the light of day. This is one such occasion.

"You know how they're always doing stories about um like a woman who's uh kids are trapped under a car or something and suddenly she has a surge of adrenaline and superhuman strength and lifts the car off the kid. Um, what if your kid's not in danger, he's just really annoying. Does it go the opposite way, like you know can you um put a car on the kid you know like you know like like Superman can you know lift up a car I I don't know I'm just thinking out loud here um because I would be uh a pretty good you know if you wanted to kill your kid be a pretty good way to do it if he was like really annoying um because um you know when the cops would would question you and it was like uh how did how did your kid get under this car did you lift the car on this kid and you'd be like no I'm from Earth not krypton and then the some the other uh wisecracking cop would like the partner would be like "ooh snap!" [I said this part in a stereotypical gay guy voice]

So, if I may editorialize, I think what is happening here is I am slowly waking up and realizing this is a terrible idea, which is why there are so many pauses and I am actually getting embarrassed, saying this out loud and to save it, I end it on a lame joke.

Thought for the day -

Go to medical school. Open a plastic surgery practice. Call it "Breast Buy."

Free soda!

If there was one thing my parents loved more than administering severe beatings to me, it would have to be "being cheap" and "screwing over the system. If you go into any convenience store, you can usually get a substantial amount of soda for a reasonable price. However, if you are my parents and keep a stash of empty fast food restaurant cups from nearly every major national chain in your van, you can get that soda for free. You simply select the cup that matches the particular restaurant you are at, then you hide the cup behind your back, slink into the restaurant, being careful not to draw too much attention to yourself and "refill" the cup with a beverage of your choice and avoid paying the \$.75 that the convenience store would charge you. You can get soda for free! That is, as long as you place no value on things like "your dignity," or "simple morality."

Free soda part 2

I got so steamed thinking about my awful parents and all of the terrible things they did to me; not so much the beatings because I feel that built character in me and made me

who I am today, but the cheapskate things they did were unforgivable and led directly to my hatred of poor people. So here are two more entirely true stories about my childhood that have nothing to do with soda.

“Your biggest fan” – when I was a kid, my parents would make me shave my head, put on a hospital gown and get in that wheelchair they stole from my neighbor who was actually handicapped and I would have to ride the bus downtown to wait outside the local stadium to ask the departing athletes (or rock stars, magicians or whoever was performing that night) for their autographs. I would also have to tell them that I was their biggest fan and I asked special permission to leave the hospital where my incurable cancer was being treated in vain to come down and watch them (I never actually got to watch) and ask them for an autograph, if they would be so kind as to make a dying little boy’s final wish come true. Of course, they would oblige. Even the guys who usually had a policy of not signing anything. ESPECIALLY those guys, because as my dad said, “because they don’t sign anything, that makes their autograph more valuable! Cha ching! Cha ching! I’m gonna be rich!” Because really, who’s going to turn down the last request of a dying child? The awkward part always came when they would realize they had probably been had, because I always had to ask for them to sign it to, eBay auction winner.” But by then, it was too late. Too late for them to not go through with signing it. Not too late to mutter under their breath angrily, “biggest fan, huh?” it was really embarrassing.

“The crackers game” – most kids play Life or Monopoly growing up. My sisters and I got to “play” only one “game.” This was called the crackers game. We would sit around the table and my parents would take a box of breadcrumbs and dump them out before us. The game, as it was, involved us taking the breadcrumbs and gluing them back together into cracker shapes. Once we had assembled 300 crackers apiece, we got the prize, i.e. we got to go to bed. My parents would take these crudely assembled crackers and dump them into an empty box, which they would take to the store. Once there, they would demand to see the manager and present him with the box. They would lie and say they purchased a box of crackers at his store and they would complain about the state and subpar quality of the crackers. They would demand compensation for the hardships they endured upon returning home and discovering that they had purchased a box of name brand crackers in such a condition. They would yell and scream and make a fuss until usually, this poor sap would give them \$20, along with a new box of crackers, just to leave his store. I know this doesn’t even make any sense. Believe me, I know. My parents are crazy, irrational, dangerous people. They are grifters who grift for the love of scamming people. I honestly bear them no ill will. Well, not a lot of ill will, anyway. I mostly write about them so that people will be informed. They will keep their heads up and hopefully not be taken advantage of. But really, the only way for you to protect yourself and your loved ones is to send me \$20.

Checkpoint

Recently, social networks have come under fire for alerting motorists of potential DUI checkpoints in their area. Law enforcement feels it is dangerous to aid and abet drunk

drivers in their quest to escape the consequences of their illegal actions. This works out perfectly for me, because it takes some of the heat away from my business. I too often scan Facebook and twitter for information about the locations of DUI checkpoints. That way, I know exactly where to set up shop. I will out my foldable cart a few blocks from where the cops are stopping everybody. Far enough so that the cops won't see what I'm doing, but close enough that the people in the cars that I approach can see the flashing lights. That way, they are drunk, they start to panic and I swoop in! I sell all sorts of supplies: mouthwash, mints, crackers, bread, water, energy drinks, anything that desperate people might think would improve their chances of not spending the night in jail and having to ride the bus for the next three years. Of Course a service like this doesn't come cheap. Technically, it's all 100% legal, or so I assume, I haven't really looked it up. But either way, Popo probably wouldn't be too happy about what I'm doing. And that is why I am voting for Ron Paul, because he would dissolve the government and fire all the police officers.

Paint can full of pudding.

If I had to name the number one way that I am like Adam Sandler's title character in the film *Billy Madison*, it would be the way I am spoiled and have no work ethic and like to get drunk all the time. But the number two way is we share a love of snack packs. There



is nothing better than digging your spoon into that first bite of creamy, delicious chocolate pudding. The problem is, those snack packs are so small, they are gone in about three bites. My invention is simple in execution, but genius in concept. It is exactly what it sounds like: A container of pudding the size and shape of a paint can! It would have a handle for portability and a child-size sandbox shovel for a spoon. I'm talking a maximum amount of pudding in your mouth at maximum speed! Plus, you could always pretend you are eating paint, which kids love. They can use their imagination and all that jazz.

Washing Machine

Let's face it: people hate washing their clothes. But times are tight. People don't have extra money to have some Chinaman excuse me, "Asianman," do it for them. My solution is simple: take every single article of clothing in your dirty clothes hamper and put it on. Then, dump a bunch of laundry detergent in your pool. You simply jump in to the pool, wearing your clothes and thrash around for 30 minutes or so. It's so simple! Imagine all the time and money you wiave! I haven't really figured out the drying part, but screw you, think of that yourself!

My New Haircut!



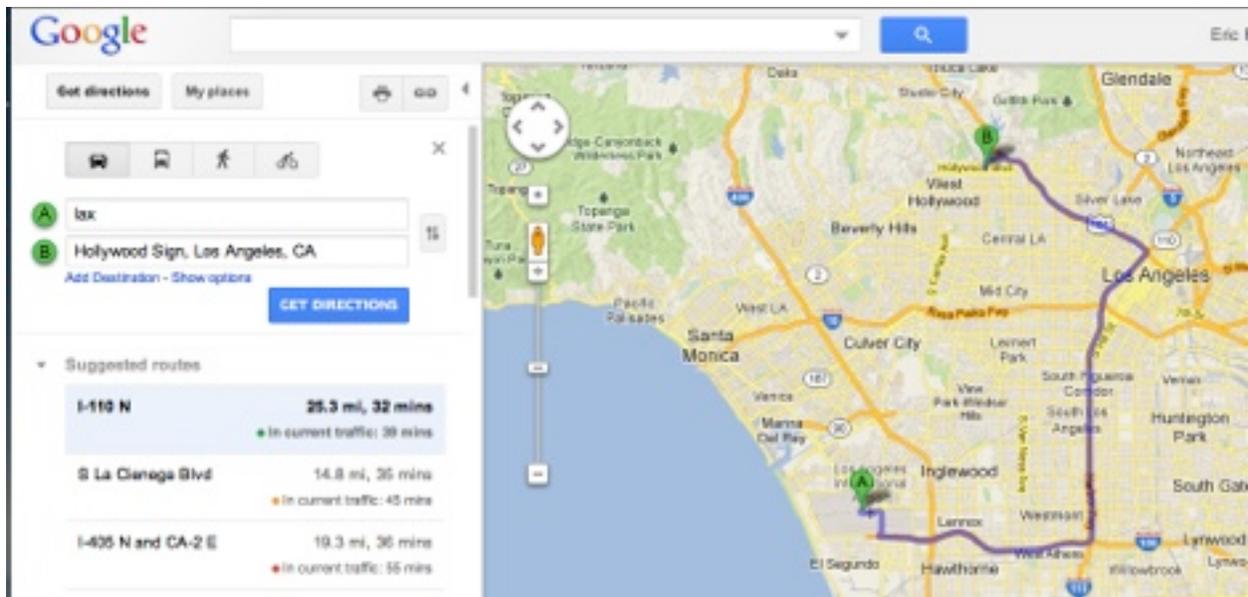
Pretty snazzy, no? Usually, my hairdresser misses a spot. It's nothing against her, it's my own fault for being too lazy to sit in a chair for 25 minutes while somebody cuts my hair. You see, I told Liz, who cuts my hair, that I have a rare skin condition that causes me extreme pain and discomfort whenever somebody cuts my hair. I even stole a prescription pad from my doctor to make it seem legit (and also score some Percocet, if we are being completely honest.) So she comes to my house at night when I am already asleep. On the allotted "haircut nights," I sleep with my head on a towel and she cuts it like that. Like I said before, sometimes I don't rollover and she misses a spot, but I guess I did this time, because it came out perfect! The best part is,

she doesn't even charge me extra for this, because I have a medical condition!

Dave's Stolen Wheel



My friend Dave, who lives in my building and drives a Jeep, had his fifth wheel stolen off the back of his car. I guess he just assumes that nothing bad will ever happen to him, because he has been in no rush to replace it. I guess his rationale is that it would be too expensive to buy a new one. Of course, he is going to wish he had, when he breaks down on the side of the road in rush hour. So rather than just sitting around like Dave, I decided to remedy the situation, because I am a proactive self-starter. Normally I would just scope out an unpatrolled parking lot and just swipe someone else's wheel, but I am currently on probation for several of my previous Inventor's Corner ideas, so that wasn't an option. No, I instead decided to get crafty and make him my own wheel with things I found around the house. I took a picture of my homemade wheel, which you can see here. I am still awaiting a thank you note from Dave, along with any sort of gift basket or present.



Dear Miley Cyrus,

Let me be clear: I deeply respect you as a visionary and an artist. Christ, I think I have even used the phrase, "this generation's Joni Mitchell," when talking about you to my friends. But it would be unfair to you and me both if I gave you an automatic pass, every time I felt you weren't living up to your immense potential, just because of my love and respect for you. I think you would probably agree, that's the opposite of love, no? Anyway, my beef is with your hit song, "Party in the USA." This is a great song, catchy as hell, but I feel you are playing fast and loose with the facts and it is about time somebody called you on that. First of all, you refer to two separate and distinct compositions as "your song!" You expect us to believe that you have TWO songs?? The Kanye song AND the Brittany song?! Ms. Cyrus, you have clearly lost touch with your roots if you think this is in any way appropriate. You are a ROLE MODEL to millions of young girls, whether you like it or not. Why not just write a song about how it is cool to smoke cigarettes or not wear your seatbelt while you are at it? My second issue is more technical in nature, but I still think it sends a dangerous message to the youth of today: that geography is not important. Let's review the diagram below. According to your song, you land at LAX, where you proceed to take a taxi cab, presumably in an easterly direction towards the Hollywood sign, which you then spot while looking to your right. I guess you expect us to believe that you have superhuman vision that can see 30,000 miles around the circumference of the earth? These are the kind of errors which ultimately betray the core message of your song: that you are a down to earth, fish out of water who finds your core beliefs and values in conflict with your surroundings. I'm just glad your father, Billy Ray, didn't live long enough to see what you have become. you have betrayed your fan base and unless you send me an official, autographed tour jacket made out to "eBay auction winner," I will sue you! Your biggest fan, Eric.

The Honey Crisp Apple Conspiracy

I love apples. It is my defining characteristic. Normally, I'm a Gala man, but a few months ago, I was strolling the aisles of my local Pavilions' produce section and I spotted a new kind of Apple: The Honey Crisp! "What the hell are those?" I screamed at the Apple guy, Benovan Stanchiano. "Honey crisp apples," he replied. They were big and golden colored, with flecks of red and green dancing around on the skin. I stood in awe. When he told me that they came from Oregon and would only be available for a limited time, I purchased a whole bushel. Or maybe it was a peck? I don't know. It was a lot. Then, when I went to check out, the cashier saw my apples and remarked, "Ah yes, the Honey Crisps. They are only available for a limited time, As the season was very short and Oregon. I already knew this, of course having been told by Benovan Stanchiano just a few minutes prior, but honestly, I just wanted to get the hell out of there and eat some of these god damn apples! I was worried that they had overhyped them, but I shouldn't have. these were apples as God had intended them to be. Genetically modified for superior flavor and texture. They are really that good. So fast-forward to three days later and all 168 of my precious honey crisp apples are gone. I high tail it back to Pavilions, praying along the way that I am not too late. As luck would have it, they are still in stock! And they remain in stock for weeks. And then the weeks turned into months. As far as I know, they are still available a full six months later. Was I just played for a fool? Do they even come from Oregon? Does "Oregon" even exist?? Did Benovan Stanchiano just play me for a sucker? I don't think it's just me being paranoid; something is going on here. Something big.



Trandma's Pecker

Some of my fondest childhood memories involve the summers I would spend on my grandparent's farm in Kentucky. My grandmother, MeeMaw, was truly one-of-a-kind. Some might say eccentric. She had a pet woodpecker named Cristalfo that used to sit on her shoulder all of the time, even when she would drive into town. The town folk would say, "there goes MeeMaw and Cristalfo!" As was their way. I remember she used to sing us the most wonderful songs. A great number of them were about Cristalfo. My favorite, I will share with you now. It's called *Grandma's Pecker* and it is about how she used to hold Cristalfo and place him in a hole in an old tree and let him poke around for bugs to eat.

"I'm gonna wiggle my pecker around in there--"

Wait a minute... my grandmother didn't have a woodpecker!

Butt Logs

Boy, do I feel like a world-class jackass! I just want to take the time to apologize to anybody who has recently visited my blog and has been visually assaulted by pictures of my bowel movements. You see, I was confused by the definition of the word “blog”. When I was a kid, blog was short for butt log; the term my mother used for our waste when she was potty training us, because she was averse to saying “poop”. I guess it stuck with me, because I still say that to this day. So my coworkers had been abuzz about this story then had seen on Entertainment



Tonight about something called “the internet”. They practically made me go out and buy a computer. The thing didn’t really appeal to me, until Judith in accounting mentioned that you could use the computer and the Internet for blogs. So you see, it’s really an honest mistake from someone who is not very technically savvy. And this is certainly not something to get the police involved in. Or my fiancé.

Wombphones

Wombphones - headphones for your tummy! this product is essentially a pair of headphones, only with a bigger band and ear cups. Instead of going around your head, they are placed around the engorged stomach of a pregnant woman to deliver high fidelity stereo sound to the fetus inside. Imagine the head start your child will get by listening to educational songs that teach him or her things like numbers in the alphabet! Maybe you want your child to have refined tastes? You could introduce him to classical music! Teach him a second (or third) language! Racist? Ensure your legacy of hatred will continue by bombarding your unborn child with audio tracks from the Blue Collar comedy tour! The possibilities are endless!

Money Pickles

If you're thinking about voting Republican this fall, maybe this news coming out of the



Associated Press will make you think twice. It was revealed that over 17% of Romney's nonprofit, charitable donations came in the form of a particularly odious form of fundraiser. The so-called *poo poo parties*, long thought to be just an urban legend, or a relic of the postwar 1950s, came to light, thanks to the freedom of information act. It appears the Romney campaign was actively seeking wealthy community members to put on these parties, as a way to avoid congressional oversight. If you are not familiar with these, alternatively called "money pickle parties," it is basically a get together where for a predetermined amount, partygoers get to defecate in a large jar, which at the end of the party, is "donated" to a homeless person, along with the money. The thinking is, when presented with this jar of "money pickles," and a quite substantial amount of cash, the homeless person will try to ingest the feces, in order to also get the money, which is presented as a prerequisite. Then, to the assembled

partygoers' great amusement, they To watch this poor unfortunate soul try to debase himself. Of course, the real goal is that he will poison himself to death in his pursuit, forfeiting the money, that they can then give to the campaign, tax-free.

Virtual Yard Simulator

One of the hardest parts about moving a parent who is too old and infirm to live by themselves into an assisted living situation is taking them away from their home, which they may have lived in for 50 or 60 years. You can help ease this transition with the virtual yard simulator. Using the latest in state-of-the-art virtual reality technology, this lightweight headset rests comfortably, like an overgrown pair of sunglasses, which they probably wear anyway. What they will see is a 360° totally immersive experience which takes them from their cramped apartment, to the porch of their own sprawling front lawn. Once there, they can engage in their favorite activities, like sitting down in a rocking chair, talking about the weather, reminiscing about old times and how everything is so expensive these days. They can even yell at virtual children to stay off the grass!

AT&T

“Only AT&T whets your iPhone talk and surf the web at the same time!” Big deal, I thought. But it WAS a big deal. It continues to be a big deal to this day. My girlfriend wanted to get the I phone on Sprint. The big draw with her was no data limits. Fine, I said. Who cares? It doesn't matter! But it took installing “find my friends” on her phone, to teach me just how big a difference it did make. In case you are not familiar with it, find your friends is basically a tracking program that lets people know your exact location at all times, if you happen to have your iPhone with you. What? Why would Apple allow that? It sounds like a built-in stalking program. You're half right. Because you can only turn it on when all parties agree to use it. OR you can steal your girlfriend's phone while she is sleeping and turn on without her knowing. Genius, right? That's what I thought, until I discovered it gave me “location not available” 23 hours of the day. You might see where I'm going with this. My girlfriend is on the phone 23 hours a day. That's 23 hours that her iPhone's data connection is unavailable because she is yapping it up! She's talking at work, at lunch, on the can and while driving, in clear violation of this state's cell phone driving laws. Or at least I assume she is, because thanks to the Now Network, I don't know! She could be shopping or banging a bunch of black guys, who knows?. I have yet to see this specific problem highlighted in any of the advertisements for AT&T, but if they would like to give me a day rate and residuals, I am happy to be their spokesperson. I can be reached at Film Artists Associates..

Santa Claus?

Though this picture is grainy, it offers new and exciting proof that all those stories you heard as a kid just may be true!



Candyscam!

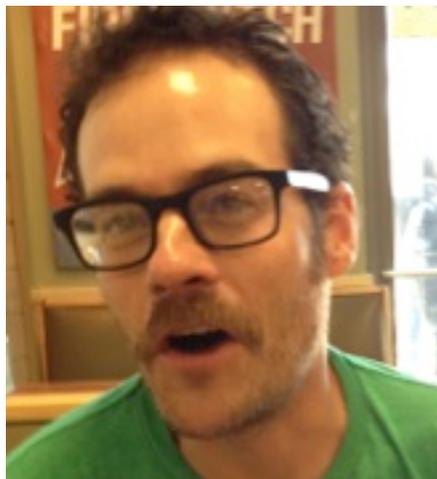
Halloween is over, and while the Mitt Romney's of the world are kicking back on the couch, jacking it to snuff films and seeing how many Rolo's they can stuff in their mouths at one time, I am busy planning for next year.

My personal motto is to always try to work smarter, then to work harder. To this end, I could bust my balls going from house to house in the rich neighborhoods, like everybody else. But that part of Halloween, like me, is getting old. Besides, it's getting harder and harder to convince my mom to drive me over there. And I'm not going to go up to some stranger's door on my street! I'm from the hood, son! Anyway, back to that working smarter thing, next year I am going to pay children to trick-or-treat for me. We all take a cab, unless my mom stops being a bitch, and they fan out with their little sacks collecting treats that they will then sell to me. They get all the fun of trick-or-treating, without the diabetes! I know what you're thinking: kids love candy, they're not just going to sell it to me. FALSE. They will sell it to me, or they will have to hoof it back alone. did I forget to mention that I'm not going to tell them my true intentions, that I will be posing as a good Samaritan just trying to give some inner city kids a fun and safe Halloween? And then, when they return with the candy, I will "pay them" with a ride back.

it's a victimless crime, when you think about it. What do kids need money for anyway? And as for chowing down on a bunch of sugary sweets, you'll thank me at your next dentist visit, punk.

Bennie's moustache: real or fake?

Personally, I am torn. It looks real enough, but why is it not red, like his pubes? Plus, he kind of seems like the type of guy who would wear a fake mustache as a "bit." I'm stumped. What do you think?



Tiny ice cream cone or giant me?



What did we learn?

If you stuck with me this long, you probably understand what I am trying to do with this issue. By focusing on fecal material, while ostensibly writing an “election issue,” I am following in the footsteps of the poet Aristophanes. Disguising my presumably lowbrow subject matter with a deeper, more sophisticated underlying message. just kidding. The election is over now, since I’ve missed my deadline. Who cares? Nobody.