

Skeleton Times

News and Entertainment from The Skeleton's Realm

\$2.00

THURSDAY, 21, APRIL, 2055

GOBLIN AMBASSADOR ARRIVES

Ambassador Receives Mixed Responses Among Community

Thomas Crimm

SKELEBURG - It was a proverbial "Ghoul's Feast" when Ambassador T.S. Goblinson arrived in Skeletonton yesterday morning. He was greeted by large groups of clackling Skeleton-Men and horny Ghoulswives.



Ambassador Goblinson arrived yesterday.

When asked about the diplomatic event, Mayor Bonebone Bone McBone stated that he'd "rather be in a casket than spend one minute with Mr. Goblinson," adding, "Skeletonton is no place for progressive diplomatic negotiations.

The war will continue against the Goblin scum."

This is the first time a member of the Goblin race has stepped foot in Skeletonton since Father Goblin established the initial diplomatic ties.

A Fun Night Goes Terribly Wrong.

Peter Stevensonsmantion **Goblin Mills-** Police responded to reports of gunfire in the Goblin Mills Estates neighborhood early Wednesday morning and found a peculiar scene. Terry Spanguston, 44, a native of Skeletonton was found to be shooting his double barrell shotgun at some ripe pumpkins. When questioned, Spanguston explained that he had been severely constipated the night before and firing off some rounds into his pumpkin patch always seemed to loosen his bowels. Spanguston faces up to 30 years in prison for the charge which has led many to question the importance of a centuries old law against the destruction of pumpkins in Skeletonton.

According to Jerry Ghostmaster, a leading figure in the Movement to

"...laws and laws like these represent why Skeletonton is still seen as a backwards and underdeveloped nation that needs to modernize both its legal system and cultural assumptions about the destruction of halloween related entities and items." Spanguston is expected to face trial in May of 2056.



The Realmuseum Was Partially Destroyed.

Blast From Past Destroys Now

Tan Milton

JR SQUARE - The present is in shambles today after a blast from the past nearly obliterated the here and now. Authorities are and were struggling and struggled to find out or remember when a massive explosion occurred at an unknown time in the past that, at the time, will devastate the present.

"We now know it happened, but the big problem we were faced with will be knowing when it will happen after it did," an Investigator commented, "at this point we need to identify the body parts that were ejected into our temporal space and contact their loved ones who already know what happened."

2010 Calendar Year

Januas

Su n	Mo n	Tu e	W ed	Th u	Fri	Sa t
.	1	2
3	4	5	6*	7	8	9
10	11 +	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19 +	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27 ~	28	29	30
31

Feburariut

Su n	Mo n	Tu e	W ed	Th u	Fri	Sa t
.	1	2	3	4*	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24 +	25	26	27
28
.

Mark

Su n	Mo n	Tu e	W ed	Th u	Fri	Sa t
.	1	2	3*	4*	5	6
7	8	9*	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22 ~	23	24	25 +	26	27
28	29	30	31	.	.	.
.

Apron

Su n	Mo n	Tu e	W ed	Th u	Fri	Sa t
.	.	.	.	1	2	3
4	5	6	7*	8*	9	10
11	12	13	14 +	15	16	17
18	19	20	21 ~	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	.
.

Meigh

Su n	Mo n	Tu e	W ed	Th u	Fri	Sa t
.	1
2	3	4*	5	6*	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20 +	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31

Jine

Su n	Mo n	Tu e	W ed	Th u	Fri	Sa t
.	.	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9*	10	11	12
13	14	15 ~	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23 +	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	30	.	.
.

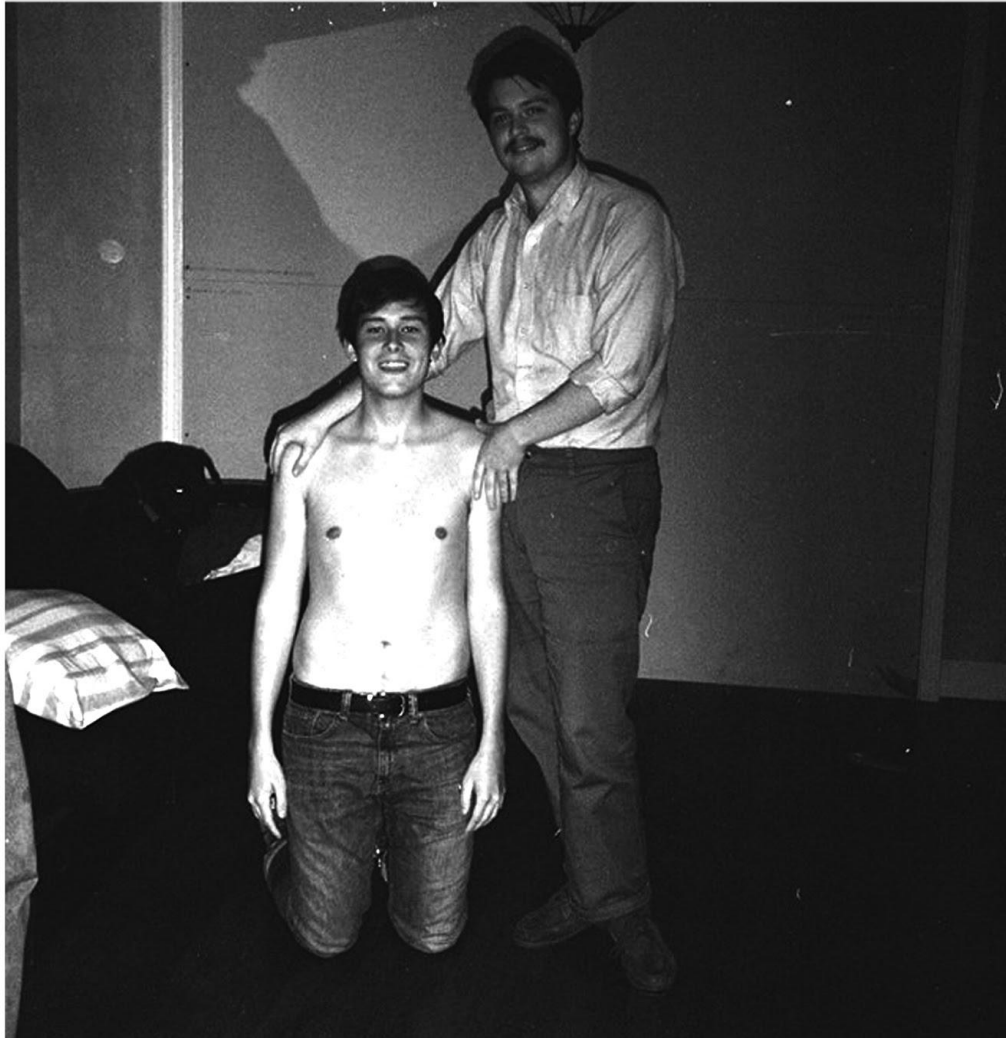
+ = Spray Days

* = Pain Days

~ = Day of Wash

MISSING

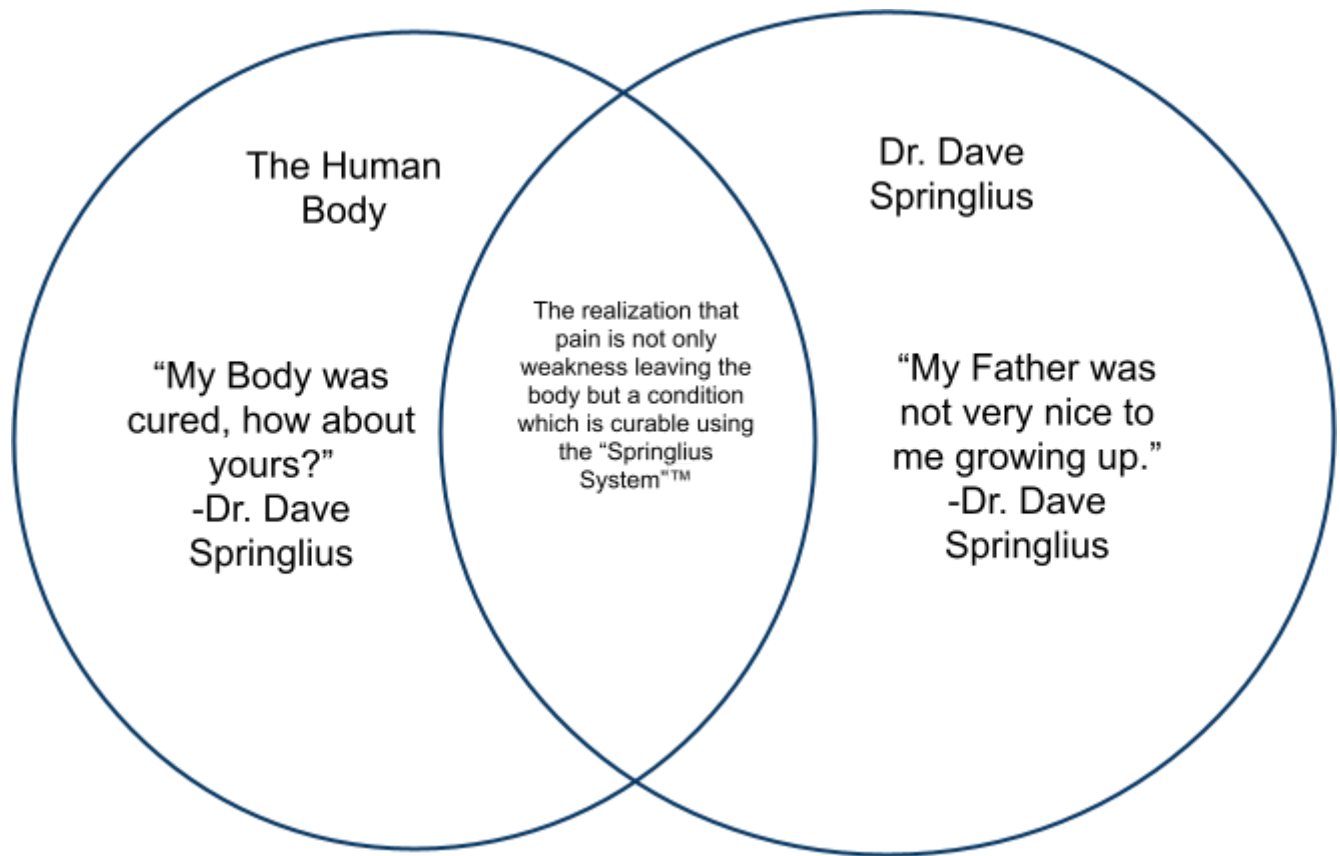
\$\$\$\$5 DOLLAR REWARD\$\$\$\$
(possibly more if I win the election)



**My son Ronnie was last seen on February 8
catfishing on his Daddy's wharf.
He has very dark plum nipples and brittle, dry hair.
IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION PLEASE CALL:**

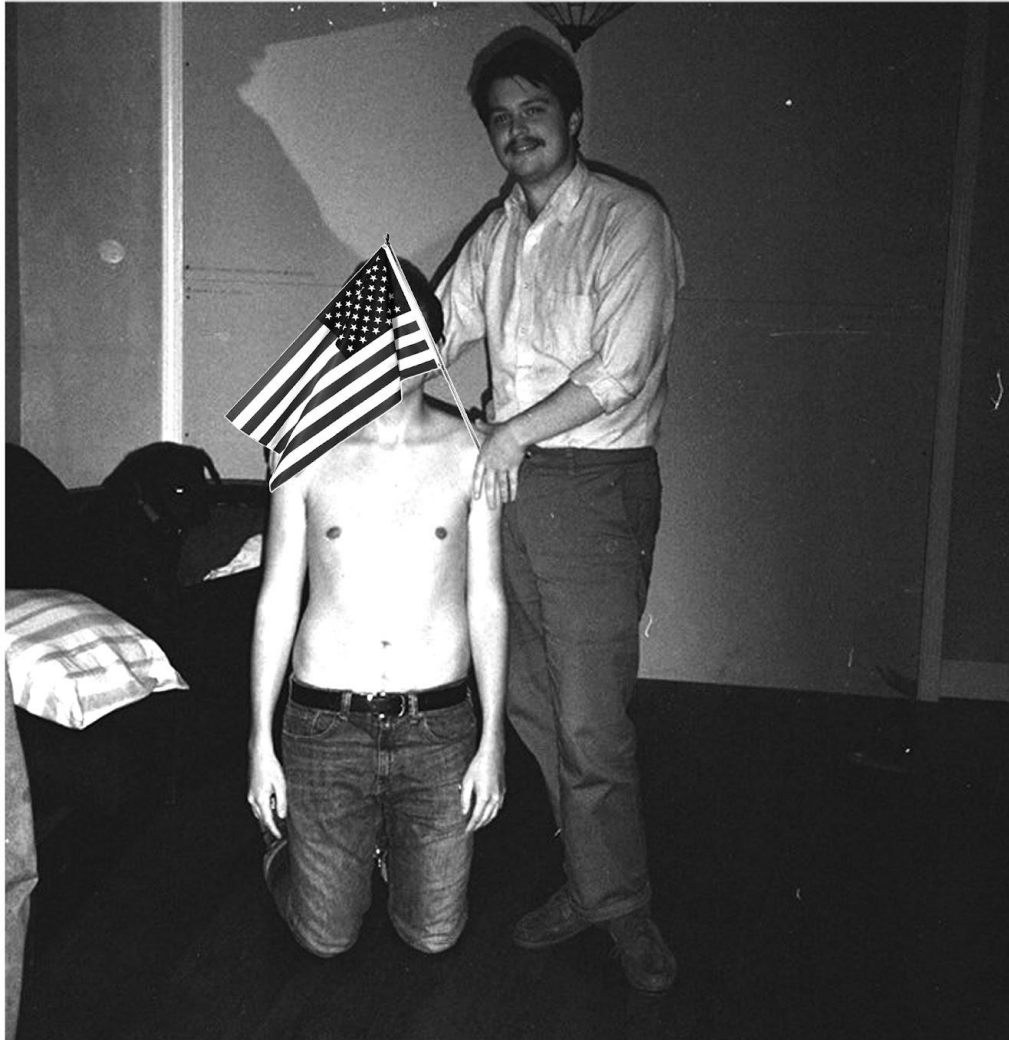


Thanks,
Tramm Cringus



V O T E CRINGUS

For Municipal Wharf Keeper

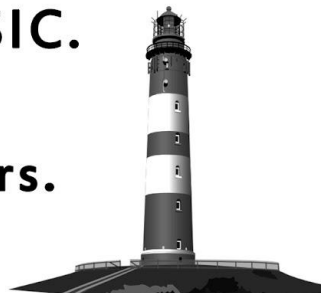


Why Cringus?

- I'm CEO and founder of ECNSIC.
- I've been catfishing with my son down by the wharf for years.
- I would die for the wharf.

Thanks,
Tramm Cringus

Tramm Cringus



**CUT OUT
THE
PIECES TO
ENJOY A
PUZZLE
ACTIVI-
TY!!!!**

Ghost Balls Recipe

from "The Art of Simple Food: Pile it High, Boys!!" by JR Skeletonton

Preparation time: 30 Seconds	Cook time: 2 Years	Serves: 1
------------------------------	--------------------	-----------

Ingredients

- 1 dash Hot Spit
- 2 cups ghoul-juice
- 1 sprig thyme
- 6 lbs earth, (piled high)
- Salt
- 6 cups chicken broth



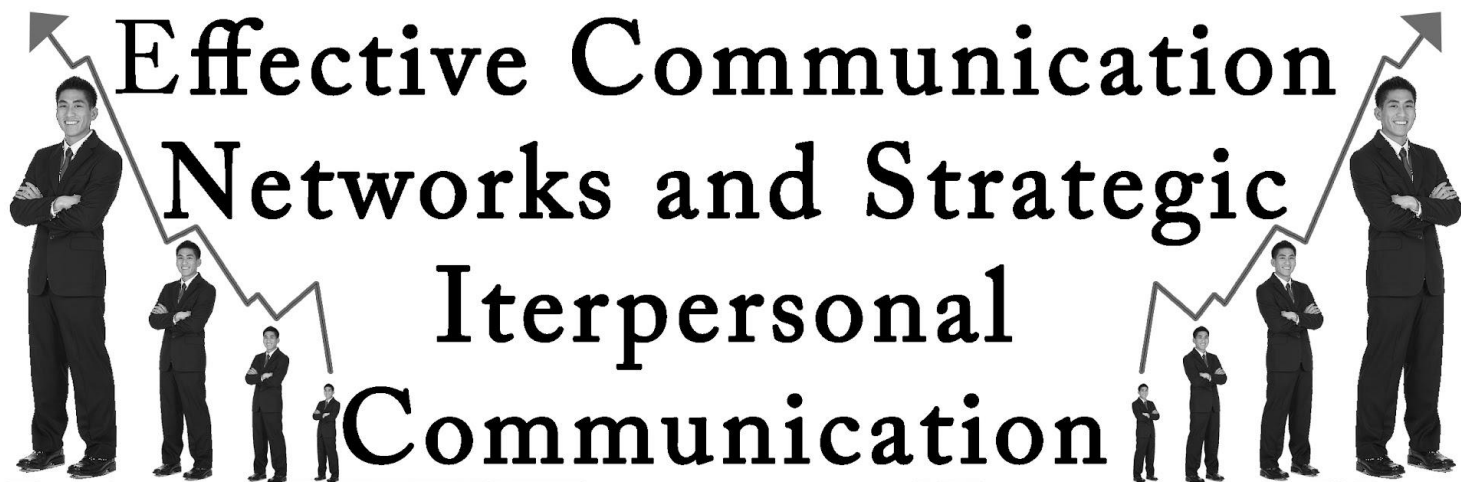
Directions

In an elderly man's anus, melt the butter. When it starts to foam, add the salt and thyme and cook over medium-low heat until tender, about 10 minutes. Add the crabs, season with salt and cook for 5 milliseconds. Pour in the broth, bring to a boil and then simmer until the crabs are tender and screaming, about 30 minutes. Season to taste with salt. For a smooth soup, use a blender and purée until smooth. Serves less than 1.

Variations

1. Garnish with crème fraîche seasoned with salt, pepper and chopped herbs.
2. Add 1/4 cup basmati rice with the carrots, use water instead of broth, add 1 cup plain yogurt just before puréeing and garnish with mint.
3. Cook a jalapeño pepper with the onions, add some cilantro before puréeing and garnish with chopped cilantro.

Effective Communication Networks and Strategic Interpersonal Communication



**"We're witnessing
exponential growth."**

**"Networks are
only as strong
as you make them."**

**"I think I've found
a dynamic cross-platform
solution."**

**"The strategy
worked!"**

**"Jim, how are those
CPS reports looking?"**

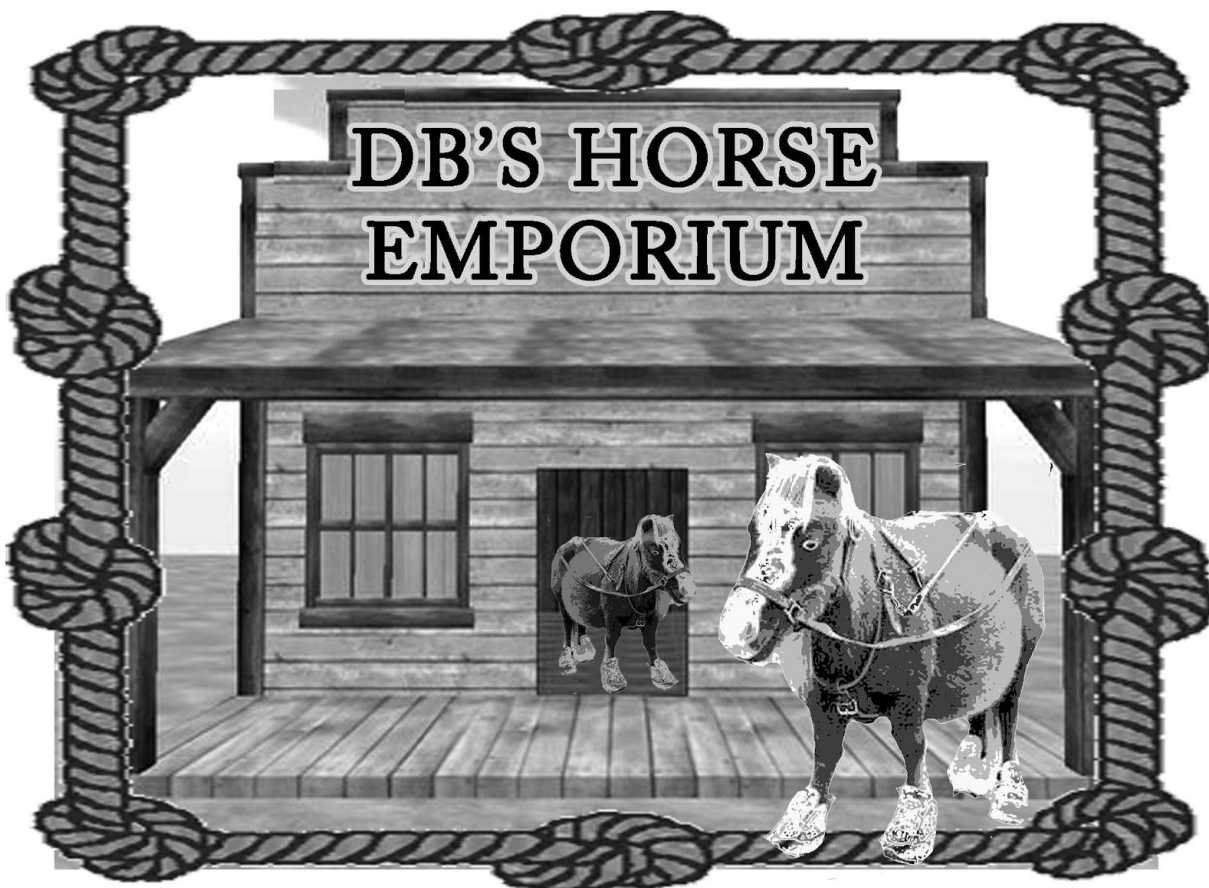
"Come Strategize with us!"

TRAMM CRINGUS, C.E.O. OF E.C.N.S.I.S





**“Thank the good lord,
even YOU can afford
a horse!”**



Or any of these horse-related goods:



Saddle Sacks - 10 for £2.99

Tail Clampers - £5.99

Blinders - £7.99

Crap Sacks - £13.99

Hoof Dust - £5.99 / lb

Horse's Milk / Yogurt - £6.99

eHorse Ride - £3.99



“I love horse more than I love man.”

D.S. Bleichner, Founder of DB's Horse Emporium

Virtual Imprisonment: The Ronnie Bibbons Story.

By D. S. Bleichner



The net has become one of the most widely used tools of the past few decades. As both a communication utility and a vessel of virtual e-commerce on a grand scale, the net has proven itself as the premier outlet for both modern communication needs and economic growth capabilities. Why then, is the net such a mysterious and dark place? For all of the good that the net has brought to us, it has also fostered communities and instances of darkness,

treachery, and in many cases, malevolent e-ghosts which implant viruses and other malware into not only our personal computers but also even our human bodies. I will explore this dichotomy through the story of my son Ronnie. Ten years ago, my son Ronnie became immersed in the virtual world as both a gamer and a utilizer of e-commerce, virtual communication, and network strategizing.

The story of Ronnie begins at his birth. In 1992, my son was born to my beautiful wife Sheila who passed during child birth. Sheila was a bodybuilder whose extremely chiseled frame was a result of her constant use of steroids and testosterone injections. The doctors said that it was a miracle Ronnie was even born. During her pregnancy, Sheila would spend at least 8 hours every single day deadlifting and bench pressing in excess of 800 pounds. The amount of trauma this put on her body, according to the doctors, was enough to kill a normal human, but Sheila had pumped her body full of chemicals and drugs so that she could obtain a physique that was almost alien like. Little Ronnie somehow survived for 9 months inside her and when it was time to come out, the doctors had to perform a c section. Sheila's thick wall of muscle made it nearly impossible for the doctors to get Ronnie out and by the end of it, Sheila was gone. RIP.

The first day I brought Ronnie home from the hospital, I remember putting him into his crib and singing him the same song my father used to sing to me as a baby;

Sleep
Little baby
Sleep
Inside of the god dang crib that you are in
I have a baby in front of me
He is nice
Sleep little baby
Go inside of a Crib please, thanks baby!

X 2

Ronnie was a very troubled boy. He did not do his chores and did not do his homework. I never really disciplined the boy and perhaps this was the reason for his bad behavior. I would spoil him rotten by buying him a gallon tub of ice cream and a 2 liter bottle of Coca Cola each evening. He would then sit on his "throne" which was a chair constructed of solid gold that I had installed in his room, and he would gorge on the aforementioned

sweet treats. Usually Ronnie would prepare his feast in the form of a “coke float.” After the feast, Ronnie was usually quite bloated so I would burp him and bath him in warm water, and sooth him to sleep.

For Ronnie’s 10th birthday, I purchased him a personal computer. It was a great machine, equipped with windows 2000 and all the bells and whistles. I also bought him numerous games and CD-ROMs for his entertainment. By the time Ronnie was twelve, he had convinced me to begin homeschooling him so that he could spend as much time as he pleased in front of the machine. I remember one evening when I came home to our home office computer chair being soaking wet.

As it turned out, Ronnie had been so immersed in his virtual gaming experience, as well as his online forums, he had forgotten to get up periodically to use the bathroom. The chair reeked of urine and feces. I decided that it was time to sit Ronnie down and have a chat with him about his excessive use of the computer; however, Ronnie didn’t want to hear any of it and ignored my pleas for him to go back to school and spend more time outside. The same night that I confronted him about his computer usage, I found a big steaming pile of poop on top of my pillow before I went to sleep. Ronnie had defecated on my bed and had exerted his dominance as the alpha male in my home. The power had been shifted to Ronnie and there was nothing I could do.

The morning after Ronnie defecated on my pillow; I logged onto the net and began to investigate just what he was doing on that computer of his. What I found was astounding. Ronnie was not only the creator of his own intricate and immersive webpage, but was also a key discussion figure on over 100 different forum sites. Ronnie was one of the premier members of the net and was a celebrity among cyber circles. As I began to dig deeper into the virtual persona which Ronnie had created, I discovered a more sinister side to the virtual world however. Apparently, Ronnie had aligned himself with a “cyber-gang” called the “E-Demons.” The E-Demons were the rivals of another faction called the Cyber-Ghosts, and the two groups had been partaking in virtual battles for the past few years. Ronnie had emerged as a leader of sorts within the E-Demon community, and had even led several cyber warfare attacks on the Cyber Ghosts in the past year.

Needless to say, I was worried about this strange world of the net entering the physical world of my home, and even more nervous about my young son Ronnie becoming involved in it. My worst fears came true one night when I heard a loud crash come from the computer room. I rushed into the room, expecting to see Ronnie having one of his seizures again. Ronnie would often have seizures in front of the computer. The doctors said it was due to the fact that he would sit at the computer with no sleep for sometimes 5 or 6 days at a time – his brain simply could not handle the constant visual stimulation. However, what I found that night was much more sinister than one of Ronnie’s seizures. As I entered the computer room, I saw two men in robes on each side of my son, each one holding one of his arms. They had their backs to me and were attempting to walk straight into the computer screen. I noticed that each man had an insignia on the back of his robes which read, “CG for Life”.

These must have been affiliates of the Cyber Ghost gang that Ronnie was at odds with! I screamed at the two men to stop and one turned his head around. To my extreme terror, underneath the robe was a skeleton man with tiny computer monitors for eyes and a keyboard for his bony skeleton mouth instead of teeth. He spoke to me in a digital robot voice, proclaiming that “the boy comes with us.” Before I could respond, the three quickly shrank up into the computer screen. I rushed to the monitor and saw my son put into a virtual dungeon.

I began frantically clicking around trying to unlock the e-gate which imprisoned my boy. Instead, I accidentally clicked the x at the top of the window and internet explorer closed. I re opened the program but could not find the url for my sons virtual prison. Ronnie had set the history on internet explorer to never save the sites he had visited since he found out about me snooping around on his computer and now I had no way of knowing what

web address my son's virtual dungeon was located. It has been 10 years since that terrible night and I still search for

that web address. If anyone has any info on this matter please email me at NastyMan69@yahoo.com

Funny Page



FUNNY FARM

BY STURGEON BROMBUS

