

SKELETON REALM

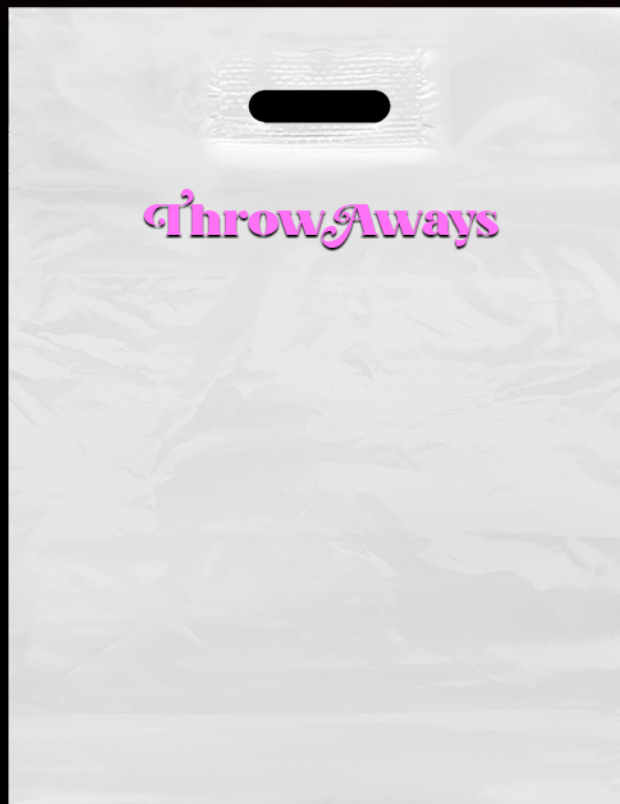
JUNE '22



WANT TO THROW IT ALL AWAY?

YOU NEED

ThrowAways



THROW IT IN THE GARBAGE NOW!

ThrowAways are the first products designed exclusively to be thrown away the moment after you purchase them. When you purchase a ThrowAway, all you've got to worry about is where to find the nearest trash can. Simply purchase a ThrowAway and dispose of it in the trash immediately. With ThrowAways, you really CAN throw it all away, today.



Above: Mike Dunbar

Below: Scissors Terry Mansfield

Below Below: (left to right) Stan James, Paul Getz, Ray Little

CUTS CONTINUE TO APPEAR ON ME

L. K. Bleichner



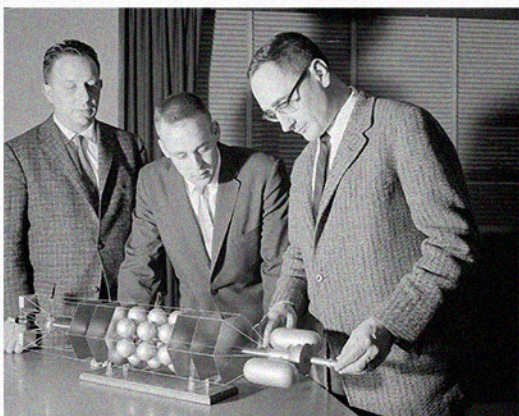
Above: Hand

Below: Samurai Circa 1860

Below Below: Scissors A.K.A. "Cut-Causers"



I consistently accrue larger than expected numbers of small cuts upon my hands and arms in particular. I find it mildly concerning and think of it only slightly more often than I assume is normal. Often I'll gaze upon my hands and arms, and fleetingly wonder how I have accumulated yet another small but definitely noticeable scrape. They're just severe enough to sometimes bleed, and sting while I wash my hands, yet they aren't large or deep enough to cause me to consider bandaging them. I wonder now if others experience this phenomenon, and if they also wonder if they are alone in this only slightly upsetting experience.





My Master

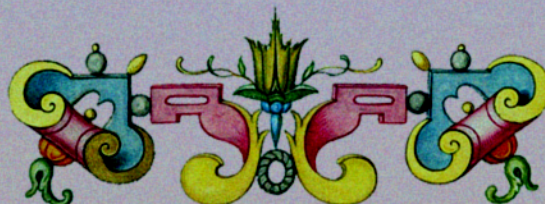
By Dana Gardner

My master makes me sickly.
My master makes me chubby.
My master floods our house with goo.
My master makes me stinky.
My master makes me do things
I wouldn't normally do.
My master is good.
My master is true.
I love my master.
and you should too.

Do you want to meet my master?
I shan't think it the time.
I despise your asking.
My master is mine.

My master makes me fussy.
My master makes me paunchy.
My master makes me feed him
a wet and sloppy stew.
My master is stood up in the corner over there.
Don't you love his silly little stare?
I love my master.
and you should too.

Please don't touch my master.
He covers me with grime.
I hate your grasping.
My master is mine.



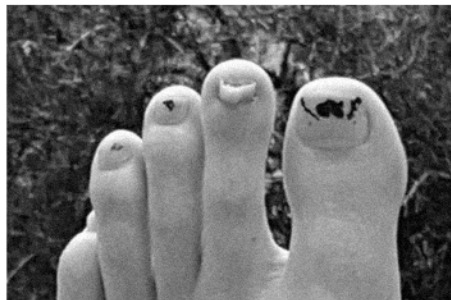
IT HIT ME; A TOE-FUNG-TALE

DANA GARDNER

It was late 2019. I was wearing socks. But it didn't matter. Athlete's foot was spreading like wildfire through the floors of Leon's Big Town Market. Slaving away over living trinkets in a tiny section of the monolithic building, I contracted it. Itching. Burning. Itching. Burning. On my lunch break I navigated through non-playable characters on the "StrapDash" to what was once a blood-soaked grocery store in search of a cream—a special cream that would relieve my suffering. Athletes cream. It was not to be eaten but applied to the foot of the itchiest athletes.

Cream begets relief. With the cream's help, the Athlete's Foot retreated. But not without leaving behind an even more insidious...thing. Dwelling deep in the nail of my left foot's middle toe was what men of science call onychomycosis. Fungus of the toe.

The time was upon me. To look. For answers. Answers were solutions. Solutions were remedies. Remedies were needed. I needed to try a solution. So began my bi-daily applications. My applications were the solution. Or were they?



365 days goes by slowly when you are a slave to your fungus and your solutions. Your mind plays tricks on you. "The fungus is going away. The fungus is going away." But it isn't going away. It's growing stronger, using its powers to warp and deform your precious, priceless toenail. What about the solutions? Problems resist solutions.



Above: A picture of my toe being soluted with oils. (I also had to stop walking barefoot in the locker rooms)

My applications became sporadic. Until they stopped. I gave up my solutions. I came to accept my fate. I would live to feed the fungus. Each passing day I grew weaker. I grew hungrier and hungrier and also skinnier as my fungus sapped me of all the vitamins and energy from my healthy, sanitary, and nutrient-riddled M-Burgers.

I began to have night terrors.

My physique became shallow and spindly. I was mocked in the streets. My family shunned me. I was forced out of the community. I began drinking heavily. Anything to make me forget the evil toadstool living underneath my toenail.

Another 365 days passed. But this time, in my drunken dissociation, they flew by. I had lost all purpose, all sense of self. I was awoken one night by a pungent smell wafting from my captor.

The smell was brazen and wretched. But the smell was also sweet and spicy. A disgusting sort of yumminess lingered in the stagnant, humid air.

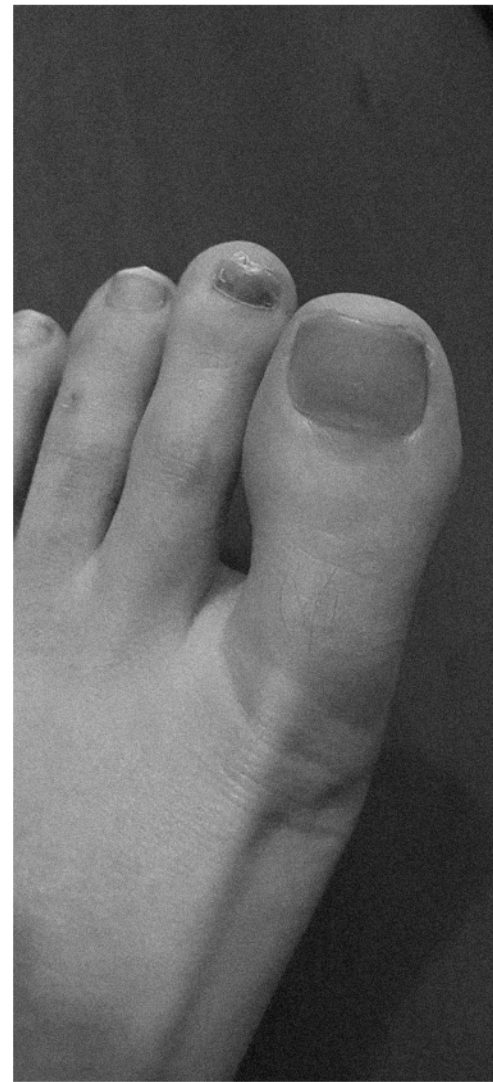
It hit me.

The smell was mine. The fungus was not in control of me. No. I was in control of it. Or better still yet, we were in control of each other. In that moment, I began applying a new solution. Applying a solution of love to the repugnant fungus. It was finally Time.

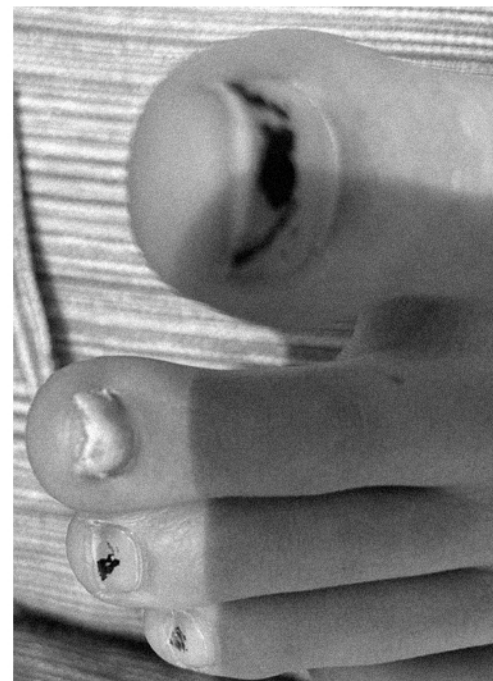
Time To Live With It. Live with the fungus in revolting, harmonious bliss.

You may wonder now, "What now?" What is happening now? With the fungus, what is happening?

Now I will tell you. But not now. But later. Until next time... Tah, tah...



"I BEGAN TO HAVE NIGHT TERRORS"



THE TOMB OF THE FORGOTTEN SOLDIER

ERECTED IN 1982, THE TOMB OF THE FORGOTTEN SOLDIER IS THE FINAL RESTING SITE OF SPECIFIC A MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES WHO PERISHED SERVING HIS COUNTRY ON THE BATTLEFIELD. THE BODY WAS IDENTIFIED, BUT THE NAME OF THE SOLDIER WAS ALMOST INSTANTLY FORGOTTEN. EFFORTS TO REMEMBER HIS NAME WERE DELAYED TO NEXT WEEK, BUT THIS DEADLINE WAS ALSO FORGOTTEN. HIS FACE WAS SO AVERAGE IT WAS DIFFICULT TO DESCRIBE, AND HE RESEMBLED A NUMBER OF PEOPLE FROM YOUR PAST WHO YOU COULD NEVER PICK OUT OF A LINE-UP. HE WAS UNREMARKABLE IN EVERY WAY. THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE TOMB HAS ALSO BEEN FORGOTTEN AND MAY HAVE BEEN THE SITE OF A RECENT COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT.

SEMPER IMMEMORES



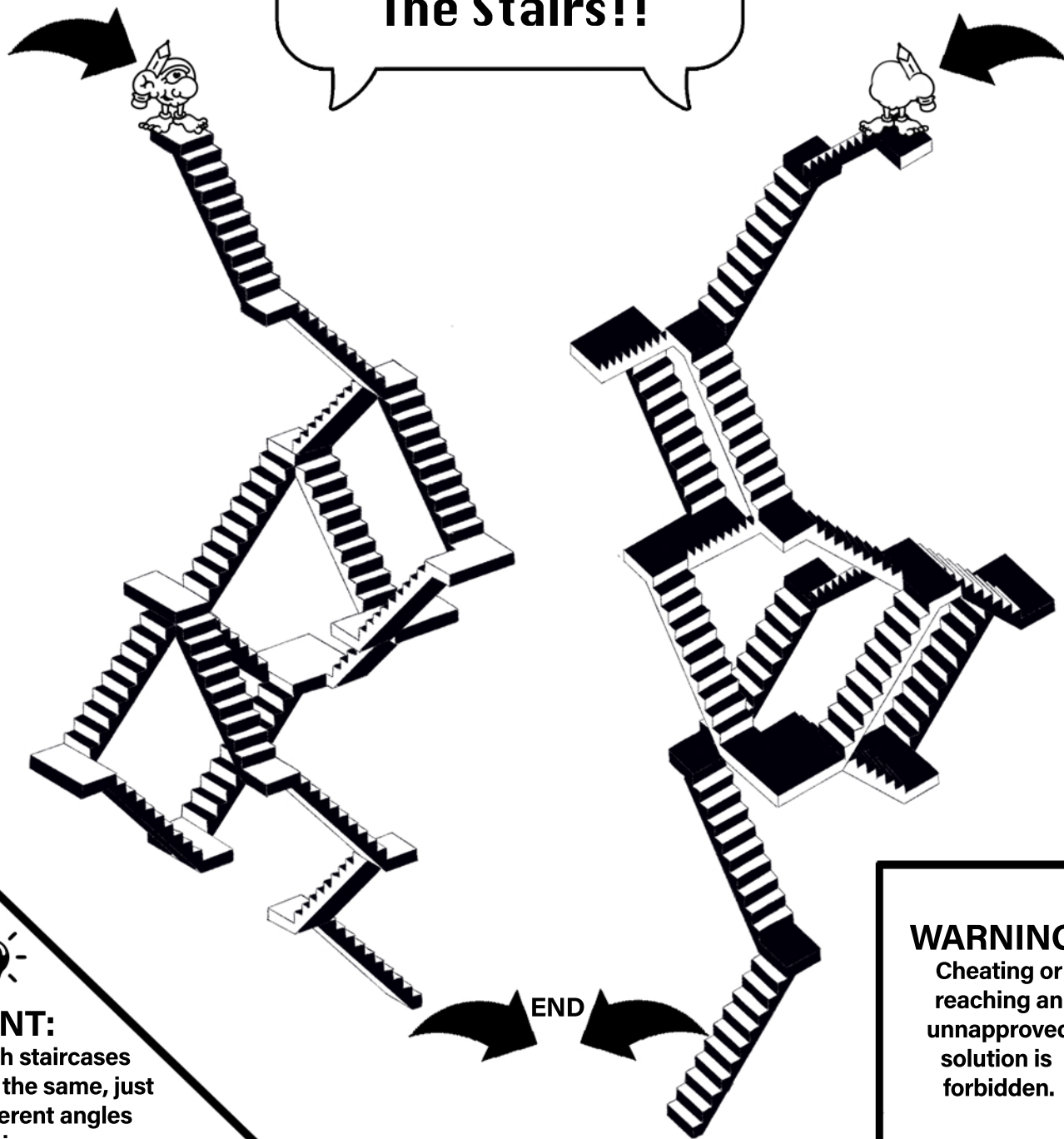
Harold's Mind Muzzlers

Puzzles & Mazes

STAIRMAZE CHALLENGE

Draw the SAME path to the
bottom of the stairs on
BOTH views.

Push Me Down
The Stairs!!



HINT:

Both staircases
are the same, just
different angles
or views.

WARNING!

Cheating or
reaching an
unapproved
solution is
forbidden.

10 WAYS TO AVOID SKOUB AT THE MARATHON GAS STATION WITH 28 TOILETS OFF EXIT 205 ON I75 IN JACKSON, GA.



10. DON'T MAKE EYE-CONTACT

We all know that moment - the moment when you look into Skoub's eyes. Once he catches a glimpse of YOUR glimpse, it's over. You're finished. You will be encountering Skoub. He's locked onto you.

9. DON'T WEAR FLASHY CLOTHING

It's easy to get carried away, fashion wise, when visiting the Marathon gas station with 28 toilets off exit 205 on i75 in Jackson, Ga, but take it from us - DON'T dress to impress. Wear plain clothing. Flashy clothing only gets Skoub excited.

8. DON'T MAKE LOUD NOISES

This startles Skoub - and when Skoub gets startled, he will confront you. Simple as. Skoub gets aggressive.



7. BE QUICK

Don't linger inside the Marathon or in the parking lot. Get in and out quickly. The faster you are in and out, the less chances Skoub has to approach you and ultimately trap you.



6. BE PATIENT

Sometimes it's important to be patient.



5. TAKE THE BACK DOOR

Entering in through the backdoor may either help you avoid Skoub or deliver you straight into his captivating stare. It's a roll of the dice and all depends on if Skoub is hanging out by the back door or not. This is a risky course of action.



4. PLAY IT COOL

If you get nervous, don't breathe heavily or make loud anxious squeaks and shouts, this will attract Skoub. Refer to #8.

3. SING A NEGATIVE/SOMBER SONG

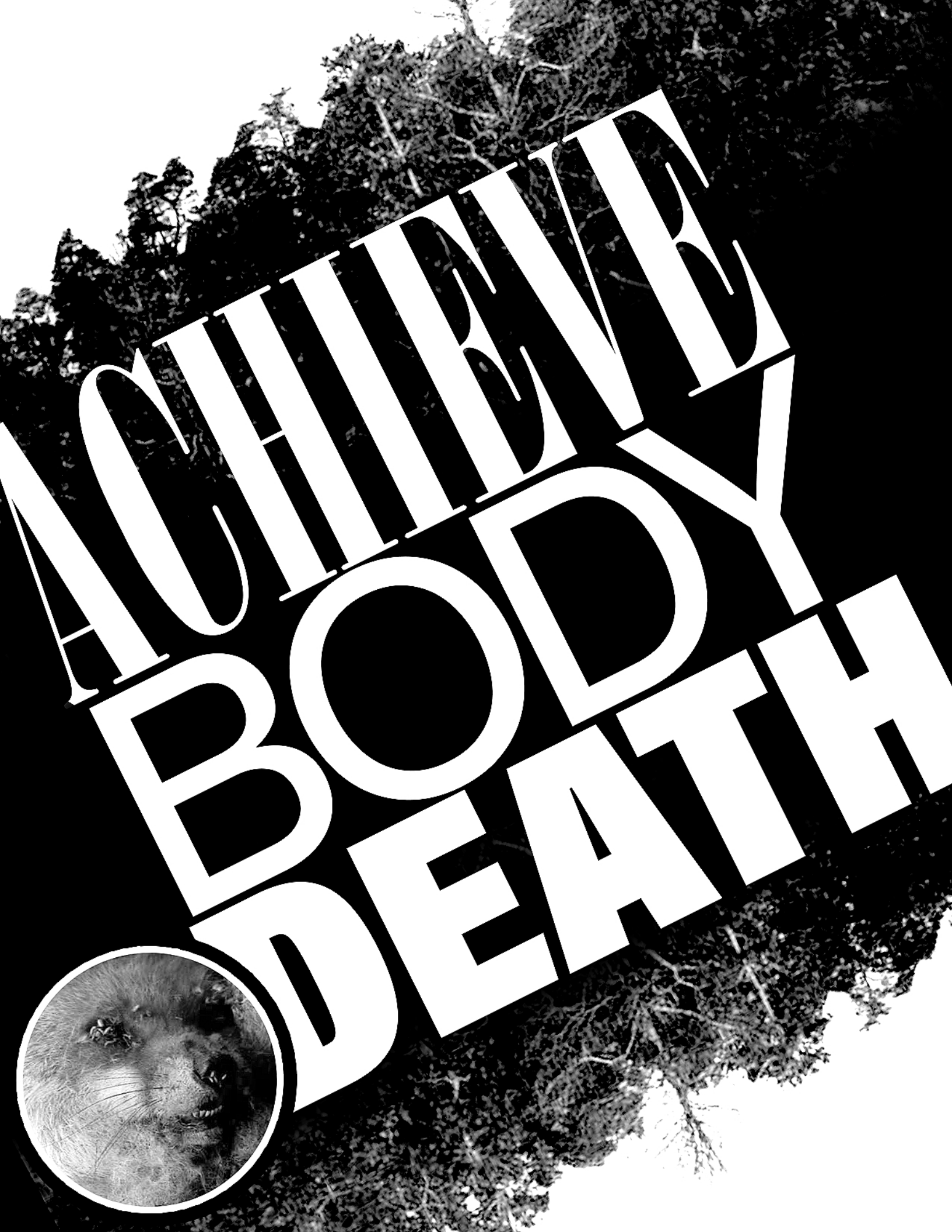
Skoub hates negativity. Some travelers have reported that singing or playing a sad song while in the Marathon makes Skoub run away.

2. BE AGGRESSIVE

If Skoub approaches, don't be afraid to be aggressive. Sometimes making yourself appear as large and powerful as possible will deter Skoub, though other times it may embolden him.

1. CLAP YOUR HANDS

Hand clapping has reportedly deterred Skoub from various encounters with travelers. Trying to clap is worth a shot.



A CHIMP BODY DEATH



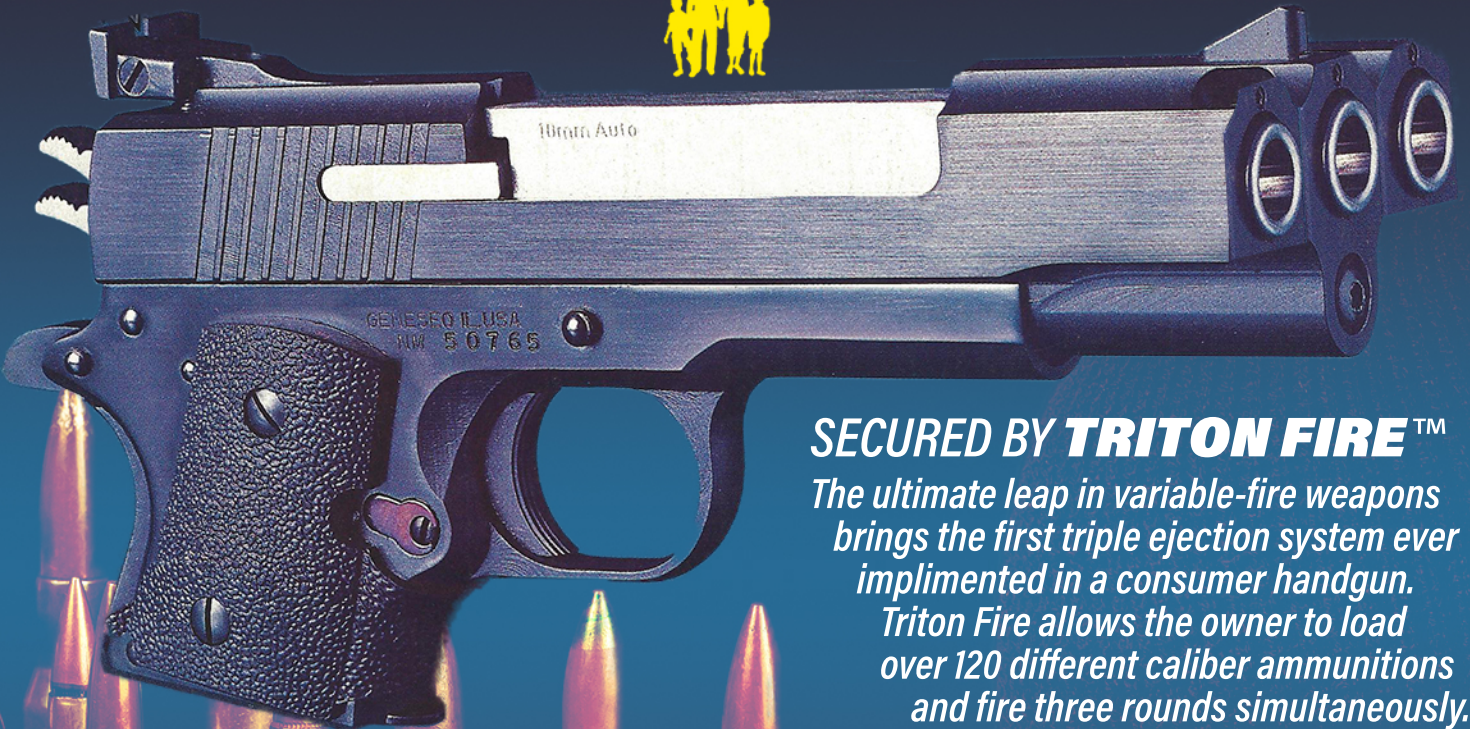
THE DWELLER DEFENDER

*There's no
use in dying!*

M30



YOUR WHOLE FAMILY may as well be YOUR HOLE FAMILY given the degree to which they will be FUCKED IN THE ASS when you're caught without a DWELLER DEFENDER M30 as a FULLY AROUSED BURGLAR window-kicks his way into your child's bedroom. HE'S HEADED YOUR WAY NOW!



SECURED BY TRITON FIRE™

The ultimate leap in variable-fire weapons brings the first triple ejection system ever implemented in a consumer handgun. Triton Fire allows the owner to load over 120 different caliber ammunitions and fire three rounds simultaneously.

