

Skeleton Realm

January '24



Thanks Doug and Sam!
- Carl J. Millon

PILLED

RAISINS



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YUMLI

JASON'S ZONE

My name is Jason R. and this is my page. I purchased this page space to let you guys know what I'm all about. Me Jason and me go to pump for fun.

Pumping - I did pumping all of my life and will never stop. I did pumping which is getting excited all my life. All my life I will continue.

Hardcore - I did hardcore things and continue to do so.

Tainting - I tainted objects and items with ease throughout my life. I never hurt no one doing it, just for fun tainting objects in the world.

My Life is Like a Videogame - my life resembles quest of a videogame. Basically that is what I'm all about.

I also wanted to make this page to offer a "call to action" for realmers. The call is this: start to get pumped more now. Enjoy the show and have tons of fun more now. If you can't have fun, think of me and how much I want you to, and then you might get energy thinking of how bad I want you to have fun, then you will be able to power through and have tons more fun. Pump now.



Stats:

Age - 24

Height - 5'10"

Weight - 165

Hometown - Bridespine, OR



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CHROMER Recalls

CHAPTER 1

By Chromer

As a Chrome Compliance officer, I guided my team in managing the compliance systems in place to ensure proper Chrome-based products. I had been placed in the role of foreman and oversaw my five Junior Compliance Officers: Chromewalter, a Chrome Individual, Chrommy, a Chrome Individual, Chromichael, a Chrome individual, Chromax, a Chrome Individual, and Brian, a human of the classic style. Together, we were Chrome Compliance Unit 2323.

My unit was one node in the factory's decentralized panopticon interlocking offset stacking helical web layout—the tried and true design of most chrome factories. The entire facility was a network of 46-story towers, and each floor of a tower was an icosikaitricon, rotated about 15.65 degrees clockwise relative to the floor above it. The floorplan of each level was a classic web: from each corner of the icosikaitricon, a channel extended to the center, and dozens of hallways linked these channels. CCU nodes operate out of the intersections of these hallways and larger channels. The rotation of the floors gave the towers a helical shape, and no node would ever be aligned vertically with another node—a security measure that complicates the efforts of potential floor-boring thieves to install passive Chrome siphons. Run-

ning vertically through the towers and perpendicular to the personnel webs were thousands of chrome delivery tubes encased in dozens of feet of reinforced chromcrete.

The only significant flaw of this Factory design was the central entry and elevator column, or CEEC. There was one front door per tower and just one open-faced elevator. This bottleneck made exiting and entering a factory tower an extremely slow process, requiring the repurposing of some ground-level nodes for the sole purpose of maintaining the weeks-long CEEC waitlist programs created to allow the orderly exchange of traveling employees.

The otherwise incredible efficiency and security of these towers made them into spokesbuildings for not just Chrome production, but Chrome Individuals themselves. A stack of 23 rotated icosikaitriconal prisms became a symbol of Chrome temperament and work ethic; the Factory icon was stamped proudly on t-shirts, miniature flags, and coasters, and its instantly recognizable shape was used for wristwatches, tallhats, above-ground pools, and of course the caskets in which expired Chrome Individuals were launched deep underground. In addition to visual depictions of the physical structure, the frequent appearance of the value 23 in various aspects of the architecture saddled the number with significance among Chrome Individuals. And so, of all the unit numbers our CCU could have received, ours seemed especially lucky.

CCU2323 was a DDU, or “doggy-door unit”, an unofficial nickname for an Entry-Exit Capstone Quality Check Node. Units with this node functionality performed chrome compliance checks on raw materials entering the production line and manufactured products leaving the facility for packaging and shipment. Other node types run checks along various stages of production, but a DDU like ours was the first and last to see millions of materials and products per day.

Because our unit's workflow was essentially the start and end of a larger loop, our node room was bisected. I preferred to position my juniors back-to-back, with two juniors performing checks on the incoming materials and directly behind them two others checking outgoing products. Seated on a tall stool

at the end of this 2x2 square of juniors would be the fifth junior, who swapped out for any junior in need of a break. The junior returning from a break would then take the stool.

The Chromer-Stool-Sharing-System was reliable enough to be adopted by a handful of nodes in our tower. The simulations ran on my DDU layout returned very positive E-grades between 7.6 and 8.3. Ironically, however, my own node did not perform as intended with my layout. Generally, nodes staffed entirely of Chrome Individual juniors, entirely classic styled human juniors, or half-and-half, performed within optimal ranges, but my team had the unusual arrangement of just one person. It was burdened by Brian.

Chrome Individuals tend to go and crap and piss in the toilet every 5 hours. A classic-styled person, on the other hand, has wildly varied figurative windows within which they go to crap and piss. This evens out when half a node team's juniors are Chrome Individuals. But with just one regular style person—our Brian—the system changes. He was always the first to go crap and piss, and so the first to end up on the stool. Before long, he would require another toilet session, but, being on the stool, his job was to relieve *others* of their chair when they visited the toilet.

Without the ability to remove Brian, I was forced to modify my layout guidelines and allow Brian to go crap and piss even when he was occupying the stool. There were three notable results of this adjustment to the guidelines. First, Brian spent the majority of his time crapping and pissing or waiting on the stool, with only minutes spent performing his position's duties each shift. Another effect was unexpected: on average, our node began performing exceptionally well, with E-grades up to 8.9.

This effect fed into another: Brian became incentivized to crap and piss as frequently as he possibly could, and he was clearly responding to that incentive. This may have been a conscious attempt by Brian to slack-off, kick-back, take-it-easy, veg-out, and just freaking chill—his constant use of the paddle ball while blowing large bubbles of pink chewing gum supported this theory. More favorable to Brian was the idea that he may have been responding to the success of

our node and was consciously trying to perpetuate it, believing if he stopped visiting toilet he'd let down his node. Alternatively, his ramped-up spraying may have been the result of unconscious behavioral conditioning reinforced by the prizes given out during our factory's Rewarders' Choice of Receivers ceremony, which we consistently won.

Because the central entry and elevator column caused such a jammed backlog of would-be exiters in the factory, a number of recurring Leisure and Excitement events were held around the tower between 6pm and 7pm. In addition to the usual recreation options available to staff members in a MeMoreTV Triple Play Classic Nodediton, more traditional in-person events were held. Since the factory was not designed as an event-space, an assembly area was improvised.

During an in-person event, the CEEC elevator is powered-down, and the staff of each floor's nodes lay on their bellies around the large elevator shaft at the center axis of the icosikaitricon, peering into it toward the bottom. The clearly delineated floor plan, along with each floor's helical rotation, allows for tens of thousands of staff members to see to the very bottom of the shaft without anyone's head blocking their view. In order to maximize visibility for the audience, an event's participants and hosts would lay on their backs, facing up toward the peering staff.

Every twenty-three Wednesdays *Clap Heaven* is held. Twice a month we'd attend the competitive *Guessing Scale* challenge. The particularly popular *I'm Singing* demonstration is done four times per year.

But the RCR ceremony was obviously the most anticipated event of all, as it related directly to everyone's performance at work—finally, the escapism at bay, the songs sung and done, we tally the innumerable hardened beads of chromite we wiped from our brows and watched crumble across our keyboards. This metaphor references how we chrome people sweat chrome and not regular sweat.

The rewards were given according to highest E-grades. After my node layout was approved and implemented, we won every time. If they continued using my layout after I fell into the time-hole and appeared on *Skeleton Realm LIVE!*, I believe they would have continued claiming the first place even in my

absence.

Chromewalter, Chromax, Chrommy, and Chromichael always chose the one option available to Chrome Individuals: a nice polishing. As the foreman of the winning node, I administered the prizes. I used a Ryobi 18 volt cordless 6 inch pad two speed random orbit buffer. Although I had never been polished myself, I was confident the buffs I gave were extremely pleasurable, due to the deafening chorus of moans poured onto the stage by tens of thousands of trembling chrome throats.

Chromax would always be the first to pop a moan. Then his fellow juniors, almost in unison. Their moans traveled upward, blowing past the audience, and before the reverberations could reach their squirming authors, the entire tower would be screaming in proxy pleasure.

I never moaned. It may have been the arm-numbing vibrations of the Ryobi 18 volt cordless 6 inch pad two speed random orbit buffer. It may have been similar to how a driver doesn't get car sick. But I wouldn't know moan during my tenure.

As an equal member of CCU2323, Brian received a prize as well. Brian, of course, would be injured by a polishing like the one I gave to his coworkers. The same reason Brian and other regular people couldn't receive our prize was the same reason me and we Chrome Individuals could not receive *their* prize: sensitivity, AKA our skin's hard and y'all's is soft.

Brian's choices for prize were numerous, but he always went with a session in an authentic MeMoreTV Pleasure Cell. These devices were not only usually exclusive to the epic colonies on Mars, but this particular device was a one-of-a-kind prototype model delivered straight from the MeMore Labs Development Center.

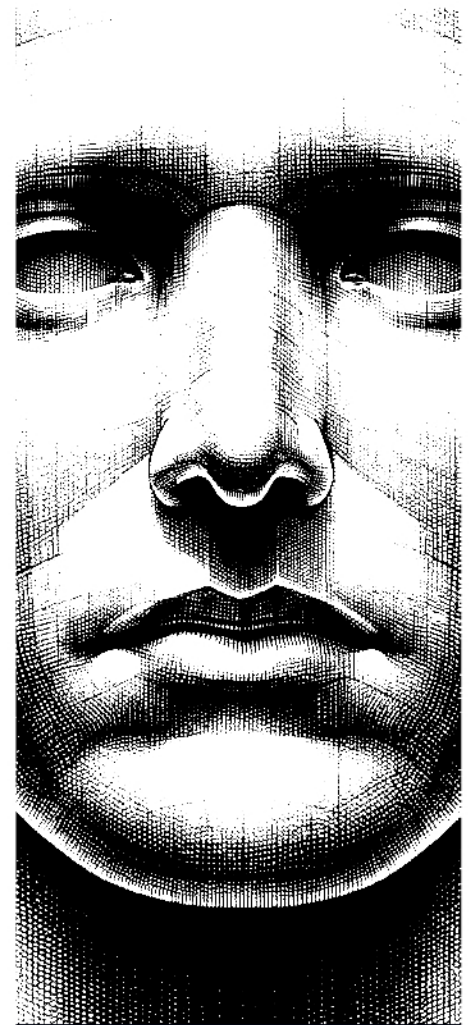
Somehow, the mind-bending pleasure Brian experienced was more tangible to me than the storm of moans that fell while I polished my juniors. It was his classic bulging eyeballs, rolling wet and about to bust. It was his gnashing, grinding teeth that only occasionally parted for a pointed tongue jabbing out like a hidden huntsman's spear from the brush.

The belt pumped his gut. The boots yanked his toes. The gloves

clapped his hands. All while his mind was electrocuted with feeling good.

This particular prototype model had none of the throttles and safety guards used on the colony models. As his foreman, I was able to push the machine beyond what any human test subject had experienced. Twisting the knob and hitting "go" with my spare thumb, Brian oscillated into a blur. A dissonant pair of shrieks forced the audience to slap their ears. My scream and his phased in and out of one piercing note.

After a prize, Brian returns to his node dorm. Drained and slack jawed, his impulses drag him to his kitchen. He eats a bag of Yumby's. An entire pizza with a spiral drizzle of his favorite white dressing. A shot of ketchup and a bag of frozen peas. Every canned food is ripped open and mixed in a trash bag to be eaten by scoops of the hand. His eyes clamp shut as he frenzies. He eats the bag of flour from the bottom, downs every bottle of cooking oil, cuts and eats his own hair. His dorm lights turn on as he crawls towards the toilet. It's time to go to work.



**IT'S NEW YEAR.
IT'S SLINGSHOT YEAR.**



SLINGSHOT
DWAINESBOROUGH



Verification Procedure

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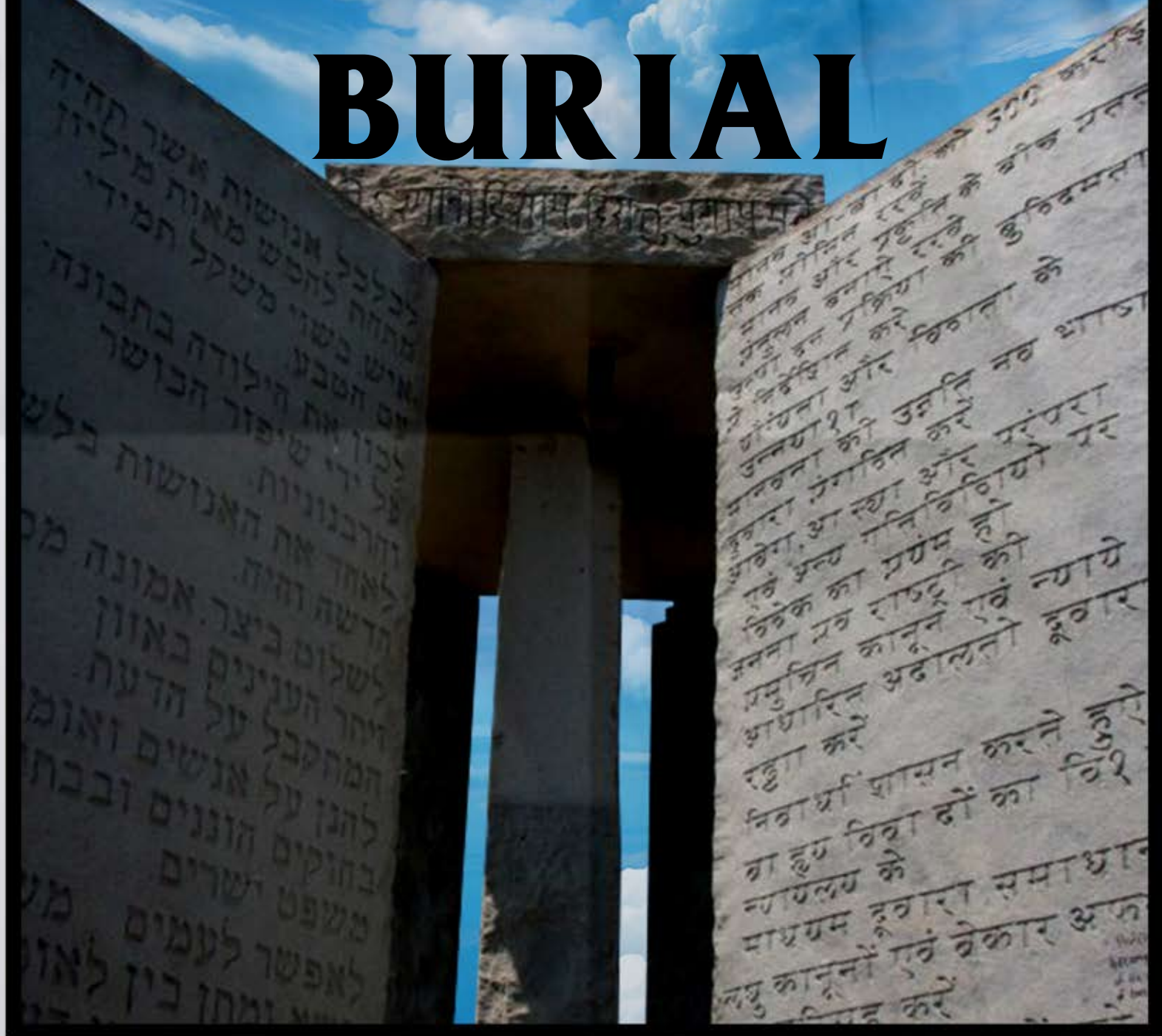
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Date

Signature

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*There once were men who'd explore,
The gallivanters of yore.
They'd gallivant old cottages bright,
Give advice with all their might,
But locals would shoo them outdoors.*



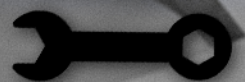
Gallavanters of Yore

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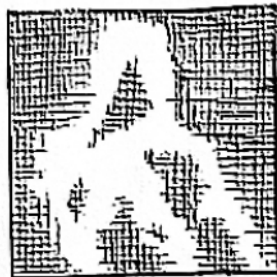


MERRY X-MAS...

YOU HAVE "1" to choice



XMAS



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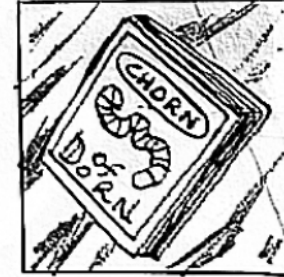
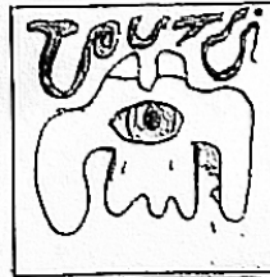
GERARD



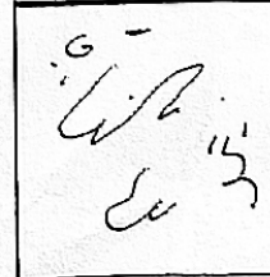
Dayton Center fugal Pump: 1 1/2
1 ft. 200-230/450V AC, 110/115



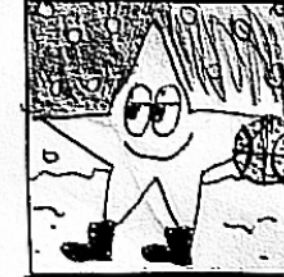
Boof Burgers
the videogame



Michael



~~XXXXXXXXXX~~



bad
mr.
frosky



Making only 1st

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Happy New Year! Skeleton Realm LIVE!



New Year in
the Realm

January 1, 2024
PUMP & GORB

Woah Woah Woah Woah Woah Woah Woah Orchestra
Burnt Melons
The Pastrymen
The Me and My big Time
Buddies Band
The Horn Blowers
The Byway Boys
ToeNail (DJ Set)

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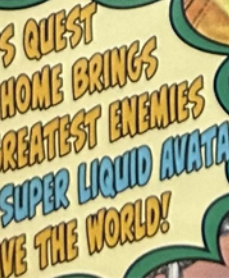
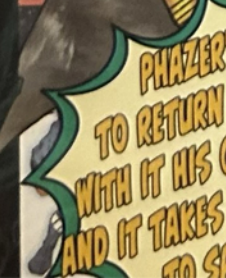
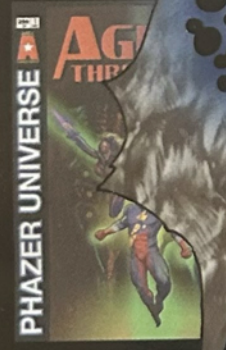
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PHAZER'S QUEST
TO RETURN HOME BRINGS
WITH IT HIS GREATEST ENEMIES
AND IT TAKES **SUPER LIQUID AVATAR**
TO SAVE THE WORLD!



We've pumped ourselves all the way to 2024, so what better time to talk about coming up with hardcore plans for the future and setting unrealistic expectations for ourselves? Haha, jk, we know our readers keep their promises like ancient vows by primordial beings from the days of yore.

A photograph of a white ceramic cup filled with dark tea, sitting on a matching white saucer. The cup and saucer are placed on a light-colored wooden surface. A shadow is cast to the left of the cup.

Here is a sample of the Knowledge:

A large, bearded man with a serious expression stands with his arms crossed against a light-colored brick wall. He is wearing a bright blue short-sleeved polo shirt and dark trousers. A black wristband is visible on his left wrist. The image is cropped on the left side, leaving a significant portion of the wall visible.

Article by Gandalf the Black