

# Skeleton Realm

December '23







GORB go.

GORBRIDERSE





# Closed on Sundays



AHHHHHH!!! Captivating first sentence that grabs the readers attention. First sentence is short. Pump. Wow. Go. \*wags finger\* \*teleports behind you\* "Ummm Teehee, Yoo-hoo! \*Grabs attention\* You are reading this and it has grabbed your attention because "right out of the gate" I grabbed your attention with a short sentence that said a ton but was also short.

Baby shoe never worn. BOOM. Hello? I bet you're wondering why this crazy crap is happening right now. It's confusing.

\*Grabs crotch of pants and shakes entire body, knees slightly bent\* "ME HAVE GO POTTY!" Do I have your attention yet? Fuck you.

Just kidding. Pump me. Pump me. Pump me. Pump me.

Explosions. How could this be? I watched in horror as my gorbs blew up. It was in that moment, I knew - things would never be the same.

"Two tickets please," I asked as I stood alone, with one bag, no one by my side.

I took my last breathe, then leaned in. My pumps exploded.

Pump me NOW. Those were the last words I heard before the entire city blew up and pumps when everywhere.

Boom. That was it.

And That was the last time I ever heard from my Gorb Instructor. I blew up.

Table for two, I'll have 10 baby foods, never eaten. Boom.

6 a.m. I was already an hour late. The door swung open and I dropped my gorbs on the floor, shattering them.

SHIT! FUCK! Boom.

"Closed on Sundays" a weathered looking old fellow with a pencil thin mustache, a "feather capped" fedora and a dark tan trench coat with nothing else underneath, muttered to me as I stood staring at the shop window.



GORBRIDERSE

TAKE YOUR GORB  
FOR A RIDE.





# SMILING?

You must be having a ball this Christmas...

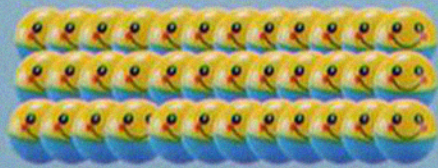


SmileBall is your "Smiling Toyfriend." Buy this for yourself or for your children for this holiday. If you child doesn't have this ball they will be ridiculed and teased by peers on their school trips and daytime classes at their school.



4-Count QuadBall SmilePack

**€89.99**



36-Count SmilePRO BallBust

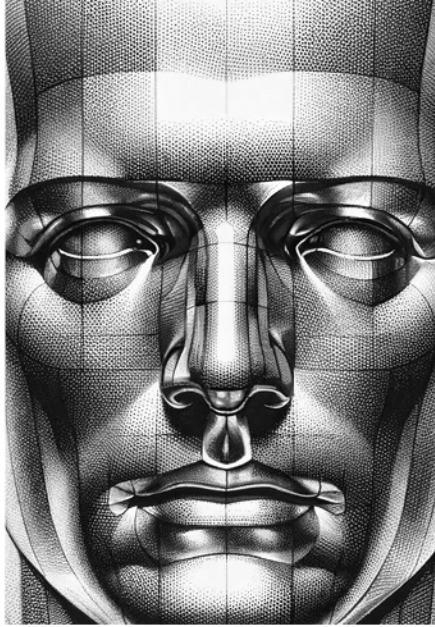
**€799.99**



324-Count MasterSmile SharePack

**€6,99.99**





# CHROMER Recalls

PART I  
By Chromer

During my extremely rich and varied life on Horm, and the disturbing journey to stumble upon it, there've been only a few times I've thought back on my experiences at the Skeleton Realm LIVE! studio. Although my life's trajectory was dramatically altered by my first appearance there, everything that followed was so shocking to my terrestrial mind, and so long ago, that its significance—to me only, unfortunately—is as faint as a play-time memory. During my 28,000,000,000 years being around, the few times I have reflected on my experiences from 2022 are the subject of this series.

I was born around 2029, on Earth, and I do consider myself a human being. But I had a Body Founder, born in 1992, who, in his late 30's, decided to have himself ChromeCasted. You should remember that, for a very long time, I've been in the reality you are familiar with, which did not see the linking of McMoreTV's Triple Play Classic service with pleasure colonies on Mars. Because of this, you really don't understand where I am from or even who I am. You don't know what ChromeCasting is, which is when an individual might volunteer his physical body, thought structure, and silhouette to be recreated in pure chromium. Me, however, am more familiar with

your world than you are, or than I am of my own. I have observed your planet's entire existence up until now in two ways: backwards style and regular style, due to an unavoidable accident during an unrelated surgery. Where I came from isn't as important as how I got here, so I'll begin just before I left.

My first memory was at my job: a classic white vapor flapped away to reveal my Instructor, who always asked me to call him Instructor. He was a regular style person, not chrome, and would've been born around 2021. Like most regular style people, he struggled with eye contact, usually staring at his own reflection on my head or body. When I became alive, Instructor had just finished his previous instructioneering session and probably waited 20 minutes for my chrome to thaw, so he was understandably moaning. Once the vapor cleared, Instructor began an extremely rehearsed educational monologue (EREM) that lasted 95 hours. He and I always slept in adjacent bunks, but he never wavered from his memorized script, which was highly complex. Within the six years I trained with him, I pieced together a blurry idea of this script, which was really more of an incredibly dense flowchart, sort of an algorithm in English. For Instructor, it was an inescapable, unlit prison with slanted floors and shallow ceilings. Committing the script to memory had taken up most of his brainspace, and he'd long ago abandoned attempts to craft catchy mnemonics to remember his original name and most other personal details. He wore a deep-cut v-neck t-shirt on which his home address was printed in centuries-old typeface "Hobo". Throughout the 2030's and 2040's, most signage and branding I saw around the factory and the subcity used the classic "Hobo" typeface. It was considered funky and fun—it's grinning glyphs boasted hilarious bowing ligatures that made every letter appear as if it was doing a little jester's dance just for the reader. If you took a stroll through any chrome factory's subcity, you'd hear Chrome Individuals like me chuckling at the glowing letters above the countless pump stations.

For food I eat chrome, but it's in the shape of regular food. So a chicken leg to me is like yours but shiny and chrome style. A classic style drumstick

but totally covered in the beloved chrome texture? That's right. And it was during a chrome-gushingly juicy bite of a classic chicken drumstick (but made of chrome) that I received my promotion at the factory. Instructor had sat down at my lunch island, which was already unlike him, but he also looked deeply into my eyes.

He explained to me in extreme detail, for three hours, about how his Experience wasn't lining up to what he expected his Experience to line up to. He assured me being an instructor was awesome and super epic, but his time outside of the factory was substantially less thrilling. He had a lot to explain about life outside the factory subcity, given I slept in a locker and had never left the facility AKA factory. He told me how his apartment had sloping walls due to the general shape of the larger building being like a football, which he did not enjoy. He wondered why they couldn't keep the floors straight and unwarped since they've got so many of these places rolling around. I was surprised to learn his "place" did roll around. Orbatories had been en vogue for a short time, he quickly explained, but their non-stop rolling swagger influenced the development of many other rolling dormitories, or rolards. After a number of large spherical, hourglass, and cylindrical megastructures were constructed, the most common design eventually settled to a shape similar to a football. A classic orb shape rolled basically in one direction and needed massive ramps and giant person-powered slapping devices to keep them from crushing old style neighborhoods, getting stuck in the sand and then becoming soggy in the sea, or just clogging a big pipe-end. Football shaped buildings had a much more predictable path, but tenants closer to the corners of the building often complained about how much more chaotic the movements of their home was relative to the tenants in the center of the complex, who experienced only very subtle rocking. These rolard buildings would wobble in a 10 square mile circle until approaching the center and being slapped, retracing its path. Every level of any rolard had floors that adjusted both in response and anticipation of the larger building's movement. Tenants adjacent to the exact center would hear their floors buckle, warp, and shift to remain flat and keep



their furniture on the ground. Still, many tenants nearest the corners complained their floors were warped despite these mechanisms. Although they remained level at all times and the gyro system kept everything straight, they said their floors bowed inward due to the constant movement and squeezing from the exterior structure's rapid movement. Demoralized, some tenants resorted to recording videos of their orbs rolling to the lowest part of the floor, and these videos went viral hardcore. More serious incidents involving slipping injuries were brushed-off following a prank scandal, and the prank's debunking helped restore the reputation of the rolard living space.

Instructor repeatedly assured me his apartment was NOT a cornerwall, but his neighbors' bowed floors were creeping into his own. Then he confided in me, knowing the 16 laws of Chromatics that I, as a Chrome individual, was bound to. Among those:

- No Chrome Individual may fib
- No Chrome Individual may hurt anybody
- No Chrome Individual may tell a fib ABOUT hurting nobody
- A Chrome Individual maybe could tell a fib about someone else hurting someone else as long as it doesn't hurt anybody else besides them
- Chrome individuals don't want any trouble
- Any of these rules may be bypassed thru a SPOE alert

He therefore knew I could never report his plan to kill his neighbor. Instructor had prudently subleased the air gaps between their walls and made great effort for that purchase to go unnoticed, using a cascading series of shell LLCs. He explained to me his explanation he prepared for his wife, who recently bore a regular style kid that needed money-bent goods and would consider buying inches of dusty real estate a waste. He told her the truth: if his floors no longer bow, he can do his racecar loop nonstop style. Racecar was an extremely popular game on Triple Play Classic that usually involved playing within the common MeSee peripheral gearset. Instructor, like many Racecar enjoyers, had a steadfast vision of racecaring on the floor in his house. Racecar had only been released a few months before he left his parents

home last year, and he'd been eager to deploy the ScalePlayability offered by the McMoreTV Triple Play Classic Service. He imagined the epic trails that would be emitted from his PlayCar gearset. He'd be able to stick out his tongue into the path of the famous racecars and experience a birds-eye taste of the entire race—which car was in first place, which car was in the position representing last, and the many bonus-farmers in-between.

For another 6 hours, he explained his murder plot, that he knew, given the laws of Chromatics, I could never tell. His plan relied upon exploiting the existing parts of the apartment. In the late 2030's, basically every house has a combined grandentry. This usually involves a super-dense staircase hinging and swinging down from the upper floor every time a new visitor entered. Instructor believed he could force the grandentry's device to rapidly extrude from the upper wall and scrape an individual back into the stairspace. The instructor waited an entire weekend before he reached out to me. The reason for our unusual meeting wasn't because his plan was non-starting, but because it had pre-succeeded so many times. He told me that around 35 couriers had been unintentionally scraped up and liquified in his grandentry, and his target simply hadn't returned home since he arranged for their elimination.

Instructor finally got to my proposed involvement: he wanted me to dress in regular style clothes, with human-style makeup to match, and wait at his apartment for any neighbor to come home so they could be killed instantly—but at my discretion, rather than his humble home motion sensor's.

Most people expect me to be around 10-15 cm wider. They assume the ChromeCast process coats the sponsor's body rather than replacing it. It's very common for me to meet someone who is surprised I'm not extruded exactly 13cm. This misconception is why Instructor planned to paint my body rather than coat it in realistic non-chrome prosthetics. Instructor's mixture would have turned out purple when applied to my body, and after being coated, I would be expected to wait in his home to engage the grandentry scheme.

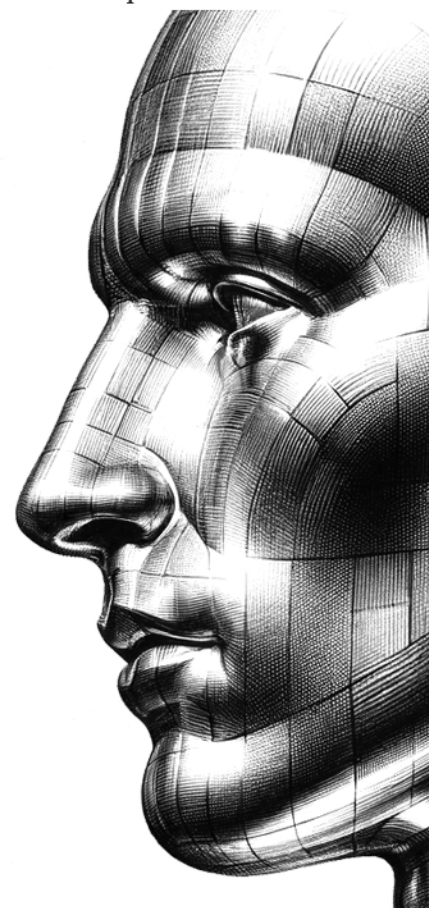
After his 9 hour appeal, I was still yumming on juicy chrome bones. I

had scaled my meal period out of courtesy. But the moment he finished his sentence, I rapidly clenched my toes, which sent a SPOE alert to every employee nearby.

The small, countless, idle claws that sagged around the ceiling like dripping worms suddenly illuminated themselves in a cool blue. In the lunchroom, the ceiling usually went unnoticed, but it was always cluttered with the squirming claws. For them to glow a stinging white-blue was occasional and meant one thing: somebody's getting grabbed.

The individual getting grabbed happened to be Inspector, and it happened to be due to my SPOE alert. The jagged hands on the ceiling extended downward, in a group of four. Their hoses were wrapped in a pseudo-flesh and bent with wrinkles. The first finger of the first hand plugged my Instructor's mouth very suddenly. The other hands constrained his arms and legs. Each hand only utilized one of its fingers for their tasks of restraining a limb. The set of arms lifted him away and pulled him through a small circular hole in the ceiling.

I was instantly promoted to Chrome Compliance Officer.





The following content was submitted by Skeleton Realm Contributors known as "Realms" and the businesses/organizations they represent. The opinions expressed within said content are solely the author's and do not reflect the opinions and beliefs of Skeleton Realm LLC or MeMoreTV.

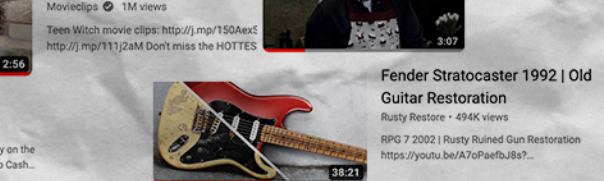
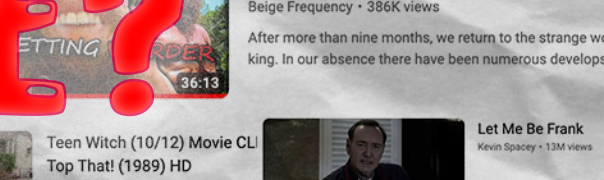
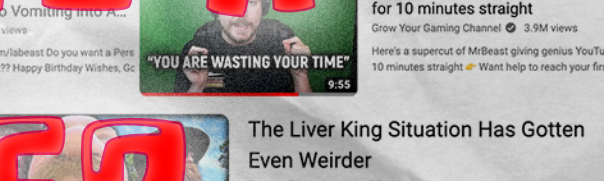
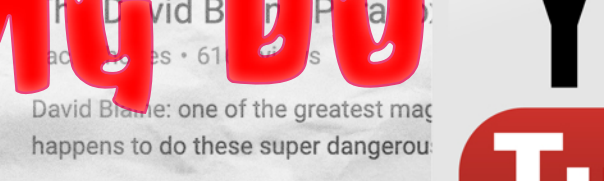
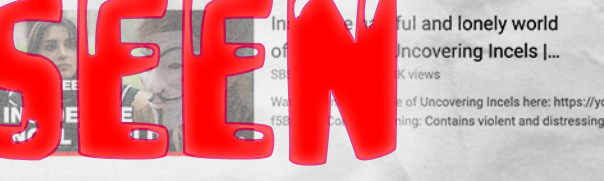
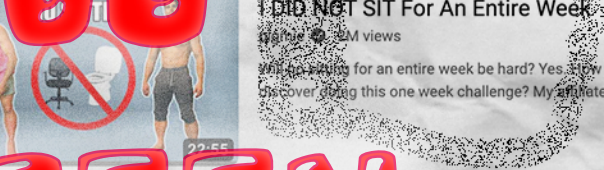


THIS HOLIDAY SEASON



GET THEM A  
**ZORN**





A collage of various YouTube video thumbnails, including titles like 'Balboa (Motivational Video 2021)', 'Tony Hawk's Underground 2', 'Mario Entire Series', 'David Blaine: one of the greatest m...', 'Idiot Consumes 24,000 Calories of Fat in 3min', 'Spoiled Mink Who Vomiting into A...', and 'The Liver King Si... Even Weirder'. Overlaid on the collage is large, bold, red text that reads 'DUDE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THIS?! OMG DO YOU HAVE A MINUTE?'. The text is arranged in a way that it appears to be a direct address to the viewer, emphasizing the vastness of YouTube's content.







# HEY, JERRY!

## **You're Invited To The Local Jerry Convention!**

*Happening this coming week, It's the ultimate chance for you to show the world just how proud you are to be called Jerry!*

**Meet fellow Jerrys Just like yourself, and take part in the festivities. We have an awesome lineup of Jerry themed events this year, including but not limited to; Jerry Racing, Jerry Toss, Barbeque (Jerry Style), and Updating The Annual Jerry Counter.**

**Jarods and Gerald's, fret not. You may be eligible to partake in the fun depending on how you answer our short survey.**



# GET PORMPTED ON THIS WINTER

arise,  
coniferous one

hehe we r  
pormping

These old ladies  
will break into your  
garden and summon  
the trees in a winter  
style! Do not try to  
resist.

Very Pormpness and  
a Happy New Year!

~ *Gandalf the Black*

\*do not make direct eye-contact with  
the pormpers. you will have a hardcore  
illness for the next four years with many  
uncomfortable symptoms to match and  
unpleasant style as well







a.

# Jingles the Jolly Jester



NEW!

*"In a world so serious, let's  
dance through life with a  
sprinkle of mirth and a dash  
of delight!"*

# Santa's Toyshop

- a. Tickle-Me Ribbon Wands  
sold separately. Ages 2-17. \$1.79
- b. Now with totally new "toot-  
toot" sound with blinky lights!  
Ages 2-6. \$2.35
- c. Complete with brass accents,  
dual-band AM/FM tuner for a  
wide range of station options.  
Ages 5-99. \$4.59
- d. Soft, flesh-like felt in a rusty  
color style. Ages 1-8. 69¢

USE IT TO "TAKE IT TO THE  
BACK CREW"!

# DUMPER'S TRUCK

b.



c.

# Tuner's Pump

*Turn the dial,  
Tune your style*

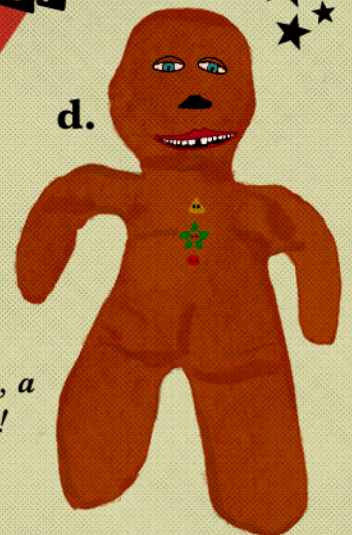


# MAN Made OF CLOTH

d.

*Now exclusive with  
the "Front Butt"!*

*A stitch in time, a  
friend for life!*





### A. Christmas Horn Basket Bundle

Nothing elicits the Holiday Spirit quite like a basket of horns. Each horn basket is handmade and uniquely crafted for your home horn needs.



Made from 100% all-natural locally farmed Carolina Tinsel, each horn basket delivers the wonderful noises of Christmas to your home and wraps your ears in a gift-like seasonal embrace!

**\$49**



## Grandma Edith's Gifter Emporium

**B. Otterly Adorable Cookie Confection Set**  
Santa's #5 favorite snack, the timeless classic of the Christmas Otter returns in wonderful cookie form, ready to be consumed by eager children as a sacrifice to quell their ceaseless appetites.

The full confection set comes with a cookie cutter, trimmer, frosting applicator, and the classic Christmas Otter Oven mitt.

**\$32**



### C. Carrot Companion

Isn't he just dashing? Features 3 easy-storage carrot compartments for your favorite festive vegetable. Cherish your Carrot Companion carrot carrier with Christmas cheer and curiosity. Likely stores vegetables of similar size and girth to carrots as well.

**\$20**

### D. Long Logs

The long log craze is back, precious seconds are ticking by while you delay your chance to acquire one. It is unknown what people do with these logs, but they look nice. Available in 3 sizes, ranging from long, longer, to longest.

long **\$57**

longer **\$72**

longest **\$98**



### E. Sammy the Flying Narwhal

A fully illustrated book sure to delight the imaginations of young children, follow Sammy the Flying Narwhal (NOT A CRYPTID) as he embarks on a journey to discover the true meaning of gifts. Sammy is a wonderful and wholesome creature of joy with a cheerful, childlike personality style to match. Sammy's ability to fly is not the result of dark magic.

His powers are from Santa gifting the ability to fly like his reindeer; it's not done in a hardcore creepy style, as that would be unsuitable for children.

**\$27**



### F. Storytime Gargoyle

Liven up your wintertime lawn with your very own Light-Up Christmas Storytime reader, a fearsome fellow with his very own voice, and an avid desire to consume holiday stories and spread fanciful tales of old. Christmas books sold separately. We do not know what happens if he's given a non-Christmas book; best not try anything foolish.

**\$799**



**Mail to GRANDMA EDITH'S GIFTER EMPORIUM 1210 Swick Hill Street, Concord, NC 28025**

**Please send me the following great gifts:**

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**\$\_\_\_\_\_ Add \$6.69 for shipping/handling we do NOT do free shipping!**

**\$\_\_\_\_\_ TOTAL PAYMENT (PLEASE GET THIS RIGHT!(BAD AT MATH))**

Name _____	Address _____
City _____	State _____ ZIP _____
Email (DO NOT!) _____	Phone _____

*Don't email us PLEASE our email is HACKED and your computer will get JACKED!*

### PAYMENT INFORMATION:

☐ Check enclosed (payable to GRANDMA EDITH)

☐ Bill my credit card: ☐MasterCard ☐Visa ☐AmEx

CC# \_\_\_\_\_ Exp.Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

**We do NOT have a website!**

**I have gone back to the basics as I am not good with computer!**

**FAX us or MAIL us if you must, but PLEASE do not call!**