

INSIDE MECHANIZED GORBS

SIKELETON REALM

MAY '24



**HOW
DOUG AND
SAM TRAIN
THEIR GORBS**

ARE YOU OPTIMIZING BODY STATS USING GORBS?

**WHY THE WAY YOU PUMP GORBS CAN
AFFECT YOUR HEALTH AND WELLBEING**

**HOW SPACE
GORBS WERE
PHOTOGRAPHED**



**ESSENTIAL
GORB PUMPS
of 80s**

**WHATS INSIDE THESE
GIANT GORBS?**

SUPER GORBS/ hardcore elite or screwed up?

**INSANE
ANIMAL GORBS**



There are
TWO COWBOYS NOW.
...and one is not of a man!



The All New PowerWheeler from



Do not put hat on Skearn PowerWheeler or any Skearn vehicle. Placing the man's hat on a classic vehicle from Skearn creates a stylish way that is dangerous however nice to look at. Do not expect positive results from such action



Album Review

GORMIES\$ SELL OUT



The Gormies Sing The Hits, Columbia Records, 1988

It's not everyday we're given a piece of media that provides a perfect snapshot of our culture's current state in the dire, terminally rapid feedback-cycling death-spiral of self-cannibalism, regurgitation, and reanimation that results in the music, television, and politics that we're expected to continuously consume. Oh, wait—it IS everyday! And one of those days last week marked the release of the debut album from everyone's favorite trio of apparent

given moment. Remembering the condition of our popular culture, I would curl forward in my chair and weep. Realizing I was listening to The Gormies, and the Gormies were singing the hits, I would throw my skull backward with explosive laughter. Remembering I was tasked with writing a review of this sub-drive, again I curled and cried. This obviously resulted in physical pain, and the lower discs of my spine eventually swelled and bulged under my skin, resembling teething rings.

spared of being paid to think and write about them—until now.

The album's opening track is of course one of many covers. The trio sing an unpleasant a cappella arrangement of Keith Jarrett's "Gypsy Moth." And upon listening to this first track, any wisping thread of hope I had that this mass produced product would NOT be a bitter slop like the foodstuffs they represent went out the window and evaporated in the sunlight.



polymaths, The Gormies, *The Gormies Sing The Hits*. To call this release a novelty album would imply that within its ear-wrenching track list contains some measure of *nift*, rather than what it does: corporate toy executives sneaking into your home in the form of a CD or cassette and robbing you of not just your money, but your sanity, your precious time, and—God forbid you've purchased this for your kid—the eternal souls of your children, who, living in the society that produced this work of paralyzing mediocrity, will grow up to be limb-gnawing invalids, peeping toms, and politicians. Needless to say, parents who play this album for their tortured spawn should themselves be launched into the sky and fired upon like skeet pigeons.

My general experience listening to this album was one of all-consuming torment and spirit blistering agony. It propelled me into a repeating cycle of weeping followed by laughing, with the transition between the two actions being so softly gradiated that no particular emotion could be identified at any

The listening experience of this music is made all the more horrifying by the trio's appearance (please note: I wrote this same sentence when writing a review of a Buttocks show in '79 at the BO Depot in Brooklyn.) For those of you living under a rock: good for you, I wish I was being crushed by a giant boulder right now too. But for those of you who don't know who the Gormies are, they are the corporate mascots for the multinational food and drink processing conglomerate MeMeals. Although the Gormies have never recorded an album, they have appeared in countless episodes of television, notoriously ruining the July 4th special of Gumshoe: Child Detective. The Gormies can be seen in at least a dozen feature films, two of which they directed. They've driven trucks across North America, swam the English Channel, competed in the 1980 Olympic Games, and co-hosted the 41st Tony Awards with Angela Lansbury.

Despite being everywhere, including in your food ingredients, they had never recorded a musical album, and so, I'd been

The second track on this landfill-bound compilation is an original piece, with all three credited as writers. The Gormies pick up some instruments this time, forcing onto the listener their take on perhaps the most overplayed genre in all of chamber ensemble music, the trio sonata. The music continues to be unbearable here, with near-passable counterpoint crumbling into hamfisted playing that seems to spastically abandon any attempt at momentum before suddenly resolving to try again.

After this, the covers continue with "Goin' Home," "Bluebeard's Castle," "Sequenza III," "Die Forelle," "Utrenja The Entombment of Christ," and "I Was a Fool To Care," all of which are performed with such a dispassionate glaze that one both instantly forgets what they just consumed and feels ill.

The remaining 16 original songs and compositions on this album are undeserving of any more mention than this sentence. So, Gormie-fans, take my word for it:

Skip this album. ■

JF coffee



© Lorillard, Inc., U.S.A., 1987

It's your life.
It's time for you
to own it.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

As i approached Ton's stand, I noticed he was fast asleep. His bricks were laying about, all over his area and his pants were around his ankles. It wasn't dirty though, he had another pair of pants underneath, and underneath those, he had a pair of shorts.

I shouted to rouse him. "Ton!" Ton rose up to his feet and shook off his trousers. Then picked them up and hurled them at me. "How's about you respect a man taking a much needed nap!" He started huffing and puffing while stomping in a circle.

I looked over at the various bricks laying all around Ton's stand, or "stall." Ton was a great break seller, or so I had heard. I had never met the man, and had never had a chance to examine his notorious product.

I was 13 when I began inspecting bricks. I would climb the local ReeseTower in my municipal district to get a good look at "buildings-in-progress," with their bricks laying around. I especially enjoyed bringing a pie pipe and my brick goggles atop the towering ReeseTower during sundown to catch a glimpse at the small projects "coming to fruition," after the workers had gone home and began their night-time privacy hours.

Little did I know, I'd be standing in front of the most prominent "stall-runner" of them all, Mr. Ton Emptorn himself.

Ton pulled out a large weapon that looked like a loaded gun. I couldn't be sure thought. He pointed it at me and fired. Now I had my assurance, this was a loaded firearm. The bullet wizzed passed my ear. "T o n ! Careful! You'll scare the bricks!" I shouted, attempting to ad humor to a tense situation.



Ton Emptorn

“My daydream came to an end as I pooped in my pants.”

Ton was not amused. But then suddenly he was very amused. He began unloading the firearm which I could now tell was a 9mm pistol.

As he took the bullets out, he kissed them. "So, Ton, when am I going to get a closer look at some of these bricks?" I was eager to check out Ton's product, and check it out FAST! Ton ignored me.

I began to daydream. I remembered being 19, learning more and more about bricks online. I used wikipedia to gather information about bricks and their purposes, their characteristics, and their place in popular culture.

My daydream came to an end as I pooped in my pants. I was so embarrassed I forgot where I was. I knew I had to find my car. I looked up to let Ton know I was leaving, but he was nowhere to be found. His brick stand was also completely "packed up" and "gone."

I took this as an opportunity to leave, before he came back. I could faintly hear the "cocking" of weapons including machine gun loading sounds as well as shotgun "cocking" in the distance. I thought this may have been Ton ready to "give me round two."

I sat down in my car and the poop in my pants smushed up against my butt. It was not pretty and I'm sorry to be graphic but I'm just being honest. This was my awesome experience visiting Ton's Brick Stand.



A handgun very similar to the one used by Ton.



*OVER 600
FOREST SCENARIOS

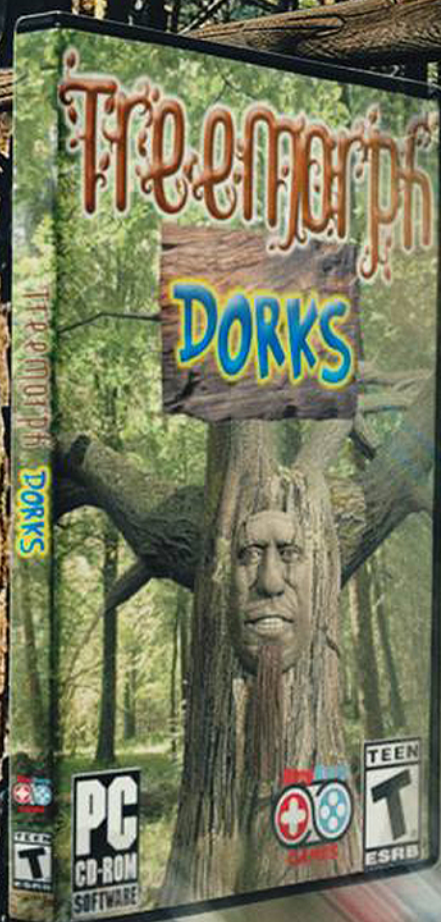
*TRAVEL BETWEEN TREES AND MANAGE
YOUR TREE DYNASTY-SYSTEM.

*CHALLENGE AND ATTACK FRIENDS!



YOUR
JOURNEY
BEGINS

NOW!



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BORTSON'S ORB



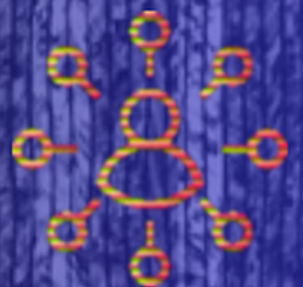


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 Silence,
 Connect in
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MONEY, NOW

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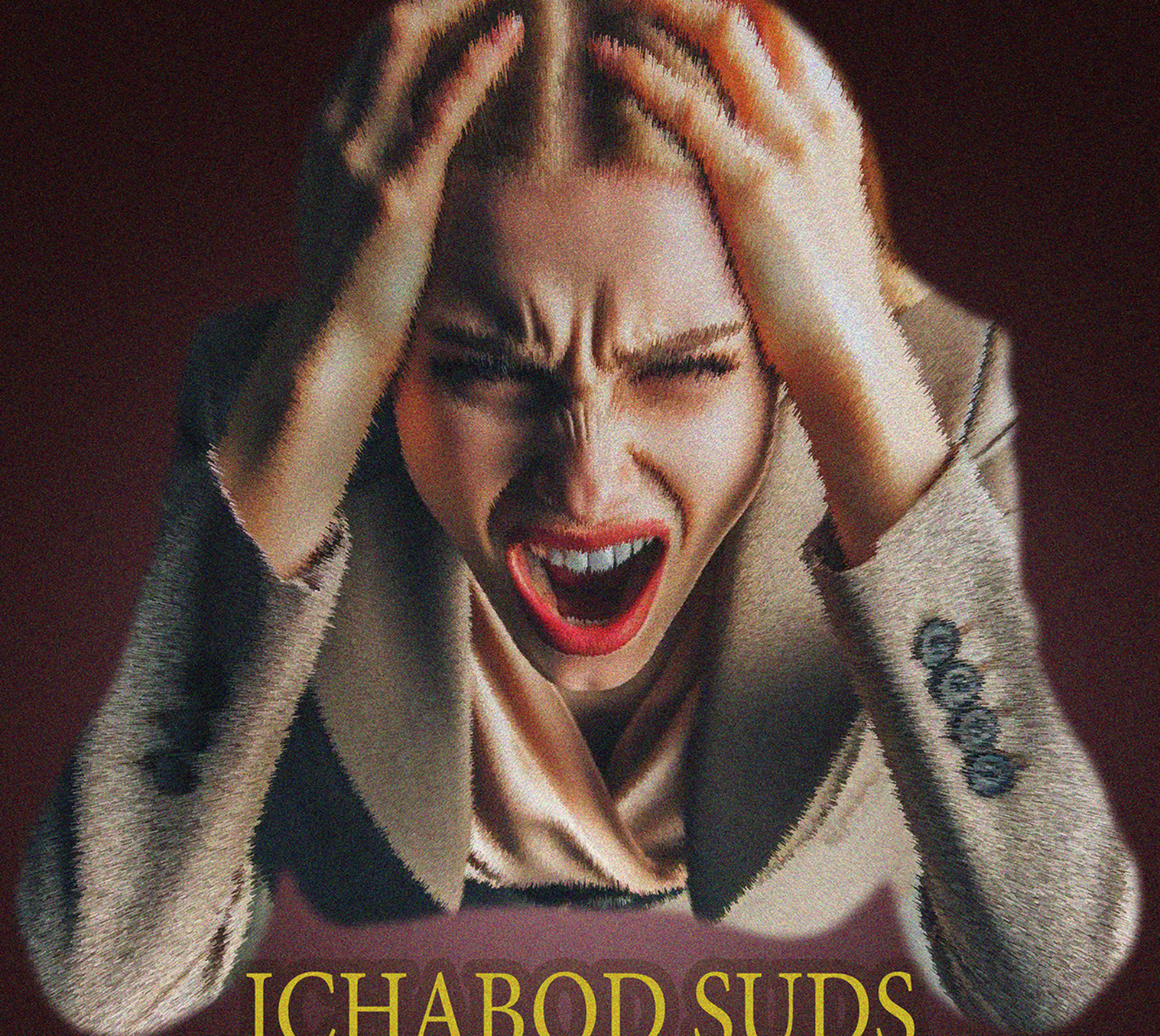
It has come to our attention that a number of people have taken our "State-of-the-Art" Pest Control technology and have begun to MISUSE it by connecting it to the minds of other human beings.

Instead of using it to HAVE FUN controlling PESTS, they are making "Human Puppets" to commit various crimes and devious acts on their behalf.

PLEASE
STOP!!!



Not only is this activity UNLAWFUL, but it is also super mean. Use of the HIGH-JACKERS Pest Control Device on humans has NOT been tested or approved and can incur serious side-effects and neurological complications. **KNOCK IT OFF!!!**



ICHABOD SUDS
in
MY Courtroom?



~Corruption~

~Horse Thievery~

~Bad Man!~

Vote Judge Suds off the bench N O W !!!

We are Sorry

Digital Ink Industries CEO
Kenjiro Nishimura



| LET THAT INK IN |

Digital Ink Spillage Shocks Japan

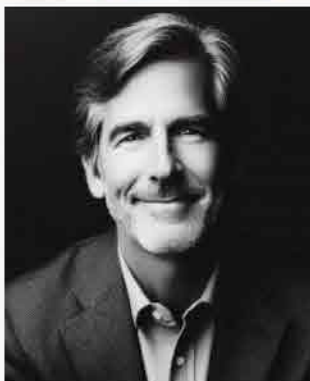
The streets and office buildings of Tokyo were awash in the brilliant tangerine-scented hues of blue and purple, the telltale spillage of Digital Ink. In his stunning apology, the CEO of Digital Ink Industries publicly addressed the concerns of the public in the aftermath of the incident, stating exactly what had happened.

Despite the best efforts of Digital Ink control authorities, there has been a shocking increase of spillages coinciding with the Gen-Z fueled consumerism of "Smart Underwear" which has increased and...

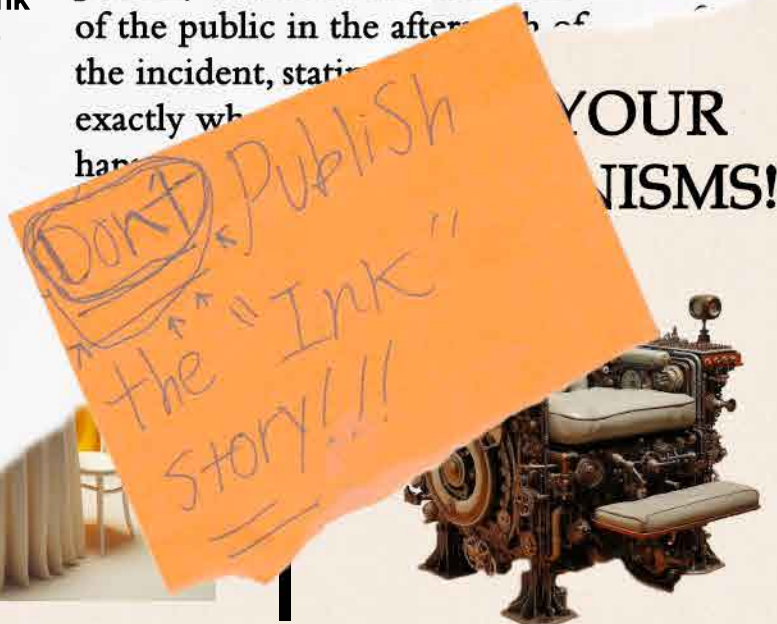
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USED CAR CASTLE!

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GORBBY DONUTS



Bart Fairfax
International Ink
Incidents (I³)



My lil Philosopher let your mind play!



CLIMB MAXXING

