

# Skeleton Realm

MARCH '23

Signature

SERIES



MAGAZINE

PREMIUM EDITION

**REALMER APPROVED**

Doug Bleichner Sam Jay



[skelepedia.org](http://skelepedia.org)



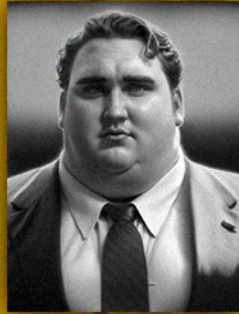
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MeCon  
2023

Macon, Ga March 17 - April 30th 2023  
With keynote MeSpeeches from:



Michelle Sportsmen



Topher McNeil



Pierre Championet

and digital performances by:



**The  
Macon Jazzman**



**PLANET 3**



**MeWork Office Demo**

# Orb Hoarder III

## Taysum's Revenge

Taysum was supposed to be a pet, not my brothers master and a hardcore entity trying to take my orbs, my fortune and my precious wealth!

Are You Ready for the "experience?"  
03.05.2023

MeMoreTV  
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MAKE HISTORY, "NOW" THIS SPRING HOLIDAY SEASON BY PARTICIPATING IN THE WORLD'S FIRST GAME-MOVIE BROUGHT TO YOU BY MEMORETV AND BINGBONG GAMES.

BingBong  
Games

# Cowboy's YUMATASH

4 POTATOES || 1 ONION || 1 SHALLOT || 1 CAN PINTO  
FLOUR || OIL || CORN STARCH || MILK || BUTTER  
TAPATIO || SOUR CREAM || CILANTRO || CHIVES || CHEESE || LIME

Cube potatoes with skin.

Bring water and ½ tsp baking soda to a boil.

Add potatoes for 1 minute, strain, then return potatoes to pot on low to let dry.

Mix 3 Tbsp cornstarch and ¾ cup water. Microwave for 1-3 minutes, stirring every half-minute, until mixture is a thick, very sticky goop.

In a big bowl, thoroughly coat potatoes in goop.

Begin deep-frying potatoes. The fry may take over 20 minutes. Occasionally stir potatoes so they don't cluster and scrape any scraps off the bottom. Your potatoes will get smashed up, OK!

Slice onion and shallot, add to pan with olive oil and slowly carmalize.

Wash and microwave your beans with a squeeze of lime.

When potatoes are golden and crispy, strain the fry oil and dump potatoes on a cooling rack over paper towels. SCRAPE the crunchy bits out to the side.

Immediately blast potatoes with massive amounts of kosher salt. Dust on some cumin, cayanne, taco seasoning, or whatever.

Pour fry oil into large barrel and bury in yard.

**Cheese Sauce:**

Melt butter in a sauce pan. Whisk in flour, then slowly whisk in milk. Add cheese and remove from heat RIGHT when cheese is melted.

**LAYER INTO YOUR BOWL:**

Beans  
Large potato chunks  
Carmelized onions and shallots  
Smaller crispy potatoes scraps  
Big heap of cheese sauce  
Dollops of sour cream  
Chopped cilantro and chives  
Splashes of Tapatio  
Squeeze lime



This meal should NOT be given to cats. It is named AFTER a cat.

# HAROLD DOG PRIME OMEN



## 316 HAROLD DOG

He interrupted the stream of water with his hands and watched the pale grey water collect in the porcelain basin. The shade of the water was not due to dirty hands, but the powder that coated the body of every member of the Dilesion civilization. The exact coarseness of this dust signifies a Dilesion's age, and therefore that individual's degree of obligation to participate in spontaneous camaraderie rituals they refer to as Gather Dusting.

The tiny particles that washed from Baaz's hands and swirled down the drain shared an average diameter of 20 nanometers — incredibly large, and so incredibly prestigious, for the Dilesions. Baaaaz would need to redust using the nearby D-Dealer before he left — but he was not done yet — the Dilesions wash their hands *before* using the restroom, which they call utoilitons. If a Dilesion were to fail to wash his hands, which they call hands-2, before using a utoiliton, their socially crucial dust would itself become dusted.

Baaaaaz finished washing his hands-2s and closed the spigot, which, on Dilex-1, is done with a zipper. He rolled to the nearest utoiliton in an orientation that we'd call "hot-dog-style," though the Dilesions, having never even conceived of a hotdog, simply call it "the other way." The moment before Baaaaaz reached an upright rectangular vestibule that resembles the commonly used device known as "door," the most similar thing to the organ that we might consider a brain began to access trillions of years of what we would think of as evolutionary memories:

The ancient Dilesion ancestors, whose physical bodies were occupied by, then merged with, the wandering phantasm-race rarely referred to as "The Grandparents," had passed through an unknowable number of these doors, and they always performed the same series of actions with the same assortment of objects.

Baaaaaz sat upon a cold bowl. He began farting and shitting, and then he wiped his ass, which, on Dilex-1, is done from back to front. It felt really really really really really really



# Skeleton Realm Creates Online "Fun"

By Jason TomMichael

It was a cold and rainy Wednesday in February. I had just spent 40 hours in a bus from San Francisco to Nashville, Tn, then 60 hours on foot, walking south to Atlanta. I was exhausted as I knocked on the door to Skeleton Realm Studios. The unassuming office suite sits at the end of a long corridor on the 59th floor of the Truist Plaza in downtown Atlanta. I was greeted by a small man who resembled a scarecrow. He didn't say much but offered me juices and snacks, then led me down another long corridor into a vast open room. My attention was immediately directed towards the corner of the room where bright yellow curtains hung, brightly lit. Doug Bleichner and Sam Wagstaff both placed their hands on my shoulders from behind, which startled me. We sat down for an interview.



**Jason**

So, how'd you get this location? The view is incredible from up here.

**Bleichner**  
(laughing)

**Wagstaff**  
(laughing)

**Jason**

I heard that there were some problems with your old studio? It blew up right?

**Bleichner**

The old studio did blow up, yes. We are so much more happy here!

**Jason**

That's cool, so tonight's episode is number 42?

**Bleichner**

Yeah 42, we've got some great guests planned.

**Wagstaff**

Tonight should be a lot of fun, we're excited.

**Jason**

I wanted to ask about how you guys prepare for a show. Are there any pre-show rituals that you guys do every week?

**Bleichner**  
(laughing)

**Wagstaff**  
(laughing)

**Jason**

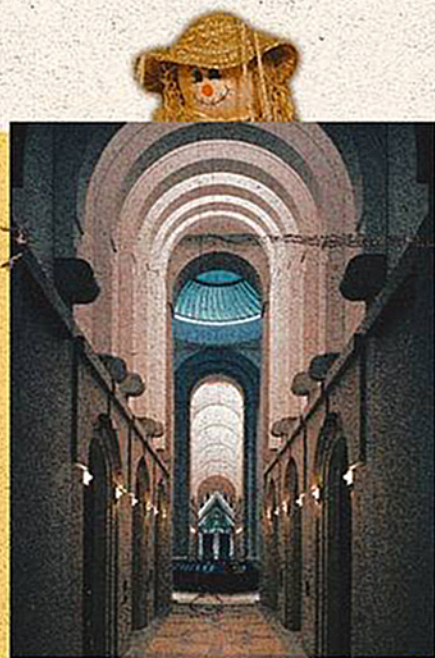
Ok, how did you guys meet?

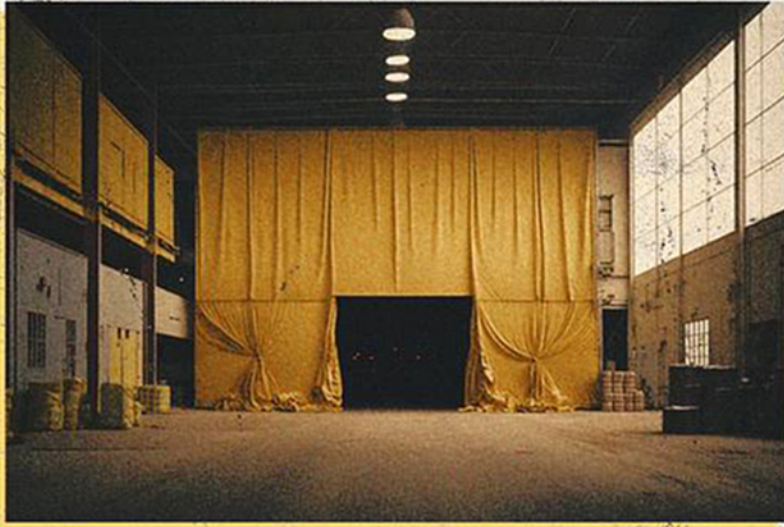
**Bleichner**

Sam and I met using ancient techniques and methods that are now banned in western countries.

**Wagstaff**

(fidgeting) Yep. The techniques were - are... It's. Yeah.





**Jason**

Ok. Understood. So you guys have been largely ignored in the mainstream press. Do you know why that is? Why is no one talking about you guys?

**Bleichner**

Yes. We are ignored. I can't confirm as to exactly why that is but I can make a few guesses.

**Wagstaff**

We can only guess...

**Bleichner**

Right. I mean, first of all we are shadow banned on every app, we are also ignored in person by most people.

**Wagstaff**

We've been banned.

**Jason**

Banned? What do you mean.

**Bleichner**

We have been banned and ignored. We are ignored in real life by most restaurant employees, gas station employees and other citizens in our community.

**Wagstaff**

It really becomes mostly a problem when we're trying to get something done, you know order food at a restaurant or buy something at Best Buy.™ They just ignore us. We're banned.

**Bleichner**

We're ghosts.

**Jason**

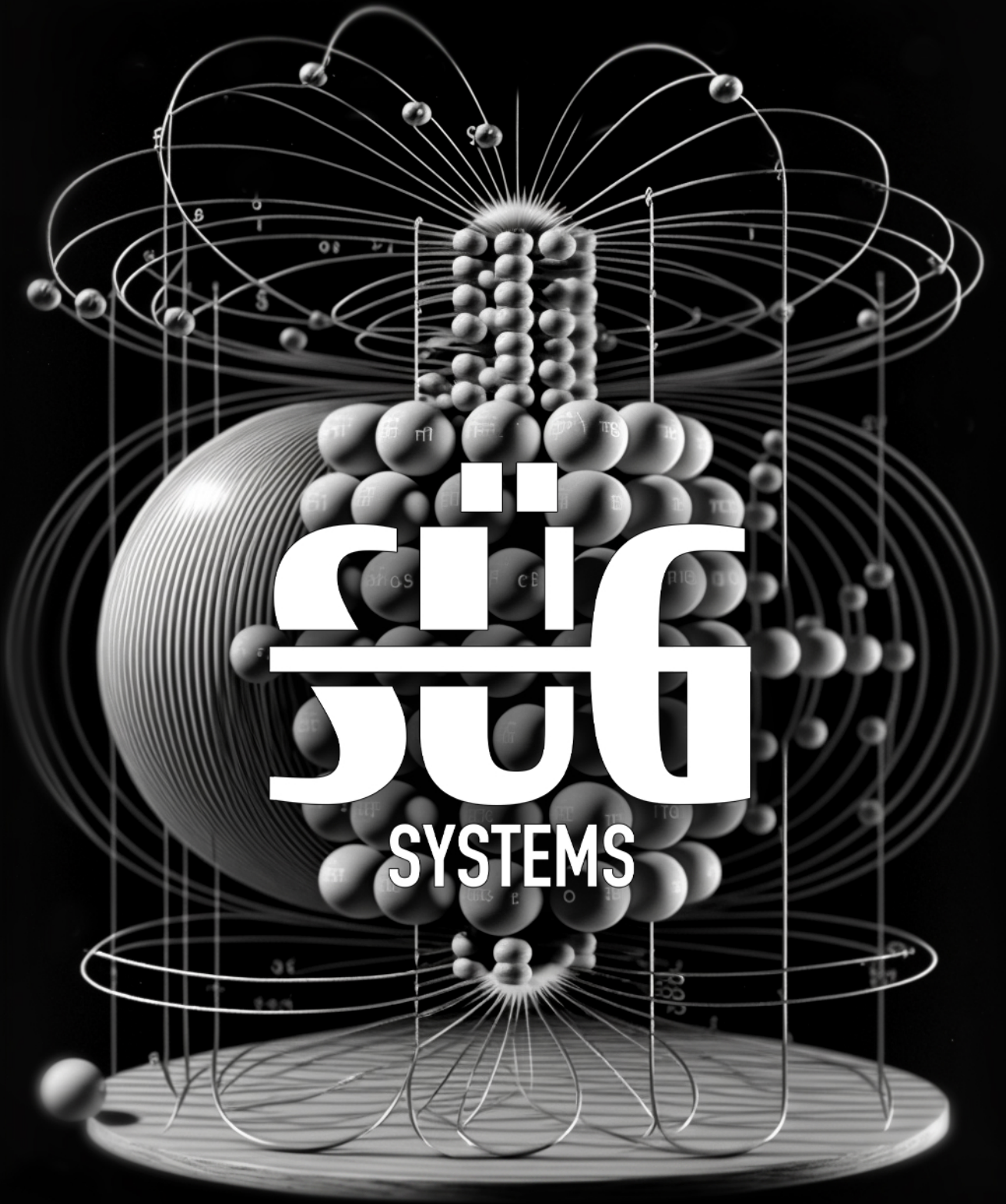
Wow. Ok well I hope -

**Bleichner**

Sorry it's 7:59pm

**Wagstaff**

We've got to go!



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TO THE SIZE OF BLENDER USING PATENDED MICROSPRINGBALL-IE™ TECHNOLOGY.



# THANK YOU!

## Editors Note:

Thank you so much to our wonderful Realmers. You all have changed my life in so many amazing ways. I am blown away by the incredible talent and positivity that our community exudes. We are REALMERS and YES we are loving THAT! As the spring season nears, let's continue to share in forging a positive, creative community and blossom like a beautiful spring FLOWER or other such PLANT. Why? Because that is what "we are all about." We are Realmers, and YES we are JOYFUL! See you Wednesdays at 8pm!

Doug Bleichner  
Managing Director, CEO  
Co-founder Skeleton Realm

*Doug Bleichner*

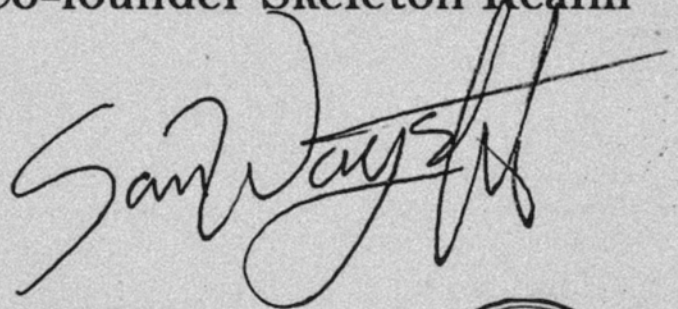


# THANK YOU!

## Editors Note:

I remember the moment Doug showed me the first prototype of what would become Skeleton Realm Magazine. It was 10,000 pages and bound by carriage bolts, and my reaction caused him to scream with joyful tears. That was 20 years ago, and the publication has become a well-oiled machine, distributing physical and digital copies to millions of readers each month. The key to the magazine's success comes down to one crucial detail — a single word that Doug had scrawled across every single page of the first prototype: REALMERS! I didn't know what that word meant two decades ago, but today my heart is instantly warmed upon reading or hearing it. Without the Realmers, this magazine, the Realm, and the physical existence of Doug and myself would not be around today. I give the Realmers my deepest thanks and toast them with a promise of another 20 years of community-oriented bonding.

Sam Wagstaff  
Managing Director, CEO  
Co-founder Skeleton Realm



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.

# NOW OPEN!

TIP

## The backdoor of your **Local Restaurant**



**"ALL YOU NEED IS AN AIR OF AUTHORITY AND TO BE DRESSED LIKE YOU ARE DELIVERING SOMETHING"**

With a handtruck or empty box you found out by their dumpster, walk on in. Be your own health inspector or pick an olive off the floor. Just tell anyone confused you're waiting for a check and they'll go away.

**CHECK OUT WHERE THAT MEDIUM WELL STEAK CAME FROM!**



by Soldspine  
Food Service Accoster

# JOE GOFF'S BIG HOUSE®



## AN UNFORTUNATE ANNOUNCEMENT...

Dear valued customers,

It is with a heavy heart that we come to you today to announce that we are closing our doors for good. This means that the next Goff-A-Thon! Savings Event, and all thereafter will unfortunately be cancelled. While we are unable to share the exact details of our closure, we truly wish we could. It feels like it was only yesterday that we first opened up shop in a small town called Snorlington. After that it was all in the hands of you, our loyal customers, who helped us build this brand that you have come to know and love, into what it is now. Thank you for all the memories, if Mr. Goff were here to see it all, he would be not only amazed, but so very thankful for your patronage. Where has the time all gone? It's feels strange thinking back to the first time you stepped into a Joe Goff's BIG HOUSE® to get some groceries. How long has it really been since that first time? How long has it been since they closed? It only feels like yesterday that we first heard that sad, sad news, and said to ourselves: "No more Goff-A-Thon! Savings Events? Where are we going to go for deals now!?" For this reason, it is our greatest pleasure to announce that we will begin our grand reopening! That's right, the BIG HOUSE® is back in business! To celebrate, we are starting off strong with a Goff-A-Thon! Savings Event just like the good old days. Right now you can find savings up to 3% off on select items such as the KikTek™ Wireless Gnome, and the Tramplesound™ JDK Mini. Find deals, the likes of which you have never seen before!

We hope to see you soon,  
Curtis Goff, Executive Chairman of Joe Goff's BIG HOUSE®



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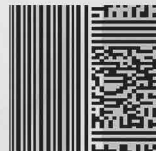
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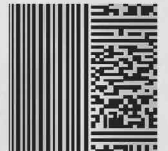
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REMEMBERING

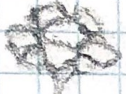
**TORF TORQUESON  
1898-2023**



**A LOVING FRIEND, COMMANDER, ZORFMIN, LOVER  
PRIEST, JUDGE, LANDSCAPPING ICON AND CHILL GUY.  
TORF TORQUESON PASSED VIOLENTLY INTO THE VIM LAST NIGHTTIME.  
SURROUNDED BY ENEMIES AND FOES, TORF FOUGHT VIOLENTLY UNTIL  
HIS LIFE WAS HORRIBLY SNUFFED OUT IN THE WORST WAY IMAGINABLE.**

**WE WILL MISS YOU TORF**

back to the way



things were...

"...It's been weeks now since the NGO Aquadrop extensively lobbied the DWR toward issuing the Available Septic Disposal Act nationwide, and through collaboration with the Utility Forum and

Templeton functions of the CPOC Water Division, organized a complete integration of septic depositories into the various regions of Orange County.

Let me speak frankly, but with due respect toward the good people running this city: it is irrefutable that these changes have afforded the residents of Los Angeles and

Anaheim a significant boost in expediency

toward the allocation of biowaste, but

Californians are beginning to notice

a discolorment of tap water..."

- Pat Burghanni, OC Council

YES!



"Keep the pipes"

- Director of SDA Commission

# DEREALIZATION PROBLEMS?

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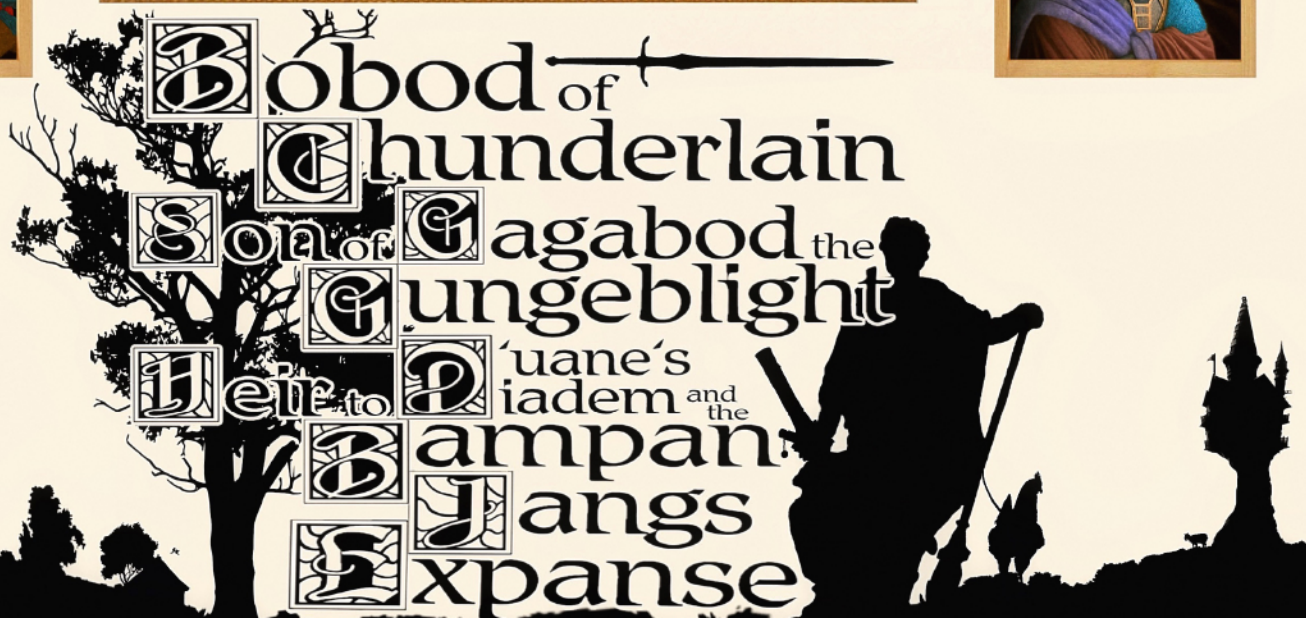
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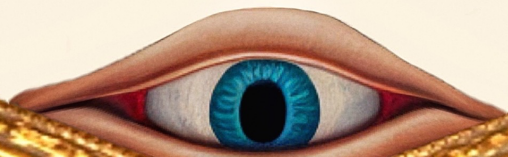


Bobod licked his eager lips at the sight of a brand-new dew-speckled head hemorrhaging from the soft brown dirt. This one seemed to have sprouted overnight, twinkling greener than the rest. Lettuce was his favorite, ever since Yarnard taught him to stew it in mouse milk and smashed up dungnewts for a hearty tomorrow-night supper. He could always rely on a smack of that sour mouse milk to graze his tongue at the mere memory.

It was many last-years ago that Bo took refuge with old Yarnard, and as he stood in the foggy morning lusting over his new yield, Bobod thought of his benevolent dad-napper. *He would scarcely mind if I kept one to myself*, Bobod shifted with unsteady restraint, *he can't notice one missing that wasn't here when he left for Chunderlain*. This was obvious, but Bobod anguished in temptation, nevertheless. He felt it was no way to honor the man who was laboring through market season alone in the city, the man who rescued him from his feral state of toddlerhood. This was a dark cavern in Bobod's guarded memory, cocooned tenfold into the recesses of his primal spirit. He sought to shun this hollow feeling, swiveling his focus to the object of his desire.

In an impulse, Bobod knelt to palm the sprout. At first tug, he felt a small whimper and wondered if it was his own. Next, a short moment of dissonance and sudden reflexive jolt through Bo's body as the lettuce shuddered and emerged from the damp soil muttering in discontent. Bobod tumbled backwards into the pumpkins and grappled for stability, glaring in disbelief as four limbs and a body rose from the stalk. The creature resembled a young infant covered in fresh lettuce but judging by the efficiency with which it began to scurry away, the thing clearly possessed excellent motor skills.

Curiosity gave way to hunger gave way to boredom, and Bobod gave chase.



February 18, 2023

To whom it may concern:

My name is Mary Jo Mubb and I run a well-respected funeral home in Atlanta. This morning, I received a disturbing message that I believe was intended for you.

Our funeral home has been in business for 100 years. As you can imagine, we handle a lot of dead bodies.

Naturally, we often find messages from the famed body explorer, Tiny Jack. My 8-year-old son Martin is obsessed with him! You should see the twinkle in his eye when he finds one of Jack's signature style messages in our cadavers. In fact, Martin and I put together a little scrapbook with all the messages we've received over the years. It's something of a mother-son tradition in the Mubb home.

That brings me to this morning. I was just waking up when I heard a horrifying shriek from the basement mortuary. The next thing I knew, Martin came bolting up the steps, hands covered in blood and tears in his eyes. "Tiny Jack is in trouble!" he screamed.

Martin launched into a far-fetched tale about corporate espionage, shiny metal men, MeMoreTV... I couldn't make heads or tails of it. At first I thought Martin had been sniffing embalming fluid again (bless his heart, he loves the smell), but then he handed me a blood-soaked plastic baggie.

Sure enough, it was a message from Tiny Jack. Only this one was different than any I'd ever seen. Here is the message:

I don't have much time. In early November 2022, I did a 7-day job inside some fella named Doener, maybe Dobner. Funny guy. A real class clown type.

The job was for a long-time corporate client. Very secretive, I never see their faces. They told me the body was going to be used for transplant and they needed a full workup.

Things didn't add up from the start. In addition to my usual workup, the client had me install neural inhibitors and chrono-trackers in the lungs, stomach, ass, and cock. The brand-name on all the hardware was scratched off, but it looked a hell of a lot like MeMoreTV.

I'm no doctor, but whoever got that body is in big, big trouble. The amount of inhibitors alone would kill a human and send a more powerful being into a freak-state.

I didn't think anything of it until I tuned into the Skeleton Realm LIVE! stream on November 16, 2022 (Episode #30, "Chromer's Gettin' a Bod"). It all makes sense now. It's MeMoreTV. I don't know why, but they want your friend Chromer out of the picture. They've been chrono-tracking him for months and who knows what they'll do when they find him. Wherever (or whenever) he is, he's not safe.

I've lost a lot of blood and I'm very cold. Whoever finds this message, make sure it gets to DB and SW at SRL studios.

-TJ

I don't know what any of this means, but I know one thing for sure: this message is definitely NOT going in Martin's scrapbook!

Please take the message (see enclosed) so Martin and I can put this awful ordeal behind us.

Very truly yours,

Mary Jo Mubb  
Director  
Mubb Funeral Home

# Realmer's JACKPOT SWEEPSTAKES

## HOW TO PLAY:

All you need to do is mail in a postcard with your name, social security number, bank account and routing number, a scanned copy of your birth certificate and a small vial of your DNA to our Sweepstakes P.O. box!

## YOU COULD WIN:

1000+ will win a new GameBocks Ultra-pro game console!



## 2nd place prize

30 Lucky realmers will win an exclusive VIP backstage experience at the 4 times Boys live 2023 Tour!!

**BUT ONLY ONE REALMER WILL BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO WIN**

# BIG MONEY

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\*Winner will receive lifetime supply of cooked spaghetti delivered daily via dumptruck to address of their choice. This is non-negotiable.

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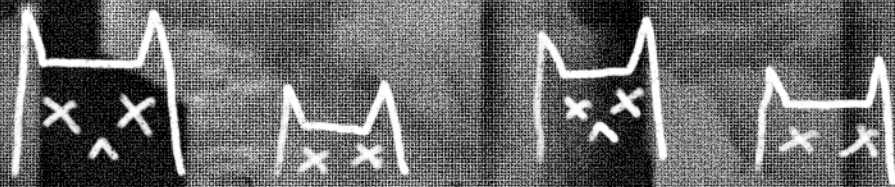
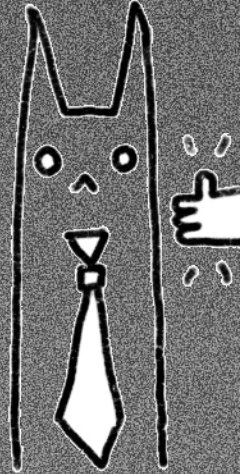


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Letter From Mary Jo Mubb - Gronkster  
Realmer's Jackpot Sweepstakes - trashimage  
Flavorless Gruel - Ribbon  
Are Your Hands Clean? - Sergeant Kipling  
Crocodiles as Pets - OhOneNine

Sam Jay's Doug Bleichner

