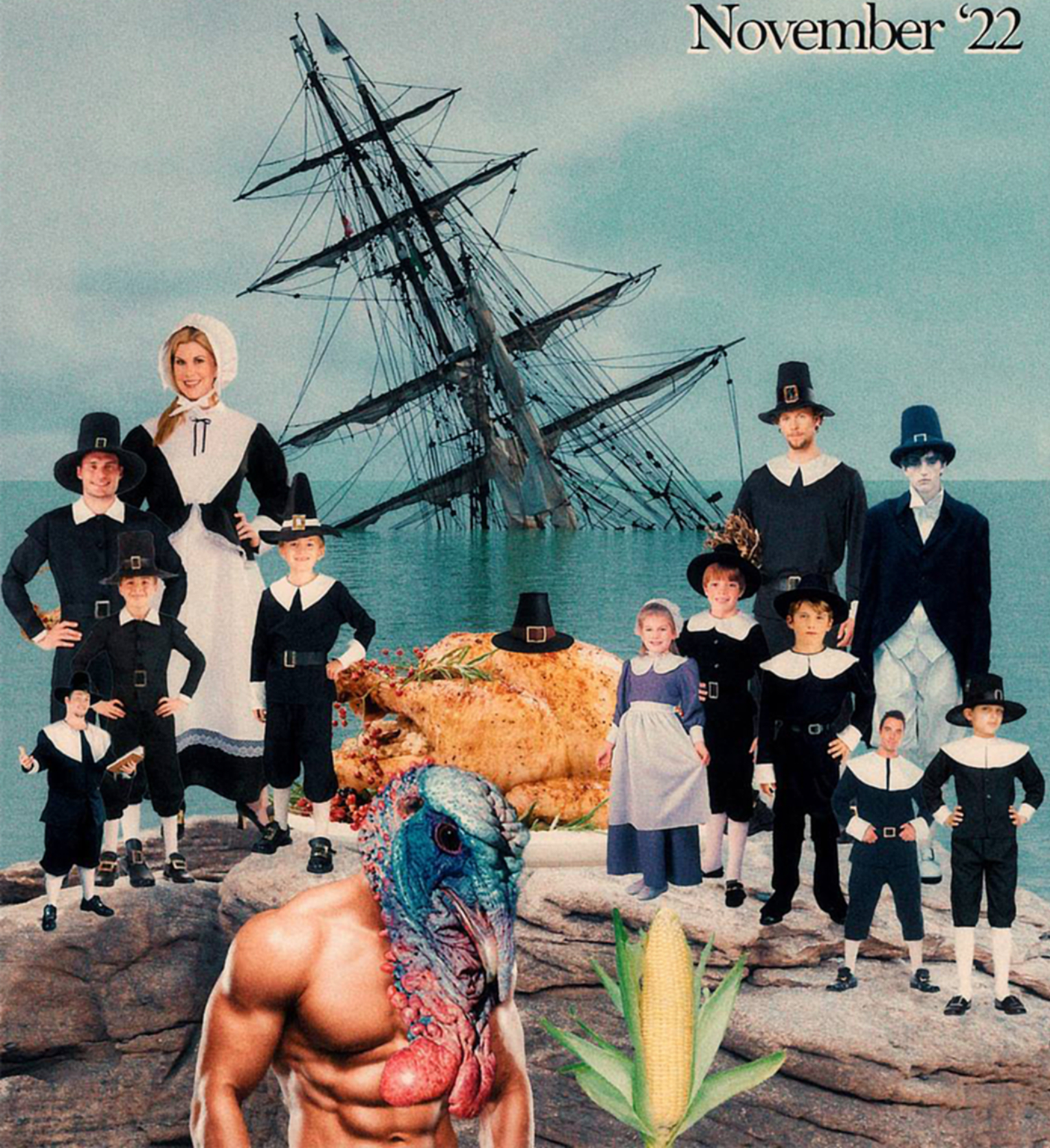


SKELETON REALM

November '22



Having An AWESOME Thanksgiving

510

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6199

AUTHOR Tatum, T.

TITLE Having an Awesome Thanksgiving

Date	Borrower's Name
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NOV23 2000	Bobby Lander
NOV22 2001	Bobby Lander
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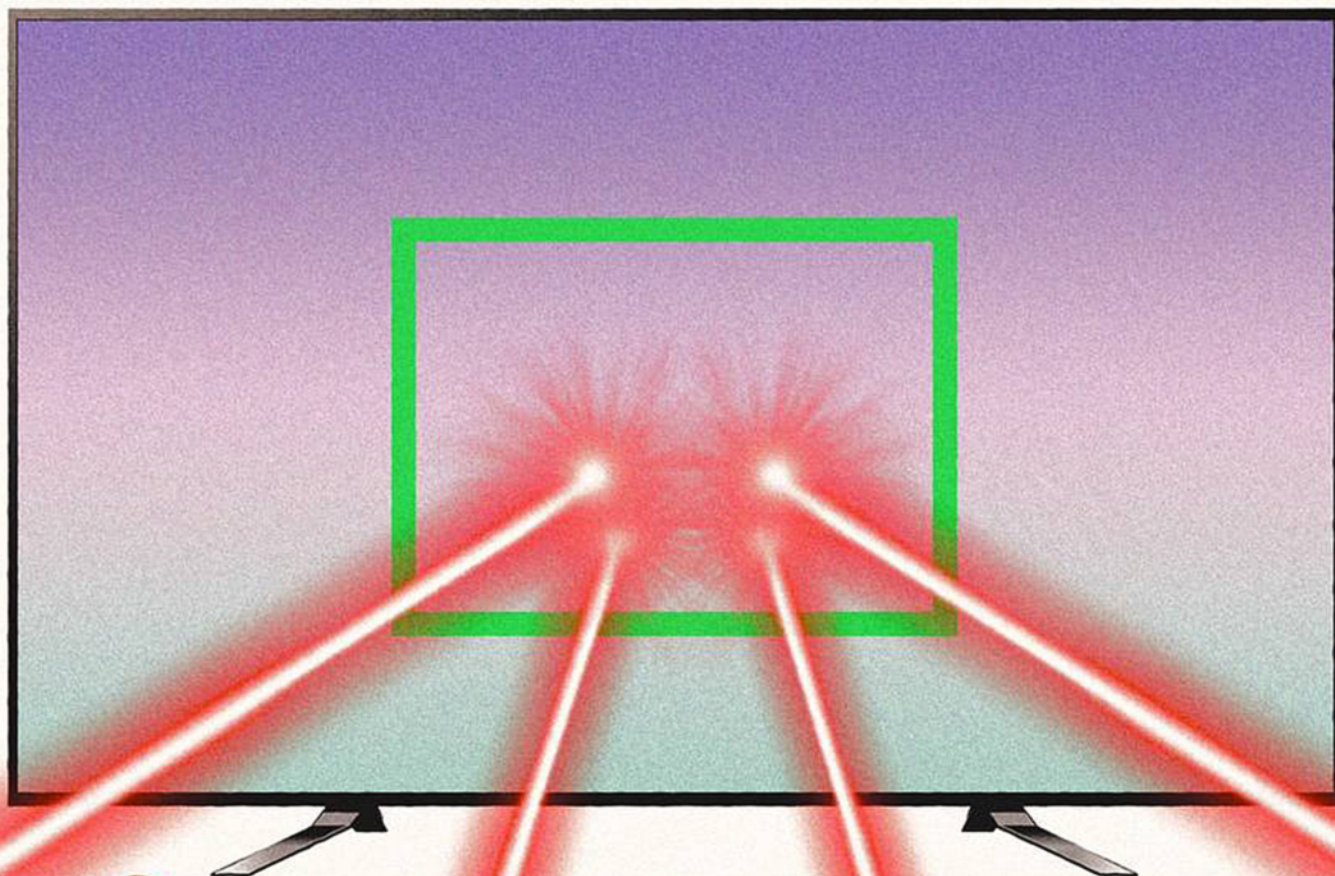
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LAZER WHIPS

'Spank That Whip!'

Getting all four of your Lazer Whips in the box might seem easy at first because it is. Your objective? Get all four Lazer Whips inside the green box NOW. This is NOT a game.* Turn on your TV. Get your handheld Lazer Whip-Balls ready and press your activation keys. Ready? Aim, FIRE! Get all four lazer whips inside the box and watch the box's green boarder turn red. Once your box has changed colors, congrats, you've won your first hardcore Lazer Whips session, but again, this is NOT a game.* What we choose to do with our free time is important. So why not choose Lazer Whips?



**THIS WILL POSSIBLY BE
ONE OF THE MOST**



INSANE!



EVENTS OF ALL TIME

THIS EVENT IS GOING TO BE ABSOLUTELY FUCKING INSANE. DO NOT COME TO THIS EVENT IF YOU ARE EVEN SLIGHTLY PUT OFF BY HARDCORE FUCKING SHIT. IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH INSANE FUCKING CRAZY ASS SHIT, FUCK YOU! DON'T FUCKING COME TO THIS EVENT. THIS EVENT WILL PROBABLY BE ONE OF THE MOST HARDCORE FUCKING INSANE EVENTS OF ALL FUCKING TIME. IT IS GOING TO BE FUCKED UP BEYOND BELIEF AND HARDCORE AS FUCK AND YES, INSANE. SO FUCK OFF IF YOU CANT HANDLE THAT SHIT, AND GUESS WHAT? FUCK YOU!

IF YOU HAVE EVEN ONE SHRED OF DOUBT ABOUT COMING TO THIS EVENT, DO NOT COME! FUCK OFF AND FUCK YOU! IF YOU ACTUALLY DO COME TO THIS EVENT, THEN CONGRATS YOU ARE ONE FUCKING CRAZY SON OF A FUCKING BITCH! SHIT! FUCK YOU! IF I SEE YOU AT THIS EVENT AND I CAN TELL YOU'RE NOT READY FOR THE HARDCORE FUCKING NATURE OF IT, I'M GOING TO ASK YOU TO FUCKING LEAVE, FUCKER. THIS EVENT WILL NOT BE FOR YOU IF YOU ARE NOT READY FOR HOW FUCKING INSANELY FUCKED UP AND HARDCORE ITS GOING TO GET. I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND SOME THING: THIS. WILL. BE. FUCKED. UP. DO NOT COME!!! IF YOU COME TO THIS, HOLY SHIT YOU'RE FUCKED!!! COME TO THIS EVENT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU! GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!!!!!!!

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 24 2022 10AM JOANN FABRIC AND CRAFTS 2655 N DECATUR RD, DECATUR, GA 30030

GREATGRAPHS

GraphCo.

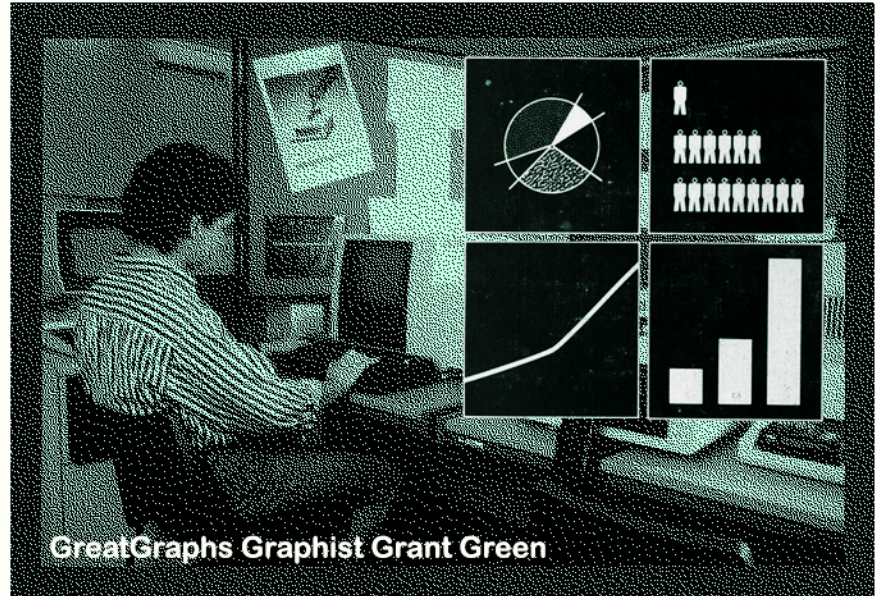
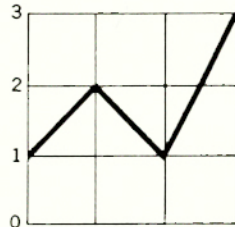
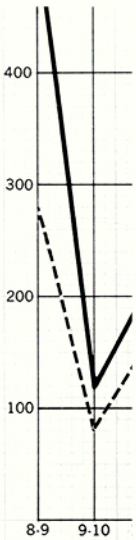


What Makes GreatGraphs Great?

"Graphs make the world spin, so to speak."

- GreatGraphs Leader Mr. G

By 1991, the average American will subconsciously experience more than six-thousand graphs per-hour. Those graphs don't grow on trees; they're hand crafted by hard-working and extensively trained Graphists at a Graphco organization like Great Graphs. Since the first graph was created, graphs have formed the interlinking fibers of not just our society, but our physical existence. To think graphs only convey prepared information is irresponsible -- graphs inform us, and this information drives us to graph again. This unending chain fuels the creation of culture, progress, and life itself.



GreatGraphs Graphist Grant Green

Grax

Grax units are the building blocks of every graph. Without Grax, you wouldn't be alive right now. Each unit is unique and plays an interlinking role in the GreatGraphs process. Graphists have discovered over 500 distinct Grax. These are just a few:

NUMBURNER



Numburners are known for permanently removing digits and making room for values. They must be allowed to move freely and avoided to prevent painful burns.

ZIPBOY2



Zipboy2 is a Transfer Grax capable of moving thousands of values every minute. His father, Zipboy1, perished when upgrading into his son's form.

GRAPTAKER



The Graptaker delivers a finished graph into our plane so that we may consume it. Graptakers cannot return home afterwards, so this journey is considered sacred.

SPYDORE



Spydores create the most popular feature of graphs: the lines. Millions of spydores might work in a single graph. Spydores steal values in order to create lines.

BAX

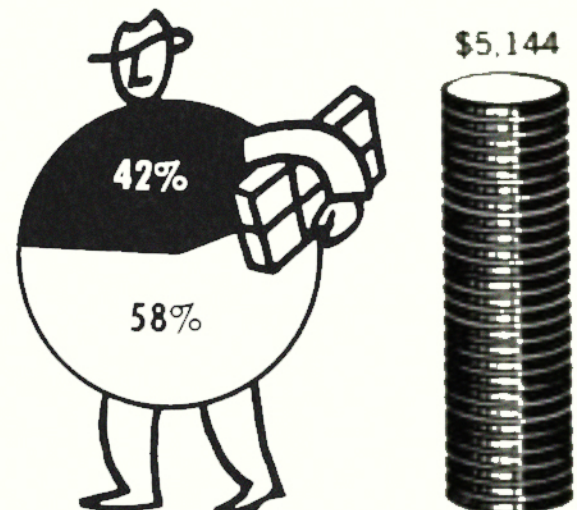


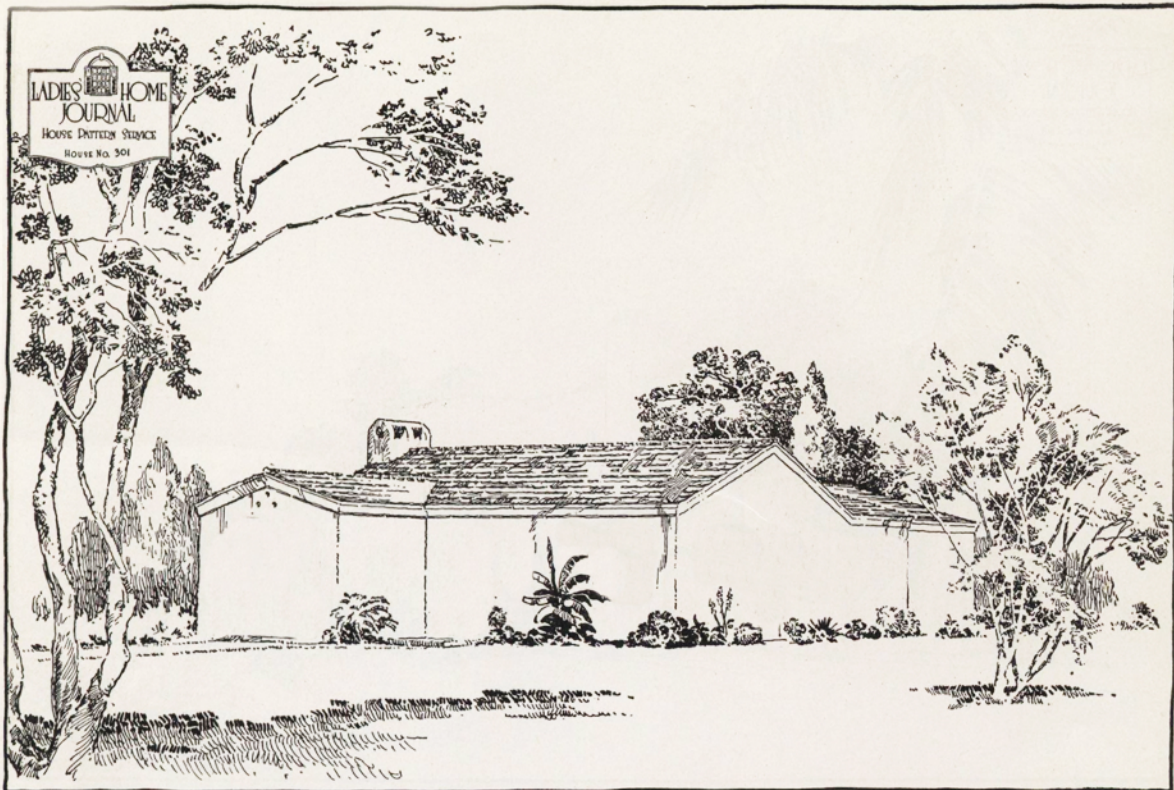
Bax is a softdemon whose dreams generate the majority of digits that are used in the graph generation process. Bax has never been awake.

Grant's Rant

I love GreatGraphs. Since moving on campus, I've met my wife, started a family, and brought forth 245,712 graphs. Our Leader, Mr. G, has lifted so many of us up through teamwork and graphbonding discipline. That's why I'm RANTING about my LOVE for GreatGraphs. If you are a doubter of this program, or worse, a saboteur, you need to look inward and confess what perversion is driving you to lash out at people with good lives. You have the soul of a starved tapeworm. Your "life" will be a disintegrating decent head first into death, and your desperate attempts to destroy us will be forgotten.

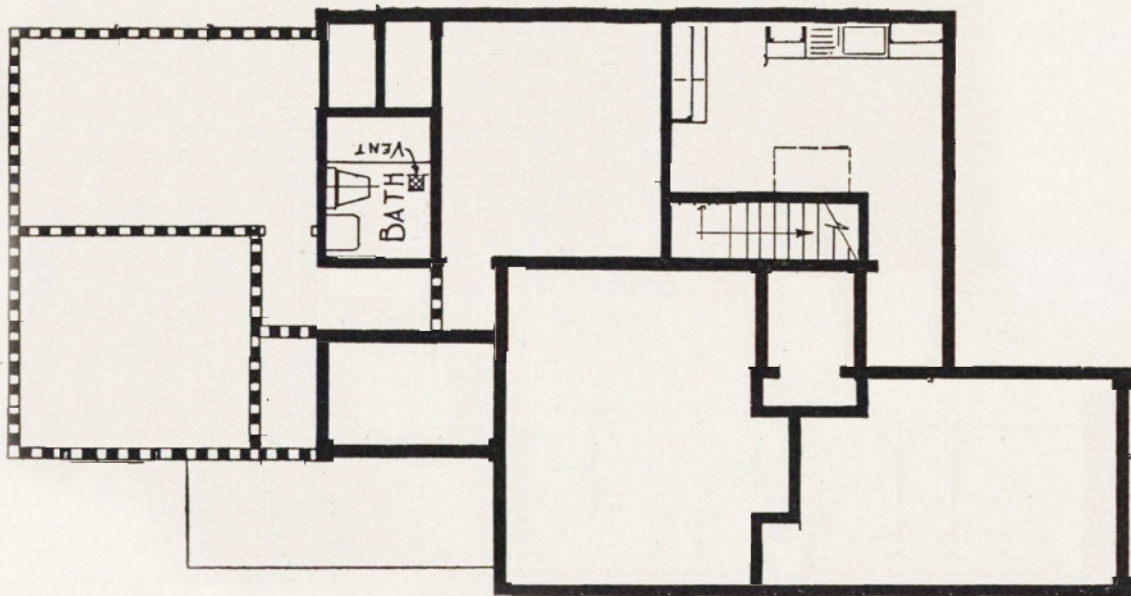
Grant Green





House No. 301

A HOUSE WITH NO WAY IN
\$5,000





November 1st, 1988. It was 7:00am in the damn morning. I was tired as shit. My eyes were red as shit. My ass was red as shit from yes, shitting blood!

The phone was ringing off the hook. "SHUT THE FUCK UP!" I tossed a Coleman brand hammer at the phone but it slammed into the sheetrock next to it instead, landing perfectly still, wedged into the dry-wall. The phone rang one last time and its vibrations shook loose a small bit of white dust before the hammer came down. It tumbled onto the ground and stopped as it crushed a cockroach eating a piece of rat shit.

"FUCK!" I sat up. My rotund belly drooped onto my wet sweating thighs, full of hair and dirt. MY HAIR, and MY DIRT.

The shit in my toilet stunk to high heaven and as I approached it, I let out long squirts of bright green vomit from my tight ass perced lips. They looked like bright green and thick spaghetti noodles whipping out of my mouth and onto my brown

carpet. The carpet used to be white.

I reached the toilet but too late. I shit my fucking pants. Yes I fucking pissed them too. Duh. Time to investigate the phone? Who the fuck was calling me? I picked up the phone and called Parprl. It answered.

"PARPRL! Did you FUCKING call me?!" I shouted so hard the blood vessels in my neck burst and my tounge went numb. My ass was now so hot that beads of sweat were falling from my cheeks. My loose pants offered no landing place for them as they slid off my fucking ass and dropped onto the linoleum. Parprl's wet voice was incoherent. It hung up.

Just then, some dumb fuck knocked on my door. I answered it and there was no one there. I walked outside and took all my clothes off then began digging a hole in my front yard. Twelve hours passed and the sun set. I went inside to roll around.

My back was fucked up and I had to shit. This time, I shit all over the floor. I shit so much fucked up gar-

bage out of my ass that by the time was done, I felt a little better; so I started rolling. I did 600 rolls through my den, office, family room, dining room, kitchen, living room, master bedroom, bedroom, playroom, basement, and attic before I decided to eat some shit.

My refridgerator was full of bullshit. Everything was rotten as shit and it smelled fucking terrible. There were some old papertowels in the freezer that I grabbed and smashed with a shit covered hammer; then chewed up, spit out, washed in the toilet bowl then swallowed.

It was about nine at night so I went to sleep.

Love, Bill

The following content was submitted by Skeleton Realm Contributors known as "Realmlers" 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.

PSA: FEAR NOT! RIDDLEMIN'S MONTH IS *NOT* CANCELED!

Christian Swanson

Please note that as this is verifiably a public service announcement, and that it is meant with love and consideration, as Treasurer for the Northeastern US Riddlemin's Society Chapter-house, these words are coming from a flawed, human mouth, and I would ask for your forgiveness if the words you read here come out sounding terse, I am tired. But with that said, let me start off by clarifying once and for all in as clear terms as possible: NO. Riddlemin's Month is NOT canceled, and all festivities will go on as previously planned with only minor changes to the season's itinerary.

As the primary person that answers mail here, I have been inundated in the past several weeks with concerned mail from across the country, asking for clarification about the events that took place last month and what ramifications they will have on the upcoming Riddlemin's Month. Since our time is brief, let me try to lay out the answers to the best of my abilities for some of the most common questions:

1. YES: The Riddlemin is dead. Riddlemin Beave, who has served as the country's foremost Riddlemin for the past 35 years, has passed away.

2. YES: Riddlemin Beave passed away after his riddle was properly solved, after which he became so angry that he stomped a hole in the floor of Riddlemin's Roost, causing structural damage to a load-bearing pylon beneath the floor, leading to its collapse.

3. NO: We do not know the whereabouts of Untrickable Cham, the apprentice who solved The Riddlemin's Conundrum, and if you have any clues or hints towards his whereabouts please contact us. I must stress that the Riddlemin's Society is NOT interested in riddles related to Untrickable Cham's location. If your information regarding the whereabouts of Untrickable Cham must come in the form of a riddle, that riddle must come PRE-SOLVED.



4. NO: We do not know what the answer to The Riddlemin's Conundrum was, nor, as per usual, do we know of what the question was. The only people who know of the Riddlemin's Conundrum are Untrickable Cham, Riddlemin Beave, and the twelve Apprentice Riddlecrafters who starved to death in Riddlemin's Roost prior to the Conundrum being solved.

5. YES: The Chuckler's Parade through Jester's Run will still be held prior to the Bonfire of Cretin's Charms, and registered members must still RSVP, and are still expected to attend with gifts. This year's theme is "Fuzz" and regardless of present circumstances, gifts that are not Fuzzy or Fuzz-adjacent will NOT be accepted.

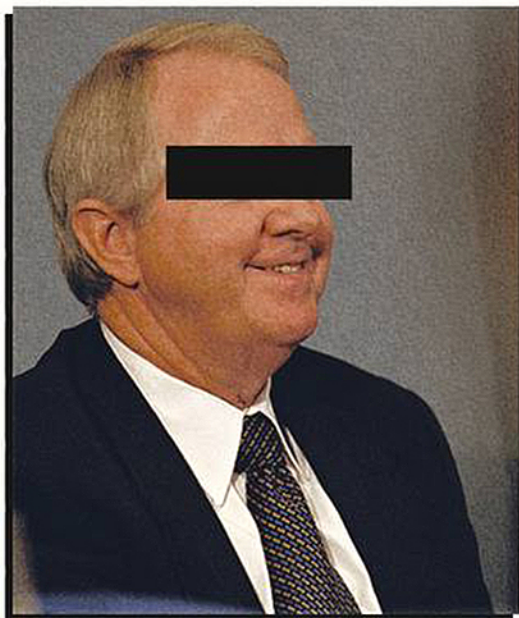
6. NO: At this time, the identity of the next Riddlemin is still undetermined, but guesses and submissions for potential solutions are being readily accepted. This isn't handled from the top-down, people. You have to play an active role in the process.

On a personal note, I'd first like to extend an arm of sympathy towards some of our younger apprentice Riddlecrafters, many of whom are young enough that they have not lived during a time without The Riddlemin. Many saw Riddlemin Beave as having crafted the famed Ultimata, That Which May Not Be Solved. These beliefs, while understandable for those young of age, are ignorantly founded. We have several prophecies yet fulfilled, and Riddlemin Beave himself knew of this. We have yet to achieve widespread simultaneous nightdreaming, and the Clown who Sleeps, I hope I don't need to remind everyone of this, is still sleeping.

Moreover, with all due respect to The Riddlemin, I would hope such flagrant displays of anger at the solving of a riddle do not become widespread. 35 years ago, Riddlemin Skun responded to a Great Solving by merely grabbing both legs and tearing himself in twain. Riddlemin Beave's flagrant act of violence and subsequent destruction of Riddlemin's Roost has forced us to begin a pledge drive for yet another caravan to venture into Wanderer's Woods in order to obtain the necessary materials for reconstruction. This isn't great, people! The last time we had a crew out there we lost three Apprentice Riddlecrafters to the Wiles of the Quizzical Forest and that can't happen again.



Above: Chuckler's Parade attendees
Below: Riddlemin Beave (1954-2022)



In conclusion, please, enjoy the holiday season, but take time to consult with your comrades, your fellow gigglers-in-arms, and make sure everyone has a safe Riddlemin's Month. If you see or hear from Untrickable Cham, please let him know that we're not mad at him. No one is mad. Riddlemin's Month is a time for forgiveness and prayer. Pray for the bloodmoon, pray that Untrickable Cham might be found, and please for the love of all of us, pray for the pain to stop.

YOUR CAR NEEDS TO

SHIT

**DARRYL AND PHYL WILL
UNPLUG YOUR CAR'S HOLE**



**THESE GUYS CAN'T WAIT TO GET
DIARRHEA DIRTY SO YOU DON'T
HAVE TO!**

**CALL 1(800) SHIT-NOW TO
GIVE YOUR CAR SOME
RELIEF.**

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For the treatment of Squelmon's Ailment, as well as the associated rashes, delirium, and protrusion of the eye-balls.

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1 in 8 million people suffer from Squelmon's Ailment, leading to horrifically embarrassing symptoms and limits on their ability to socially interact. Xcleximus DR may give such individuals their lives back, at only a small yet eternal price. We promise it's worth it.

Side effects include having one's first-born son promised as property to Xcleximus Pharmaceuticals to be used as a medical specimen until said child passes over into The Realm of The Dead.

Talk to your Witchdoctor about making a pact with Xcleximus DR. It's your life; you'll forget all about your son - we guarantee it.

Your Thinking Machine Needs Some Love!

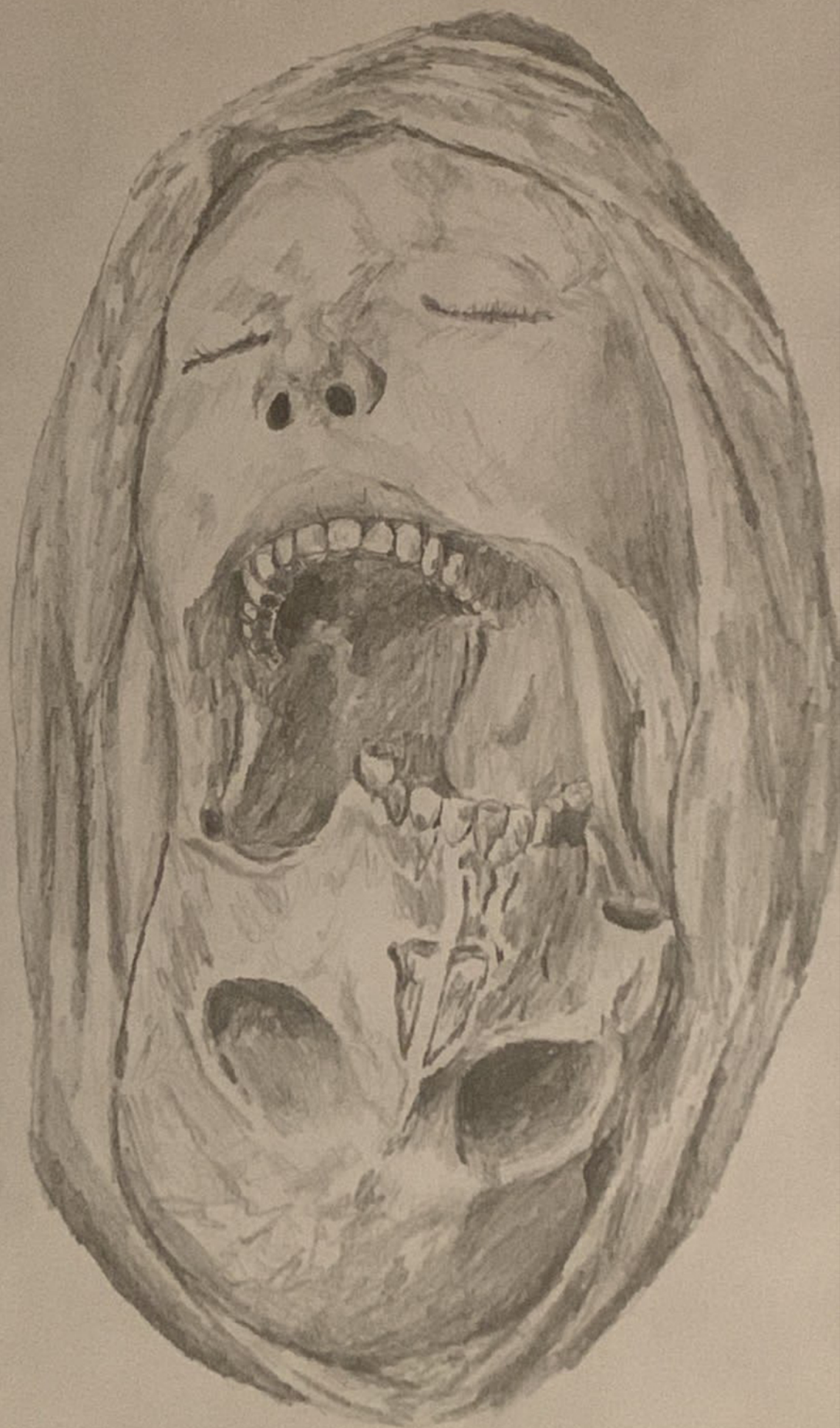
By: Adam Vega



Zorton Labs Says:

In this world of rapidly accelerating technological progress and unescapable automation, we at Zorton Labs encourage you to show your fellow Thinking Machines the love and care they deserve. Our research shows 73% of Thinking Machines are feeling lonely and sad. We would like to kindly remind you this statistic is only sustainable until 2039.





**Had enough of diaper changes during
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www.bjonga.biz/legal_waiver



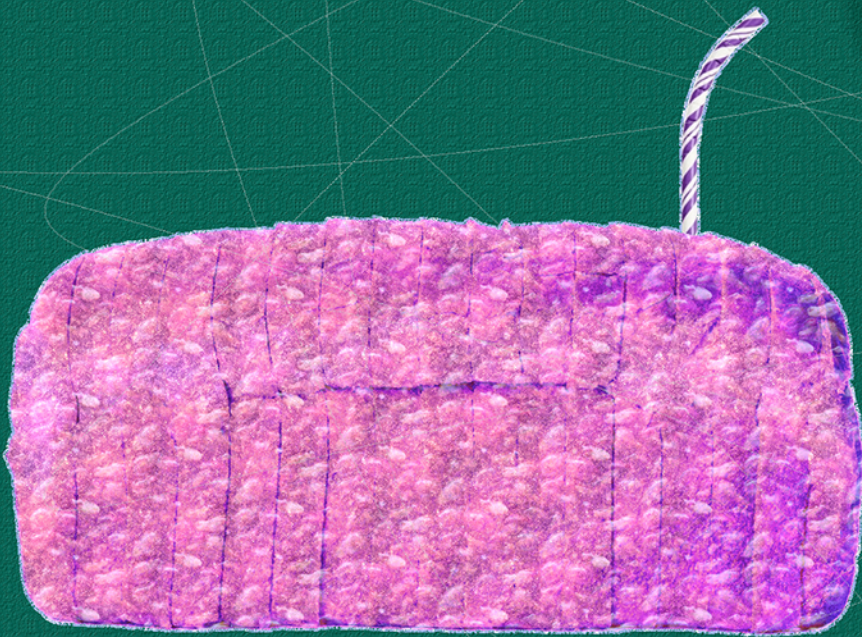
For Concerned Parents:

Although many of the web games require your child to eat their own hair, playing the frequencies provided in our trademarked oscilla-fun webpage at a loud volume will dislodge your child's bezoar for safe and painless passing. No surgery or long hours on the toilet required.



Stompz's

**Non-seedless
Grape Bread**



*brewed,
not baked!*



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Your Car Needs to Shit
Umlau

Xcleximus DR
Laura Bleichner (design by Doug Bleichner)

Your Thinking Machine Needs Some Love!
Adam Vega

"Spooky Drawing"
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