

# Skizzleplex - "I'm gonna smoke big!"

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Issue 13 - It's only unlucky if you believe in gnomes!

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A poem/rap/song I wrote at age 10 by Eric Lloyd.  
I beat my meat when I'm walking down the street  
I got my hands in my pocket as I grab my rocket  
Fire 1, 2, 3, 4...

Fire 2...

Fire 3...

(it should be noted that the same 4 beats should  
be silently counted off after the subsequent  
numbers, for as long as it takes for me to lose  
interest)



## **Brony Corner! by Tim Allen**



Not pictured: Eric Lloyd

As I have tried to tell these idiots, time and time again, I'm technically not a Brony. Like a Brony, I have a deep appreciation for everything My Little Pony, but unlike my Brony brethren whose love falls short of sexual gratification, I am a Clopper. To put it simply: I like to beat it to My Little Pony. I hope this title snafu will be cleared up in future issues. Anyway, I'm here to talk to you about healthcare. Seems this Obama wants to take our health insurance away and force us to sign up for his plan instead! And not only that, I'm going to have to pay for stuff I don't even need, like hospital stays if I get pregnant or dental insurance! The only time I've ever been sick in my life is that week and a half back in 93 when I sprained my wrist. And now I read that he's going to force priests to perform abortions. That ain't right. And if they don't, they're going to lose their tax exempt status.(continued on Page 4)

# Eulogies For Unexceptional People



***Not everyone's a captain of industry or a great baseball player or the nighttime manager of an Arby's, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't pay our respects to them, just the same.***

Let's try to remember Craig as the kind man who always pitched in at the canned food drive and not the convicted sex offender who asphyxiated on methane gas when he lowered himself into the Porta Potty by the little league field.

Eric achieved his main goal in life: to appear in a commercial and have people on the street yell out his catchphrase from the commercial at him.

Bennie once won second runner-up in a John Denver lookalike contest at the Missoula County Fair.

Here lies Derek, chief engineer for Windows Vista at Microsoft

My Aunt Lindsay once painted a landscape and had the opportunity to show it to Thomas Kinkade, who said it "wasn't bad!"

Though he never found mainstream success as a writer, Clint once had a 2nd interview to help mixup the letters in the Parade Magazine Jumble

Ben died doing what he loved: working as a roadie for Letters To Cleo.

***SCIENCE CONFIRMS GNOMES ARE REAL!***



Ernie (not pictured, Vin Diesel)

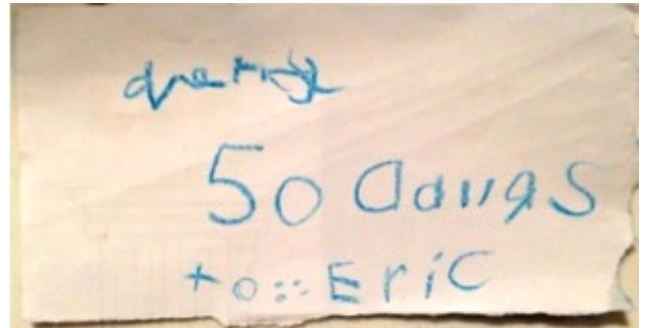
The cat I once almost adopted, by Elizabeth Mitchell

One time I was in a Petco in Sacramento and I saw this cat. His name was Ernie and he had a droopy ear. He was so cute! I really wanted to adopt him, but it's a 6 hour drive back to Los Angeles, plus I'm not *technically* supposed to have pets in my apartment. I emailed the lady about him and she said he was very nice. I put his picture on the lock screen on my phone to remind me that he was waiting for me back in that cage in Sacramento. A few months went by and I was too nervous to email the lady again because if she told me he was just sitting there, I would have felt hella bad, as they say there. Anyways, I finally got up the courage to email her and she said he had already been adopted by a nice family, so I felt better. Just kidding. He's dead\*.

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The time I made a 5 year old write me a check for 50 bucks  
by Judge Reinhold

I was just chillaxin' at Downtown Disney and I walked by the Wetzel's pretzels store and wanted to get my pretzel on. So I walked up to this 5-year-old and was like, "do you know who I am?" And she said she did, so I asked her for \$50, which is the price of one pretzel I assume because I am a rich celebrity, and she was all like, "I don't have \$50, I'm just a little kid." I assume kids still get allowance, but whatever. I would just put it on my card.



The phony check in question.

Then later, as I was grubbin', she walked up and gave me this check that she had written me. I was so touched that one of my little fans would do that and so I went back into Wetzel's and tried to buy another pretzel for the little girl. They said that the check was fake and I was so embarrassed, I dumped my lemonade on her head.



**“Too soon, man!”**

\*just kidding again. That's a double psych!

## Joni Mitchell is the devil! by Tim Allen

Okay, maybe *the devil* is a little strong. A little, but she is certainly no angel. But don't take my word for it, let's look at her own lyrics and the words of her former

lover, David "Bing" Crosby. In the Crosby stills Nash song *our House* he sings, "with 2 cats in the yard, life used to be so hard." Well life is still pretty hard for those poor cats, if they're even around anymore. You see, he was singing about the house that they shared in Laurel Canyon. Laurel Canyon: home of coyotes, bobcats and even mountain lions! So they just let their cats out in the yard, right? That's no big deal. WRONG! According to the American Humane Society, letting your cats outside exposes them to disease and predators and has an adverse effect on the natural flora and fauna in the environment. That same environment that hippies like Ms. Mitchell pretend to want to save! For my next example, I will cite the Counting Crowes song, *Big Yellow Taxi*. "hey farmer, farmer

put away your DDT, I don't care about spots on my apples, leave me the birds and the bees." Oh, now she cares about the environment? Well apparently one thing she doesn't care about is people in Africa. According to the national institutes of health, the ban on DDT might have killed 20 million children. But they're all the way over in Africa, so who cares, right? As long as you've got your pretty flowers and can hear your precious songbirds over the din of the Lamborghinis trying to run over your cats on your multimillion dollar property! This next one hits closest to home because I feel like she is specifically mocking an affliction that I, like millions of others suffer. I am talking about her song "I feel the Earth move under my feet." No, you don't, Joni. Because you don't suffer from vertigo like I do. And I don't intend to suffer your hyperbole any longer. Oh, you're in love? That's great! Let's compare that to an illness that robs people of their freedom, livelihood and enjoyment of social interaction. Perhaps when you ride to work in a hot air balloon or whatever you do, you should describe it as getting AIDS! "Oh this balloon ride is so great, the only thing that rivals it in intensity is this deadly disease!" Not quite as catchy, huh, you twit?! And yet, it doesn't seem to matter that you are the incarnation of pure evil. I can't be mad at you. *Morning Morgantown* is still one of my favorite songs. Dammit.

\*Fact checked by Lara Logan





Hey Family Guy, what the hell are you trying to pull anyway? by Spencer Breslin. Seriously, I can't be the only person this is bugging the shit out of. Hey Family Guy, what's the hell is going on in that greenhouse room of the Griffin's house that we see in the establishing shots that they never fucking go in ever?? Seriously, I have watched every single episode of that show and they have never gone in there once. You can't even see the entrance to the room anywhere in the house! There is an external door (that they have never gone through) but you would think if they had a sunroom or

something, they would want to have an easier way to access it than going outside and entering through an exterior door. Especially if it is carpeted. You don't want to have to put on your shoes just to enjoy some peace and quiet while you read the paper and have coffee. You just want to open the door and walk out in your socks and pajamas.

Especially if they are the kind of PJ's with the flap. I don't know about you, but I, Spencer Breslin have a giant penis which can scarcely be contained by a flimsy piece of fabric. Seriously, I'm huge. One time, I went out to the get the paper and the door closed behind me just as a group of Girl Scouts were approaching to deliver the Girl

Scout cookies that I had ordered, when my enormous hog decides to make an appearance. So remember: not every person labeled as a sex offender is a monster.

Some of us were merely branded for life as such, due to unfortunate, albeit comical circumstances.

My brush with death, by David Krumholtz  
So one day I was taking my brother sightseeing at Hollywood and Highland. He took a picture of me walking by a homeless guy with a funny sign and then later we saw on the news about somebody getting murdered for doing the exact same thing. So, we thought it was the same homeless guy and maybe he was just seconds away from murdering us, but it wasn't. But really, aren't all homeless people just one uncompensated picture away from murder?





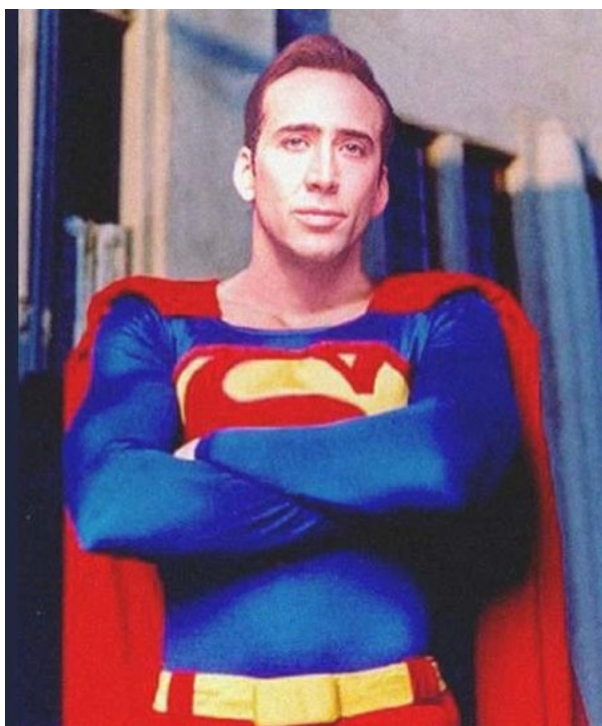
Opinion: a tablet is not a computer written by George Washington as read by Molly Shannon.

When I discovered America or whatever, we didn't have iPads or Nexus 7's or even a Blackberry Playbook (thank God LOL!) What we did have was computers. A screen. A keyboard. A mouse. End of story. It was good enough for the Declaration of Independence, it should be good enough for your 7th grade slam book. Whenever I see some poor schmuck on the subway trying to type out an email on a "virtual keyboard", his tablet precariously balanced on a muffin in his lap, I have to ask myself, why put up with that? It's like when I got these stupid wooden teeth, Martha had always told me that Indian semen was going to rot my teeth out, but I didn't listen. I thought it was just an old wives tale. And Lord knows, I couldn't keep my hands off those red-skinned devils! So my teeth rotted out and I had to have them replaced. And consequently, none of those drunken Squanto's would come near me. They called me "tree chompers, and so it is with these newfangled tablets. There has been a push to use them in schools in place of traditional computers. What could go wrong with that? Oh nothing, as long as you want little Johnny to go to the head of the class in masturbating to illicit pornography! Well, little Johnny is going to have to get in line. Right behind old tree chompers! because I don't know if you had heard, but me love to smoke 'em the "peace pipe" and they are doing some wonderful things with veneers these days.



#### Cool Times by Peter Boyle's Granny Fanny

I may be 93 years old and my eyesight might not be what it used to be, but I can still hear a moth fart in the middle of a ball bearing factory from 90 yards away. But sometimes I wish I had gone deaf when I listen to your Lady Goo Goo and your Alan Thicke and your Kenye Wests. My lazy ass grandson always tells me, "oh, granny fanny, you're just out of touch!" Will listen here, you son of a bitch, I'll be in touch with your face using my fist if you don't watch it! I like my rock stars with talent. Give me .38 special or Toto any day. You know how you know these guys are good? Because they are ugly as sin. There's been no good music made since the 3rd year of MTV, when they started putting Ann Wilson behind her skinny sister in all of the Heart videos. Having to show the artists you were listening to on the radio sounded the death knell for serious musicianship. Oh sure, you would still have to see them perform at the concert, but by then it was too late, you had already paid your money. Speaking of that idiot, he didn't even call me on my birthday. Is this what I can expect from now on? A text message that says, "happy birthday, gramz!"? Who the fuck is "gramz"? nobody's ever called me that in my life. I tell you, kids today. His older cousins worshiped me! I was the cool grandma. For my 65th, they took me to the Styx concert! What a show! Not a looker in the whole bunch.



**I explain batman versus superman to normal (non-nerd) people by Jay Thomas.**

Okay, here's the deal: Batman versus Superman is coming out next year. To most people, this is not a big deal. To nerds, this is a huge deal. "Who cares about Batman? Superman could just rip him in half or throw him into space or something." To most nerds, Batman would actually defeat Superman in a fight. Crazy, no? For the casual fan who grew up watching the Christopher Reeve movies, this is ridiculous. Superman can fly around the earth and turn back time! For fuck's sake, Batman is just a guy. If he wants to fly, he has to take an airplane like the rest of us. This brings up the bigger issue: why do we need those other superheroes anyway? We just need Superman! The answer is complicated and I'm not sure if I

have it completely right, but from what I can tell, Superman is a dumb ass. Batman is smart. So is Steven Hawking, but I don't see him beating up Superman anytime soon, but I digress. Apparently, Batman is some sort of tactical genius who would outsmart Superman. The example cited to me by most nerds is that Batman would just get some kryptonite and weaken Superman to the point where he could kill him or something. So just like this, apparently there is something that Wonder Woman is good at that Superman isn't. Besides having big jugs, that is. I guess even Aquaman has his place. You would think that Superman could swim as well as he runs around or flies, but I guess not. I think the confusion arises because normal people watch movies and nerds read comic books. I guess filmmakers take some liberties with Superman and give him powers that he doesn't have in the comic books, where he is more vulnerable or something. But again, I think it all comes down to Superman being an idiot. Have you ever noticed how most of Superman's foes are supposed to be really smart? Like Lex Luther or Richard Pryor. Apparently he is so dumb, being really smart cancels out all of his superpowers. That sounds far-fetched to me, but again, I'm a casual fan. Maybe all of this is just a subliminal message to equate superpowers with knowledge. Like, "stay in school and you can be a real-life superhero!" Or something lame like that. If that's true, I hope Batman really does kill Superman. Oh, also plus the whole "Clark Kent looks exactly like Superman, but he has glasses so nobody knows it Superman" thing is super annoying. At least Batman wears a mask and talks in a different voice. Yeah, I change my mind, Superman sucks, those nerds were right.

This issue of Skizzleplex was brought to you by the cast of The Santa Clause 2, a Walt Disney Pictures Production. Now out on video.

## Inventor's Corner! Luxury Edition

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The Cheapskate Camera – a special \$2000 camera that you can take to theme parks to take a picture of the \$25 overpriced ride souvenir picture that they try to sell you. Price to you? Free!



The Handi-Cap– a hat you put on your head that zaps your brain with radiation to make you brain-damaged so that you will be mentally handicapped and you will enjoy all the perks that come along with that. Not having to work, getting the best parking spaces, getting a pity hand job from the nurse at the facility you now live in.

Homeless Bench – recently, several cities have taken steps to discourage people from sleeping on public benches, separating the seats with metal loops or bumps. The homeless bench is a \$3000 device that is 7 feet long and weighs 200 pounds that you take with you and slap on top of the bench, right over those loops or bumps and then you can get a good night's sleep.







## My biggest regret in life by Michael Dorn

Seeing as I spent the better part of my career wearing a prosthetic rear end on my forehead you might be surprised to learn that is not my biggest regret by far. No, for that you would have to go back to 1998. That's when I saw "the Webster homepage." It was just a sloppily made GeoCities fan page, like 1 million others people had made in the early days of the Internet. Drab single color background. A text box slapped over a single picture in an amateurish way. Come to think of it, it looked a lot like this 2 bit dimestore rag! Anyway, the picture made it really. Just one grainy, low-resolution picture of Emmanuel Lewis sitting on the edge of a parade float with the caption "this picture reminds me of his childlike spirit" at the bottom of it. I don't know what it is, but that image haunts me to this day. It's something about the fact that he had the audacity to name it *the Webster homepage* while simultaneously offering so little content. Or maybe it's the fact that the only picture he could find was out of focus and at considerable distance, like this creep had a restraining order against him and couldn't get that close to the parade. On second thought, it's definitely that quote. That is serial killer – level stuff. You know that picture had been masturbated to more than once. I definitely get the feeling this guy wanted poor

Manny for some sort of "collection" he had. Jesus. I get chills even thinking about it now. Well anyway, my regret is that I never documented this phenomena in any way. I didn't take a screen grab or even download the picture. It exists nowhere on the Internet today, trust me, I've looked. So now, who's the madman? The one who took this picture or the one who obsesses about it 15 years after the fact? Did I make the whole thing up? Was it all a dream I had? I know I showed at least one person, my friend Tim, but he is dead now. Pretty convenient, no? You see this rabbit hole I have tumbled down. Do you still think, for one minute, that I sweat having a plastic ass glued on my head for 25 grand a week? Klingon, please!

The best summer ever – by Tim Allen

I don't know about you, but so far my summer is sucking big time. It's even worse when I compare it to last summer, which was probably the best, most fun summer I've ever had. Heck, it's probably the most fun anybody's ever had in a summer!

Summer of 2012, my parents shipped me down to Florida to get out of the crime-ridden streets of downtown Helena to spend the summer with my redneck cousins, Jasper and Clorox. They introduced me to the sport of underwater rodeo, which ostensibly involves driving your boat alongside a dolphin, jumping from the boat to the dolphin's back and holding on as long as you can. In reality, the dolphin easily throws you off almost instantly, or even if you manage to hold on, simply enters a dive and forces you to let go so that you can swim to the surface and breathe. What happens next is both hilarious and disturbing and significantly



contributes to my estimation that this was the best summer ever. You see, either out of anger and revenge from being jumped on, or just pure animal horniness, I could never figure out which, once you are helpless in the water, the dolphin would swiftly come back around and rape you. The dolphin would swim behind you and grab your bathing suit in its dolphin mouth and pull it down, exposing your bare butt. Then, the dolphin would swim on top of you and proceed to put his dolphin penis in your human ass. I don't know why there was never any female dolphins around, but that's not important. What is important is that my cousins, no matter how many times this would happen, would do it over and over, again and again. Literally hundreds of times. They clearly enjoyed it, but being homophobic hillbillies, they would have to try to pretend like they didn't, even though they were obviously moaning with pleasure the entire time. So they would say something like, "oh my God, that Clorox is totally a fag!" And then Jasper would just do the same thing to another one. I don't know why they thought they were fooling me. Maybe they just didn't care, because they liked it so much. It looked pretty painful to me. Every day was the same thing. They would ask me what I wanted to do and pretend to be genuinely interested in my opinion and then no matter what I said, they would propose that they go out on the boat and practice their underwater rodeo skills. Anytime I would protest, or suggest they might have altered her motives, they would look at me like I was a crazy person. It probably didn't help that I was so willing to go along with it. Don't get me wrong, I never did it myself. I'm on a lot of blood thinners. It was just so damn funny. You would think it would get old, but it didn't. Each time these idiots would fall off and pretend to swim back to the boat, only to have their swimsuits grabbed and their buttocks soundly pounded, I would just die laughing. Think about that visual for a second. It wasn't very graphic. You could only see a brief flash of ass before it was just a dolphin, swimming back and forth on top of my inbred hick cousin for 30 seconds while he pretended to struggle and mask his screams of delight. Well, like all good things, my summer soon came to an end. Jasper was put in County Jail for haranguing a protected species of wildlife and Clorox just pushed his luck one too many times, perhaps because he didn't have Jasper there to spot him. But he died of blunt trauma to the anus, three days before I was scheduled to leave. Still, best summer ever!



Let me state for the record that I am in no way advocating the use of illicit controlled substances. That said, I feel some drugs are demonized and their legitimate healing powers are overlooked, all in the name of "protecting the children". Well, I am one of these children and I do not need to be protected from anything. Except for the dentist. Ever since I first stepped foot in that office, I have reviled that place. Here I will use "the dentist" to speak of all dentists, my specific dentist, Dr. Brown, as well as a general term for the physical office and all who are employed therein. The dentist is evil. Don't think just because he's a doctor, that gives him some free pass. Joseph Mengele was a doctor. I would not be surprised if he was a dentist. Somebody was taking out those Jews' teeth to get at at their gold fillings.

Long story short, at age 6 I began injecting heroin directly into my gums to numb the pain I was experiencing in several of my teeth. Why did I do this? It's simple: to avoid going to the dentist. Ever since I was a little kid and my mom took me for my first cleaning, I have hated this place and the masochist inside, masquerading as a legitimate medical practitioner. Everybody told me it wouldn't hurt, but of

course they were lying. I sat there for 45 minutes with my jaw wide open while this sick pervert poked around my mouth with a metal pick and a tiny mirror. If this was just a cleaning, my head spun at the thought of a more involved procedure. That's why when the dull ache in my molars progressed into a throbbing agony that made me see stars and robbed me of my precious sleep, I knew it was time to take matters into my own hands. I began ordering painkillers from a Canadian website, using my father's credit card. Tylenol number 3, naproxen, oxycodone and even OxyContin. I tried them all and nothing would do the trick. But when I was on the phone with the pharmacist who was insisting the only thing stronger was morphine, I said, "morphine! That's perfect, give me some of that you filthy Canuck bastard!" He replied that no mail-order pharmacy could ship anything that strong. Well, it turns out that most doctors and pharmacists back here in the states are also reluctant to prescribe morphine to a six-year-old. I went back to the Internet to research the problem and there I discovered that while morphine was indeed hard to come by, morphine is really just a different form of heroin, which is quite easy to come by.

### The Apple Store Sucks by Kevin Pollack

No, seriously. It does. I'll admit, I used to love it more than anybody else. I would go there, time and time again to play with the latest and greatest Apple products. But now I couldn't care less about them. You know why? Because they were not really new anymore. It's just the same thing, year after year. Sure, it's a little faster. Maybe it's a little lighter, or smaller. It may even have a fingerprint scanner, but who really gives a shit? There's no game changers anymore. No radical rethinking of what it really means to use a device. No G4 Cube. As numerous pundits have pointed out, the made in America Mac Pro is a niche product for professionals. And I'm not convinced there's an actual reason behind the shape. It seems like a novelty and professionals won't put up with novelties. I predict Apple will have to go back to a more standard tower design or risk losing more market share. But most of all, it used to be fun to go to the

Apple Store. That's why they were so successful. It's not fun anymore. There's nothing to play with. I've already got a laptop. It's 97% the same machine that they sell in the store. Ditto my iPhone and iPad. Maybe they are a victims of their own success. When nobody had an iPhone, it was fun to go in there and mess around with them. Now everybody has an iPhone. My grandmother just got one and she's been dead for like 8 years. I feel like an old lady, reminiscing about the past, but "think different" used to be more than just a marketing slogan. Now Apple is just playing catch-up to their rivals, adopting features into the iPhone that have already been around in other products and calling them innovations. But on the other hand, I can't wait to try the new 6 inch iPhone phablet!

