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MAD

JUNE 2004

NUMBER 442

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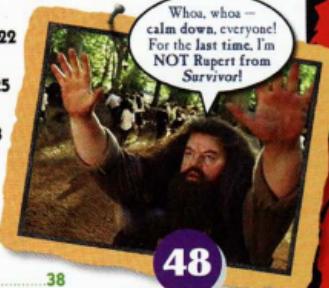
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Whoa, whoa —
calm down, everyone!
For the last time, I'm
NOT Rupert from
Survivor!



48



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6



FRONT COVER ARTIST:
MARK FREDRICKSON

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ANTIQUES FREAKSHOW WITH HANS BRICKFACE

Back in MAD #439 we asked readers to send in a photograph of their precious family heirlooms so that our resident appraiser, Hans Brickface, could assess their worth. We are proud to begin this feature with the following submission.

This is a toucan letter holder. It doesn't have to hold letters, it can hold whatever crap you do not want to lose. The idiotic bird holds the prized parchment in its beak, and the two littler ones do the exact same thing. I paid nothing at all for this treasure. I was admiring it at my uncle's new house in Detroit, MI. The old man who used to live there died, so he got a lot of junk along with the house. He asked me if I would like it and I said yeah, so he gave it to me. That's how I came upon this garbage, I mean antique. Please tell me how much my useless crap is worth!

Charlie Kidd, Lake Oswego, OR

HANS' APPRAISAL

What you have here is a classic example of the early 1960s toucan movement in woodworking. What makes this even more exciting and valuable is that it is clearly the handiwork of master craftsman Fred "Whittles" Karkowski. Tragically, Karkowski was cut down in his prime after a bizarre studio accident left him lathered to death. Because most of his pieces were either thrown out or abandoned in the homes of old men, it makes yours very rare. However, because it has that "old man" smell, the most you can reasonably expect this to fetch at auction is \$10 Canadian Happy garage sale-ing!

If you're interested in having your family "treasure" appraised, send a clear photo and pertinent information to Amy "The Big Appraiser" c/o MAD, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!



THE ANSWER MAD

Here is another installment of a fan favorite feature! It's where we take a letter from another magazine (in this case the April, 2004 issue of *Teen Vogue*) and answer it for them! Enjoy!



I love the clothes in your magazine, really—but too high. How about bringing us back down to earth and showing us something we could actually buy?

BB

Santa Cruz, CA

We were upset to receive your letter. We just took it for granted that every teenage girl could afford a pair of \$350 Dolce & Gabbana clogs or a \$150 Louis Vuitton ponytail holder. What's wrong with you? Don't you have an allowance? However, we do have some suggestions on how to get these essential wardrobe items: land a lucrative international modeling contract, snare a sugar daddy and, if those don't work, shoplift early, shoplift often! If you're still unable to achieve this lifestyle, when you turn 20, don't even think about buying regular *Vogue*! —Ed.

P.S. Oh, and one more thing (this is a free tip so we know you can afford it): stop saying "holy guacamole!"

SWEEP UNDER THE RED CARPET

So, do I get a free subscription for being such a loyal fan and getting a picture of me and Johnny Depp?

Alexander Sepe, Ontario, Canada



Alexander the Not-So-Great — Jesus Bejeesus, that's a humongous TV! We're guessing you've been chased out of your share of *Best Buys!* Sure, we'll send you a three-year subscription, just as soon as *Cody Banks 2* sweeps next year's Oscars! By the way, congratulations — you've replaced Joan Rivers as our least favorite person on the red carpet! —Ed.



THE FOLD-IN RULE

When I opened MAD #437 to the back cover, to my surprise there was no MAD fold-in! I finally found it on page 49. Why the change? I used to be able to count on my monthly MAD fold-in at the end of the magazine. C'mon guys, put it back!

Aaron Aldridge, Newport, NH

A-Ron — Clearly you're on the tip when it comes to everything MAD. But just in case you missed it — Bill Gaines died over 10 years ago, we no longer cost 25 cents and we do a little thing called "The MAD 20" every year which includes a special relocated fold-in. If you still haven't figured out where this is heading, this year's MAD 20 was in issue #437. Just to warn you, and to spare us the mind-numbing frustration of another panicked, asinine missive, this year's MAD 20 will be in issue #449. Start bracing yourself now! —Ed.

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

When I was born, I was given my Dad's last name, which is Blond. For the longest time, I absent-mindedly thought that Blond isn't that weird of a name. Sounds a bit like Bond, which I guess is kind of cool. Then one day it suddenly dawned on me — what were my ancestors thinking? Blond is a seriously strange last name. My dad thinks not and says that I should be proud of my name. I can't seem to prove this insane man wrong about how the name is strange. So I've decided to turn to the experts of everything and request that the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* to make fun of my last name and prove my dad wrong about holding some form of pride in such a name. Oh, and by the way, I have brown hair.

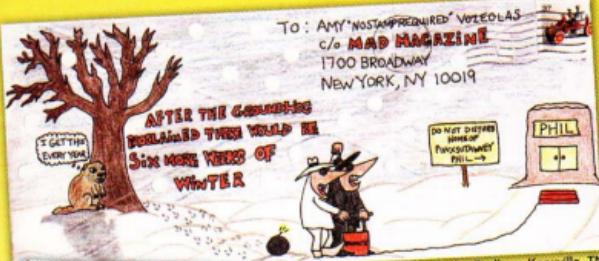
Nick Blond, Garberville, CA

Blondie — This is the type of dumb wish we love! Of course your dad is wrong! Your name is very strange and remarkably stupid! You should not only change it, but sever all ties with your family. Your last name says a lot about your personality, so choose wisely. Here are a few suggestions for your name change: if you want to settle down with a borderline-retarded sexpot, may we suggest "Locheay" as your surname? If you're a drunk-driving, wind-blown wackadoo, then try "Nolte" on for size. And finally, if you think of yourself more as the unemployed MAD editor type, "Meglin" could be your moniker of choice. Let us know which one you go with and if it pleases your puppy! —Ed.



ENVELOPES OF THE MONTH

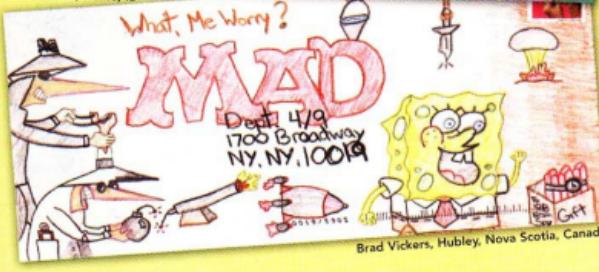
This month, we're proud to feature a trio of Spy Vs. Spy-themed envelopes. An obviously hurt and intimidated Peter Kuper could not be reached for comment! MAD is always on the lookout for envelope masterpieces, so keep them coming! Send them to: Amy "No Stamp Required" Vozelias, c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019.



Hayley Burlison, Knoxville, TN



Brad Smith, Hume, IL



Brad Vickers, Hubley, Nova Scotia, Canada

GOD SAVE THE KING OF POP

When I saw the cover of your MAD #438 I was shocked by the vulgar, sick and twisted attack you conveyed on Michael Jackson — an American icon! In closing, all that I can say is it was great — I loved it! Keep up the good work!

Neil Johnson, Alliance, OH

Electric Neil — When we read the harsh opening of your letter, we got excited because we thought it was an accusatory epistle from Michael's defensive spokesman/henchman Jerome Jackson! But then we read further and discovered that it wasn't — and we lost interest in your letter faster than the public lost interest in Jocko's last album. Thanks for writing...Shamoni! —Ed.

OVEREATING CROWE

I think you missed the point about Russell Crowe being overweight in *Master and Commander* in your satire in MAD #439. The film was based on a long series of excellent novels by Patrick O'Brian, and in them "lucky" Jack Aubrey is described as "blonde, florid and frequently overweight." To my mind, Crowe's portrayal was superb, just the way the author described the character.

Michael Thompson, Langley, WA

Dirty Thom — Did the esteemed Mr. O'Brian also describe "lucky" Jack as "pompous, overbearing and wholly unlikeable"? Then you're right! Russell really knocked this one out of the park! —Ed.

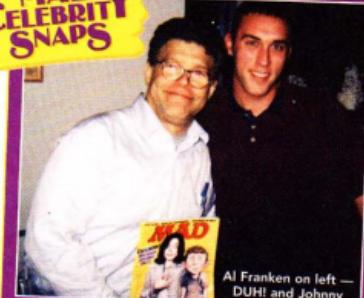
THE BIG TEACHER'S PET

In the fourth grade, I used to bring a MAD to school every day! My teach, named Mrs. Grant, caught me with an issue. To my surprise, she snuck up behind me while I was engrossed in the mag and snatched it out of my hands, saying, "You can get this back when school is over." So, at the end of the day I went back to get it. When I walked into the teacher's area, I caught her reading and smiling widely at my MAD! She smiled at me and said, "You can get this back tomorrow." From then on, she would overlook my MAD as long as I didn't read it while she was talking! She was my favorite teacher in elementary school.

Noel Butchart, Chapin, SC

Just Say Noel — What a heartwarming story. It reminded us of the time we were in fourth grade and Stanley Karpinski took out an issue of MAD, and Sister Winifred snuck up behind him and snatched it out of his hands. Unfortunately, this is pretty much where the similarities between your heartwarming story and our grisly tale of pain and suffering end. Back then they didn't even have dental records to aid in ole' Stanley's identification; the coroner did his best by using his bathroom pass and the little bits of his retainer that they picked out of her fist. A MAD Letters Page "bango" to you and to Mrs. Grant! —Ed.

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Al Franken on left — DUH! and Johnny

I finally got a chance to get a picture of me, a celebrity and a MAD when Al Franken came and gave a speech at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio. It was very nice of him to pose with my issue of MAD.

Johnny Mauger, Pickerington, OH

Johnny On The Spot — Congrats on getting left-wing looney Al Franken to stop bitching about Bill O'Reilly long enough to pose with MAD! You're good enough and smart enough to earn a three-year subscription! —Ed.

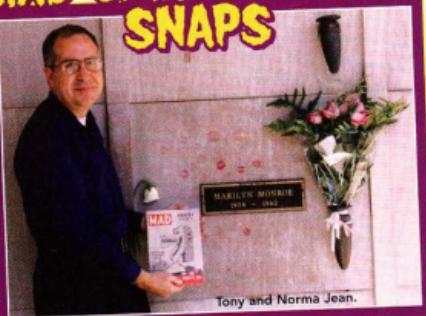


MAD CEMETERY SNAPS

I was in the Los Angeles area and stopped by Pierce Brothers Westwood Village Memorial Park. Enclosed is a picture of me next to the grave of Marilyn Monroe.

Tony Avak,
Lexington Park, MD

Tony Baloney — Judging by the red lipstick marks on Marilyn's grave, you had yourself a busy afternoon! By the way, we think Chanel's Sweet Sixteen Whisperlight lipstick is the perfect choice for your coloring! Congrats on your one-year subscription! —Ed.



Tony and Norma Jean.

The Big Easel

This is my Big Easel entry. It's made completely out of garbage and old junk. For example, his lips are old pieces of rubber and his teeth are chalk! Ironically, this was made for a school project!

Brian Cugini, Fair Haven, NJ



Cujo — Whoa! Hold the phone! Stop the presses! Do you mean to tell us that your sculpture — that work of art — is made from garbage? No...no way! Game over, man! We're not sure why it's ironic, but it's certainly a coincidence since the moggoz itself is made of garbage and old junk! Keep recycling! —Ed. P.S. We still want you to send in your MAD-related creations to Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019!

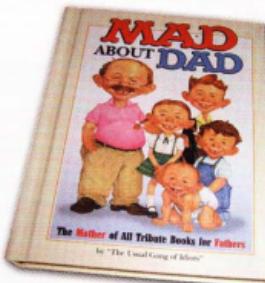
ALFRED LOOK-A-LIKE

Leonardo Monteiro of Vera Mata Grossa, Brazil sent in this photo from his personal collection of an unidentified, yet terrifyingly convincing Alfred E. Neuman look-a-like. We wish he had included the child's name, but we understand the desire to keep his identity a secret. We are going to tell you what we tell all of our "winners" — we hope it's just a stage and that you grow out of it very, very soon!



READER ALERT!!

Can't figure out what to get Dad for Father's Day? We have the perfect solution — an ear and nose hair trimmer! And while you're out buying that, stop by wherever books are sold and pick up MAD About Dad! On Sale Now!



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**OUR FEATURE-
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**MICHAEL JACKSON, IMPROVING
BASEBALL AND ARTIST OF
THE ISSUE: BOB CLARKE!**

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the usual gang of idiots

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A black and blue butterfly is resting on a pair of black headphones. The headphones are positioned in the center of the image, with the butterfly perched on the earcups. The background is a repeating pattern of game titles from the list.

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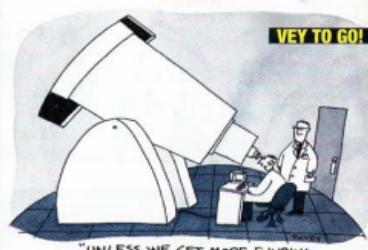
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WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO AFFORD
TO GET THAT LENS CAP OFF."

THE FAST 5 THE 5 WAYS THE PASSION OF THE CHRIST HAS ALREADY INFLUENCED THE MOVIE INDUSTRY

- 1 The new ending of *Shrek 2* has Donkey betray Shrek in exchange for 13 bales of hay
- 2 The soundtrack for *Soul Plane* will feature a rap by 50 Cent done entirely in Aramaic
- 3 Many movie concession stands are now selling hot buttered communion wafers
- 4 The Farrelly Brothers' new project: *There's Something About Mary Magdalene*
- 5 The most popular film critics in the nation are the new duo "Ebert & Poper"

Scooby-Doo 2...
it is as it was!



FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

Charles Atkins
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Garth Gerhart

Gary Hallgren
Jeff Kruse
Scott Makka
Kevin Pope
Irving Schild

Mike Snider
Johnny Syste
Jack Sypnace
P.C. Vey

BITTERMAN

Uncle Joe, a
boy pushed me
off the swing
today at school.
What should I do?

Nothing.

If you tell on this boy, it will make things worse.
If you fight back, he might go on a shooting spree.
You should just suppress those feelings deep down
in your soul and let it slowly eat away at you.



CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS This month: JOE ROGAN

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS
GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE
ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST
STARS WILL MEET HIS DEMISE!

CAUSE OF DEATH

Executed by militant "Society for the
Protection of the Madagascar Hissing Cockroach" 12:1

Slips down side of Las Vegas hotel
while leaning out to taunt *Fear
Factor* contestant 18:1

Fatal virus that can only be contracted
from regular handling of sheep testicles,
pig rectums and horse penises 25:1

Terminal "wood" after hosting one too many
special *Playboy Playmate* editions of *Fear Factor* 30:1

Dies while actually trying a
dangerous stunt himself 19,000,000,000:1



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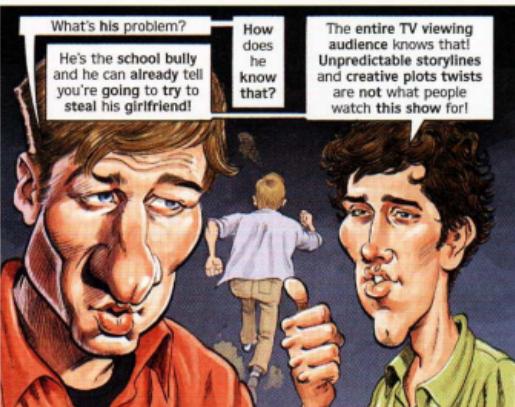
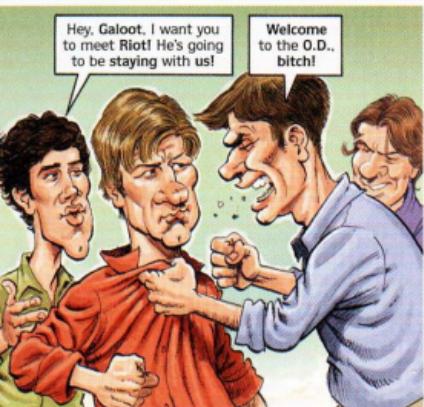
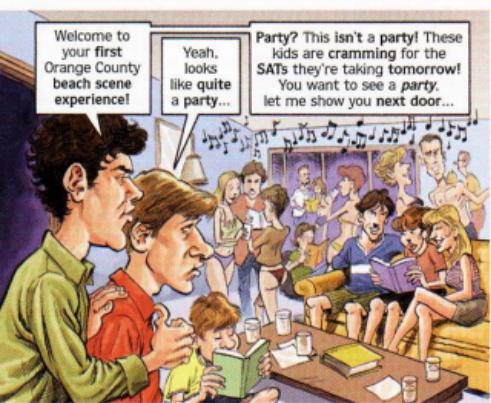
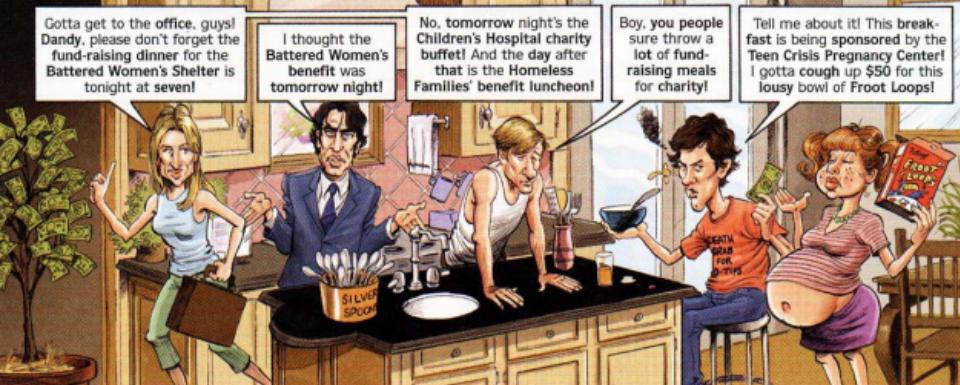
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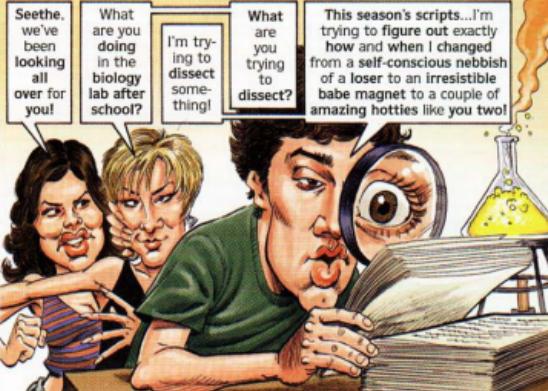
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This is awful! Riot and Galoot are going to hurt each other! Seethe, jump in there and break it up!

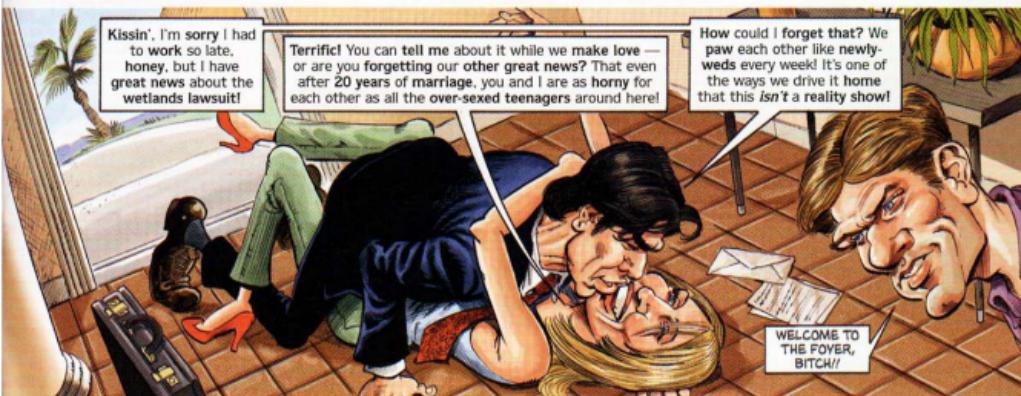
Ah, apparently you've forgotten that getting physical isn't really my style! I know! I'll have my father, the attorney, draft a sternly-worded letter! In the meantime, I wouldn't worry too much — those guys are both too pretty for the producers to let anything happen to their faces!



Kissin', I'm sorry I had to work so late, honey, but I have great news about the wetlands lawsuit!

Terrific! You can tell me about it while we make love — or are you forgetting our other great news? That even after 20 years of marriage, you and I are as horny for each other as all the over-sexed teenagers around here!

How could I forget that? We paw each other like newly-weds every week! It's one of the ways we drive it home that this *isn't* a reality show!



...and so the environmental report is how your genius of a husband is going to stop your father's company from developing our pristine local wetlands!

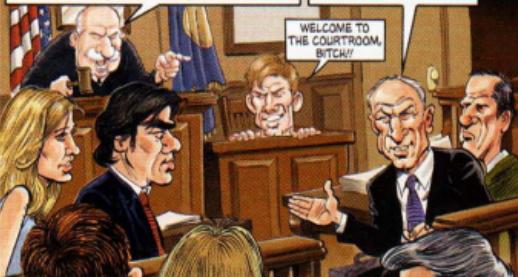
Dandy, you are a genius! And isn't it wonderful that you and I are willing to thwart my greedy, billionaire dad even though it'll cost us millions of dollars in inheritance money when he dies?

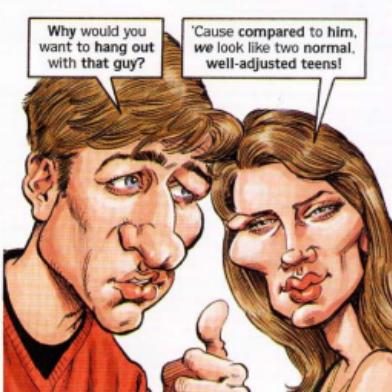
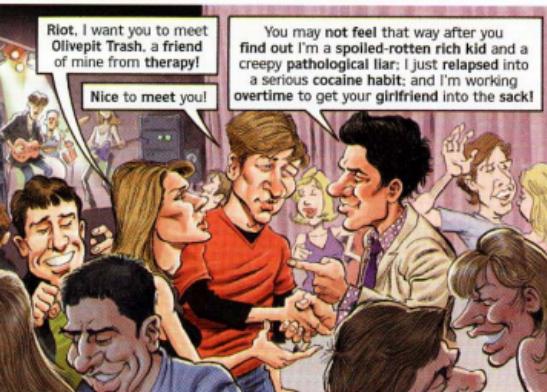
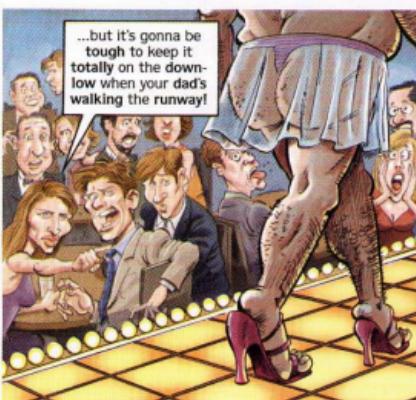
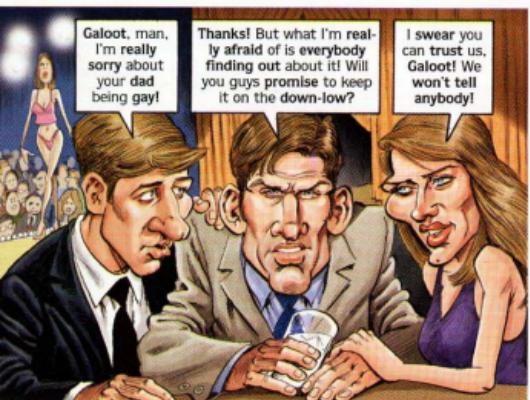
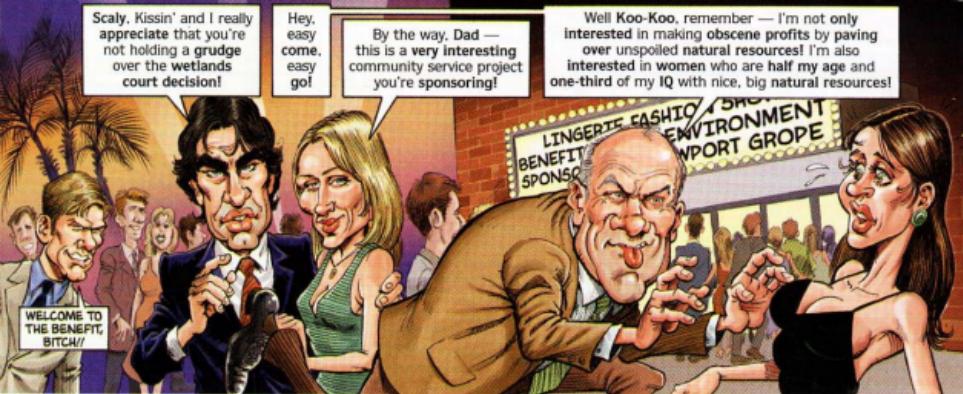
Hmm...Maybe I'm not a *complete* genius!

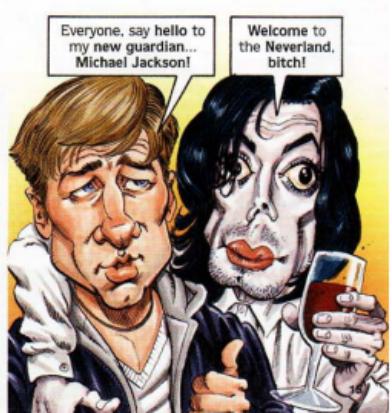
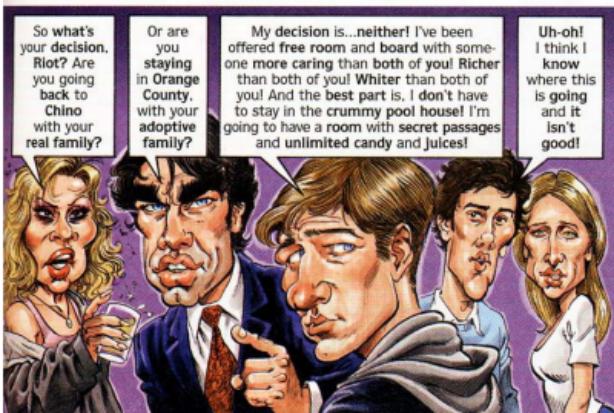
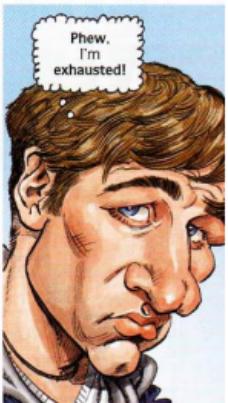
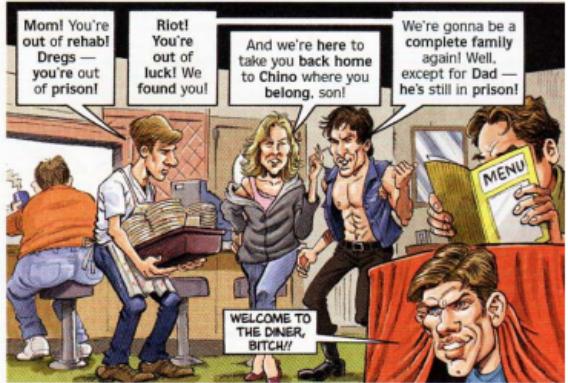
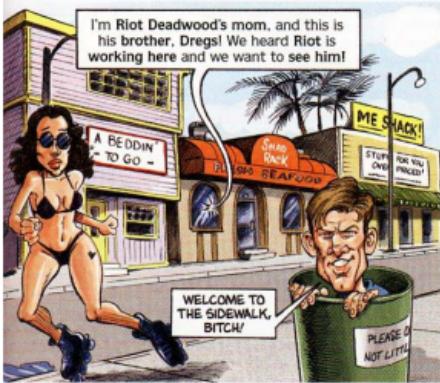


...and so it is the ruling of the court that for falsifying an environmental impact report, the owner of the Newport Grope development corporation, Mr. Scalpy Pickle, will perform such community service as prescribed by the court!

No problem! "Servicing the community" is one of the things I enjoy most! I have the perfect fundraiser in mind!









Martha Stewart recently sent a letter to various friends asking them to write to her trial judge and express their opinion of her "character, work ethic, integrity and probity." She hopes if enough letters are written, it will convince the Judge to give her a lenient sentence with no jail time. Civic-minded individuals that we are, we felt duty-bound to provide:

OUR LETTER ON BEHALF OF MARTHA STEWART

MAD 1700 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY 10019

To: Judge Miriam Goldman Cedarbaum
U.S. District Court
New York, NY

Dear Judge Cedarbaum,

We live in an unfortunate society where an aggressive, successful businessman is celebrated, while an aggressive, successful *businesswoman* is merely labeled a "bitch." And Martha Stewart has not only been labeled a bitch, but every conceivable variation of that unfortunate term, including "Big Bitch," "Super Bitch," "Bitchy-Bitch," "Über Bitch," "Le Grande Beech," "Bitchy McBitcherson" and the ever popular, but nonetheless hurtful, "Bitch On Wheels."

When these insensitive people talk about her, they also use words like "ice queen," "anal retentive," "cruel" and "egocentric." But if you rearrange the letters in those words and take out and add some others, you get words like "caring," "beloved" and "tivernil." *That's* the Martha we know.

The point is that it's precisely because she's so successful that people are now trying to destroy Martha. Sure, she took an inside stock tip, tampered with evidence and kept changing her story when questioned by federal investigators. But, Your Honor, ask yourself this: did she do anything *you* wouldn't have done if you were a manipulative, frigid control freak desperately trying to avoid time in the slammer? The only thing she's guilty of is helping people add style, charm and class to their drab lives — and if *that's* a crime, then those guys from *Queer Eye* belong on death row!

And consider this: Martha spent a lifetime carefully crafting a persona of someone who was above it *all*. Shouldn't that include the law? Or, madam, do you expect a modern woman to be equally versed in BOTH the fine art of hand-stitched doilies and the fickle regulations of high finance? You call that justice? While we may know little of the law, what does the *court* know of making a swan out of wicker? Or the subtle aromatic differences between elderberry and loganberry? Have you ever bothered to dip your own candles, madam? Say nothing! We know the answer.

As a woman who gave her best for the good of the nation, comparisons to Rosa Parks seem obvious. Except, of course, Martha wouldn't be caught dead riding public transportation.

Finally, there is the issue of her probity. We'll be the first to admit that we don't know what that word means. However, using our knowledge of Latin roots (none), and our understanding of the charges (*slightly* more extensive), we believe it has something to do with baked goods.

That being the case, let us go on record as saying that Martha makes one of the finest peach cobblers you'll ever taste (and taste it, you will...provided you make the right choice on sentencing day, of course — wink, wink!)

Cordially,
The Editors



CREEP IT AND WEEP DEPT.

"To enable people and businesses throughout the world to realize their full potential"

Can you believe the grandiose-sounding quote to the left is the official "corporate mission statement" of Microsoft? Funny, but we thought their mission was to "Charge customers through the nose for bug-filled, non-intuitive software applications!" Of course, it's not just Bill Gates and friends — other corporations have official mission statements that get it wrong, too. That's why we're here, to realize *our* full potential by using Microsoft Word to create...

IF CORPORATE “MISSION STATEMENTS” TOLD THE TRUTH

SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE

Our aim is to sell clothing so hideously over-priced that even a famous, wealthy actress has to shoplift from us.



We plan to keep rearranging the same seven or eight ingredients into new shapes, with phonu made-up, Spanish-sounding names



DEATH ROW
RECORDS



To effectively foster an environment of assertive creativity, whereby artists are provided with a nurturing and judgment-free atmosphere to freely voice their opinions on bitches and ho's.



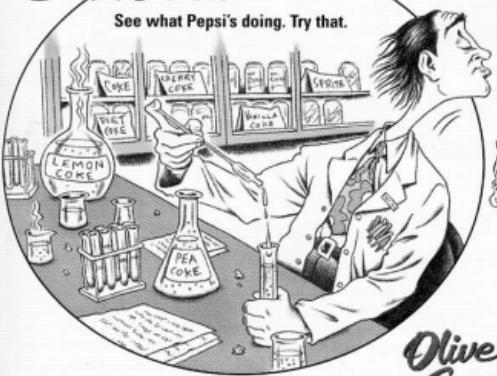
To de-empower
every small,
mom-and-pop toy
shop in the country
by building our
stores as large as
airplane hangars,
while progressively
littering every
mailbox and Sunday
newspaper on
Earth with our
sales circulars.



We aim to counteract the short-sighted left-wing bias of the major networks with a short-sighted ultra-right-wing bias of our own.



See what Pepsi's doing. Try that.



See what Coke's doing. Try that.



Our goal is to portray ourselves as
an authentic Italian restaurant where
you are "family" even though we're
owned by an American conglomerate
and we've never even met you.



Our mission is to market our
dangerously hyper-caffeinated
drink with a not-so-subtle
but untrue message that
the drinker will get high.



IF CORPORATE "MISSION STATEMENTS" TOLD THE TRUTH

Slim-Fast®

We aim to help the overweight shed pounds simply and nutritiously by selling a drink whose main ingredient is sugar.



Our goal is to strive each season to win at least one game, avoiding the embarrassment of going 0-16, and assertively gaining the #1 draft pick.



Our vision is to enable our customers to spend more quality time online by inserting pop-up ads and having the screen freeze up for ten minutes at a time, then repeatedly raise the monthly fee for the privilege.



CHUCK E. CHEESE'S

Our ongoing vision is to serve substandard-tasting pizza while we distract you with as much noise as humanly possible.



MAD

Our mission:

1. To constantly lambaste corporations for being greedy, while charging those same corporations big money for full-page ads in our publication.
2. To continually recycle gags in different forms, hoping most readers won't notice (such as this, which is basically a variation of a line in "A MAD Guide to Corporate Thinking" in issue #350).





There's a story about strange and wonderful creatures, set in the distant past. Then there's *another* story about strange and wonderful creatures, set in the far-away Future. And when you put these two stories of the past and the Future together, the present sucks! Especially the present in which you get to read about...

STAR SHREK



Captain's Log. Storydate: 1734. A wormhole anomaly, combined with plasmic decompression in the structural integrity grid, and some bad Romulan claims, has created an unusual situation. An entire Federation crew of unknown origin has somehow shifted through time and space, arriving onboard the Enterprise. I've never heard of their vessel before...the U.S.S. Muffet. It cost them a lot to transport here. They should've gone to Spaceline.com, named their own price and saved 30%!

Welcome, Captain Shrek! Allow me to introduce my Chief Engineer, Mr. Scott!

Unbelievable! Shrek has only the THIRD-fattest gut in a Federation dress uniform!

I've calculated the spatial dimensions of your hull, and I've charted 17 alternate upward routes, which will enable you to fetch a pail of water without succumbing to gravitational forces!

So, what are you? Gorn? Talorian? Klingon?

Bacon!



Soooo...you're a real princess. On my world, they put royalty on stamps. Care to get licked?

There's something you need to know — every time the moon comes out, I transform into a horrible ogre!

Don't be so hard on yourself, baby. I've always had a freaky thing for green chicks!

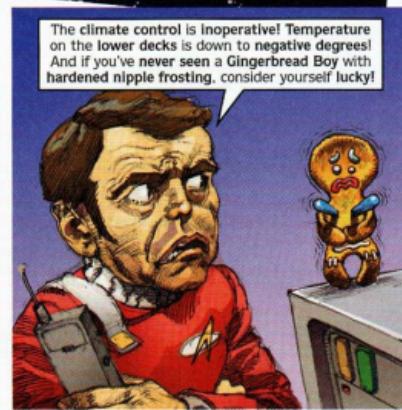


My tricorder readings detect a drifting cloud of ionized, sentient gas. It may be trying to communicate with us!

Uh, guess again. That would just be the donkey. He has a high-fiber diet!

Don't point your smelly green finger at me! He who analyzes it, supplies it!



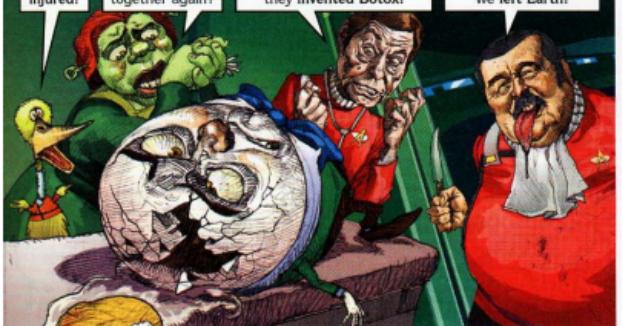


It's
Ensign
Dumpty!
He's
injured!

What about it.
Dr. McCoy?
Can you put
Ensign Dumpty
together again?

I'm a doctor, dammit, not
a chicken! And this egg's
got more cracks in his face
than Nimoy had before
they invented Botox!

In that case, send for
some red peppers!
Yum! I haven't had
an omelet since
we left Earth!



No!
Spock!
What
have
you
done?

I've unleashed a sonic assault on them. I've uploaded to their ship your soul-crushing rendition of **GACK!** "Lucy in the Sky...with...Diamonds" and Smashmouth's most unfortunate version of "I'm A Believer."

No living organism...can withstand it...sometimes the songs of the many...ruined by the few. **CROAK!**

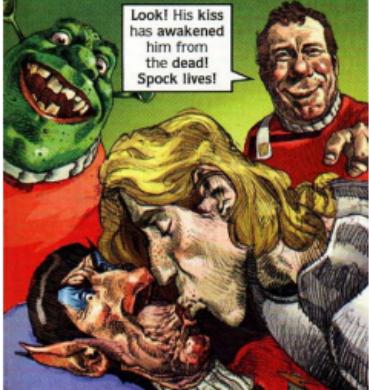


His ears were pointy like Donkey's. His blood was green, like an ogre's belly. He was an annoying know-it-all, like the Magic Mirror. Truly, Spock was the finest storybook character of us all! Godspeed on your final journey, brave Vulcan!

Wait! I have someone who can save him! I transported Prince Charming right before his ship exploded from the awful singing. Prince, do your stuff!



Look! His kiss has awoken him from the dead! Spock lives!

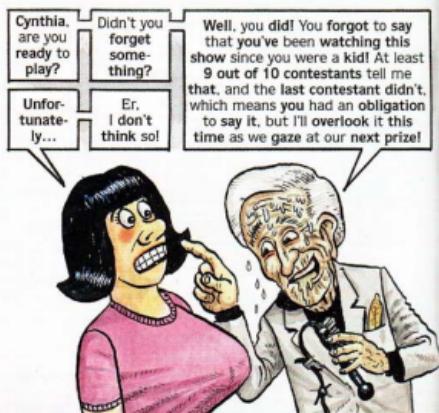
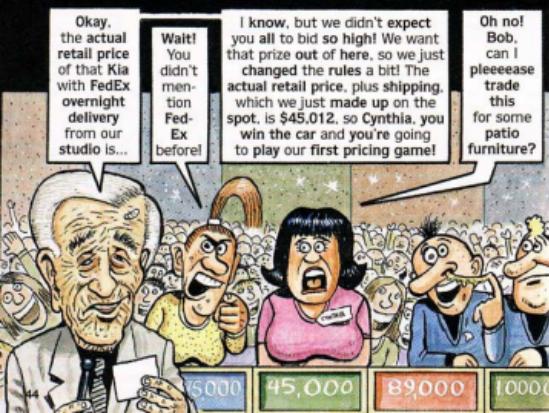
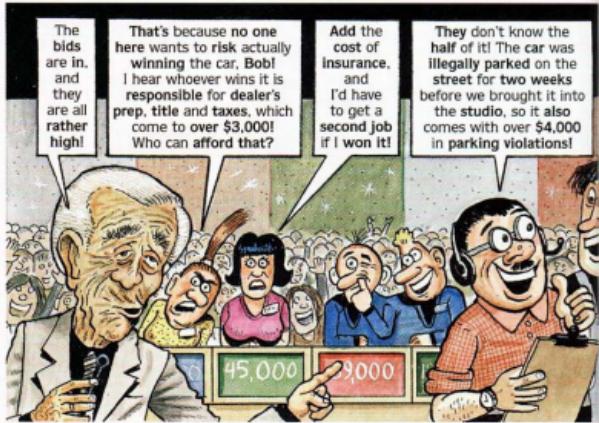
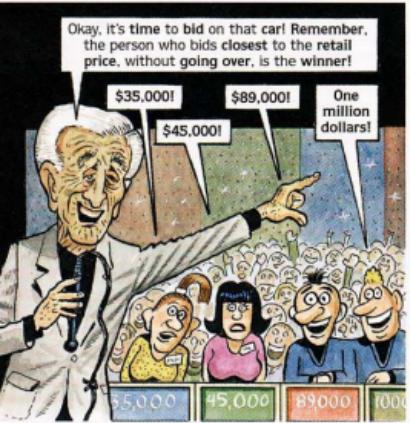
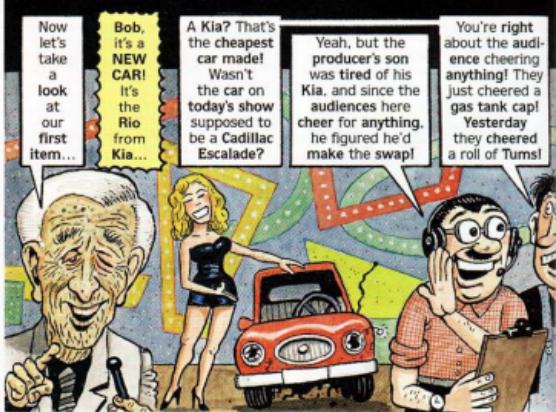
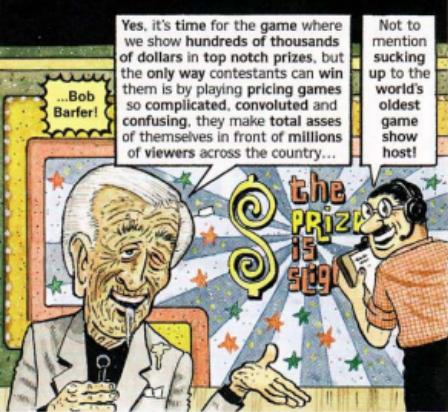


These feelings of arousal are most illogical!

Hooboy!
There goes
our G rating!

Tell me, Captain, what exactly is the Federation's policy on gay marriages?







Everybody knows how beautiful Alaska is! But you don't have to take a trip to Alaska, because we're bringing Alaska to YOU, with an entire team of Alaskan Malamutes!

Bob, it's bad enough I had to take that crummy car. I CAN'T win a team of dogs! I live in a small apartment that has a strict "no pets" rule. And I also have asthma and am deathly allergic to dogs. In fact, I'm having trouble breathing right now! Help me! Help me!

I knew you'd be excited to win those gorgeous animals! And we ARE going to help you — win them! In fact, as a special bonus, because you're so nice, we're going to add a few more dogs from a local shelter!

You gotta hand it to Bob! He's determined to find homes for every stray mutt on the planet, no matter what!



Now, to win all those wonderful dogs, look at this board! I want you to pick a number from the top row, which, when added to a number in the middle row and multiplied by a number in the bottom row, will give you the cost to feed this many animals in a month!

Oh, and as our lovely model is reminding me, you have the option of placing this floating decimal point anywhere you would like!

Bob, I don't want to go on. I can't go on! I'd like to take what I won and go home!

I'm sorry, but you can only leave with your prizes when I say so!

Tell you what, I'll give you an even easier game! We call this game "Higher-Lower." We'll show you two prizes and two prices. After you see them, all you have to do is tell me if the price shown should be "higher" or "lower."



Prize number one: a bottle of new Crest Nail Polish. It brightens and whitens your teeth as you nibble your nails!

Prize number two: Emeril's new Hot As Hell Garlic Sauce with sausage and Bromo Seltzer. It fills you up while it soothes your heartburn!

The price tag on the bottle of Crest Nail Polish is \$1.98. Do you think it should be higher or lower?

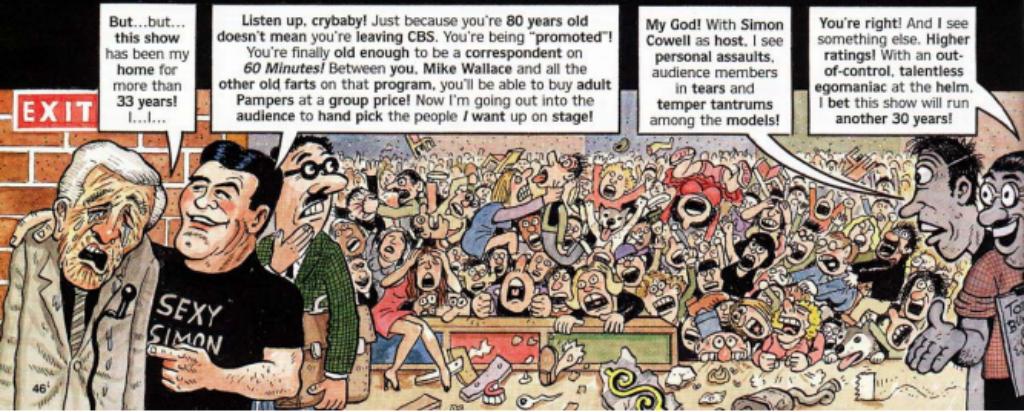
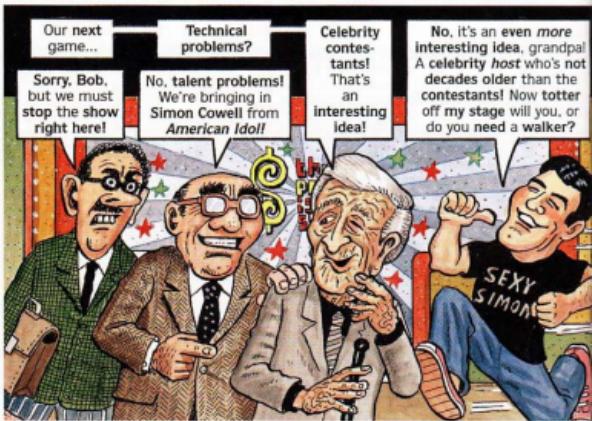
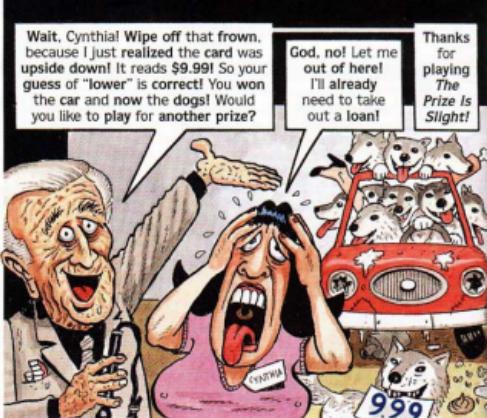
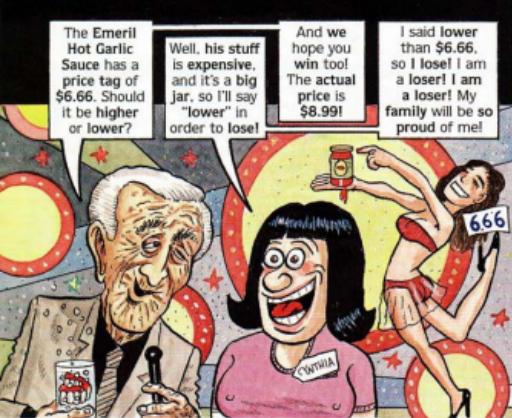
Higher, Bob. No, no, I mean lower!

Sorry, your first answer counts! The retail price is \$6.98, so you were correct!

Oh no! With all the expenses of that crappy car, I can't afford to win the dogs! I MUST get the next one wrong!

I like that winning attitude, Cyndy! And here's some good news! I just learned one of them is giving birth to some beautiful puppies backstage as we speak!





Some commentators have called the war on terror a clash of civilizations, a battle between the Christian world and the Muslim world. Maybe yes; maybe no. (Hey, if it's astute political analysis you want, what are you reading this dumb magazine for?) Whatever the case, in the interest of peace, we believe that it's important to recognize what our cultures share in common. And so, we patriotically present...

SIMILARITIES BETWEEN THE MIDDLE EAST AND THE U.S.A.

THE MIDDLE EAST HAS... WHILE AMERICA'S GOT...

Osama bin Laden, whose voice eerily appears on tape every few months, despite his exile.

Dangerous radicals who plot, plan and scheme from fortified underground bunkers.

Societies that treat women as totally inferior.

Relentless terrorist groups like al Qaeda and Al-Jihad, who continue to organize scary, violent attacks.

Weapons inspectors, constantly searching for WMDs.

The possibly insane Muammar Qaddafi, who once threatened to develop nuclear weapons.

Insane reactionaries who don't actually know what they'd do if they came to power.

Outmoded traditionalists, fighting a losing battle against modernization.

Crazies who blow themselves up with crudely-made bombs at cafes and restaurants.

Cities ravaged by American foreign policy.

Bush's plans for widespread democracy in the Middle East, which are about as plausible as putting men on Mars.

Tupac Shakur, whose voice eerily appears on CD every few months, despite his death.

Dick Cheney.

Maxim, Stuff, and Eminem.

Unstoppable nostalgia groups like Kiss and Poison, who continue to organize dismal, overpriced summer tours.

Parole officers, constantly searching for ODB.

The completely insane Jerry Bruckheimer, who once threatened to develop *Kangaroo Jack 2*.

Ralph Nader.

The Recording Industry Association of America.

Fatties who blow themselves up with crudely-made burgers at Wendy's and McDonald's.

Cities ravaged by American domestic policy.

Bush's plans to put men on Mars, which are about as plausible as widespread democracy in the Middle East.

ARTIST:
NATHAN FOX
WRITER:
JACOB LAMBERT





We're taught to extend a helping hand and to be charitable to the less fortunate. However, even with your heart in the right place, your head may still be up your ass! Trust us when we say...

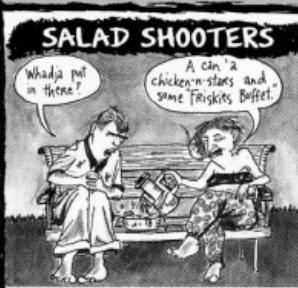
THERE ARE JUST SOME THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T GIVE THE HOMELESS

DENTURES



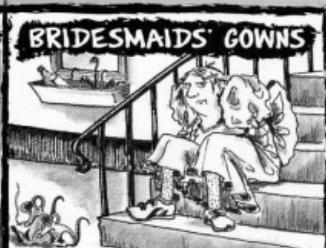
Even if it wasn't disgusting, and even if - by some miracle - they fit another's mouth, it still puts a damper on any potential panhandling profits.

SALAD SHOOTERS



When you ask yourself, "Who wouldn't want a slightly-used Salad Shooter?" try to answer, "Someone without shoes."

BRIDESMAIDS' GOWNS



This wretched, itchy monstrosity you spent an entire paycheck on will only serve to drive home the fact that it is perpetually midnight and the coach is forever a pumpkin for the poor girl.

DOGGIE CLOTHING



Beggars can't be choosy and are often indifferent to doggie style.

STOOL SOFTENERS



POOL ACCESSORIES



Besides the fact that the majority of the jobless, homeless and penniless are also pool-less, NO ONE wants to touch their lips to a used inflator piece.

LAWN ORNAMENTS



Most indigents think lawn ornaments are stupid too.

THIGHMASTERS



Rarely are the downtrodden concerned with shapely hips and thighs.

SPANDEX



WHICH
CELEBRITY DO
AMERICANS MOST
WANT TO SEE
CONVICTED?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Celebrity trials are all over the news these days. While people are divided on the fate of most famous defendants, there's one in particular that the public wants to see doing hard time. To find out who should be convicted, fold page in as shown.

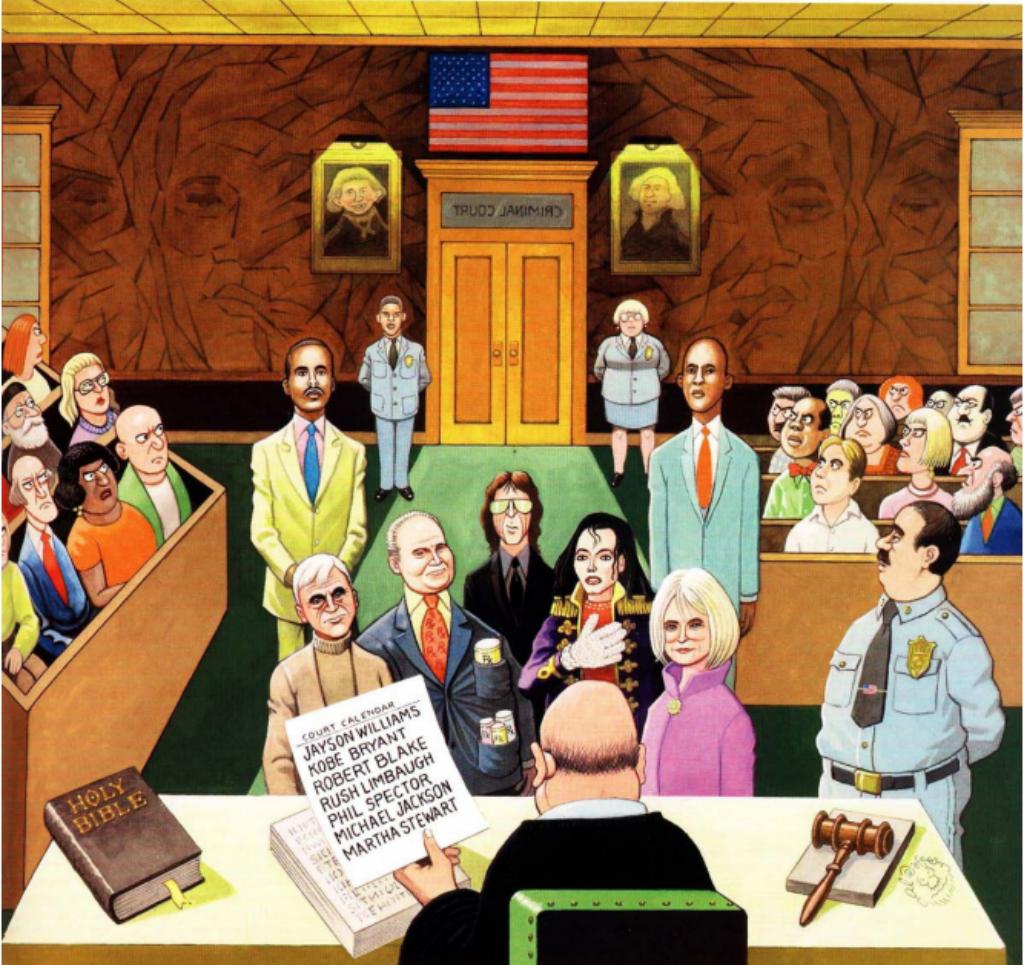
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



ONLY SWIFT TRIALS CAN RESOLVE THIS.
JAIL TIME IS THE SOLUTION MANY WANT.
(STIFF FINES WON'T SATISFY ANYONE AT ALL)
JUSTICE MUST BE SURE AND FAIR.

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

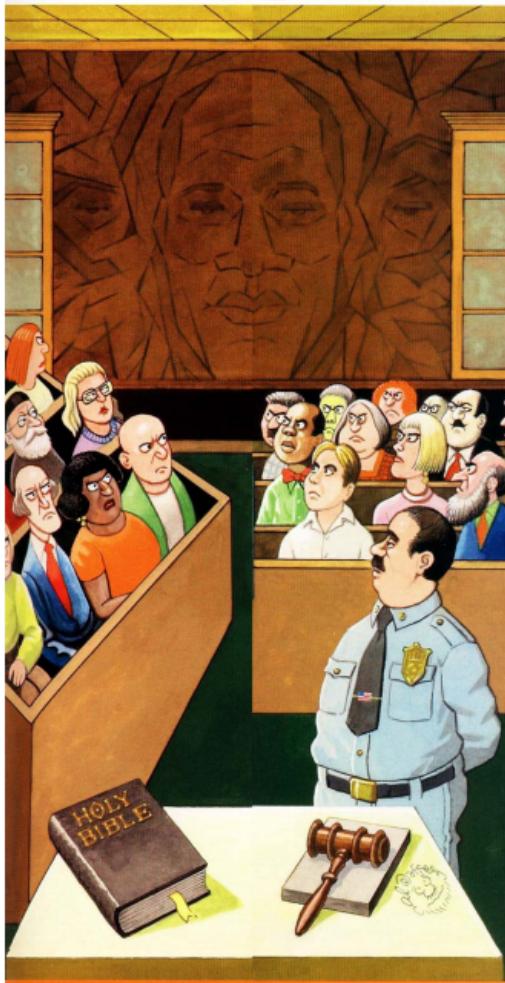
B

WHICH
CELEBRITY DO
AMERICANS MOST
WANT TO SEE
CONVICTED?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A > B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



O.
J.
(STILL)

A > B

who are you?



The way we customize our things says a lot about who we are. Like selecting a dragon gun for a battle robot says, "I will destroy you now; are you ready to feel my wrath?" In *Custom Robo*, choose from over 200 modifications to create and send the ultimate combat robot into battle against any who dare oppose you.



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CALIFORNIA STATE PUBLISHING

WARNING:

There is a new trend in the country where people are learning to live more simply, while people purchase beautiful clothes, make their own homes, and help each other's families. This can be a wonderful way to live, but it can also lead to a sense of isolation. Consequently, it is an additive, but it can also be a way for people to quickly grow from a small, weak, sensitive, while

I'm Dandy Crownin — legal husband, loving father and all-around decent human being! In this community, that doesn't make me unusual — it makes me an oddball! To put it another way — if the Pacific Ocean was as shallow as the people in this town, Japanese cannibals could drive their Toyotas to California!

"I'm Kasey Chevrel. I like short women in this town. I'm very rich and I have to cook. My favorite thing to make for dinner is reservations! I know, I know — that's pretty old, but we're the pretense for this show! Remember *Beverly Hills, 90210* from the '90s? Keate Leading from the West? *Dallas* from the '70s? Our producers are hoping you don't — or this cast will go from 'looking good' to 'looking for work'!"

I'm Serein Lovell, a
non-descript, semi-erect
whirls a total loser with
gays and a little uncomfortable
with my Jewishness! But
I'm here to tell you that
my humor has hit the produce
aisle and I have something big in store
for men: a sex change! The
change being I'm going to
start having sex!

111. **Not Deadwood** — a smooching shtick from the wrong side of the tracks who *Dandy Crowin'* rescued from the juvenile justice system! Dandy and his family brought me to live with them in Newport Beach, but I totally don't fit in there — which is good! 'Cause if you fit in with these self-centered, messed-up posers, you're pretty messed-up yourself!

partying in Tijuana, I've been beaten for shoplifting, I'm currently in therapy, I'm skinny enough to make Paris Hilton want to join Weight Watchers — and in my family, I'm the normal one! For an outsider, that's Riot is a pretty good judge of screwed-up characters!

could no longer support my lifestyle. The hardest thing I ever did was a divorce. It took me almost two weeks to hook up with a super rich sugar daddy who could support my lifestyle. Hopefully, my daughter learns the true lesson in all this: when you fall off a horse, you have to get right back on an even richer horse!

of my clients, in fact, I have only myself to blame for this mess my life is in! And I have no hard feelings toward...
Jewelry for divorcing men? Heck, I saw that coming from the start! At our wedding, she promised, "To stand by me in sickness and in wealth!"

shoved into the house next door to her! Exactly how and why juvenile delinquent Kyle West got invited to live with a typically rich, self-centered Newport family is something I don't understand! Particularly, the most important thing in life, I understand — I'm handicapped

totally sick of being thought of as just another super-hot sex object in this town! Eww! Just because I take my top off, like, every few minutes!

I do have other, more meaningful attributes! Like...like...oh, I just can't speak with all these clothes on!

circle, I'm the smartest! For instance, I'm the only one in our circle who can calculate the area of a circle! On the other hand, I somehow became seriously attracted to that nice — but self-consciously dweeby — Seestra...so maybe I'm not that smart after all.

...in a couple of
episodes of this
show, but every time I
did there was a
technical problem —
people kept trying to
adjust their sets
because I brought some
color to the screen!

THE TRANSLATE SHOW DEPT.

In the proud tradition forged by Moeure Boi, the lower freakishly oversized foreigner to play in the NBA is China's 7'7" Yao Ming. With his drag on the court, he is, any 233 pounds lighter. You're interlocking problems is that he still doesn't speak much English and has to rely on impressive intonations to communicate effectively. That's why it's enough, however, and has prompted the all-importance tattoo to...

YAO MING'S CHINESE PHRASEBOOK

CHINESE TRANSLATION

山穷水尽
风平浪静
世风乌烟瘴气
小，冰天雪地
雨过天青，雨点
烟瘴点石成金
雷声大，雨点小
雨点，落井下石
山穷翻天覆地
腾云驾雾
小世风日下

CHINESE ★ ENGLISH ~PHRASEBOOK~

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

I'm sorry my genital region is blocking your view.

Hey, you in the third row — that #75 jersey you're wearing was made by my cousin for three cents an hour! I'd recognize Lo-Pac's stich-work anywhere!

You are a drake on the proletariat, you decadent, bourgeois, Western capitalist pig for-eater! Also, you will never make it to the net. That is how we talk trash in my country. I haven't had any trouble fitting in with the other NBA players. We all agree that it doesn't matter what country you come from, as long as it's not Canada.

LoLo is no more a rapist than the Chinese government is a brutal, repressive, totalitarian — uh oh, my bad.

I feel like I've finally starting to get a handle on English, but what is this strange language that announced Walt Frazier is speaking?

In my country, if you miss an uncounted lay-up, you get shot in the back of the head — and they change your agent for the bullet!

Sorry to bother you Mr. Nicholson, but would you mind taking a look at my screenplay? It's about a freakishly tall Asian detective.

Does Allen Iverson know that his Chinese tattoo says, "I desire young boys?"

I am not impressed with your Harlem Globetrotters — the refs let them get away with nearly as much as Shaq during a home game.

ARTIST: JACOB FRIESE
WRITER: JONATHAN BREDHORN
ART DIRECTOR: SCOTT FORDKOPF



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THE GREEN SMILE DEPT.

MAD's MONSTROUSLY OGRE-RATED SHREK 2 OUTTAKES

Hear ye, hear ye! Today's shock tip: during ALL your shenanigans in DreamWorks Animation's before-world gets out about how *greedy* this sequel is!

After what happened last fall with that Mike Myers' Dr. Seuss *Debacle*, the filmmakers are taking a *shrek* at the idea of a cat as a hat in this movie!

You're from the *Brave Network*? Tell you've got a new show for me called *Greer* eye for the Big Green Guy!

All this sand and sandpaper up my wazoo — just for a lame gag reference to a *Burt Lancaster* movie that came out during the *Greenhouse* sterilization!

The sword is just for effect — my REAL weapons are peeing on your carpet and drawing your furniture to shreds!

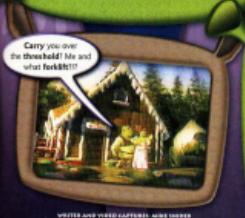
Admit it, officer ... you patted me over because I'm green!

Sorry, Snow White ... Do you *get* the *Greenhouse* connection? I mean, with the kind of product placement money we wasted — so it's *"poison Taco Bell Burrito Supreme"* or nothing!

Carry you over the threshold! Me and what forkfuls!!!

WRITTEN AND VIED BY LAFONNE MIRELLA

Look, you'd probably find out about it anyway, so let me just warn you: *Shrek 2* Paris Hilton-style video floating around the internet of me and two of the three little pigs!



SERGE IN GENERAL DEPT

SERGIO ARACEDO
presents a

MAD LOOK AT BRACES



ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARACEDO

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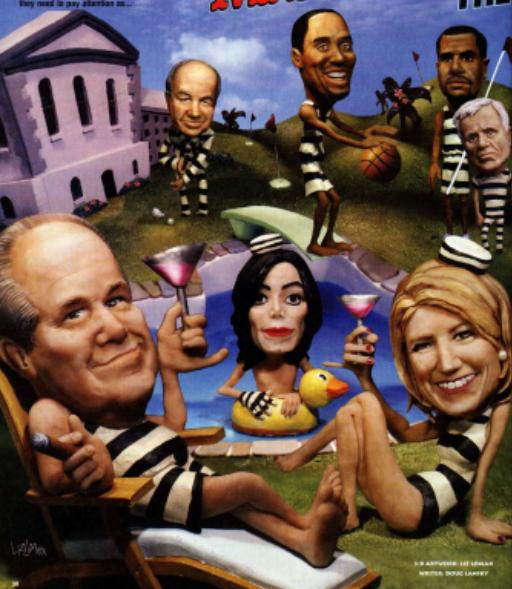
Monthe



JAIL, JAIL THE CANTIC ALL HERE DEPT.

Celebrities are acknowledged to be the best —
but they're not the only ones who deserve prizes!
Why so many stars behind bars at this time —
Martha, Joyce, ribbon (well, we can hope) —
they need to pay attention to...

MAD RANKS THE TOP CELEBRITY PRISONS



	FEDERAL PRISON CAMP CORRECT BONAL INSTITUTION FOR THE INCARCERATION OF CELEBRITIES	MINIMUM TERM	PERCENTAGE OF INMATES THAT HAVE RECEIVED PENALTIES	FITNESS CLASSES	INTERNET CONNECTION	FOOD MISPLACED	INTERAGENCY COLLABORATION WITH CELEBRITY PRIMARIES	APPEAL/REHEARSE RATE	APPLICATION FOR PAROLE RECEIVED	INTELLIGENT COMMENTS
1	Fairfield Beds, II ("Oscar's Prison")	Marie Josie	3%	Obesity- based pay	CDL	Take out from jobs	Yes	4%	Yes	24% of inmates smoke
2	North Las Vegas, NV ("The Juggler")	Co-ed roommate	4%	Morning yoga and cardio work	DSL	Smaller workout rooms	Yes	5%	Yes	Pay cell phone reception and roaming fees
3	Dollywood, TN ("The Country Club")	Arrestees on trial for crimes	13%	Abusive workouts	3-10 min	Smart can workout	Yes	11%	No	Color photos are不准的
4	Montgomery, AL ("Promiscuity")	Older with more choices	9%	Self- improvement ("We Happy Androgynies")	Readroom	Prisoners make right decisions	No	8%	Yes	Higher incidence during longer conges
5	Austin, TX ("Texas Inmate Security")	Arrested from box	12%	John McCauley is a prison administrator	W-L	Alleged incest with his girlfriends	Yes	9%	Yes	Par allowed
6	Balti, GA ("Prison Academy")	Gold medalized tooth fair	14%	Electrical shaver	Netgear 4GSpeed	Gluten-free menu option	Yes	15%	Yes	Infirmity staff includes trained cosmetic surgeons
7	Cambridge, MD ("Clemson Lunch Gang Security")	College room bless	22%	Plates stackers	ADS for Breakfast	Chylins on the fast track	No	24%	No	Disciplinary actions or overreact prisoners and draw all-pie concentrators
8	San Jose, CA ("Inlet Inlet")	Arrested carries	18%	Monetary Accessories Induction	ISDN	Thermes	No	28%	Yes	Strong inmate association between
9	Abilene, TX ("C'mere of the Cubes")	Arly-Rash Wines	27%	Ali Kaderman	End-up	Stimulants in every pillbox	Yes	38%	No	One inmate uses as Scots for the audience
10	Magnolia, MS ("Prison Ave")	Plus bucket	31%	Smellier to the Other side	DSL-up	Fee "Ying" for	No	45%	No	Guards will stop history of the inmates

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Harry Potter AND THE OUTTAKES OF AZKABAN

I'm sick and tired of hearing people accuse J.K. Rowling of ripping off other writers. Not to mention I think I just had the Great Pumpkin coming!



Looks like Anna Nicole's off the Triwizard system again!



One of these singers will become the next Hogwarts' Idol!



Star look, ladies! This dramatic setting calls for a classically trained actress!



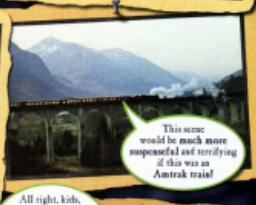
What do you mean they're going to sterilize all the Quidditch players for steroids?



Is it safe to travel or are those pecks from PETA still out there?



This is the last time I book my accommodations through Priceline.com!



This scene would be much more suspenseful and terrifying if this was an Amtrak train!



Every year it's the same question about Hagrid...



All right, kids, is this scene I need you to act terrified — like you've just seen what your career will be like 20 years from now!

