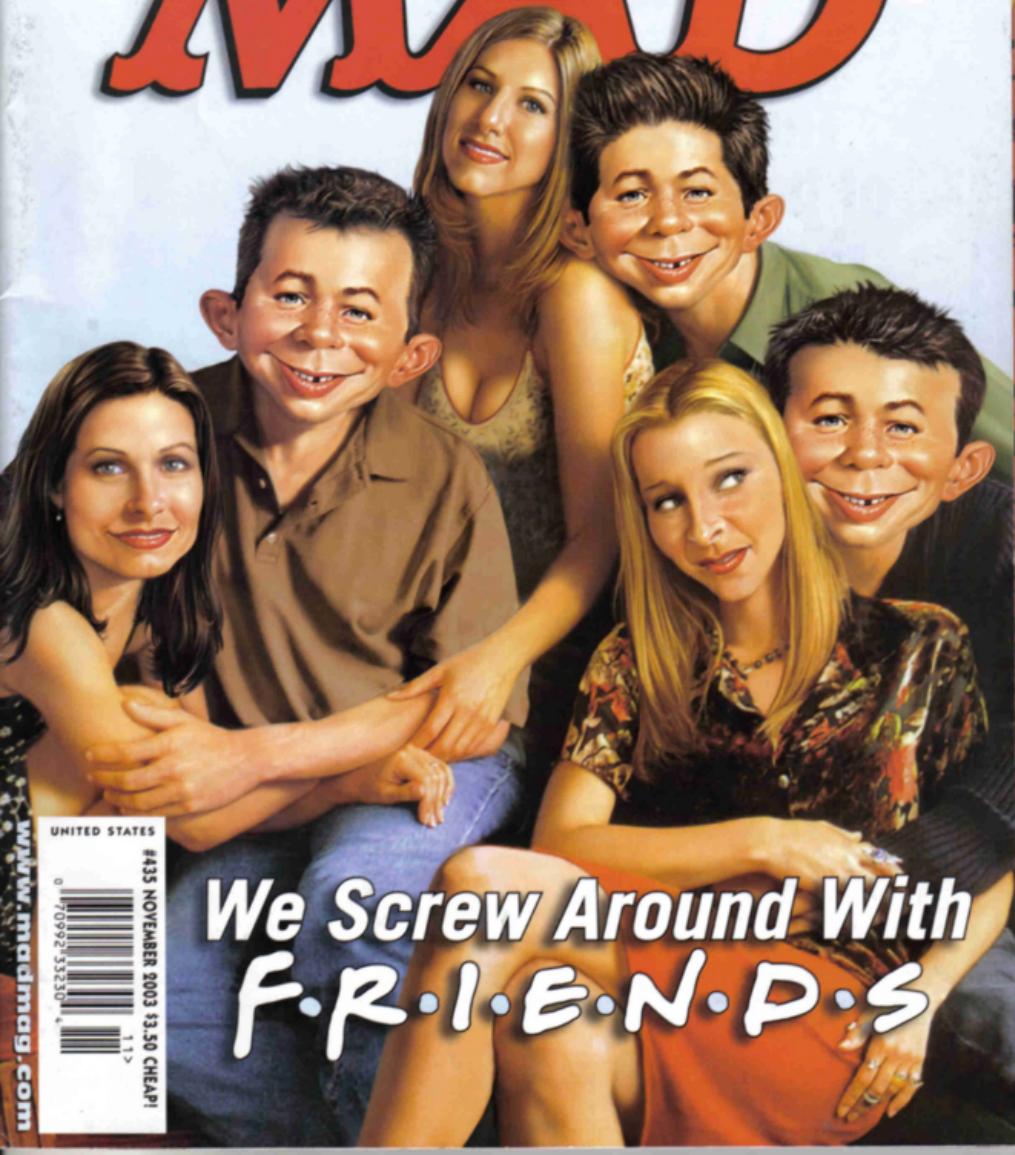


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UNITED STATES

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MAD

NOVEMBER 2003

NUMBER 435

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FRONT COVER ARTIST:
MARK FREDRICKSON



JAILHOUSE MOCK

You guys have really lost your perspective publishing letters from inmates in jail. Don't you get any interesting letters from anybody except convicts? Why do you care how many cigarettes an inmate gets to smoke? Do you really think prisoners are going to buy a subscription to *MAD XL* and *MAD Color Classics*? Who do you think these guys are, Warren Buffett and Bill Gates? You've stooped to a brand new level. Congratulations.

Mike Gidwitz, Chicago, IL

Mikey — Do we receive any interesting letters? I think you just answered your own question. Thanks for writing! —Ed.

I need your help! I noticed a picture of the SpongeBob SquarePants character in *MAD* #432. My 10-year-old is wild for the sponge guy, but I don't know anything about him! Could you tell me if there is a fan club or something? Would you be able to send me a few pictures of the 'ol SpongeBob? I might try to go to the extreme for my daughter and get the sponge thing tattooed on me. I love my kid, obviously. Anyway, I've been in prison since she was three, so I'm trying really hard to get to know her and being able to relate to one another through the sponge cake.

Joseph Snyder, T.R.C.I., Umatilla, OR

Joey Joe — As longtime readers of *MAD's* Letters Page know, we love to help out those wrongly incarcerated. Unfortunately, we've looked high and low and we haven't been able to find any SpongeBob merchandise. As far as getting a tattoo of Spongy, we don't think that's such a hot idea. It will be just one more identifying mark that victims can use when picking you out of a line-up while pointing and screaming, "That's him, that's the S.O.B. who _____!" (Enter your criminal specialty here!) —Ed.



STANDARD G.I. ISSUES

I just wanted to say thank you for sending us some *MADs* to read. They showed up at the perfect time, right before incoming mail slowed to a crawl, giving my soldiers something to read between the occasional letter. The issues you sent have given us a good laugh as they get passed around the company. Again, thank you for your support!

Eric J. Moore, Captain, U.S. Army

Captain Moore-gon — It is our pleasure to send you issues of *MAD!* If you and your buddies would like to return the favor, we would love, love, love a memento of the Iraqi war. Anything — one of those toppled Saddam statues, one of those looted artifacts from the Baghdad Museum or any little from Uday's reportedly extensive penguin collection (no fetish stuff, please!) —Ed.

IDIOT WANNABE

My sister Rachel wants to be a comic book artist. So my dad told her to write you and ask what the credentials are, but since she doesn't want to be made fun of, I am asking you. What are the credentials of becoming a *MAD* artist? I don't care if you make fun of me or my sister!

Becca Ducker, Brighton, MI

Beckster — You can breathe a sigh of relief — aspiring to become a *MAD* artist is a noble desire and we salute your sister for her dream! There will be no making fun of either you or your sibling. To find out what it takes to become a *MAD* artist, we thought you'd like to hear it straight from the horse's mouth, or in this case, the horse's ass. So we called fan-favorite *MAD* artist Tom Richmond. Here's a verbatim transcript of his end of phone conversation: "Who? How did you get this number? When am I going to get my checks for my last two jobs? What? I'm wearing jeans and a t-shirt, why do you ask? Oh my! I don't think I've been naughty! Then what would you do? Am I on a speaker phone? Oops, someone's coming, call me back later. We hope you found this tutorial helpful and inspiring. Tell your sister good luck in her artistic endeavors! —Ed.

MAD FAN OF THE MONTH

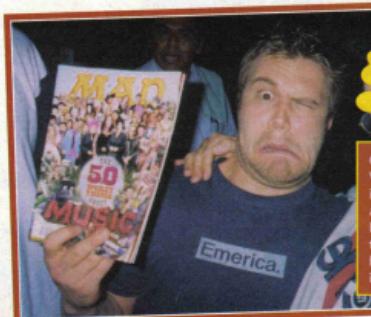


As a long-time fan of your fine publication, I finally found a way to spread the word — through needles and pain! Although my subject is the proud bearer of the tattoo, I hope that the likeness will earn me a spot on your letters page.

Eric Rignall, New York, NY

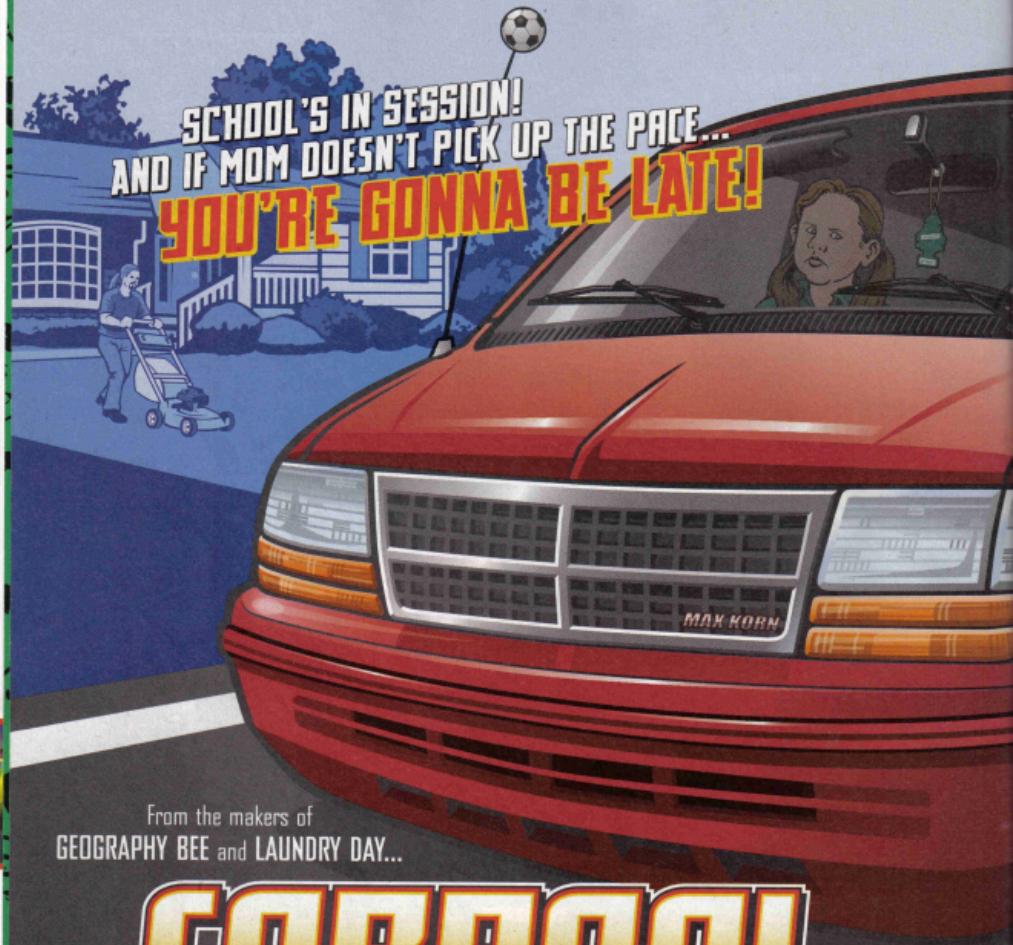
Eazy E — Thanks for the photo — but we haven't an inkling who it is supposed to be! Hol! —Ed.

Eric Rignall bares all on someone's skin



Our thanks to MAD Advertising V.P. Dave McKillips for this international Celebrity Snap of alleged U.K. pop sensation Daniel Bedingfield. According to Dan, he recorded much of his album *Gotta Get Thru This* in his underpants. Ewwwww!

SCHOOL'S IN SESSION!
AND IF MOM DOESN'T PICK UP THE PAGE...
YOU'RE GONNA BE LATE!



From the makers of
GEOGRAPHY BEE and **LAUNDRY DAY...**

CARPOOL

THE VIDEO GAME

CRAPCOM





You'll swear it's your hellish daily trip to school right on screen when you hit the streets slow and steady as Mom conservatively drives you and your friends every morning! No speeding, no chases, no tire squeals! Just pulse-pounding, safe and sensible driving! Design and build your Mom's practical vehicle, sit tight as she picks up the kids in your carpool and you're off! Enjoy the ride as you go no faster than 25 mph in a 35 mph zone (that's how accidents are caused, you know!) Across Mill Stream Road, over to West End Avenue (to avoid traffic), across Boonton Lane (make sure that Mom signals!), down Honeywood Drive (it's so pretty this time of year) and — whee! You've gone 0.7 miles — 22 minutes later you're at school, safe and sound. And you still have minutes to spare before first period!

CHOOSE!

Drive eight different cars including: Toyota Corolla 4-Door Sedan, Light Van Ford Taurus Station Wagon, Used Dodge Caravan Mini-Van and the other Mom Cars!

CUSTOMIZE!

Hook up your ride with cup holders, 3-speed windshield wipers, map pockets, rear window defroster, anti-lock brakes, three-point safety belts and more!

REVIEW!

Check out the latest Rides as you idle patiently at an intersection, waiting for the crossing guard to let you go through!

TUNE!

Listen to your mom's favorite radio station — from Soft Rock to Oldies to NRP, you've got six presets in your AM-FM radio to choose from (as long as it's not too loud!)

BIGGER!

Fight with your brother over who has to sit next to Glenn, the "not-so-darky kid from down the street!"

SPILL!

Drop six different kinds of snack food all over the back seat including ultra-sticky bottles of Mountain Dew, Gummie Bears that'll be wedged in the cushions for hours and Snack Mix that gets ground into the floor mats!

BONUS LEVELS!

Wait patiently as Mom drags off dry cleaning, runs into the supermarket for "a few things" and stops the car to investigate that "screchy" noise!

RATED M

MAD
Video Game
Ad Parody

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ARTISTS: SCOTT BRICKER AND TIMOTHY SHAYNE

WRITER: DAVID SHAYNE



Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

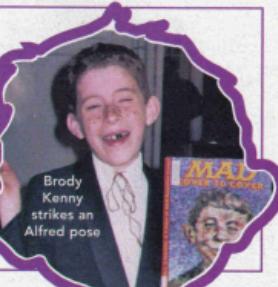
I would like to make a wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. I'd like the entire "Usual Gang of Idiots" to spend a few weeks in Egypt. You guys would be working your asses off trying to keep up with the crappy movies and talk shows we have here. You'd have plenty of material to make fun of. I assure you! I bet I am the only Egyptian subscriber you have!

Nada Nakhla, Alexandria, Egypt

Nada 'Nuff — We hate to burst your bubble, but you are from our only Egyptian subscriber. As you well know, Egyptians are renowned for their marvelous senses of humor. Behold the damning evidence: *A Different World* superstar Sinbad — Egyptian! Canadian funnyman Mike Myers — Egyptian! Mary-Kate Olsen of Olsen twins fame — Egyptian (the common misconception is that Ashley is the Egyptian one!) So while we pride ourselves at the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* on making dumb wishes come true, we regret we can't make your dumb wish come true. Your wish wasn't so much dumb, as it was poor. —Ed.

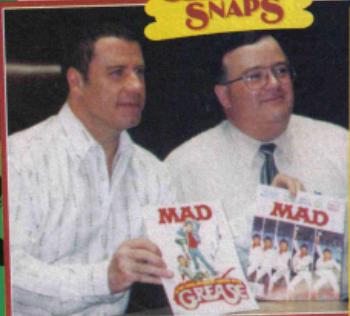
ALFRED E. NEUMAN LOOK-A-LIKE CONTEST

Brody Kenny of Lexington, KY is this issue's winner of the Alfred E. Neuman Look-A-Like contest. Some may call Brody a winner, but we question this terminology. Does resembling Alfred make you a winner? We think not! But hey, we still want entries for this contest! So if you or someone you know looks like our mascot, send a picture to Alfred E. Neuman Look-A-Like Contest, c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

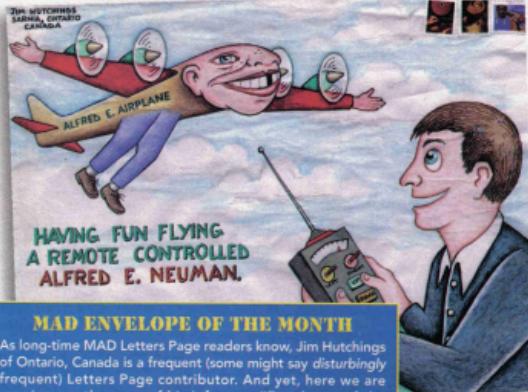


Brody Kenny
strikes an
Alfred pose

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Displaying his flair for taking direction, a wayward-glancing John Travolta poses with MAD reader David Frye.



MAD ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

As long-time MAD Letters Page readers know, Jim Hutchings of Ontario, Canada is a frequent (some might say disturbingly frequent) Letters Page contributor. And yet, here we are running another one of his infamous "Envelopes of the Month." Is there no one who will end his unholy MAD Envelope of the Month reign of terror? You and you alone can end the heinous Hutchings' despotic stranglehold on this once-beloved Letters Page feature! Send your Envelopes of the Month to: Amy "No Stamp Required" Vozelos c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!



THE ANSWER MAD

Our latest installment of this fabulous feature involves a letter from the fabulous magazine *Entertainment Weekly*!



Recently I had the pleasure of meeting John Travolta at my job. During his visit he was kind enough to give us the opportunity of having an autograph and picture session. I was fortunate enough to have him autograph two of my vintage mint MAD magazines — #201 (*Saturday Night Fever*) and #205 (*Grease*)!

David Frye, Euless, TX

Frye Bread — Ok, ok you get the three-year subscription. Just one question — where the hell do you work that John Travolta drops by midday for an impromptu meet and greet? And they wonder why American business has fallen behind when valuable work hours are lost so slack-jawed employees can schmooze "celebs" and discuss the subtle nuances and plot intricacies of *Battlefield Earth*. We suspect you'll be enjoying your MADs on the unemployment line! Thanks for the photo! —Ed.

I look forward to receiving your magazine every week, but I am disappointed in the negative comments concerning Vin Diesel (*News & Notes*). I don't believe you give him enough credit. The man has some serious talent. Do you have nothing better to do than sit around and come up with snide and ridiculous comments about Vin?

C.B. Marietta, GA

C.B. — After reading your letter we've come to the conclusion that you must be A) Vin Diesel's mother or B) a close relative who relies on his \$20 million-a-picture to keep you in the chips, because it is obvious to even the most casual reader that you are unable to obtain gainful employment using your own talent, skills and wit!



MAD
#436
ON SALE
NOVEMBER
18!

BORED CERTIFIED

I'm bored. I'm really, really bored. I'm so bored that I thought it would be a wonderful idea to send a letter to MAD magazine. Sleep deprivation can cause lapses in judgment. What to say? What to say? Perhaps I should thank you for corrupting my mind at a relatively young age. I am the second generation of my family to be afflicted. My father puns because of you! It's okay, though, I forgive you. Most of my friends like MAD magazine, in small doses at least. Well, except for those with no sense of humor and/or class. Of course, they and I are the sort of people who sing the *Red Dwarf* theme song for fun, so that might not be considered a compliment. Oh well, that didn't stall the tedium much, but every little bit counts!

Amber Goss, Gig Harbor, WA

Osh Kosh B' Goss — Congratulations! not only are you bored, but now, so is every reader of the MAD Letters Page. Except perhaps, the most die-hard, pathetic MAD readers — you know, like envelope boy Jim Hutchings and inmate Joseph Snyder! Normally, we sign off letters telling the author "thanks for writing," but in your case, we're making an exception! —Ed.



ATTENTION READERS

Included in MAD XL #24 is a Monroe stencil to create even scarier pumpkins than usual this Halloween! Make sure you pick it up (it's on sale now!) Also, be sure you take a picture of your Monroe-O-Lantern — we'll print them in a future issue of MAD! Send them to: Amy "The Big Pumpkin" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

The Big Easel



Brian Coriell and friend

Brian Coriell of Island Park, ID sent in this Big Easel pic of his version of SpongeAlfred. Brian, you certainly soaked the competition! Congratulations! Remember, if you have anything laying around the house that you could use to assemble an Alfred portrait, send it to: Amy "The Big Easel," c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.

AND NOW AN ABSURD FROM OUR SPONSOR

I am a 13-year-old kid. My dad races a car in drag racing. He races a '79 Chevy Malibu. He and I were wondering if you would sponsor us. I know you had a funny car that you sponsored. If you are interested, that would be awesome. Here are the details of the car: it has a tub job (big back tires); a 355 small block engine; runs 14.55 sec. in a quarter mile at 95 MPH; its color: blue metal flake, and it is in need of a sponsor!

Mitchell Burnette, Indianapolis, IN

Mitchell-in Man — We would love, love, love to sponsor your dad's car! Unfortunately, we don't have any MAD stickers. But we do have an idea to surprise your dad. Rip off a cover of MAD and place it on your father's car. Now take your sharpest key and trace around our logo. Be sure to press hard. While the results won't be a colorful decal, we're sure your dad will be talking about it for years to come, probably to his fellow inmates when he is serving a lifetime sentence for brutally beating you to death with his 5/8-inch lug wrench. Good luck to you and your lead-foot poppy! —Ed.

NEXT MONTH IN MAD

WE TAKE A SHOT
AT THE SHIELD!
PLUS — WHOA! —
MATRIX REVOLUTIONS
OUTTAKES!



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the usual gang of idiots

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Fax MAD at 212-506-4848!



As one of the more flamboyant decorators among an entire team of flamboyant decorators, I know that my job is to listen carefully to what sort of change the neighbors would like to see in their remodeled room! Then, I totally ignore that, and come up with some cockamamie design that will please just me! I mean, after all, I'm the designer! I must be pleased! It's no secret that I love a challenge!

When it comes to my designs, a lot of people say, "It can't be done!" But I do it! Even more people say, "It shouldn't be done!" But screw 'em. I do it!

Oh my God, I prayed Genderewe
wouldn't be the one picked as the
designer we have to work with!
She has horrible taste! Most of
the rooms she's done make
me want to barf! Oops! I have to
be careful not to mention "barf"
in her presence! I don't want
to give her any "inspiration"
for what to put on the walls!

I couldn't care less about remodeling my neighbor's living room! I volunteered to do it so I could get into their house and go through their closets! I lent that creep Hans my golf clubs, my lawn mower, my George Foreman grill and a dozen other things he never returned! I'll finally be able to go over there and take them all back!

God, I wish I were doing this room! I'd like to do one of my famous "all one theme" rooms! You know, all black, or maybe all white!

I've seen
your theme
rooms, Dung,
and they're
always
the same
theme...
all bad!

Okay, Try, here's a list of all the unfinished furniture I bought at the lumber yard this morning! I'll give the list to the decorators and make sure they incorporate as much of it as possible into their design for this episode! Outside of cutting up some stuff and doing some nailing and screwing shots for the camera, you should be able to keep your work to a minimum.

We don't want them to use all new furniture! Don't forget, half the fun we carpenters have is getting the couples to screw up things when we give them power tools! I just finished bending the blade of this jigsaw! I'd like to see someone try to cut a straight line now! But that's our little secret!

It's time to begin! So let's see if this foursome can "sink a hole in one" as they try to find their neighbor's design sweet spot! Let's hope none of you are duffers who turn in an under par job. Today, Don and Clare, your handicap is being assigned Genderve, the designer most likely to "tee off" the neighbors when they see her off-the-wall makeover! And Hans and Helen, your designer will be Flank, who is bound to provide you with handicaps and hazards as you try to execute his "oh-so-cute" designs!

My God, when Paging comes up with one of her "mini themes" to build the suspense on, she really runs it into the ground!

This week's is especially annoying — I hate bowling!



If you guys are ready to Trash Places, then here's the key to each other's house!

Our door's not locked! And those aren't our keys!

Everything's been unlocked since the Trashing Places trucks and crew got here yesterday!

Work with me, folks! This is the third season of doing the same boring thing! We need to generate a little excitement! Let's try it again! I'll edit out this part!

Are you guys ready to Trash Places?

Ready? Just try and stop us!

Where are the keys? We want to get going!

Give us the keys, and the hammers, and the saws!

Now there are two couples who didn't need any prompting from me! They genuinely want to Trash Places! You can't fake that kind of enthusiasm!



What don't you like about this room that you'd like to see changed?

Well, that grand piano is an heirloom, but it's very big! We would love it if your designer could find a way for the piano to fit in more without commanding all the attention! And we'd like the room to be more open!

And maybe make the room a little more inviting! Less sterile! Less inhospitable! Less barren...

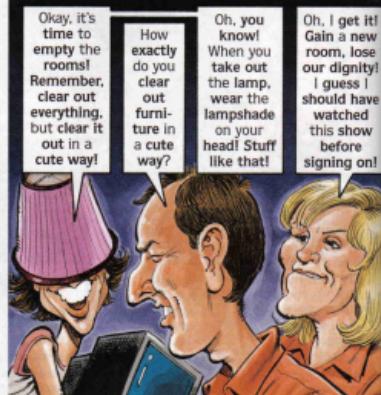
And maybe you could please some of us who work on the show by being less intolerable! Less obnoxiously cute! Less unbearably Kathie Lee-ish... And, most importantly, less on camera!

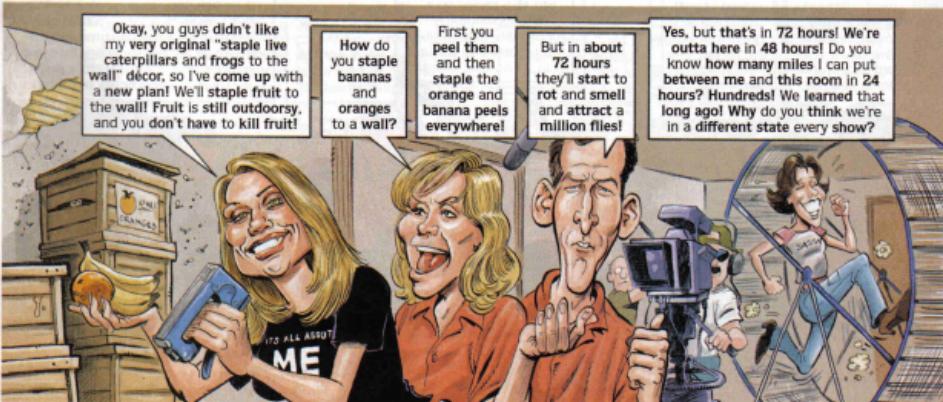
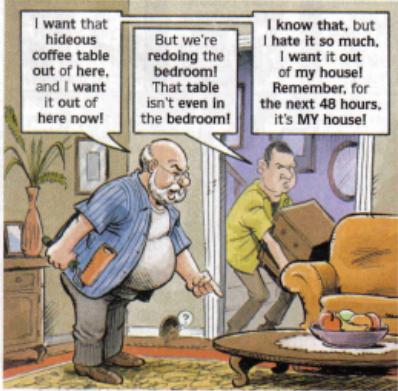
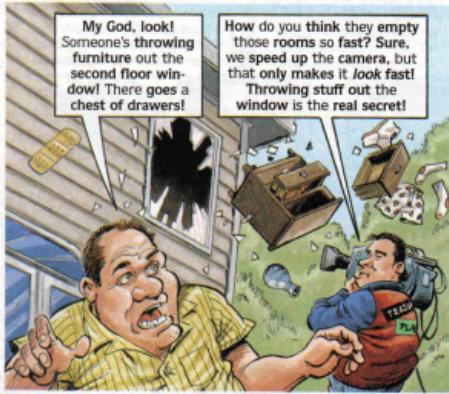
Okay, it's time to empty the rooms! Remember, clear out everything, but clear it out in a cute way!

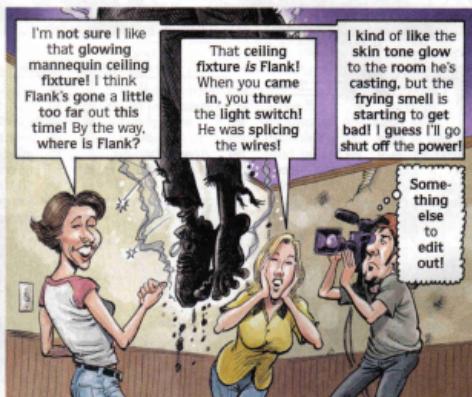
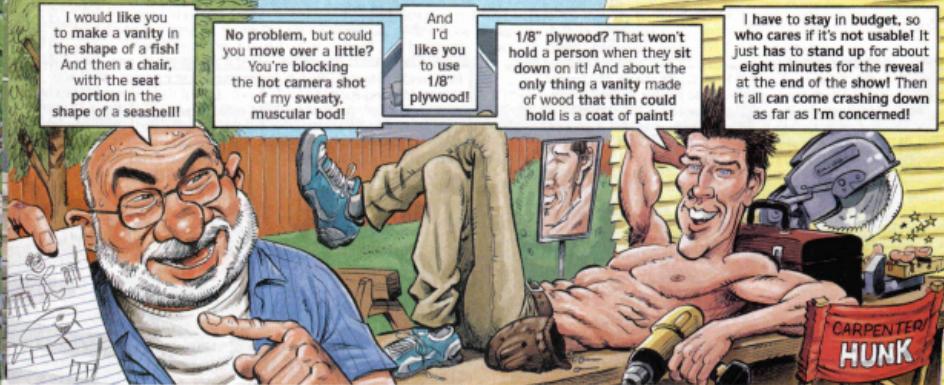
How exactly do you clear out furniture in a cute way?

Oh, you know! When you take out the lamp, wear the lampshade on your head! Stuff like that!

Oh, I get it! Gain a new room, lose our dignity! I guess I should have watched this show before signing on!







Now, it's time to assign your "homework." That's where we designers leave you guys a long list of things to do while we go to the hotel and make fun of you all off camera! I've picked denim to cover the sofa! Your homework will be to cut up these 80 pairs of jeans that I bought, and then sew all the pieces together, so we can make slipcovers in the morning when I come back!

Wouldn't it have been easier and cheaper to just buy denim by the yard?

You can buy denim by the yard? I don't think so! Please, leave the designing to the professionals!

For your "homework," move the radiator and paint this entire room!

That's going to take a long time!

For the painting, use rollers! And I have a plan that will speed things up even more! Leave the pictures and the light fixtures on the wall, and just paint over them! The bulges will add a bit of dimension and texture to the room!



DAY 2

Flank, I built your cabinet, but it's at least a foot too long! Are you sure you measured accurately?

Yes, I did! And it was exactly seven feet, one and one half inches?

Well I couldn't find a ruler, but I know it was exactly six hands, two fingers, and an elbow long! You must have screwed up. Try, when you used that stupid ruler! I mean, what are you going to trust when it comes to measurements? A steel ruler that rolls up into a little coil, or body parts that I've had my entire life?

Time is flying! How are you guys doing?

We're doing good! We're putting down the glue for the floor tiles!

Great! How far have you gotten?

Right up to the spot that you're standing on right now! And probably will still be standing on until Try comes in and chisels you loose!



How did you guys do with your "homework"?

Great! We painted everything we were supposed to, and even a lot we weren't supposed to!

And Flank wanted us to move the radiator that was right in front of the window, and we did!

That's great! But wasn't it hard to reroute the steam pipes?

Flank told us not to bother to move the pipes! Sure, the radiator won't work now, but it's summer! He says Don and Clare won't miss the heat until the fall or even winter!



PAGING CAM

I think that cabinet looks great, Flank! But didn't you say it was a foot too long?

Well, it was, but I solved that problem with Try's help! And we didn't even have to cut the cabinet down!

Looks like a bomb might have gone off in that house! It blew part of that cabinet right through the wall!

Note to self: make sure no one sees that cabinet sticking through the wall on the final edit!

Well, I cheated just a little! I bought \$7,500 worth of furniture and used \$750 of the budget for the 10% down payment...Hans and Helen will have a wonderful month before the first bill comes and they realize they're responsible for paying the other 90%!



Well this is the moment people at home have sat through at least 20 minutes of commercials and promos for other *Trashing Places* episodes to see! Open your eyes and look at your new living room!

Er, where's the piano?

Well, you both said you loved the piano but didn't want it to command all the attention! So Gendereve solved that problem!

I did! The piano is still in this room! I had Try saw it into 4" strips and put it in the fireplace! So it's there, but it commands no attention at all! Those decorative toothpicks are the piano bench!

Normally this would be the time for us to go over to see how Flank did remodeling! But, Flank, you finished decorating their room using dozens of blazing candles again!

Yes, I did! How did you know?

Oh, the flames, the sirens, the fire engines...

Hey, let's look on the bright side! I'm \$300 under budget! That's a record!



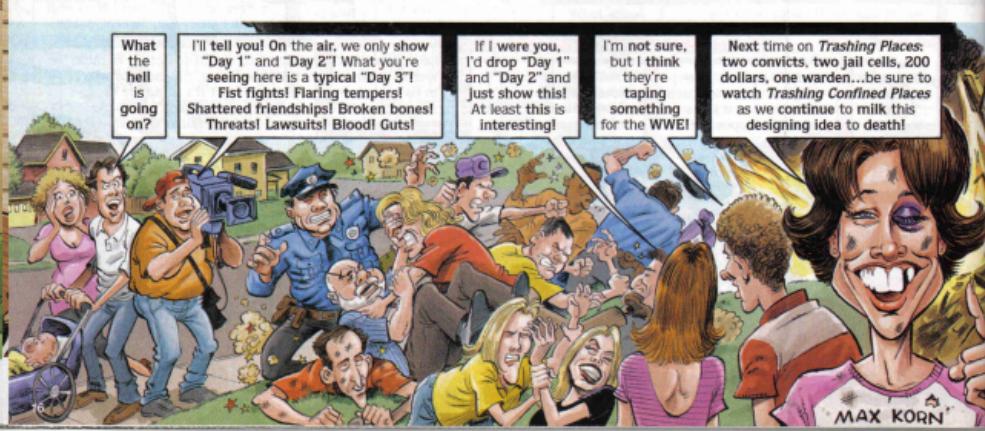
What the hell is going on?

I'll tell you! On the air, we only show "Day 1" and "Day 2"! What you're seeing here is a typical "Day 3"! Fist fights! Flaring tempers! Shattered friendships! Broken bones! Threats! Lawsuits! Bloody! Guts!

If I were you, I'd drop "Day 1" and "Day 2" and just show this! At least this is interesting!

I'm not sure, but I think they're taping something for the *WWF*!

Next time on *Trashing Places*: two convicts, two jail cells, 200 dollars, one warden...be sure to watch *Trashing Confined Places* as we continue to milk this designing idea to death!





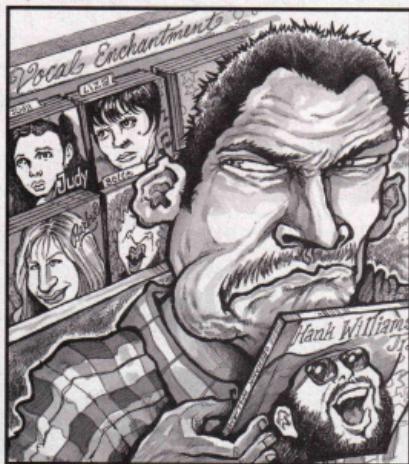
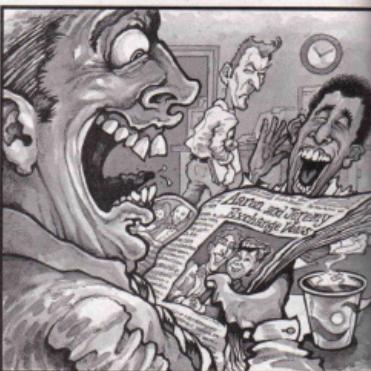
A homophobe hates others simply because of their sexual orientation. You can usually spot them mouthing off about "deviant lifestyles" and how same-sex couples shouldn't be granted the same rights that hetero couples enjoy. Not a fun bunch! But there is an even more insidious group, those who are too cowardly to admit their narrow-minded prejudices, or worse, aren't even aware that they have them! Use these examples to "out" some...



CLOSET HOMOPHOBES...



...Cancel their appointment when the only masseuse left is of the same sex.



...Wouldn't be caught dead with an album by Barbra, Bette, Judy or Liza.



...Are huge Tom Hanks fans who "never got around to seeing" *Philadelphia*.



...Lost more respect for Eminem doing a duet with Elton John than for Elton John doing a duet with Eminem.

...Insist they never liked Ellen DeGeneres or Rosie O'Donnell solely because they weren't funny.



...Are pro gay rights, as long as everyone knows they're straight.

...Never laughed at anything Bruce Vilanch ever said on *Hollywood Squares*.



...Always "have a cold" when the time comes to shake a gay man's hand.

CLOSET HOMOPHOBES...

...Always go to Los Angeles, never go to San Francisco.



...Secretly breathe a sigh of relief after finding a copy of *Playboy* under their son's mattress.

...Try to discourage their daughter from attending WNBA games.



...Don't appreciate being referred to as "graceful."

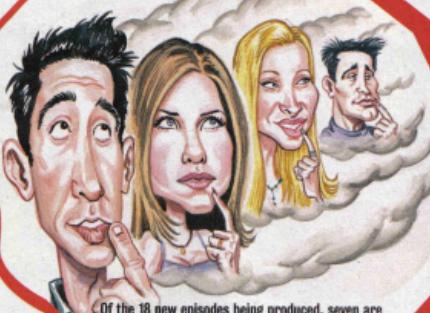


...Won't eat a banana if someone else is in the room.



You've heard the rumors about *Friends* for years — no, not that Jennifer Aniston and Brad Pitt are huge potheads — that the show will be going off the air! And now, after more false retirements than Oprah and Michael Jordan put together, the sitcom about six twentysomething...er, late-thirtysomething...pals who live in spacious apartments and all sleep with each other is finally going off the air for good. But with so much success already under their belts, are the lame duck cast and crew really going to give their best effort this season? Keep an eye out for these...

Signs That F.R.I.E.N.D.S Just Doesn't Give



Of the 18 new episodes being produced, seven are flashback episodes — each flashing back to the previous week's episode



Airings of Courtney Cox Arquette's Coca-Cola commercial now count towards each episode's running time



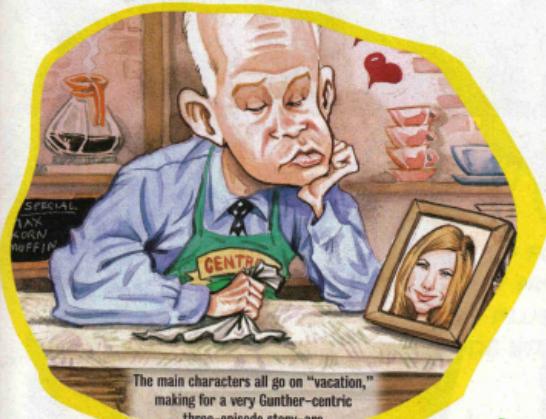
A "special" one-hour episode turns out to be nothing more than the cast sitting around Central Perk watching that night's *Survivor*



A "Meet the Crew" episode focuses on Bob the cameraman, Al in lighting and Fred G., the show's official "Matthew Perry wrangler"



A. D.A.M.N. Anymore



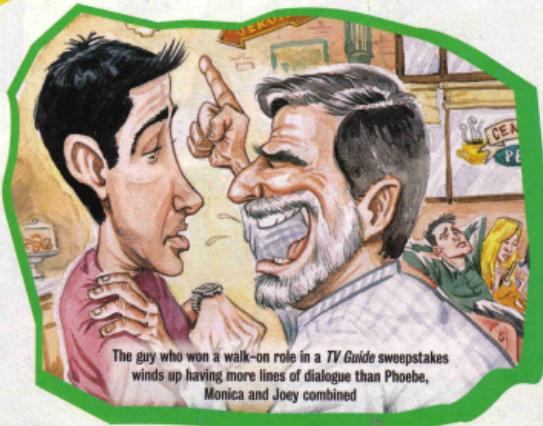
The main characters all go on "vacation," making for a very Gunther-centric three-episode story-arc



In addition to performing the theme song, The Rembrands put out an episode with four additional singles



An episode goes to commercial break, and never comes back



The guy who won a walk-on role in a *TV Guide* sweepstakes winds up having more lines of dialogue than Phoebe, Monica and Joey combined

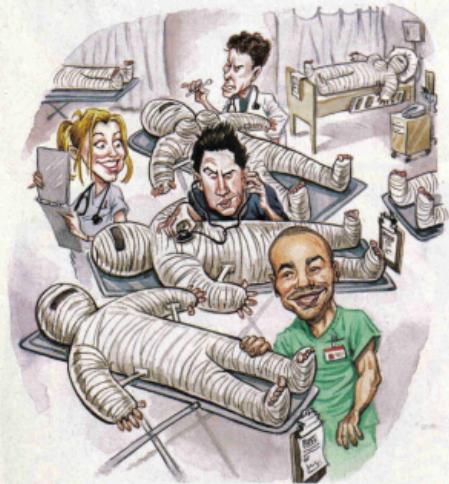
Signs That F.R.I.E.N.D.S Just Doesn't GIVE A D.A.M.N. Anymore



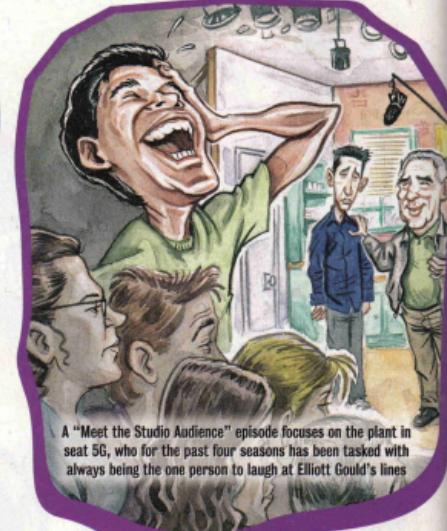
One episode is simply the soundtrack of the classic "On a Break" episode acted out by the puppets from *Crank Yankers*



Jennifer Aniston's nipples are never hard anymore



For the series finale, a freakish coal-mining accident finds who they want us to believe are all six friends in full body casts as they're tended to by the hospital staff of *Scrubs*



A "Meet the Studio Audience" episode focuses on the plant in seat 5G, who for the past four seasons has been tasked with always being the one person to laugh at Elliott Gould's lines



People are always figuring out how much they can get away with, whether it's a huge corporation trying to screw you out of a few more bucks, a politician continuing to lie through his teeth, or a girl scout trying to sell you more boxes of cookies than you want! And we're just supposed to roll with the punches! Well, no more! It's time to fight back (um...except those cookies are right tasty)! It's high time (again) to stand up and shout... 



Where does the post office get off charging you extra to confirm that your mail was actually delivered, when that's all they're supposed to do in the first place — deliver mail?



Where do TV news shows get off devoting more time to some movie star's trial for a petty shoplifting charge than they do to huge corporations like Enron bilking the public out of billions of dollars?



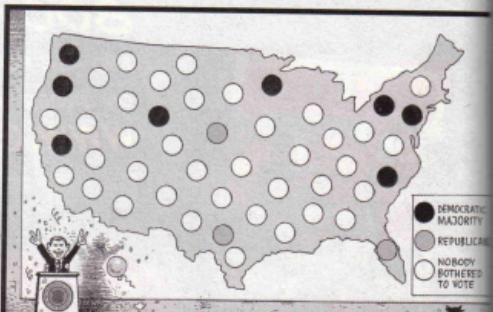
Where do mutual funds get off charging you for having a low balance — when the reason you have a low balance is because THEY lost all your money in bad investments?



Where do musicians whose songs are full of profanity, demeaning references to women and violence get off thanking God when they win a Grammy?

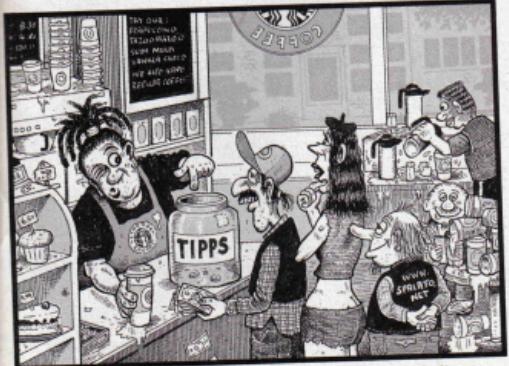


Where do corporations get off setting up bogus offshore headquarters outside of the U.S. so they can avoid paying taxes — and then lobbying the government for lucrative contracts?



Where do politicians get off telling us that they represent "the majority" — when only 40% of all people even bother to vote — and they got only slightly more than half of THAT?

DO THEY GET OFF? VOL. II



Where do Starbucks workers get off making us stand in line to order, add our own milk and sugar, find our own table and even clean up after ourselves — and then leave a cup out for tips?



Where does the Bush Administration get off characterizing toppling a foreign government as an innocent-sounding "regime change" when if another country tried to do the same thing to us, they'd call it a "coup d'état"?



Where does the Republican Party get off suddenly acting surprised and outraged about the racially insensitive remarks of one of its leaders — when they elected him leader knowing full well what his views were?



Where do video game masters get off acting like they're cooler than you — when the only reason they're "masters" is because they don't have anything else going on in their pathetic lives?



Where does MAD magazine get off publishing "Vol. II" of an article nobody liked the first time around?



DUKE BISSELL'S TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

I HAD JUST MOVED INTO MY NEW APARTMENT SO I DECIDED TO HAVE A HOUSEWARMING PARTY.



AS IT TURNED OUT THERE WAS A BUS LEAVING FOR PARTS UNKNOWN THAT DAY SO I MADE SURE I WAS ON IT.



EVENTUALLY THE AGONIZING PAIN SUBSIDED AND I WAS ABLE TO BEEP INTO MY ANSWERING MACHINE.



SHORTLY AFTER SENDING OUT THE INVITATIONS I GOT A CALL FROM MY TAX ATTORNEY.

YOUR ACCOUNTANT REALLY SCREWED UP. YOU BETTER LEAVE TOWN FOR PARTS UNKNOWN.



LUCKILY THE BUS DRIVER COLLAPSED AT THE WHEEL AND I WAS ABLE TO STEER THE BUS INTO A BRICK WALL WITH A MINIMUM OF INJURIES.

YOU'RE PRETTY FORTUNATE— MOST PEOPLE WHO SHOW UP AT THIS HOSPITAL GET MISDIAGNOSED.



IN THE END I WORKED A DEAL WITH BOTH THE I.R.S. AND MY LANDLORD AND EVERYTHING TURNED OUT OK.



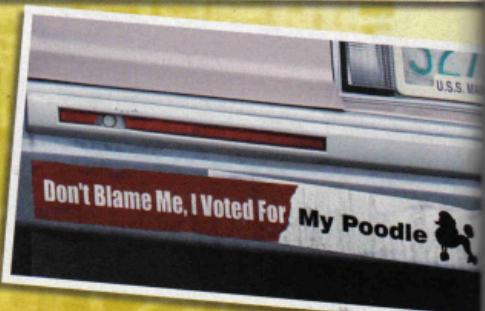
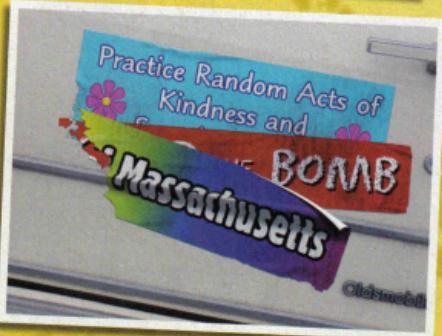
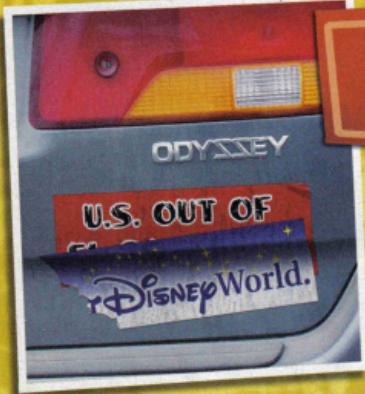


As a driver, bumper stickers were a fantastic innovation! After all, they let you share your feelings and beliefs with all your fellow drivers (assuming that hand gestures alone didn't suffice)! But despite this noble intention, things can still go wrong (in addition to the looming threat of paper cuts)! Mainly, that the stickers start to peel, fade and get covered with other bumper stickers, leaving you with...

UN

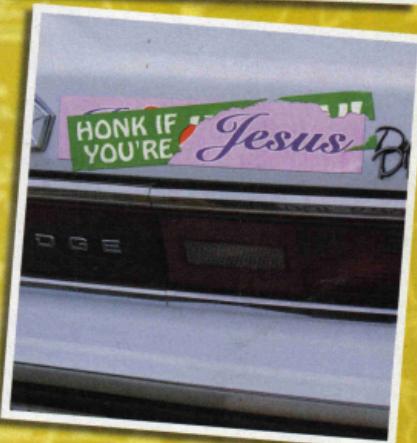
BUMPER

WRITER: JEFF KRAH



INTENDED MESSAGES

PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD



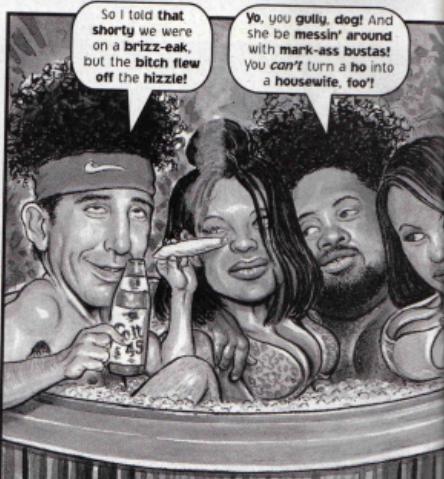
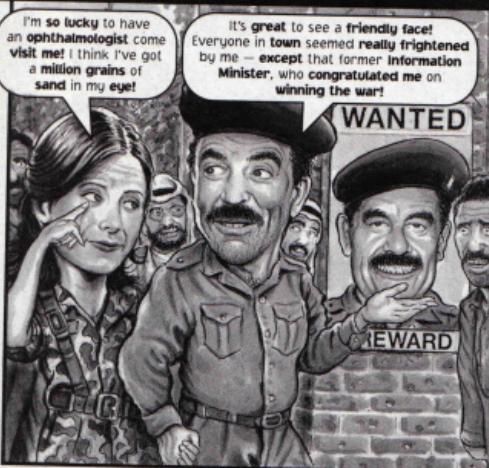


With longtime hit *Friends* going off the air soon (and *Who Wants to Marry My Dad?* not exactly a worthy replacement), it's no wonder NBC signed up Matt LeBlanc for a spinoff series based on his Joey Tribbiani character. And since the other five *Friends* cast members' movies haven't held up well compared to, say, *Gigli*, we're pretty sure they'll quickly come crawling back to the Peacock network too! Which is why you should brace yourself for...

MORE RIDICULOUS F.R.I.E.N.D.S. SPINOFFS WE'RE SURE TO SEE...

★ MONICA'S MESS ★

Determined to take an active role in the war on terrorism, Monica enlists in the army and is shipped to Iraq, where she's assigned to the finest mess hall in downtown Tikrit. She soon concocts delicious babe ganoosh and falafel. But daily sandstorms and ubiquitous camel droppings cause neat freak Monica to sink into depression and embark on an ill-advised shish kebab binge. A visit from ex-boyfriend Richard (Tom Selleck) starts to cheer her up – until his bushy mustache gets him mistaken for Saddam and he's shot to death.



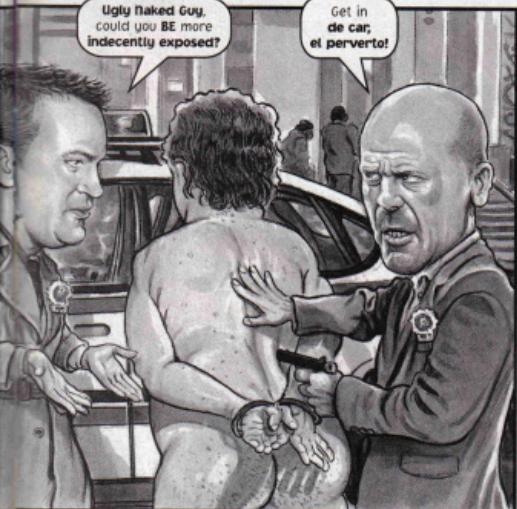
Snoop Rossy Ross & His frizz-ends

Finally responding to a decade of criticism that *Friends* rarely featured any black characters, NBC has created this "hip-hop" spinoff which finds David Schwimmer's Ross moving to Harlem and declaring himself "the funk doctor of paleontology." Now, Dr. Geller (aka Snoop Rossy Ross) not only works with bones, he smokes them. Snoop Ross rolls with a brand new posse of "frizz-ends," but keeps it real by giving shout-outs to his homies Chandler Bing-Bing and Phoebezzie Buffizzle. Co-starring Bone Crusher as rival West Coast paleontologist Dr. Mo Cheddah.

LAW & ORDER

CHANDLER BING UNIT

NBC has finally figured out the key to ratings success: just slap the name *Law & Order* in front of a show! This latest version finds Chandler Bing, long dissatisfied with his job as a data processor; joining the force and quickly rising through the ranks due to a "wacky" clerical error. In the series pilot, Sergeant Bing finally cracks down on former neighbor and lewd pervert Ugly Naked Guy. Bruce Willis guest stars as a narcoleptic loose cannon cop with a vaguely Spanish accent.



The Tom and Rachel Green Show

When Rachel helps MTV personality Tom Green pull off a pashmina-related prank on her boss Ralph Lauren, he offers her a co-hosting gig. The duo's new show is a hit thanks to stunts like Rachel forcing her baby to breastfeed from a cow's udder, and Tom tricking Gunther into drinking coffee he brewed using Emma's soiled diaper as a filter. In a very special episode, Rachel accidentally runs over Ross's old pet Marcel while pretending to lose control of a Segway scooter in Central Perk. After Tom taunts her with the roadkill, she cleverly proposes a new "Dead Monkey Boa" to Ralph Lauren, and the two become filthy rich!



PHOEBE OR NOT PHOEBE?

Lisa Kudrow reprises her role as the loveably flaky masseuse, Phoebe. Or does she? That's the question you'll be asking during this unabashedly gimmicky sitcom in which viewers don't know until the end of each episode — and sometimes not even then — whether they've been watching Phoebe or her identical twin sister, Ursula. All of the other characters are identical twins too, so it's never clear exactly who's saying what to whom, or why they're saying it — if in fact they are. Special guest stars include the Olsen twins, *Antiques Roadshow*'s Keno brothers and NFL stars Tiki and Rhonne Barber.

Guess what, Jennie — or are you her identical twin, Samantha? I just had my first kiss with that guy I've had a crush on, John. Unless it was his identical twin, Cameron, in which case I'm sorry I kissed him because I slept with him once and he never called me back. I think!

Well, if it was John I'm happy for you, Phoebe. But if you're Phoebe's identical twin Ursula, then I still haven't forgiven you for biting my boyfriend Phi — unless you mistook him for his identical twin Ralph. Did you know he's a hemophiliac?

Who?



It's
piracy
on the
high
C: Drive...

Monroe and... THE DOWNLOADS



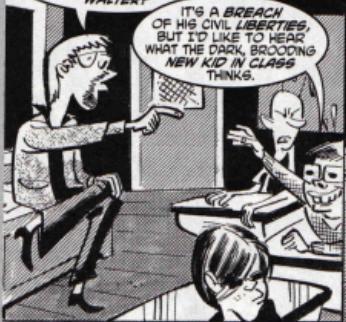
THERE ARE ANY NUMBER OF LEGAL ISSUES MANIFEST IN THE ABDUCTION OF MONROE'S COMPUTER. WHO CAN TELL ME SOMETHING, WALTER?

VERY GOOD, WALTER. YOU THE NEW STUDENT—CAN YOU IDENTIFY AN INJUSTICE WITHIN THIS HOTBED TOPIC?

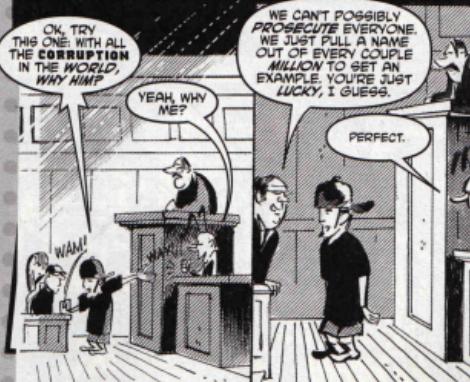
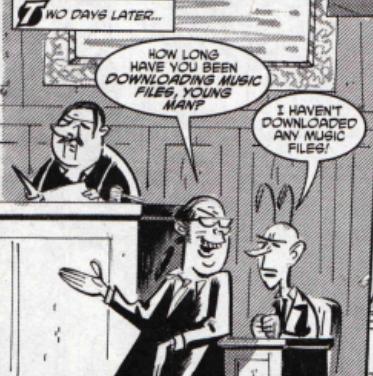
I'M NEW HERE SO I DON'T REALLY KNOW MONROE. I WOULD GUESS THAT IF HE WERE INDEED DOWNLOADING THINGS LIKE MUSIC FILES OR EVEN PICTURES OF, SAY, OLDER NUDE FILIPINO MEN SHOWERING TOGETHER, THAT'S HIS BUSINESS.

WAIT, OLDER WHO...? I DIDN'T...

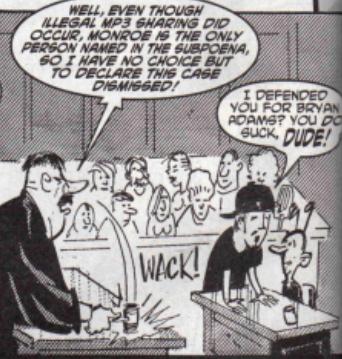
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO WITH THAT! OLDER FILIPINO MEN...



TWO DAYS LATER...







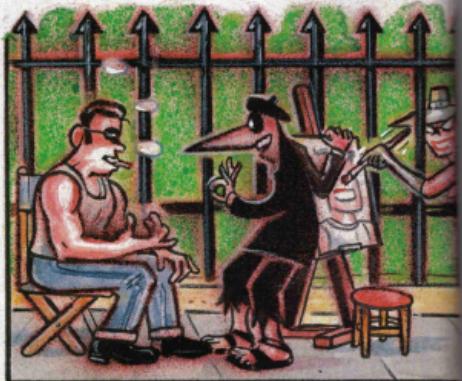
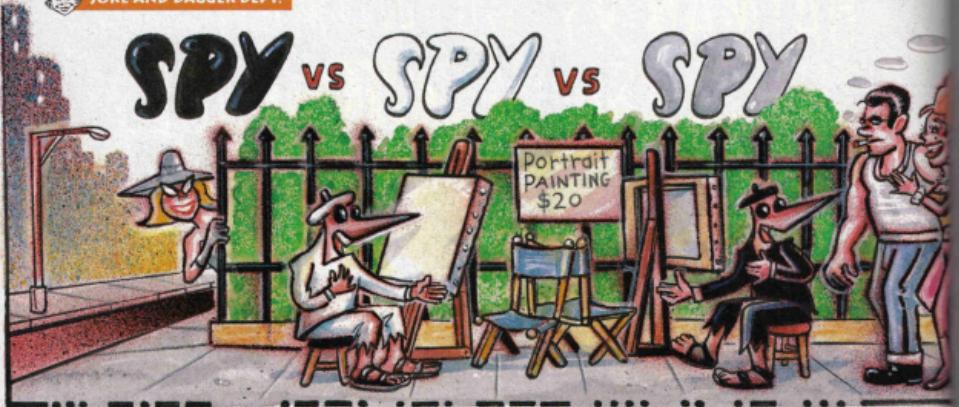
THAT EVENING...

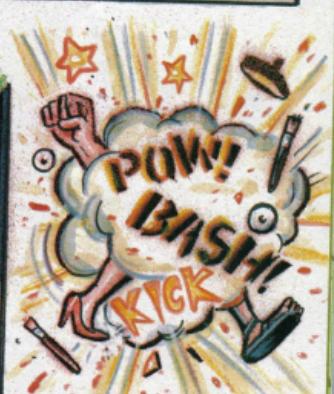




JOKES AND DAGGERS DEPT.

SPY VS SPY VS SPY





Summer has ended — which means you'll have to wait a whole year for the next wave of soulless sequels. Or *will* you? Thanks to this handy storyboard, you can crank out *countless* brain-dead blockbusters! Here's...

MAD's MAKE YOUR OWN MOVIE SEQUEL

pick one from each row as you read down



Wolverine



Neo



The Terminator



Spiderman



Lara Croft



James Bond



Daredevil



Charlie's Angels

...BATTLES...



An angry God



An Army of Ninjas



Waxy Buildup



Male Pattern Baldness



Cocaine Addiction



Hemorrhoids



Low Ticket Sales



The Olsen Twins

...AND AN OUT OF CONTROL...



Sasquatch



Nuclear Sub



Giant Robot



Wheat Thresher



Bladder



Al Sharpton



Bichon Frise



Pilates Instructor

...AND TRIES TO SAVE...



The President



The Cast of *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*



An "Embedded" Geraldo Rivera



A Remorseful Kobe Bryant



The Osbournes



Hilary Duff's Career



"It Boy" Ashton Kutcher



Triumph, The Insult Comic Dog

...FROM...



A Nuclear Holocaust



Monkeypox



"Shock and Awe"



Acid Reflux



Spike TV



Pesky Telemarketers



The French



A Body Cavity Search

...WHILE...



Bill Gates



An Effervescent Justin Guarini



General Tommy Franks



Mei Xiang



The Estate of Uday Hussein



A Pissed-off Harvey Pekar



Strom Thurmond's Reanimated Corpse



Ab-Master John Basedow

...EMBARKS ON A QUEST FOR...



World Peace



True Love



A Sperm Donor



A New Wonderbra



Cheap Liposuction



"Bling Bling"



Mark Wahlberg's Third Nipple



A Better Movie Franchise

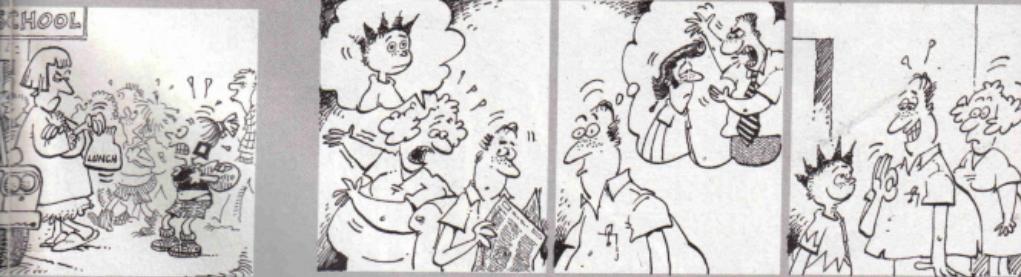
Sergio Aragones
PRESENTS A

MAD

LOOK



AT FASHION







DUKE BISSELL'S TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

I HADN'T BEEN TO THE DOCTOR IN A COUPLE OF YEARS SO I THOUGHT I SHOULD MAKE MYSELF AN APPOINTMENT.

IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING SOONER THAN FOUR YEARS FROM NOW, CAN YOU AT LEAST MAKE IT LATER IN THE MORNING?

IN THE E.R. THEY MISDIAGNOSED ME AND I WAS SENT TO A "HOME" FOR REST.

DO YOU WANT YOUR ENEMA NOW OR AFTER THE ELECTRIC SHOCK TREATMENT?

DO YOU HAVE ANY ASPIRIN? YOU KNOW THEY DROPPED ME ON MY HEAD IN THE E.R.

EVENTUALLY I WAS SENT TO ANOTHER "HOME" FOR RELAXING AND AFTER SOME DRUG THERAPY, RELEASED ON MY OWN RECOGNIZANCE.

BYE, SORRY ABOUT THE ANAL PROBES AND DON'T FORGET TO WRITE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY ASPIRIN IN THERE.

UNFORTUNATELY I WAS OVERCOME WITH A CREEPING ILLNESS JUST THREE YEARS BEFORE MY APPOINTMENT AND HAD TO BE RUSHED TO THE E.R.

ER! I HOPE YOU DON'T HAVE CASH ON YOU. THE MEDICAL WORKERS HERE LIKE TO RIFLE THROUGH YOUR POCKETS.

IT'S PEOPLE LIKE YOU WHO WASTE OUR TIME SO WE CAN'T FINISH A POKER GAME IN THE BACK OF OUR EMERGENCY VEHICLE.

EMS

EMT

ON TOP OF THAT, SOMEONE MISPLACED MY FILE, SO I WAS INADVERTENTLY TRANSFERRED TO A MAXIMUM SECURITY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY AND SPENT TWO YEARS IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

WHAT DO THEY FEED THESE RATS AROUND HERE? THEY FEEL AWFULLY SKINNY.

BY THE TIME I GOT HOME IT WAS JUST ABOUT TIME FOR MY REGULAR DOCTOR'S APPOINTMENT.

THIS IS A CALL ABOUT THE APPOINTMENT YOU HAVE WITH DOCTOR CREEDY TOMORROW. THE DOCTOR WON'T BE AVAILABLE SO WE'RE RESCHEDULING YOU FOR TUESDAY FOUR YEARS FROM NOW.

CLICK.

I THINK I HAVE A DENTAL APPOINTMENT THAT DAY.

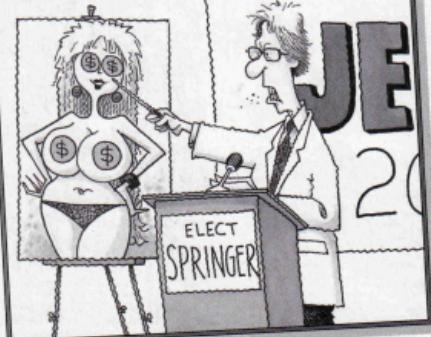
R. C. VEY

Earlier this year, Jerry Springer (Yes, that Jerry Springer) was considering running for an Ohio Senate seat. Believe it or not, that's not the most bizarre part of this story. Astoundingly, the "JER-RY! JER-RY! JER-RY!" we all know has run for — and won! — political office before (he was elected Mayor of Cincinnati in 1977 and served four years). Then again, after years of sharing a stage with transvestites, philanderers, neo-nazis, back stabbers, two-timers and sexual fetishists of all types (and don't say you don't know where we're going with this), he's uniquely qualified to work side-by-side with the current crop of Senators! Ultimately though, we're sorry he chose not to campaign simply for...

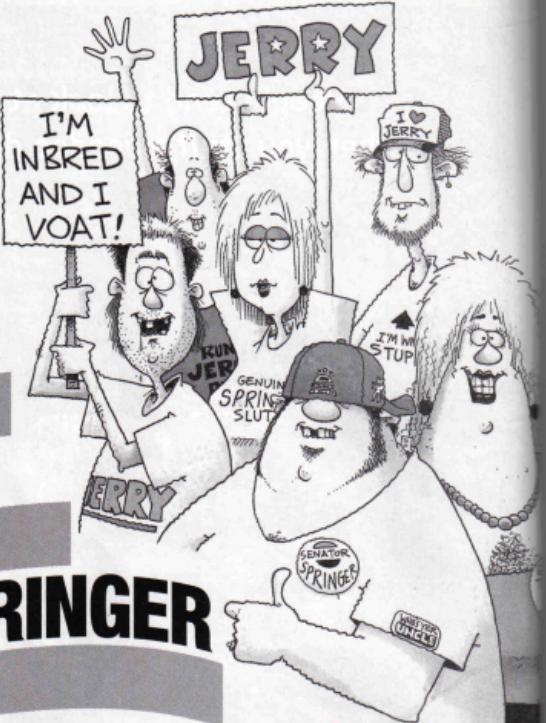
JOHN CALDWELL's

★ THINGS WE ★ MIGHT HAVE ★ SEEN HAD ★ JERRY SPRINGER ★ RUN FOR THE ★ SENATE

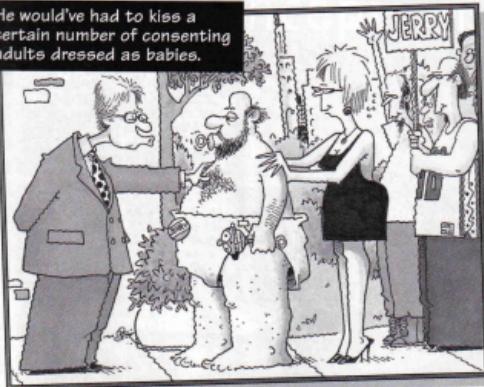
Springer would've been the only candidate to point out that the Bush tax cuts benefit only the wealthiest one percent of topless dancers.



At some point (and with a straight face), he would've griped to the press that criticisms from Bill O'Reilly, Chris Matthews and Joe Scarborough are just the hysterical rantings of out-of-control TV talk show hosts.



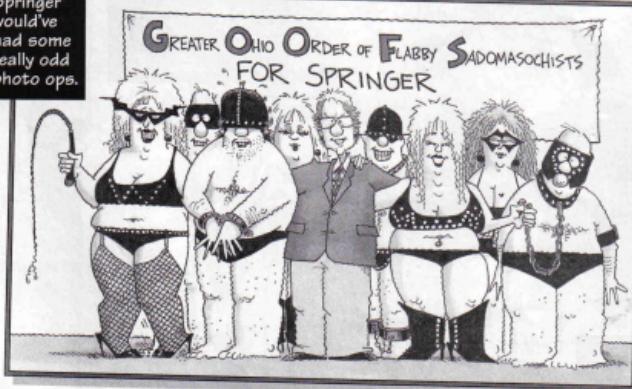
He would've had to kiss a certain number of consenting adults dressed as babies.



Rather than skillfully deflecting the tough questions like a seasoned politician, Jerry would've employed the "talk to the hand, bitch" technique.



Springer would've had some really odd photo ops.



His town hall forums would have covered some unusual issues.



ANYONE HAVE A QUESTION FOR DOCTOR RITA MAE?



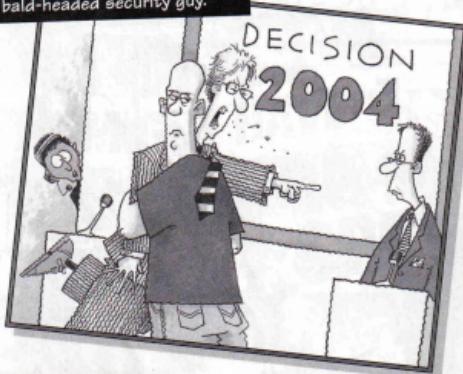
COMPREHENSIVE
HEALTH CARE
FOR SKANKS

★THINGS WE ★MIGHT HAVE ★SEEN HAD ★JERRY SPRINGER ★RUN FOR THE ★SENATE

His only major media endorsements would have come from supermarket tabloids.



He would've used debate tactics centering around the little-used ploy of countering your opponent's point while being held back by a big bald-headed security guy.

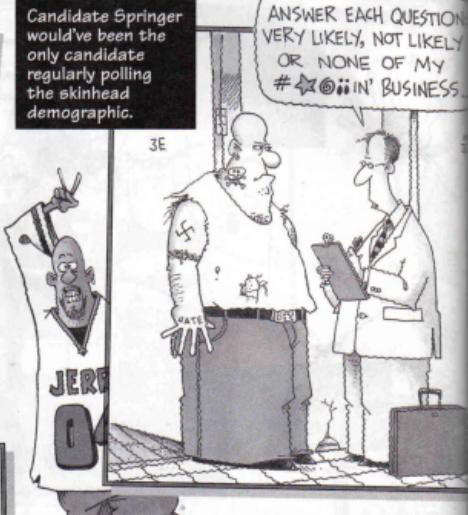


He would've been caught flip-flopping on the issue of "whether or not hoochies who do their stepfathers should be accepted back by their bisexual roommates."

NOW LET'S PUT UP YOUR QUOTE OF MAY 9TH, WHERE IT APPEARS YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR POSITION...



Candidate Springer would've been the only candidate regularly polling the skinhead demographic.



3E
For every campaign commercial produced, there would have been a DVD "Too Hot for TV" version.



OVER/UNDER 5



The number of celebrity-themed reality shows Gary Coleman will have appeared on by the time the craze is over.

THE BLIZZARD OF ODDS DEPT.

In football you can bet on whether the number of points scored in any particular game will be over or under a number set by Las Vegas odds-makers (or your slimy neighborhood bookie). For example, when the Packers and Bears square off, losers like you can place a wager on whether the teams will score higher or lower than a combined total of, say, 35 points. But we at MAD think you should be able to place foolish, self-destructive bets on other things too, like these...

OVER/UNDER 50



The number of cubic yards of loose skin under his clothes that are hanging off Jared from Subway.

OVER/UNDER 19



The number of multi-syllabic words Keanu Reeves will utter in the next *Matrix* sequel.

OVER/UNDER \$200,000



How much money that fool from *Joe Millionaire* will be in debt by the end of the year.

OVER/UNDER \$30 Million



The combined box office gross of all future ethnic-family comedies that attempt to cash in on the success of *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*.

OVER/UNDER 4



The number of months until the first non-Justin Timberlake member of 'NSYNC files for personal bankruptcy.

OVER/UNDER 100



The number of suspects police will round up if Simon Cowell is ever murdered.

OVER/UNDER 7,000



The number of years after she's dead when Pamela Anderson's breasts will finally begin to disintegrate.

OVER/UNDER 6



The number of wars George Bush will get us into if he serves two full terms.

OVER/UNDER 3



The number of years until Britney Spears poses nude in *Playboy* to revive her career.

ARTIST:
RICK TULKA

WRITER:
MIKE MIKULA



MAY THE HORSE BE WITH YOU DEPT.

IN AMERICA, HORSES ARE CONSIDERED MAJESTIC STEEDS WORTHY OF PRAISE AND ADMIRATION. IN OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD, HORSES ARE EATEN. SO, DEPENDING ON WHERE YOU'RE FROM, WHEN YOU WATCH THIS MOVIE, YOU'LL EITHER SEE A CHAMPION THOROUGHBRED OR YOU'LL...

SEE

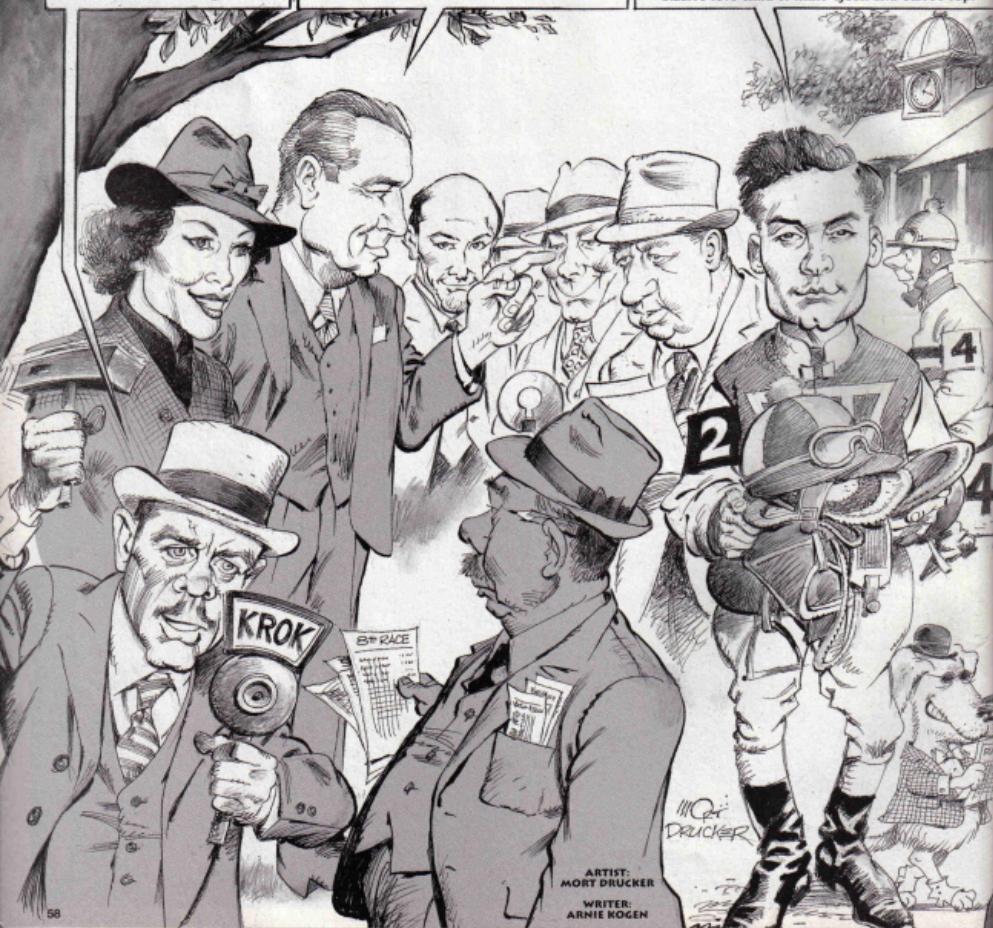
This movie is a longshot! It's breaking out of the gate strong! It has legs! It could finish ahead of the pack of car chase and explosion movies by a nose! If we missed any horseracing clichés, don't worry, we'll cover them in the rest of the movie! It's about three broken men and a broken horse that pulls them together. Let's meet those damaged men!

In the number one post position is the owner, Jowis Howeird, a millionaire with problems! He lost his son and his wife left him! But the worst of it was the stock market crash! Nothing is worse than Depression depression!

I've made millions selling automobiles! I like things that move quickly! That's why I'm not a big fan of the first half of this film! I've seen Schwinn bikes with flat tires move faster! I believe in the future!

*The future! Hal! That's interesting, Jowis! 'Cause you're playing the same role you did in a nag of a film called *Tucker*! Let's move on to the number two position, the jockey, Bled Dullard...*

*If you think I was screwed up in *Spider-Man*, in this movie I'm worse — I'm a moody, conflicted, haunted guy! I've been abandoned, beaten up and blinded in one eye from boxing! And if that weren't enough, I have this ridiculous crimson hair! I look like the bizarre love child of Mike Tyson and Carrot Top!*



ARTIST:
MORT DRUCKER

WRITER:
ARNIE KOGAN

BRISKET

Tobey
Maguire
is
too
tall
to
be
a
jockey!

I'll say!
He must
have really
stepped in
something to
be lucky
enough to
land this role!

Let's
face
it —
in this
film,
we *all*
step in
something!

*In the next position we
have Tomb Stiff, a grizzled,
weather-beaten trainer...*

I'm a man of few words. The words are "Clip clop," "whoa!" "easy big fella" and "let's put on the feedbag." This kind of hurts me in the dating area. I'm uncomfortable with women unless they pull up lame!

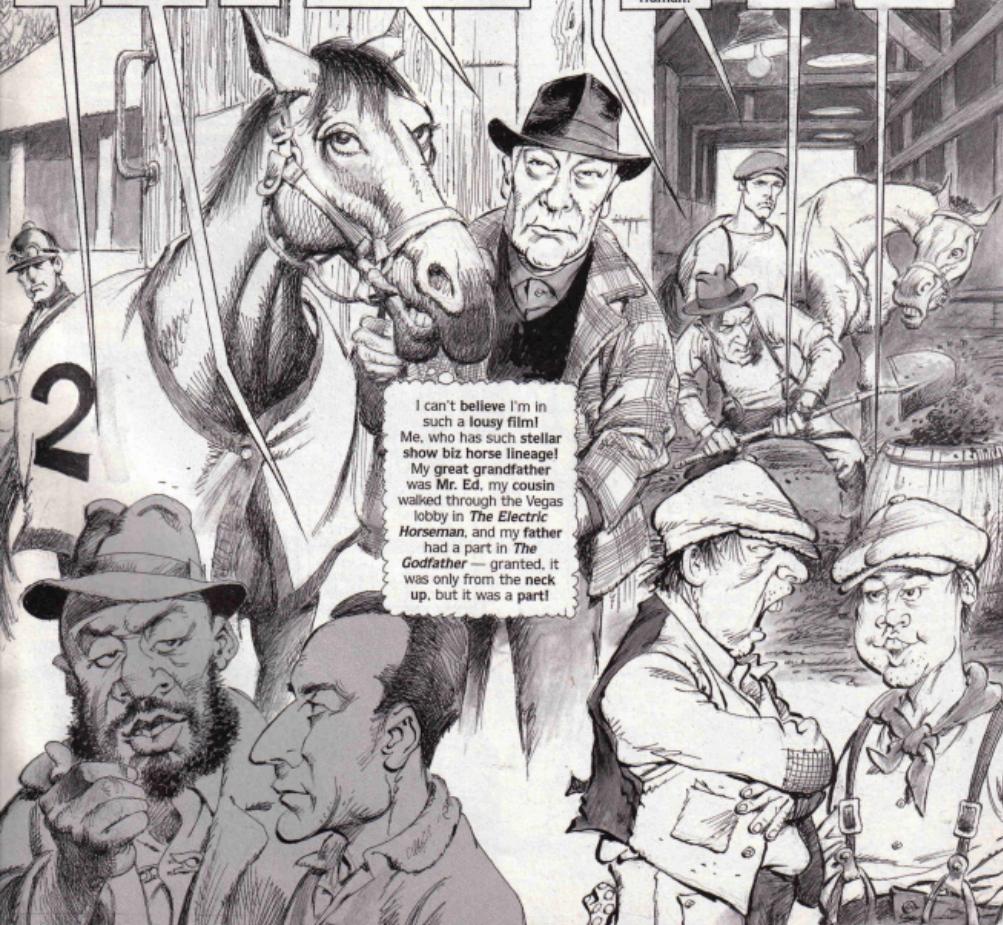
The three of
them are vying
for the big prize
in this film!

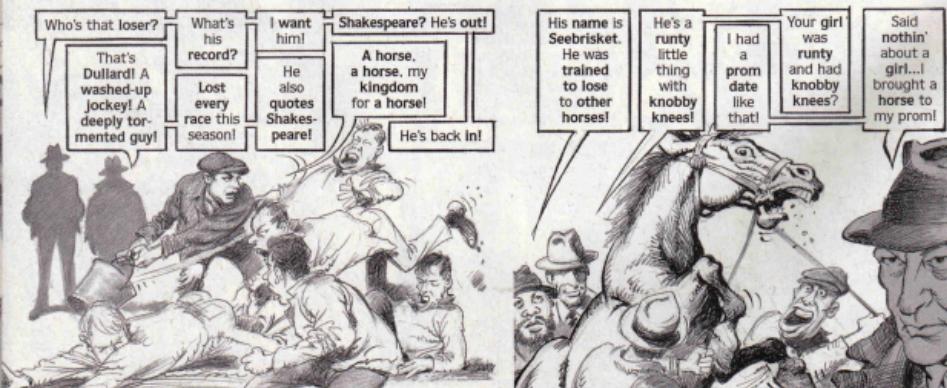
What's
that?

Best
Supporting
Human!

They
say
that
Seebasket's
part
is
played
by
ten
different
horses!

They would
have been
better off
using one
horse and
letting Tobey
Maguire's
part be
played by
ten different
actors!





Wow! Mr. Howeird, you've got yourself a race horse!

What was his time?

1:43 for the mile!

And is that fast?

Let's put it this way: the jockey is coming in at 1:45!



Tipp Topp McMuffin here — talking about "hope"! The buzz at the track today is about a runty longshot called Seebrisket!

WIZZ BANG WHEEE OOOGA OOOGA!

I think this nag's got about as much chance of winning as Greta Garbo playing for the Chicago Bears!

WIZZ BANG WHEEE OOOGA OOOGA!

And talking about hope, the producers of this film hope that a motor-mouthed sports reporter with a dime-store mustache can save a sappy, sluggish, 20 minutes-too-long film by using slide whistles and Spike Jones sound effects!

WIZZ BANG WHEEE OOOGA OOOGA! HONK HONK!

Don't bet the Hoover House on it!

ZINNG OOOGA OOOGA! BOINGGG!

This is Tipp Topp McMuffin signing off — to all the listeners in our broadcast range from Fargo to Pleasantville!

Seebrisket won again! That horse is lightning!

Yeah, Seebrisket's incredible, but his jockey has learned a few tricks too!

Taught to him by the trainer, Tomb Stiff?

Actually, I think he picked this trick up from one of his previous occupations!



Hey, get a horse!

One that doesn't pull ice wagons!

I think that we just broke the track record!

For jockey banter! Six pathetic exchanges during a mile and a quarter!

Hoo-wheel! Make that seven pathetic exchanges!



In this movie, have you noticed the horse has a love interest but the jockey doesn't?

Yeah, I reckon on I've seen lawn jockeys with a more active sex life!

Mr. Dibbles, they say that you're a mean man!

Nonsense! I'm just a businessman!

I'm proposing a match race between Seebrisket and your horse, Worn Animal!

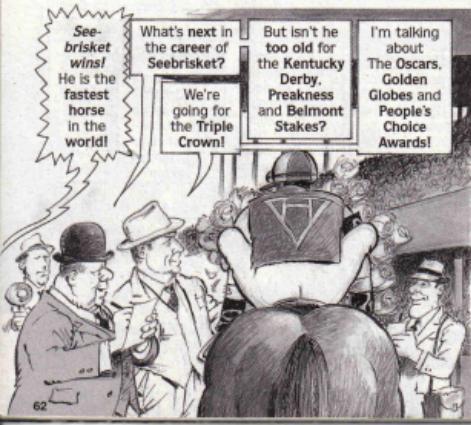
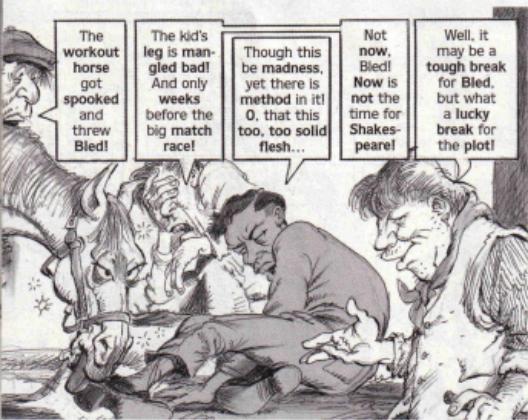
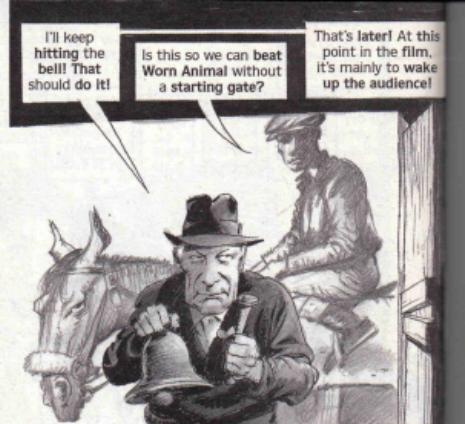
Forget it! Worn Animal has won the Triple Crown! Your horse doesn't belong on the same planet as my horse!

This is more than a race! It'll help a demoralized America! It'll lift their spirits in their time of trouble!

Hey, here's an idea! Why don't we just feed Seebrisket to this hungry nation?

They were right! This guy IS a mean man!





TALES FROM the DUCK SIDE

SOME LIKE IT SHOT

Does ANYONE wish to
SAY anything before
I CLOSE THE LID?

I DO...

I suspected Spero of CHEATING ON ME,
so I have been gradually adding ARSENIC
to his DINNER. Then what happens? Some
drunk driver RUNS HIM OVER in a pickup
truck and ROBS ME of my REVENGE!

I WASN'T
drunk!

That's right!! I mowed down her husband and it was
NO ACCIDENT! For 20 YEARS I have been IN LOVE with
Spero, but he told me he ONLY LOVED his WIFE (sob
so I KILLED HIM! And now...I'm going to JOIN HIM!

KLIK

OH NO! Did she say Spero
ONLY LOVED ME?!? And all this
time I was POISONING him!
I DON'T DESERVE to LIVE!

AGNES!
NO!

My WIFE, in
LOVE with
SPERO! I CAN'T
BEAR IT!

OH NO! My secret
GAY LOVER just KILLED
himself! Now I have
NOTHING to live for!

UGH!
My
HEART!

BAM! BAM!

BLAM!

NEXT TIME, I'm
gonna just CLOSE
the DAMN LID!

WHAT FORM OF
TERRORISM DOES THE
DEPARTMENT OF
HOMELAND SECURITY
APPEAR HELPLESS
TO PREVENT?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

In recent years, the government has cracked down on dangerous, violent activities perpetrated by various sinister organizations. There is, however, one ongoing threat to which Americans remain vulnerable. To find out what this form of terrorism is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



HISTORICALLY, ONLY PEOPLE IN WAR ZONES GOT ROUGH
TREATMENT. NOW, ANYONE CAN BE
SCHEDULED FOR SHOCK AND AWE. THIS IS A TOOL
NASTY PEOPLE USE. AND THIS IS THE
HAZARD THAT LOTS OF INNOCENTS WILL BE FACING

A

B