

8 SIMPLE RULES • HARDCORE VIDEO GAMERS • MTV

MAD^{IND}®

**OUR
DECK
OF
52
LEAST
WANTED
AMERICANS!**

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UNITED STATES

#434 OCTOBER 2003 \$3.50 CHEAP!



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28

MAD

OCTOBER 2003

NUMBER 434

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A gambler who thinks
he has a "can't lose" system
for winning at blackjack isn't
playing with a full deck!



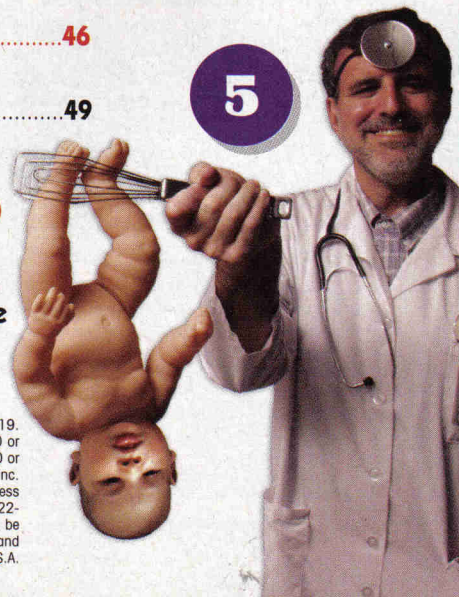
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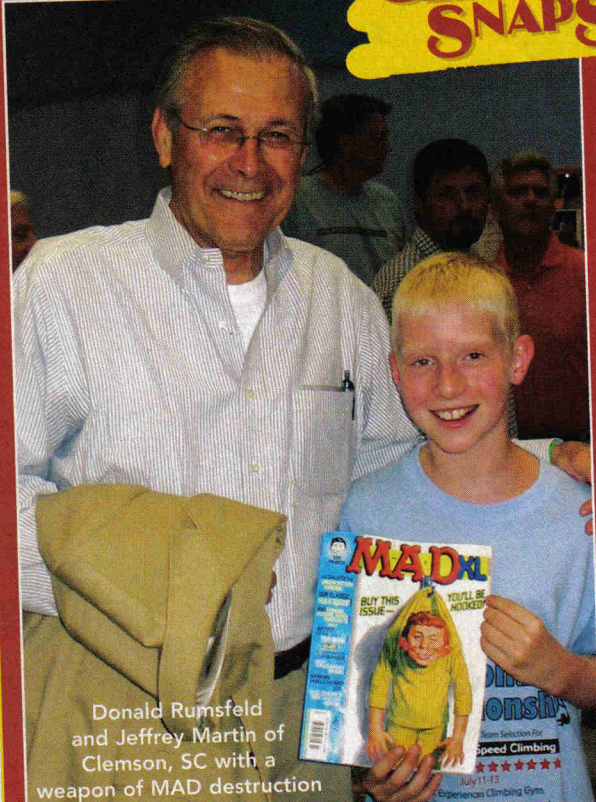


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MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Donald Rumsfeld
and Jeffrey Martin of
Clemson, SC with a
weapon of MAD destruction

I was at the USCCA
(United States
Competitive Climbing
Association) National

Competition in Richmond, VA
on July 12, 2003. I saw the
Secretary of Defense, Donald
Rumsfeld, watching his grand-
daughter climb. I wanted my
picture taken with him and
immediately thought of my MAD
magazine that I always carry in
my climbing backpack. When I
asked him to hold the MAD he
said he "didn't want to be caught
with that stuff."

Jeffrey Martin, Clemson, SC

Jeffy — Hmmm...so Rummy doesn't
want to be "caught with that stuff," eh?
I guess his hands were already full
with forged documents about Saddam
Hussein buying Uranium from Africa.
In truth, we thought Rummy was a
big MAD fan and read it every month,
which is why he didn't have time to
plan the United States' post-Iraqi war
policy. Maybe he would have held it if
you had explained to him that it was
a weapon of MAD destruction. Thanks
for the photo and congrats on your
one-year subscription to MAD! —Ed.

YOU'VE GOT JAIL

I am a huge fan of MAD and was
recently able to purchase a one-year
subscription. The thing is that I'm in
prison and my subscription was a
month's pay. I'd love to have a shot at
winning a one- or three-year subscription,
but my hands are tied, literally. I'll do
whatever it takes. Maybe you can make
me the most popular man on the tier.

Leighton T. Olson, Ontario, OR

Olson Twin — For a free subscription, the
best we can do is tell you to keep an eye on
incoming prisoners. If you get an ex-Enron
official, Robert Blake or any current member
of the Bush administration, take a picture with
you and said person and we will be happy to
print it and send you a free subscription! —Ed.



SILENT BOB, SCREAMING READER

I never thought that I'd be writing
you hate mail, until I saw that in the
"50 Worst Things About Movies" (MAD
#432) you dissed Kevin Smith. His five
movies (especially *Clerks*) were more
original and funnier than anything you
guys have ever written. Also, the things
you attempted to insult him with, like
calling Silent Bob a "vanity character"
and saying that he has a "tired plot
solving device" are completely stretch-
ing the truth (aka lying) just to take a
cheap shot at Smith and get a cheap
laugh. I'm sorry, but I'm not sure if I
can continue reading your magazine.

Daniel Goldman, Miami, FL

Dan the Man — Thanks for your rambling,
borderline psychotic letter. In truth, it was
more coherent and concise than any Kevin
Smith movie. Nice going — you should work
in films! —Ed.

BLOOD, SWEAT AND JEERS

My all-time favorite thing is Spy Vs.
Spy. I love the way Antonio Prohias
drew them. But in my terrible strain to
actually think, I have noticed that Peter
Kuper has a lot of blood and stuff like
that in his strips. I love his work! It is
just as funny, but why so much blood
and gore?

Chris Sweeney, San Marcos, CA

Sweeney Todd — We were just asking our-
selves that very question the other day, but
we weren't looking at Spy Vs. Spy. We were
looking at the final pictures of Uday and
Qusay Hussein! —Ed.

P.S. The first person to send in a Cemetery
Snap of the brothers gets a three-year
subscription to MAD!

POSTER BOY FOR STUPIDITY

I just got MAD issue #431 and on the
front cover it says "Free Poster Inside"
and I was reading it and there is no free
poster! As you can tell I'm not very
happy with MAD. You can think this is
just a letter from a pissed 13-year-old
kid, but I want a free poster!

Mordy Lyss, Baltimore, MD

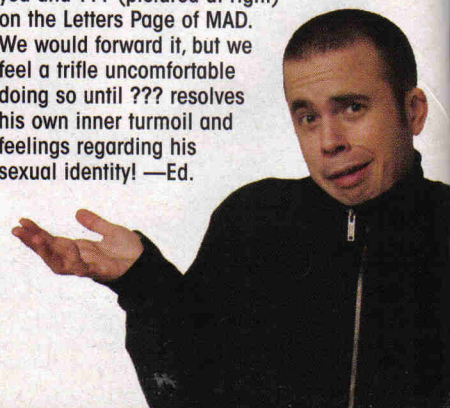
Well aren't we Mordyified! You want a poster?
We got a special poster just for you. Go back
to issue #431 and look on pages 25-28. Enjoy,
and if you ever feel the urge to write to us again,
please don't do it under this name! —Ed.

GETTING PERSONALS

While perusing the #432 issue, I dis-
covered your wonderful "MAD's Photo
Personals Gallery: The Men." When I
say wonderful, I mean horrible, but that
is beside my point. What I would like to
say is that even though there were so
many strange creeps in the personals,
??? caught my eye. He looks so hand-
some staring at his hand with such a
look of self-discovery in his eye (or is
that just stupidity)? Anyway, please
forward my address to him because
he makes me hot to trot!

Heather Henderson, Camden, NJ

Heavenly Heather — We would like nothing
more than to make a love match between
you and ??? (pictured at right)
on the Letters Page of MAD.
We would forward it, but we
feel a trifle uncomfortable
doing so until ??? resolves
his own inner turmoil and
feelings regarding his
sexual identity! —Ed.





DEEP IMPACT MISSION

First Look Inside a Comet

Participation Certificate

Presented to

Alfred E. Neuman

On May 10, 2003

Thank you for your participation in the Deep Impact Discovery Mission to Comet Tempel 1. A compact disc bearing your name will be mounted on the impactor spacecraft that will collide with Tempel 1 making this the first mission ever to look deep inside a comet.

You are now part of the future discovery of clues about the beginning of our solar system as your name makes a Deep Impact!

Edward J. Weiler

Dr. Edward J. Weiler
Associate Administrator
NASA Office of Space Science



Michael F. A'Hearn

Michael F. A'Hearn
Principal Investigator
Deep Impact Mission
University of Maryland

Certificate No. 24549

MAKE A PASSING COMET

Allen and Susan Skaggs of Tampa, FL were nice enough to include Alfred E. Neuman's name on a disc that will be attached to an impactor spacecraft that will collide with Comet Tempel 1. This deep impact mission will dig deep beneath the surface of the comet to get a first-ever look at the frozen collection of ice and dust left over from the formation of the solar system. Scientists expect to find hidden clues about how the solar system formed when they look at the structure of Comet Tempel 1. We thank them for their efforts, even though it was free!



MAD'S BREAKING NEWS™

I would like to ask a favor of you. Please tell my Mom that she needs to get me a subscription to your magazine. I would like you to do this because when I buy your magazine at the store, the pages are dog-eared, my MAD Fold-in is always done for me already and people always fold it crooked. So there are creases in it and it is hard to fold it right. Thanks, dudes and continue to rock on!

Beckie November, Ocala, FL

Becks Beer — It is our pleasure to use the pages of this magazine to beg Mother November to get you a subscription. It's easy enough! Log on to www.madmag.com or, if you prefer, use our toll-free phone number 1-800-4-MADMAG. The cost of a MAD subscription is a small price to pay to bring a smile to precious Beckie's face. By the way, while you're ordering, a MAD subscription makes a wonderful gift for birthdays, Christmas, Hanukkah, graduations, anniversaries, Ramadan, and Kwanzaa (we're still testing Flag Day, but initial results look promising)! —Ed.

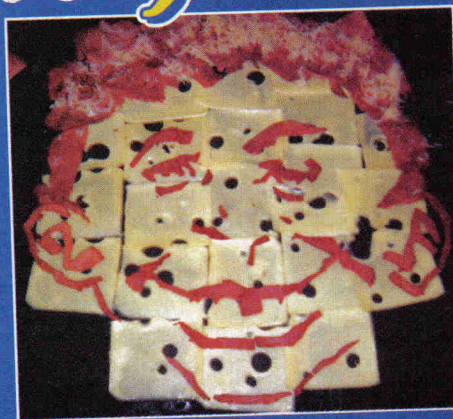
P.S. to our readers: if there is an outlandish request or horribly bad news you want MAD to ask or tell your parents on the Letters Page, send it to: MAD Magazine's **BREAKING NEWS™**, c/o Amy "The Big Breaker," 1700 Broadway, 5th Floor, New York, NY 10019!

The Big Easel

During the slow, hot summer months in Tucson, we here at Grill have a lot of time on our hands. We've already read anything worth reading and are now starting to read the crap. Which brings us to MAD. These pictures should serve as a cautionary tale about the strange, dangerous and unhealthy things people start doing when boredom sets in.

Josh Proctor, Tucson, AZ

Proctor and Gamble — Hmm...the slow, hot summer months as opposed to the slow, cold winter days in Tucson! This is a wonderful use of your time and food. While it is true millions of people go to bed hungry, we feel confident in saying even the hungriest of these people wouldn't go near your little food creation with a ten-foot spoon! Thanks for writing, and here's a tip: get the hell out of Tucson! —Ed.



Alfred made of Swiss cheese and other unidentifiable food stuff!

You said you were still looking for Alfred wherever he may manifest. Being recently out of work and unable to renew my subscription to MAD, I had a creative inspiration: how about a free year of MAD? Alfred's eyes say yes. I say thank you.

Denny Freet, Girard, OH

Denny From the Block — Thanks for the Alfred collage. We're going out on a limb here and guessing one of the reasons you lost your job (and we didn't know they could fire rodeo clowns — isn't there a union?) is because of poor attendance and the fact that you were staying home to arrange your MADs just so. Well, here's something we bet you never counted on: in studying the photos you sent, we suddenly realized that the way the magazines are laid out forms the head shape of none other than *Friends* star Lisa Kudrow! Thanks for writing! —Ed.



Employees of Grill restaurant in Tucson (l-r) Bobby Hepworth, Sommer Browning, Tony Gonzalez, Justin Champlin, Roy Wooden, Katie Burns, Lilly Dunham and Josh Proctor.



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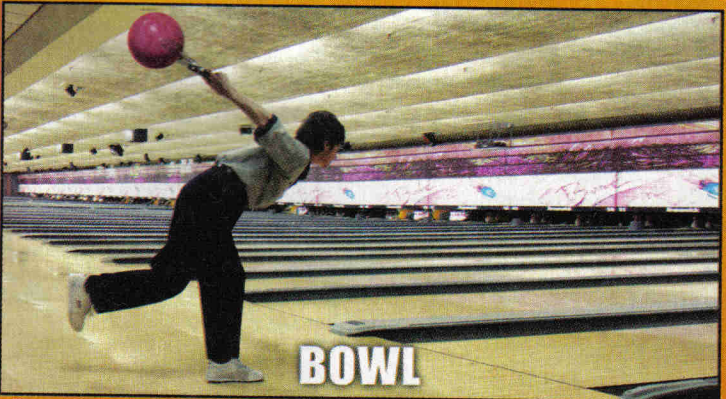
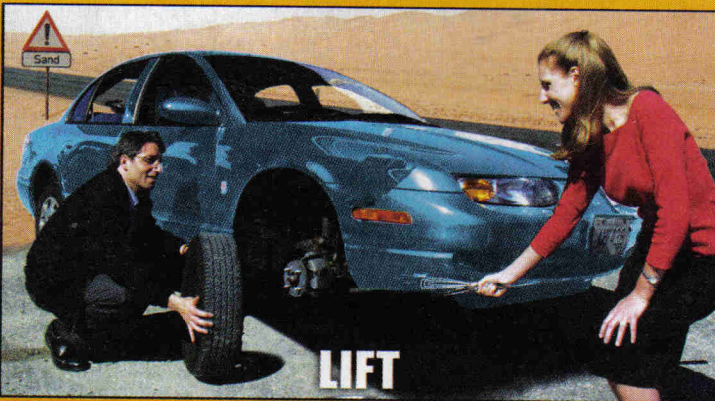


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PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

A MAD
AD PARODY



BOLD OVER

I have a question for you guys. In some parts of MAD why are some words bold and some regular? That is in every magazine I have. Please answer my question.

Alex Thomson, Rancho Palos Verdes, CA

Thomy boy — Good question! We only tend to bold words that are important. Hence, the absence of bolding in your letter! —Ed.

THE BIG ROZZER

In issue #432 we asked readers to send us what they thought the classic MAD declaration, "It's crackers to slip a rozzter the dropsy in snide" means. We received a ton of letters and we are printing the correct translation and some of the more creative definitions sent in...

RIGHT:

"It's crazy to give a crooked cop a bribe in counterfeit money."

—Mick Taylor, Wakefield, England;
Richard Kunkel, Wadsworth, OH;
Steve Haller, Oak Park, MI;
Tony Semanik, West Bloomfield, MI;
Steve Thompson, La Crescenta, CA;
Bob Michner, Estes Park, CO;
Bill Coulson, Chicago, IL;
Janna Cisterino, Greenport, NY;
Allen Dean, via e-mail;
Paul Benneyworth, Ontario, Canada

ALMOST RIGHT:

It refers to the sound made by air rushing out the ears as a vacuum is created in the skull of a MAD reader.
— Chris Flanders, Riverdale, CA

It means, "Don't shave while you're drunk."

— Sali Riesterer, Chicago, IL

The meaning is: "You're crazy if you don't read MAD."

— Anita Cotton, New Haven, CT

It's Yugoslavian for "Please eat my yodelling French Poodle for brunch tomorrow."

— Graeme Scott, Ontario, Canada

It means, "I'm making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich."

— Larry Nappe, Napa, CA



Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I would like to make a wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. I am a 14-year-old male whose life has been tormented all because of one Disney character sharing the same name as mine. Therefore, I would like for you to assassinate the Little Mermaid. I do not want to go on to high school with the burden.

Ariel Gardner, Los Angeles, CA

Gard — As you know, it is the sacred mission of the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* to make dumb wishes come true. So we shall make yours come true — sushi, anyone? —Ed.

A POKE IN THE IOWA

In MAD #432, the "50 Worst Things About the Movies" number 14 shows a guy reading the movie reviews in the *Keokuk Post Times*. Just to set the record straight, the actual newspaper in Keokuk, Iowa is the *Daily Gate City*. Alas, when I was growing up there they didn't even have a movie critic! Perhaps if one of your writers would like to work for a more prestigious publication, that position may still be open!

Mary Ann Rector, Pacifica, CA

Rector Set — Keen eye! Sorry for the screw-up. You are absolutely correct. We don't know how we made the error in as much as one of MAD's regular contributors does indeed already work for the *Daily Gate City* as the society page writer. Yes it's true, MAD's own Arie Kaplan works as the paper's galloping gossip (MAD man about town if you will). If there's a re-election pep rally for Mayor Dave Gudel, a Piggly Wiggly grand opening (but not a donkey basketball game, that's Bob's beat), Arie "The Scribe" is there capturing all the assorted gossip, celebrity canoodling and the latest in gingham fashion! You can read Arie's column on the *Daily Gate City's* page six, also known as the paper's back page! —Ed.



NEXT MONTH IN MAD

WE DON'T HORSE AROUND WITH OUR SEABISCUIT PARODY AND WE HAVE A SCATHING LOOK AT THE LAST SEASON OF FRIENDS!

UPCOMING IN MAD XL #24

CHECK OUT OUR MONROE JACK-O-LANTERN STENCIL, WAR IN IRAQ, SOUTH PARK TOYS AND THE ARTIST OF THE ISSUE: SAM VIVIANO!



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Contributing Artists And Writers the usual gang of idiots

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Fax MAD at 212-506-4848!



With all of the money spent on military technology, it's strange that the most effective tool in recent months for finding enemies of the U.S.A. is nothing more than a deck of cards. But hey, we're not complaining. In fact, Central Command's deck of "most wanted" Iraqis has worked so well, we thought it might be a good idea to try a similar tactic on *this* continent. Study the following cards, and do your best to take down...

MAD'S

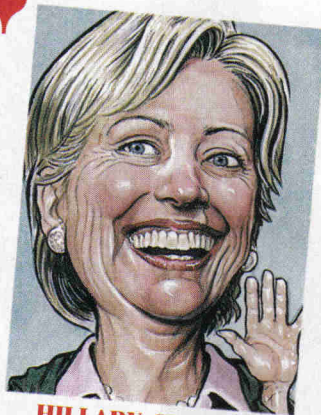
LEAST WANTED

A
♠



ALFRED E. NEUMAN
He leads the pack without a doubt
Of people we can live without.

2
♥



HILLARY CLINTON
Loves her crib upon the Hill.
Mainly 'cause she's far from Bill.

6
♣



DONALD RUMSFELD
Iraq remains a dreadful mess.
But, gee, he really charms the press.

7
♦



50 CENT
Sold drugs, did time, and then got shot;
In rap that's how an act gets hot.

9
♣



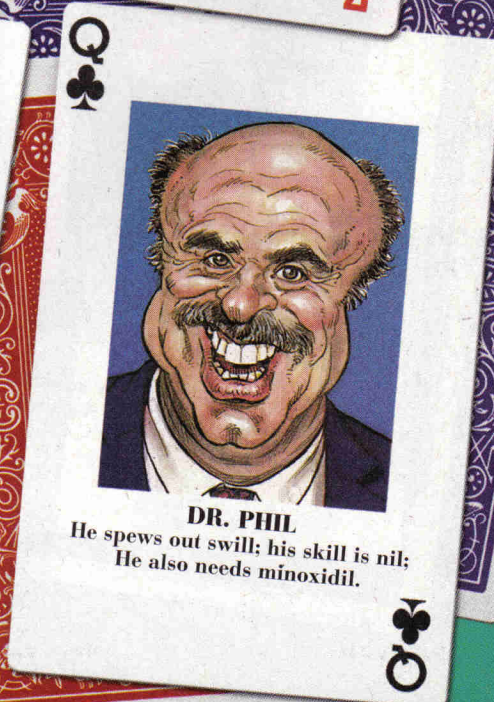
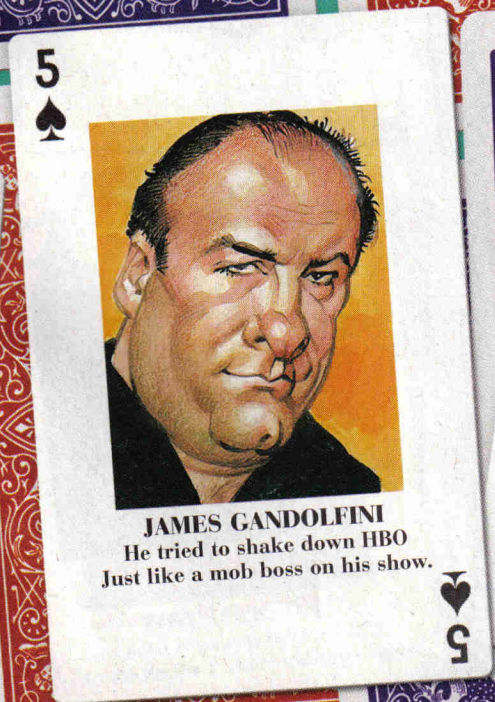
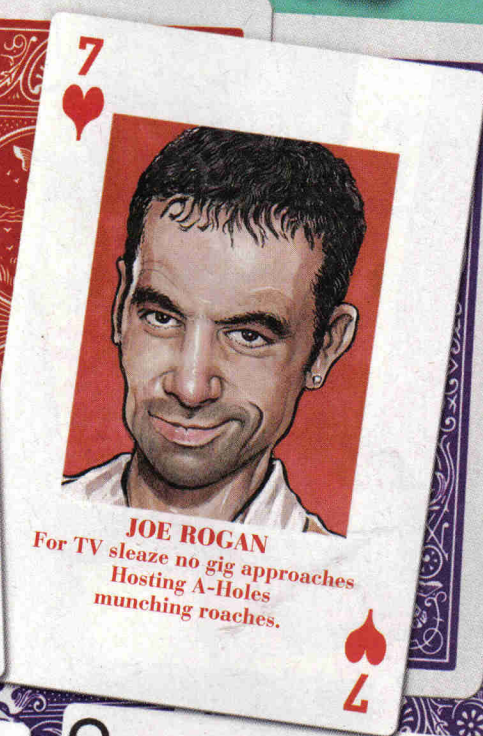
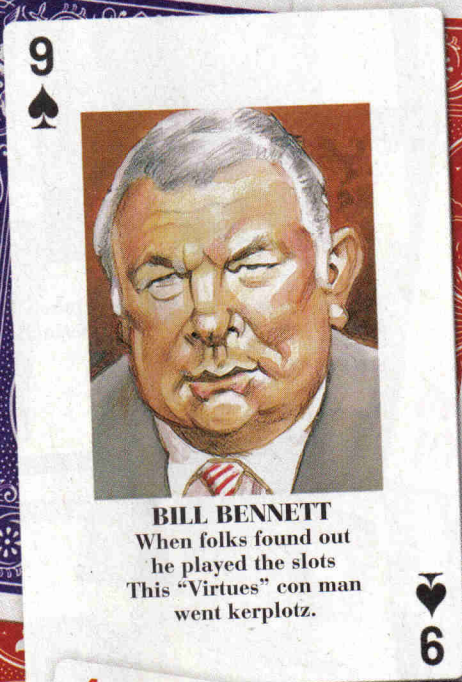
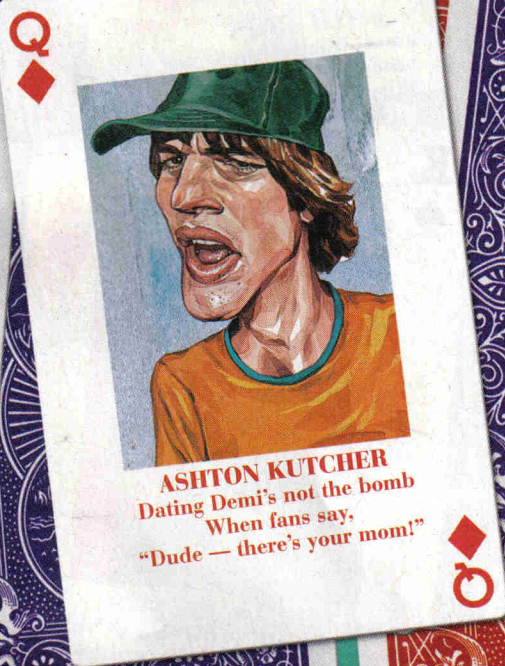
JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE
Shaved his head and left *NSYNC —
A shade less masculine than Pink.

J
♥



TIGER WOODS
Win or lose, it's all the same —
He's twice as boring as the game.

DECK OF AMERICANS



MAD'S DECK OF LEAST WANTED AMERICANS

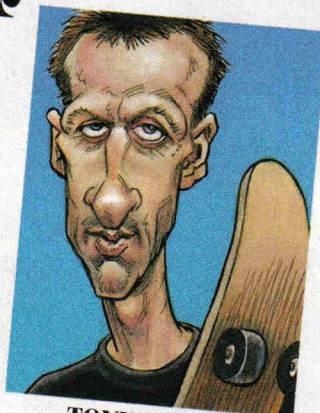
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LARRY WACHOWSKI
His sex change, folks, is nothing but
A new kind of director's cut.

♥
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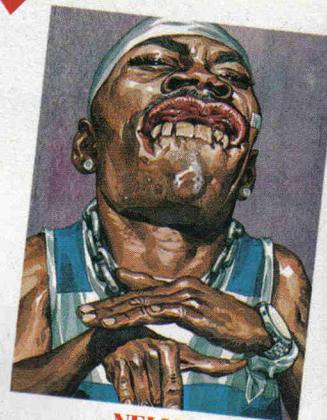
3
♣



TONY HAWK
Enjoy those X Games deals he's inked —
With one wrong flip, he'll be X-tinct.

♣
3

♦
A



NELLY
His "Hot in Herre" proves oh so well
Big bucks are yours,
though you can't spell.

♦
A

K
♠



**THE DEMOCRATIC
PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE**
Howard, John, Joe, Al or Dick —
You want a loser?
Take your pick.

♠
K

6
♠



BEN AFFLECK
A gift for him and Jen? How sweet!
But nonetheless, keep your receipt.

♥
9

6
♦



DICK CHENEY
Who's he work for? No one's certain
If it's Bush or Halliburton.

♦
9

6
♥



LISA MARIE PRESLEY
Without her daddy's name we'd see
Another showbiz wannabe.

♥
9

10
♠



PAIGE DAVIS
Her show is simply asinine —
I'll wreck your house
while you wreck mine.

♥
01

Q
♥



SEAN HANNITY
One-half pit bull, one-half jerk
Describes this classless
piece of work.

♥
0

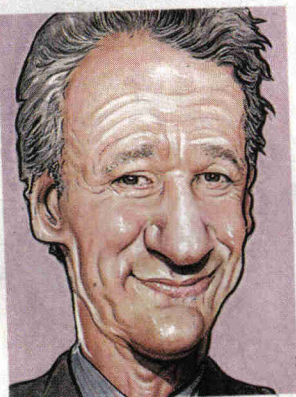
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WHITNEY HOUSTON
The weight! The drugs!
The fights! The bling!
We even heard
she used to sing.

♣
8

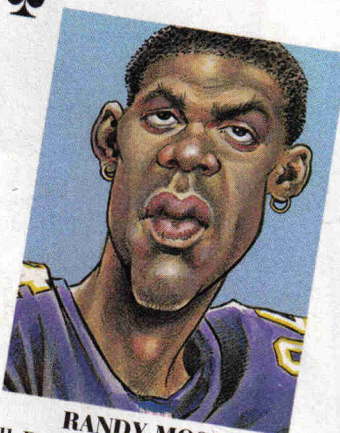
3
♥



BILL MAHER
He said some things folks didn't like,
So ABC said, "Take a hike."

♥
3

5
♣



RANDY MOSS
All-Pro talent he's conveying —
That is, when he feels like playing.

♣
5

3
♦



HILARY DUFF
Dumped her show, but shed no tears —
She'll star at Hooters in five years.

♦
3

J
♣



PHIL JACKSON
Not even his deep faith in Zen
Could make the Lakers champs again.

♣
1

10
♦



JIMMY KIMMEL
Those jokes that bomb,
a show that sucks —
Ted Koppel gives us
twice the yucks.

♦
10

2
♠



RICHARD ROEPER
Nothing close to Siskel's equal —
Just another crappy sequel.

♥
2

MAD'S DECK OF LEAST WANTED AMERICANS

7
♣



CHRIS BERMAN
Those cutesy nicknames, most agree,
Have had their day, and so has he.

♣
7

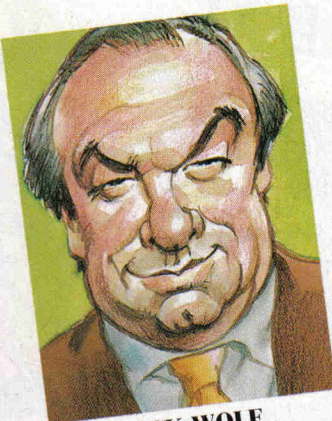
2
♦



GWEN STEFANI
She's blended punk and rock and ska,
But famous 'cause she wears no bra.

♦
2

Q
♠



DICK WOLF
Three *Law and Orders* he's created;
Please, no more! We're inundated!

♠
Q

3
♠



ARSENIO HALL
Yeah, he's back, but let's be candid —
Has less wit than Ed McMahon did.

♠
3

9
♥



JOAN RIVERS
From countless plastic surgeries
Her skin's like
shrink-wrap on CDs.

♥
9

10
♣



JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS
Ellie bombed; a *Seinfeld* curse?
No, it's just her show was worse.

♣
10

K
♥



CHRIS MATTHEWS
Makes a solid contribution,
If you're into noise pollution.

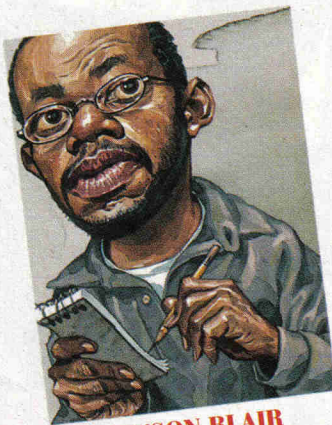
♥
K





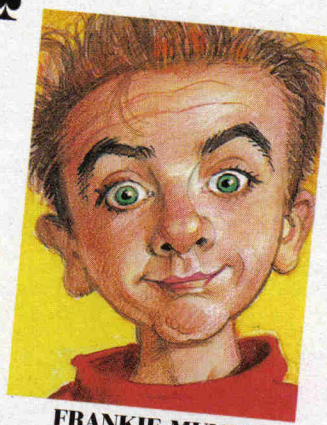
AVRIL LAVIGNE

A wild punk rebel, all the way
(At least that's what she's told to say).



JAYSON BLAIR

Despite his lies, we're sure to see
His "tell all" bio on TV.



FRANKIE MUNIZ

Hot child star on upward trend
(We all know how these stories end).



WILLIAM SHATNER

His acting gigs have gone downhill
From Captain Kirk to Priceline shill.



MICHAEL MOORE

His Oscar speech most were deploring;
Hey, it made the night less boring.



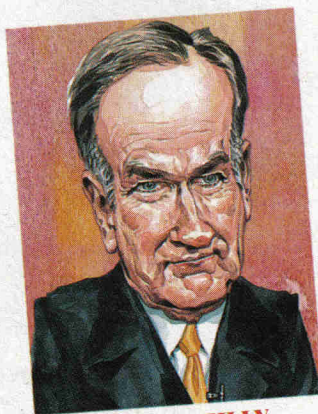
MARIAH CAREY

Her diagnosis, sad but true:
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!



SCOTT PETERSON

If freed, he'll swear he'll spend each day
To find the killer...like O.J.



BILL O'REILLY

How come you're sick of his routines?
Check out what "logorrhea" means.

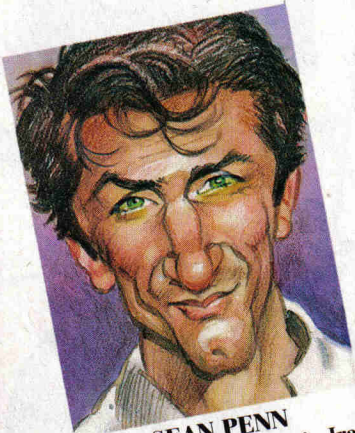


DAVID CARUSO

So why do colleagues hate his guts?
His monstrous ego drives them nuts.

MAD'S DECK OF LEAST WANTED AMERICANS

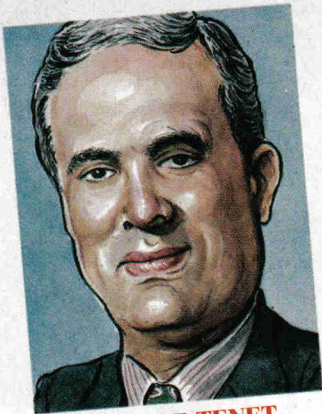
8
♠



SEAN PENN
Was welcomed warmly in Iraq;
The problem is, they sent him back.

♥
8

5
♥



GEORGE TENET
With deadly weapons still not found,
How come this spook
is still around?

♥
5

2
♣



MARTHA STEWART
"Good Thing" tips should
serve her well,
Sprucing up her prison cell.

♣
2

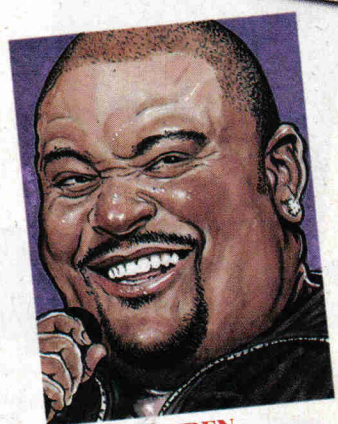
8
♦



TINA FEY
If not for Jimmy and the staff,
She wouldn't get a single laugh.

♦
8

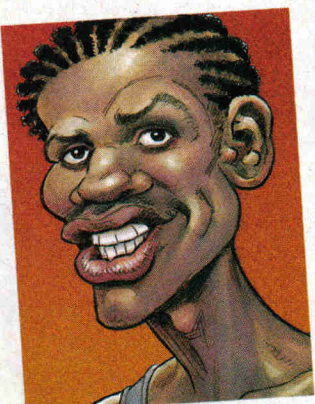
A
♥



RUBEN
A blob who sweats incessantly?
How icky can an "Idol" be?

♥
A

K
♣



LEBRON JAMES
A millionaire, his future's bright!
So stay in school, kids —
Ha! Yeah, right!

♣
K

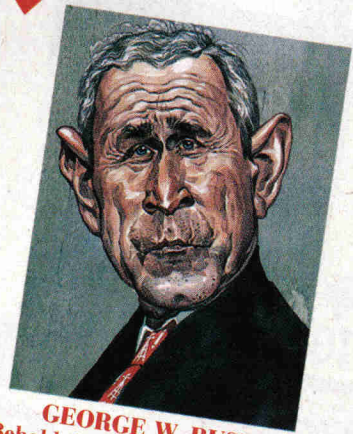
4
♠



BOB COSTAS
He loves boxing, hoops, and hockey —
Perfect build, though, for a jockey.

♥
4

J
♦



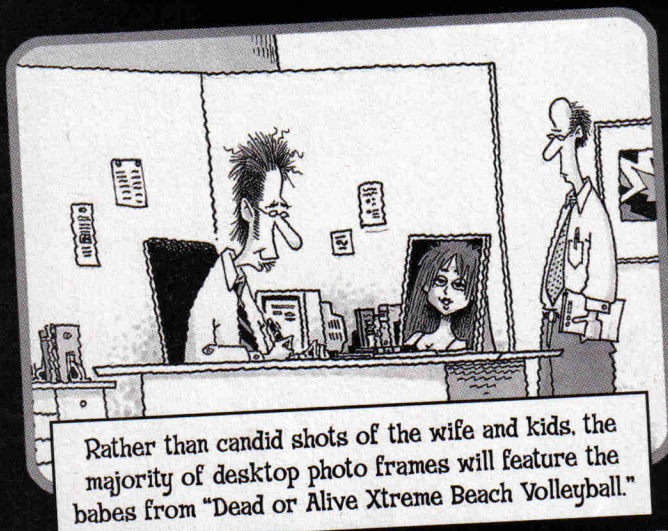
GEORGE W. BUSH
Behold the sum of all our fears:
He may be back for
"Four more years!"

♦
J

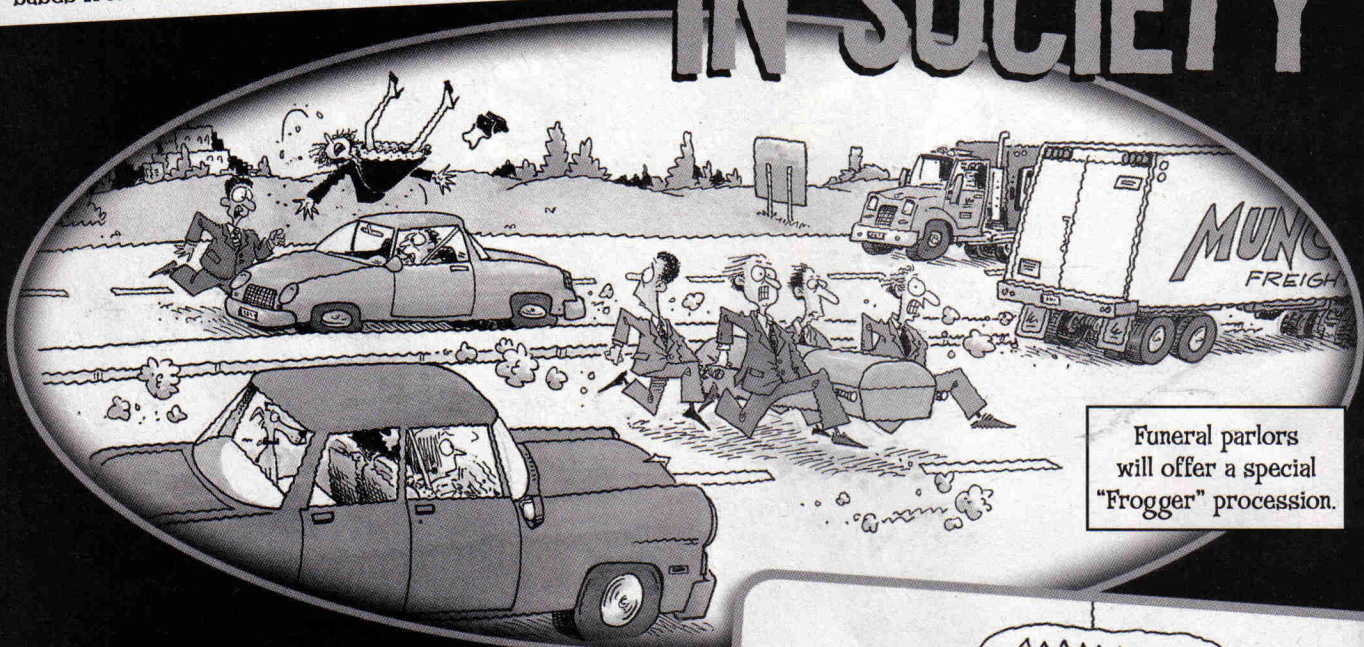


When the outside world is plagued by violence, crime and war, at least kids can still enjoy video games — which let them enjoy violence, crime and war in their own living rooms! But the young ones suckled on the teat of a joystick are finally growing up, hoisting themselves out of their parents' basement and braving direct sunlight, real work and human contact. You're about to see what happens...

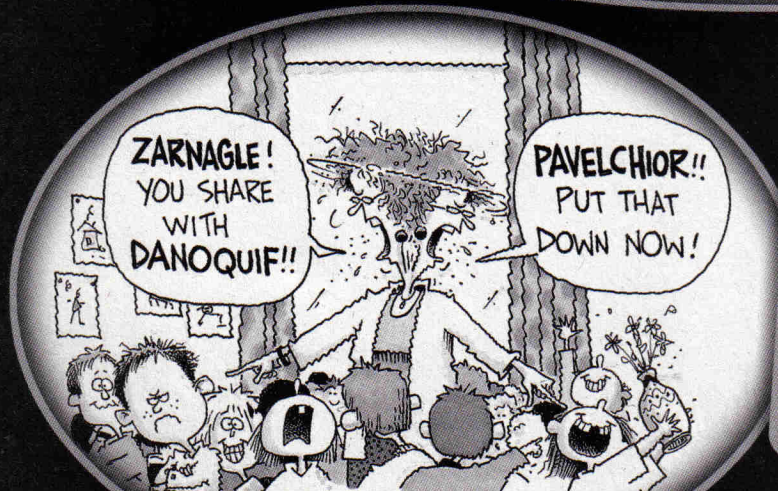
JOHN CALDWELL'S WHEN HARDCORE GAMERS TAKE THEIR PLACE IN SOCIETY



Rather than candid shots of the wife and kids, the majority of desktop photo frames will feature the babes from "Dead or Alive Xtreme Beach Volleyball."



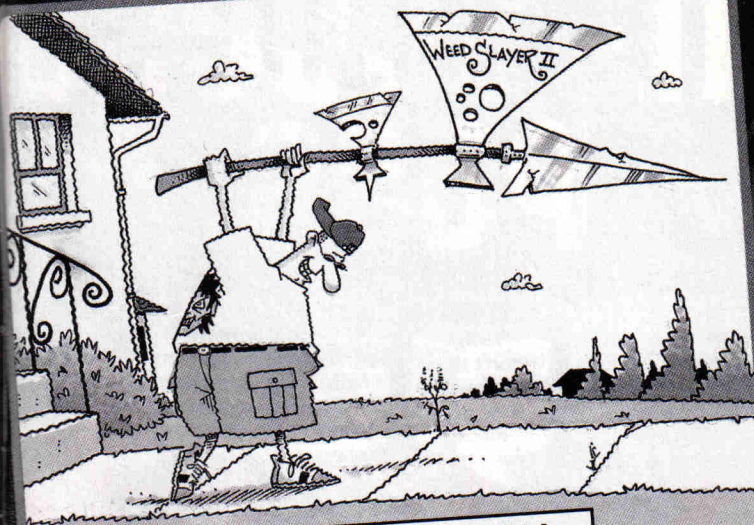
Funeral parlors will offer a special "Frogger" procession.



Daycare rosters will become inundated with kids named after characters their parents created while playing "EverQuest."

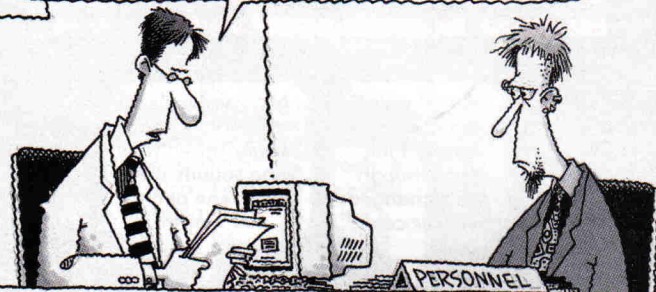


Medical insurance companies will begin covering a new procedure — "The Super Mario Colonoscopy."



Lawn and garden tools will take a decided turn for the medieval.

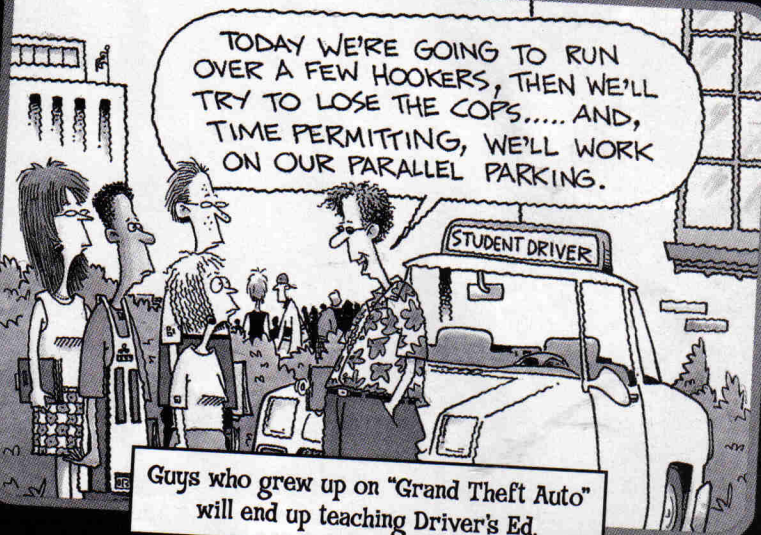
... AND, AS PRIMAL UNDERLORD OF VANA'DIEL AND DEFENDER OF ALL THINGS GALKIAN, DID YOU HAPPEN TO LEARN MICROSOFT WORD?



Listing role-playing experience will eventually become commonplace on résumés.



Offices will be filled with a dramatic number of guys who can type 85 words a minute with their thumbs.

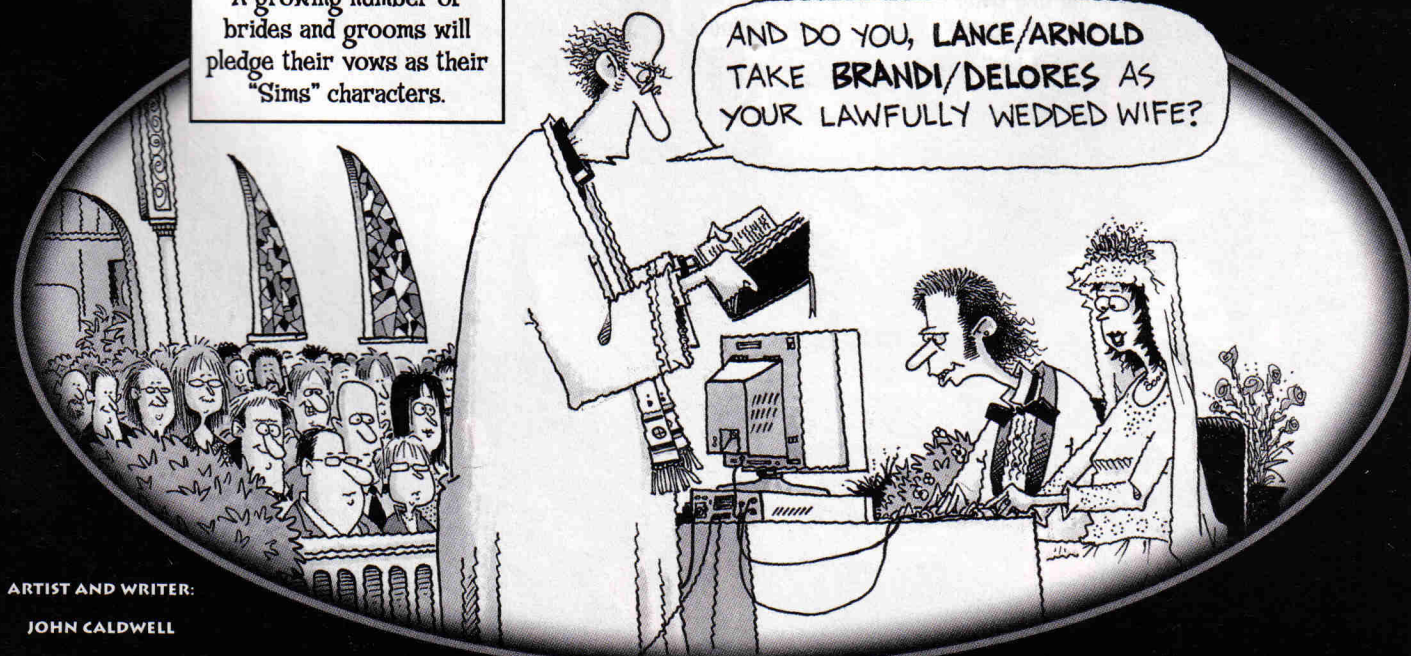


TODAY WE'RE GOING TO RUN OVER A FEW HOOKERS, THEN WE'LL TRY TO LOSE THE COPS..... AND, TIME PERMITTING, WE'LL WORK ON OUR PARALLEL PARKING.

Guys who grew up on "Grand Theft Auto" will end up teaching Driver's Ed.

A growing number of brides and grooms will pledge their vows as their "Sims" characters.

AND DO YOU, LANCE/ARNOLD TAKE BRANDI/DELORES AS YOUR LAWFULLY WEDDED WIFE?



ARTIST AND WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL



THREE-BLING CIRCUS DEPT.

MAD's

all-access pass

Isn't it weird
that she's still
called "Pink"
even though
she's changed
her hair color?

No weirder than
her being called a
"singer" given what
she sounds like
when she opens
her mouth!

I see that
Creed is being
sued by their
fans for failing
to perform a
good concert!

Yeah,
I don't think
that lawsuit
has any
merit!

Are you kidding me?
If Good Charlotte
has any sense,
they'll get Johnny
Cochran on the
phone immediately!

I really dig
what those
Russian
lesbians from
t.A.T.u. are
doing!

So you like the
band's album?

They're
in a
band???

So no one knows
for sure if Jack
and
Meg White of the
White Stripes are
brother and sister or
a married couple!

The only thing
anybody knows
for certain about
them is that
they've never been
caught smiling!

ARTIST: JACK SYRACUSE

WRITER: GREG LEITMAN

to the

MTV VIDEO MUSIC AWARDS

part
two

It's good to see Christina Aguilera dressing a little bit classier for this year's ceremony!

What are you talking about? You can see her underwear!

At least tonight she's wearing underwear!

Isn't it shocking to watch Johnny Cash's video "Hurt" and see how young and vibrant he used to be compared to how sad and haggard he looks now?

Yeah, it reminds me a lot of Whitney Houston!

Who are those three bedraggled, pathetic unknowns stalking Gwen Stefani?

Those aren't stalkers - they're the other members of No Doubt!

With his work on the *8 Mile* soundtrack, we've seen Eminem's softer, more sentimental side. If he keeps this up, fans will have to look elsewhere to hear a steady stream of homophobia, misogyny and crass bullying!

You mean to other hardcore rappers like 50 Cent, Ludacris and DMX?

No, I mean to right-wing extremists like Michael Savage, Tom DeLay and Rick Santorum!





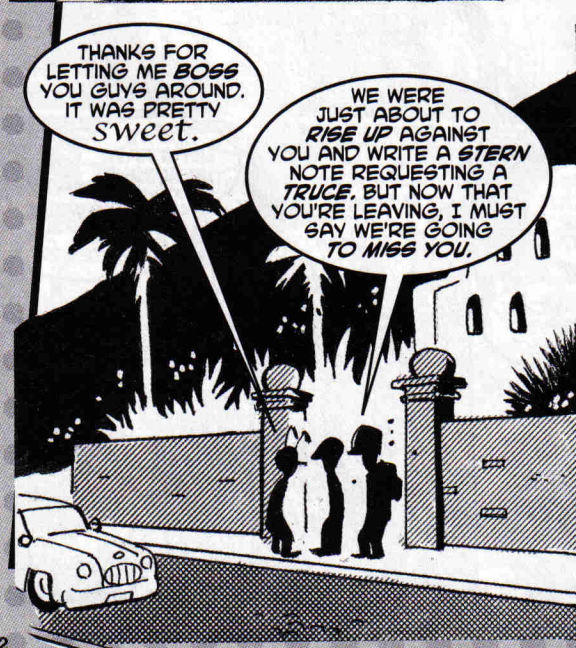
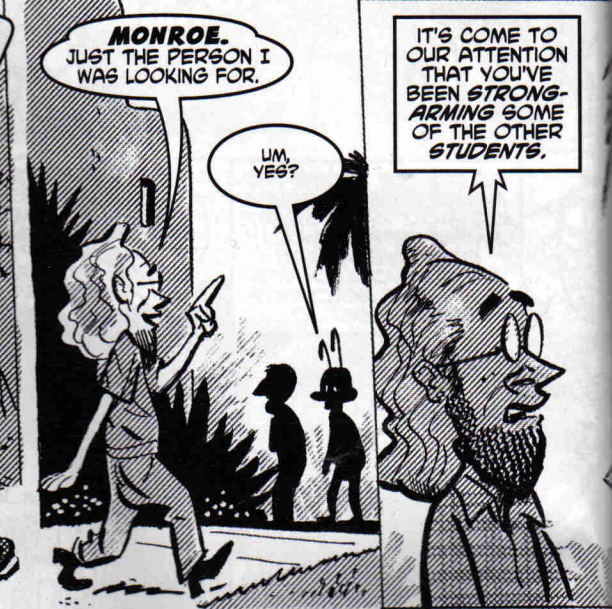
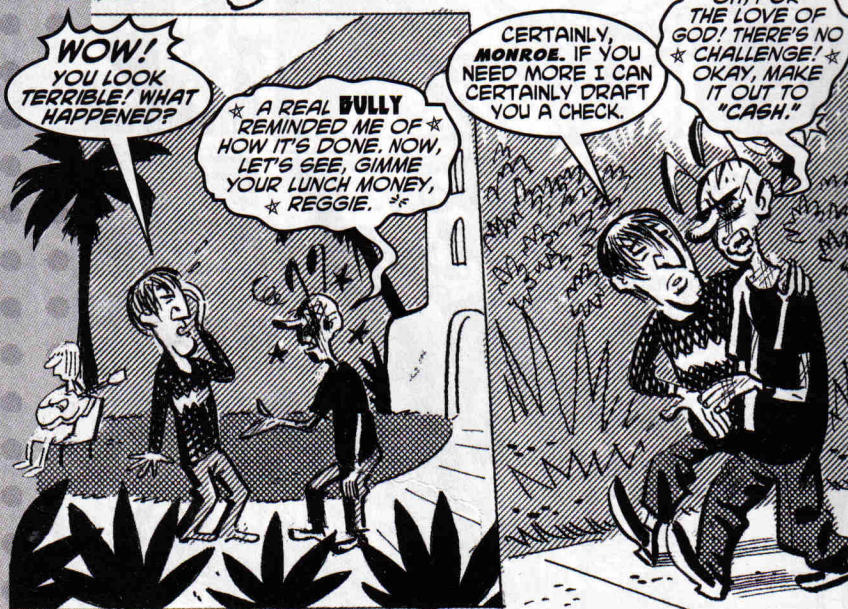
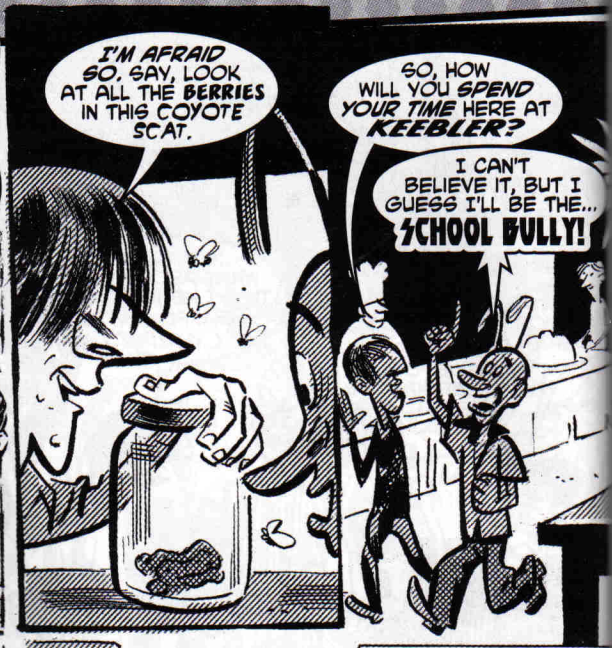
Ask not
for whom
the home-
room bell
tolls. It's...

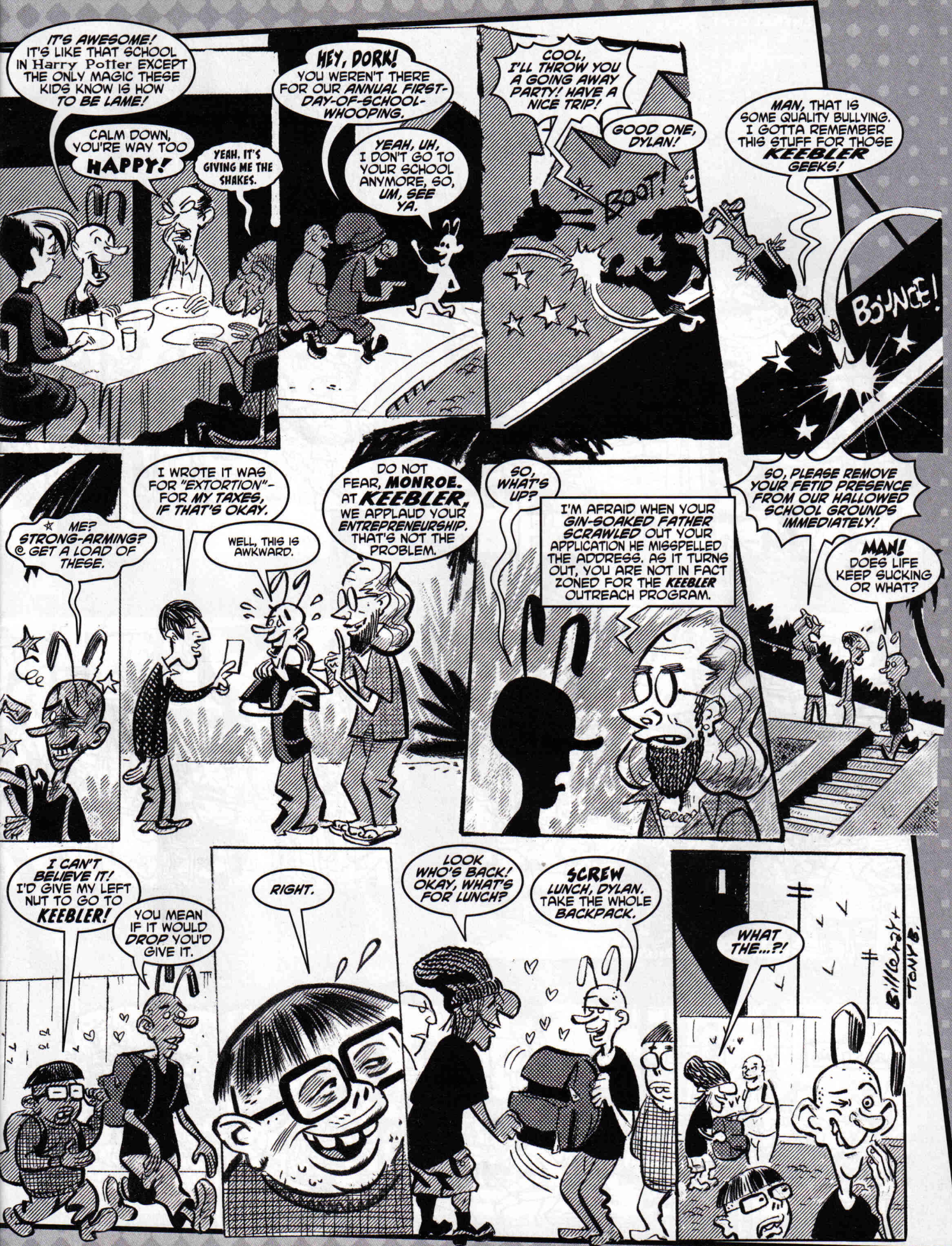
Monty and...



BACK TO SKOOL







IT'S AWESOME!
IT'S LIKE THAT SCHOOL
IN HARRY POTTER EXCEPT
THE ONLY MAGIC THESE
KIDS KNOW IS HOW
TO BE LAME!

CALM DOWN,
YOU'RE WAY TOO
HAPPY!

YEAH, IT'S
GIVING ME THE
SHAKES.

HEY, DORK!
YOU WEREN'T THERE
FOR OUR ANNUAL FIRST-
DAY-OF-SCHOOL-
WHOOPING.

YEAH, UH,
I DON'T GO TO
YOUR SCHOOL
ANYMORE, SO,
UM, SEE
YA.

COOL,
I'LL THROW YOU
A GOING AWAY
PARTY! HAVE A
NICE TRIP!

GOOD ONE,
DYLAN!

MAN, THAT IS
SOME QUALITY BULLYING.
I GOTTA REMEMBER
THIS STUFF FOR THOSE
KEEBLER
GEEKS!

★ ME?
STRONG-ARMING?
© GET A LOAD OF
THESE.

I WROTE IT WAS
FOR "EXTORTION"-
FOR MY TAXES,
IF THAT'S OKAY.

WELL, THIS IS
AWKWARD.

DO NOT
FEAR, **MONROE.**
AT **KEEBLER,**
WE APPLAUD YOUR
ENTREPRENEURSHIP.
THAT'S NOT THE
PROBLEM.

SO,
WHAT'S
UPP?

I'M AFRAID WHEN YOUR
GIN-SOAKED FATHER
SCRAWLED OUT YOUR
APPLICATION HE MISPELLED
THE ADDRESS. AS IT TURNS
OUT, YOU ARE NOT IN FACT
ZONED FOR THE **KEEBLER**
OUTREACH PROGRAM.

SO, PLEASE REMOVE
YOUR FETID PRESENCE
FROM OUR HALLOWED
SCHOOL GROUNDS
IMMEDIATELY!

MAN!
DOES LIFE
KEEP SUCKING
OR WHAT?

I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!
I'D GIVE MY LEFT
NUT TO GO TO
KEEBLER!

YOU MEAN
IF IT WOULD
DROP YOU'D
GIVE IT.

RIGHT.

LOOK
WHO'S BACK!
OKAY, WHAT'S
FOR LUNCH?

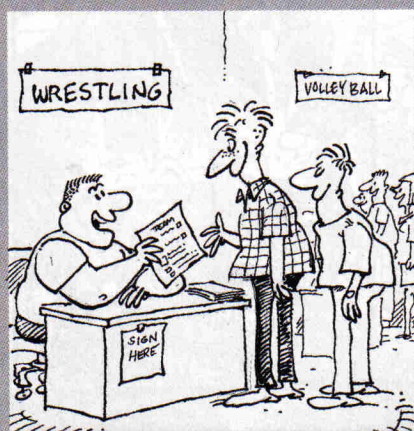
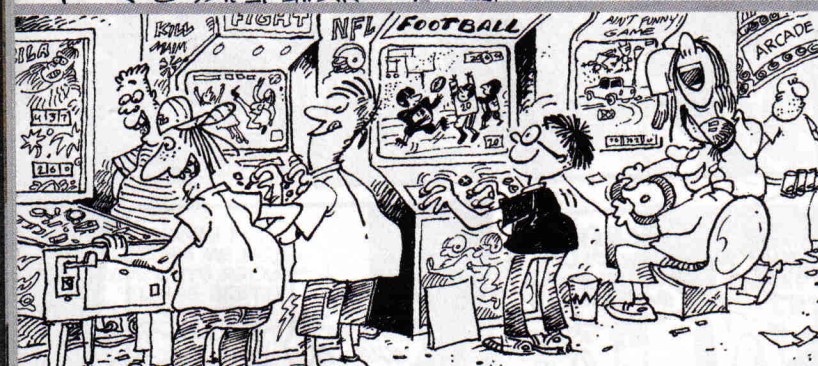
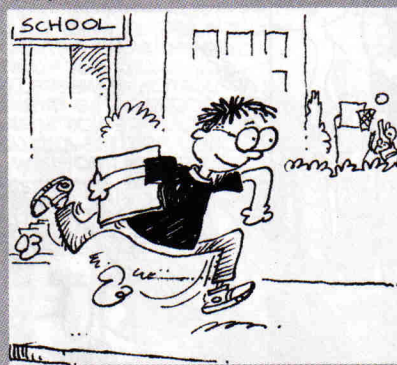
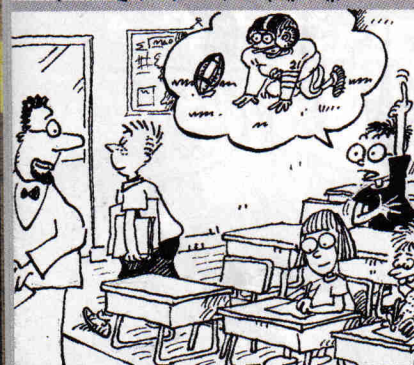
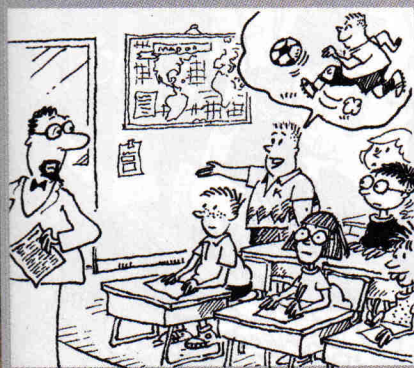
SCREW
LUNCH, DYLAN.
TAKE THE WHOLE
BACKPACK.

WHAT
THE...?!

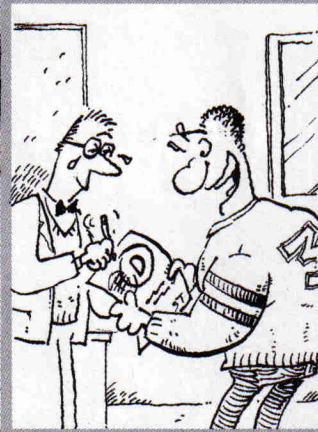
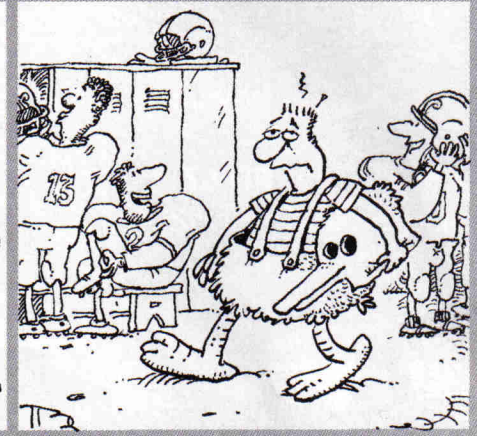
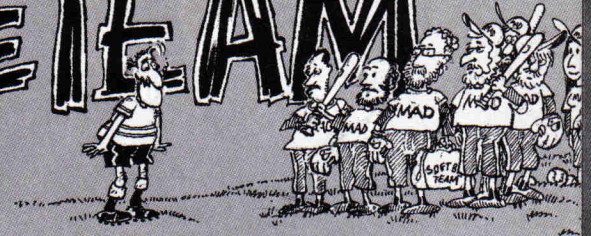
Billie Jay +
TONY

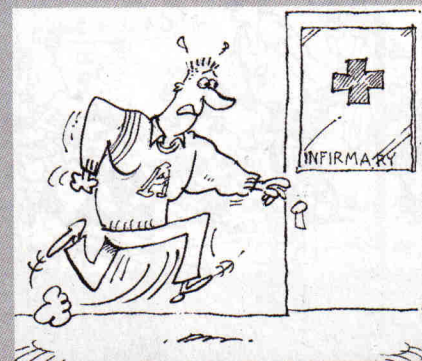
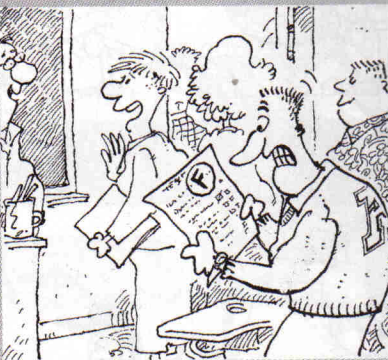
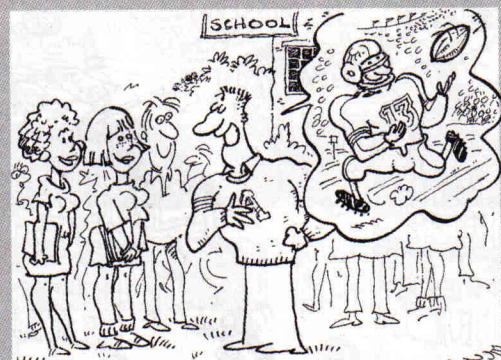


SERGIO ARAGONES PRESENTS A MAD LOOK AT



TRYING OUT FOR THE TEAM







The do-it-yourselfer faces a wide variety of gruesome and ungodly characters — bloodthirsty ghouls, undead specters from beyond, even licensed contractors. But before you douse yourself in holy water and roll up your sleeves for the hellish task at hand, see if our own expert can offer some help...

MORE MR. FIX-IT

Tackles Your

OCCULT And PARANORMAL

HOME REPAIR PROBLEMS

Dear Mr. Fix-It,

My new roommate, Vlad, is a vampire. However, his coffin is very old, and the joints are dried out and loosening. With the drapes open, it provides little protection from the sun and he makes quite a racket, restlessly tossing in his unholy slumber. Because of the coffin's disrepair, the curtains have to be drawn all day long, even though it is depressing and causing my plants to die.

Is there a simple and easy way I can tighten up his squeaky coffin so he won't make so much noise when I try to enjoy the sun? I'm afraid if this problem continues, he'll be left defenseless against the light and his body will horribly collapse into a steaming, hissing mass of putrid decay. This would be a shame, since he always pays his half of the rent on time and good roommates are hard to find.

I've enclosed a photo of Vlad with one of his latest victims. You can see the coffin in the background.

**Signed,
Dying to Get Some Quiet**



Dear Dying to Get Some Quiet,

You might have a bigger problem than you think. Most vampiric coffins are made from a specific kind of black oak found only in the most remote regions of the Carpathian Forest. This wood is chosen specifically for its hardness, durability and, in most cases, impenetrability. In essence, you couldn't drive a screw into it if all the lost souls taken by all the blood-sucking hordes throughout history depended on it. You could try glue and clamps, though. Plain old Elmer's glue would do the trick — adding a little ground garlic will loosen up the wood and make it a bit easier to force it back into its unholy original shape. Be careful not to use too much garlic though, as you might have one angry vampire on your hands.

After applying the glue, use as many three and six-foot C-clamps as it takes to slowly squeeze the joints together. Make sure to use some pieces of soft wood (like pine) as cushions between the clamps and the coffin. It would really be a shame to mar the finish of such an ancient and diabolical piece of workmanship.

All the best, Mr. Fix-It

ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA

WRITER: P.C. VEY

Dear Mr. Fix-It,

I recently laid some beautiful Spanish tiles in my kitchen. They really look great but I suspect the adhesive I used was not right for the job. Not two days after I thought I was finished, the tiles started moving around. I don't mean slipping out of place due to foot traffic, I mean crashing around the house, leaving incredible mayhem and destruction in their wake. After a week, every single tile relocated itself to a different part of the house and rested in the rubble and dust that I once called home. I even found one in the crib. Thank God we don't have a baby.

When I called the store where I bought the product, all I heard were blood-curdling screams and someone yelling in the background about a man-eating, putty-colored blob that was mistakenly packaged as floor and tile adhesive. It's been two weeks now and the inside of my house has gone from bad to worse. And I've nearly been eaten twice. What should I do?

I've enclosed a photo of the container it came in and what used to be my kitchen.

Signed, Food For Adhesive



Dear Food For Adhesive,

Putty can make a real mess if not handled properly. First, you should put on a pair of heavy-duty industrial rubber gloves and a plastic helmet with a clear shield for your face. Then, carefully scrape off as much blob as you can from the tiles and dispose of it. Use a reinforced airtight hazardous materials container and have somebody from the EPA come and pick it up. Whatever you do, don't just throw it in the trash or dump it in a lake. If it got into the ground water, it could easily kill every man, woman and child in your community.

After the tiles are nice and clean, get some quality (and yes, costly) floor and tile adhesive, apply it in a thick, even coat to the back of each tile and set them firmly into place. It never pays to skimp on materials — but if the product was defective and was, in fact, a man-eating blob rather than the floor adhesive it claimed to be, a strongly-worded letter to the manufacturer should get you a full refund.

All the best, Mr. Fix-It



Dear Mr. Fix-It,

The devil is living in my refrigerator.

I know it's Satan himself and not some lesser demon, because I signed a pact with him 15 years ago and one of the sub-clauses stated that he could live in my refrigerator if he wanted to. At the time I thought nothing of it. After all, why in hell would Satan want to live in my refrigerator? It's an older model and the compressor is just about shot. But apparently I was wrong and now I'm paying the price. Nothing stays cold anymore. Dairy products just go putrid. Fruits and vegetables sit in a pool of their own self-emanating slime. All my leftovers are covered with a multicolored fungus that I swear shows some signs of intelligence. At times, the thing radiates so much heat I have to open the windows, which let in the thousands of flies that seem to gather outside the house on a daily basis. I called a refrigerator repairman but he says he doesn't work on satanic appliances. The best he could recommend was canned foods or take-out. I've enclosed a photo of my kitchen.

Signed, Eating Out A Lot



Dear Eating Out A Lot,

Your first mistake was signing anything with the devil, let alone a pact. Try consulting the warranty to see if the manufacturer covers the problem. If it doesn't, just unplug the thing, and bring it out to your front lawn for the trash. Old appliances, satanic or otherwise, are usually not worth repairing. When buying yourself a new refrigerator, be sure to use a fake ID and a clever disguise. If your pact with the devil is airtight — and most of them are — he'll move right into the new one if he knows you bought it. Of course, you could always move to a much colder climate, say, somewhere along the Arctic Circle, where you could easily get along without a refrigerator. But then you might always wonder if he'll show up demanding to move into an old ice chest or some cold beverage insulator.

All the best, Mr. Fix-It

MORE MR. FIX-IT

Tackles Your OCCULT And PARANORMAL HOME REPAIR PROBLEMS

Dear Mr. Fix-It,

I have hundreds of rampaging, zombie beetles burrowing their way through my house right now. Normally this kind of thing wouldn't bother me, but I'm trying to put up some sheetrock in the basement and my home is falling apart around me. I've tried a protective jumpsuit and special goggles that my optometrist prescribed, but they only seem to anger the swarm of insects. Their destruction and bloodlust have already caused me to nail two fingers and a thumb to the wall by mistake. How can I finish this job I started? I've enclosed a badly taken photo of myself trying to cope — because it's also hard to use a camera in this condition.

Signed, Up Against a Wall



Dear Up Against a Wall,

You should ask a friend or neighbor to help — putting up sheetrock is really a two man job, even in ideal situations. If your predicament has alienated all your friends and scared off all your neighbors, you could always hire a handyman. They don't charge much and are good workers. Additionally, most are second-rate professional carpenters who want to get in, do the job and get out without much conversation or judgment, no matter what kind of peculiar situation presents itself. This seems perfect in your case.

Remember to use waterproof sheetrock screws, as blood will rust regular screws as easily as water.

All the best, Mr. Fix-It



Dear Mr. Fix-It,

I believe my house is being targeted by flying saucers. The other day, a formation of six swooped down and rattled my roof so hard, some of the shingles flew off and my chimney shook so much I thought it was going to collapse. Then, last night, nine of them buzzed around my house for an hour, taking turns bumping into it. As a result, some bricks actually did fall from the chimney, one right down the flue, hitting me in the face as I was looking up it to get a better look. I realize this isn't the end of the world, as some of my UFO books would indicate, but I have a genuine fear that the chimney might actually fall over during the next big rainstorm.

Is there any way I can shore it up or strengthen it so it might last the lifetime it was guaranteed to last?

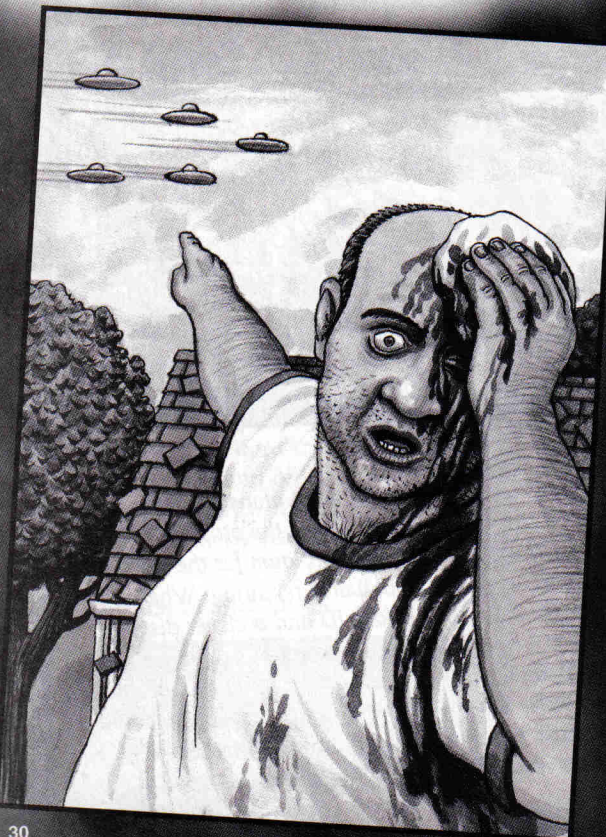
Signed, Still Bleeding From the Brick

Dear Still Bleeding From the Brick,

I wish you had sent me a photo of your chimney. It's hard to help you if I'm left in the dark as to the extent of damage done. However, if it has been bombarded in this way and lost a number of bricks, I would have to think the integrity of its structure has been compromised — in which case, you may need a whole new one built. My advice to you is not to do the job yourself. A job like this, done incorrectly, could give you even bigger trouble later on down the line.

But, if you insist on tackling the job yourself, avoid using lumber — it could ignite during your next sighting. I wouldn't rebuild it with bricks either, as you will probably just have the same experience during the next big onslaught. Reinforced concrete encased in an inch of plate steel might be a good idea. It will be tricky getting it up to your roof, but a military contractor probably has some expertise with this sort of thing. Try contacting your local army base for help.

All the best, Mr. Fix-It





There's a new advertising campaign for ESPN that asks us to look at what the world would be like "Without Sports." Some of the lines include, "Weekends would be weekdays." "Would anyone believe in miracles?," etc. Well, that's the ad agency's idea of what would happen, but we have our own theory on what life would be like...

Without

...the guys who now attract women with their professional sports status would have to use charm instead...thus driving down the number of illegitimate babies by 74%.

...many of the athletes who receive millions to endorse sneakers would only be qualified to work in the same 3-cent-an-hour sweatshops that manufacture them.

...the head of the school math club would think that he actually has a .0000003% chance of taking the school's hottest girl to the prom. (Of course, he'd be wrong, but at least he would appear to have a chance.)

...the only people left to grab their own crotch in public would be three-year-olds, incontinent seniors, and Eminem.

...the ten extra minutes gained on the nightly local news would be used by weathermen to explain barometric pressure in greater depth.

...repressed homosexuality would explode, as men would no longer have a non-gay way to jump on one another, slap each other on the fanny or shower with other men.



Sports...

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND
WRITER: BARRY LIEBMAN



...God would be able to concentrate on world hunger and curing illnesses once He's no longer besieged by Cubs and Red Sox fans praying for a World Series win.

...Spike Lee and Woody Allen, no longer distracted by every lame, pathetic Knicks game, would have the time to improve every one of their lame, pathetic movie scripts.

...Bobby Knight would be tranquilized, Mike Tyson would be lobotomized, and O.J. would be on Death Row.

...people who now go shirtless and paint their faces at ballgames would have to find new ways to show the world that they're shameless idiots, thus swelling the ranks of Fear Factor contestants and Presidential candidates.

...American males would have even less inclination to learn mathematics since they wouldn't have to figure out point spreads.

...Pro Wrestling would be totally unchanged.

1+2=?

zzz

There's the love you have for a romantic partner and the love you have for family. In America's heartland (or, to use election coverage terminology, the "red states"), one often finds a love that's both. So blow dry your mullet, slip into your Wal-Mart tuxedo and examine...

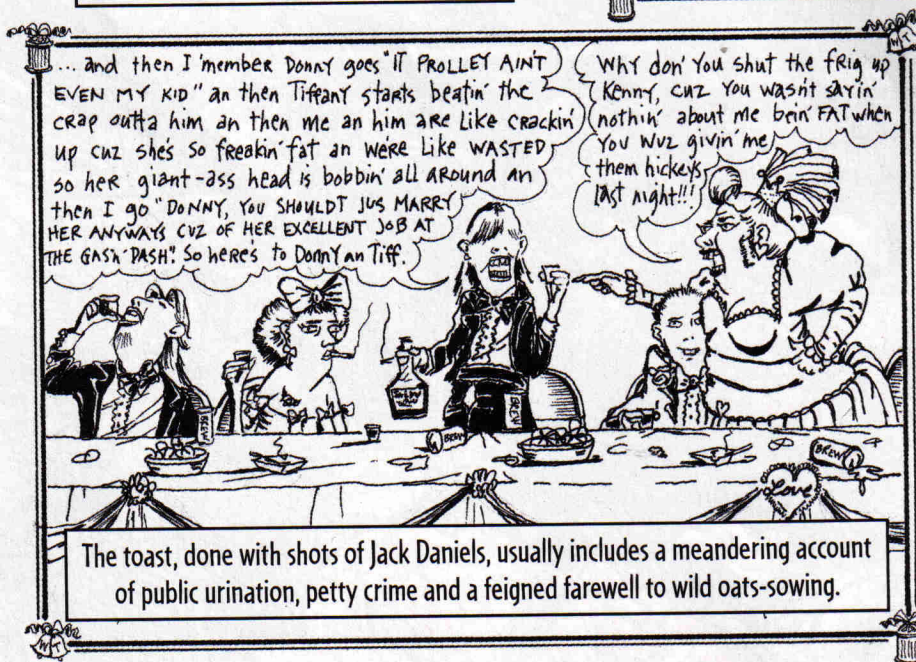
THE TELLTALE OF A WHITE



The bride thinks her bruises meet the requirement for the "something blue."



The priest announces NASCAR updates throughout the ceremony.

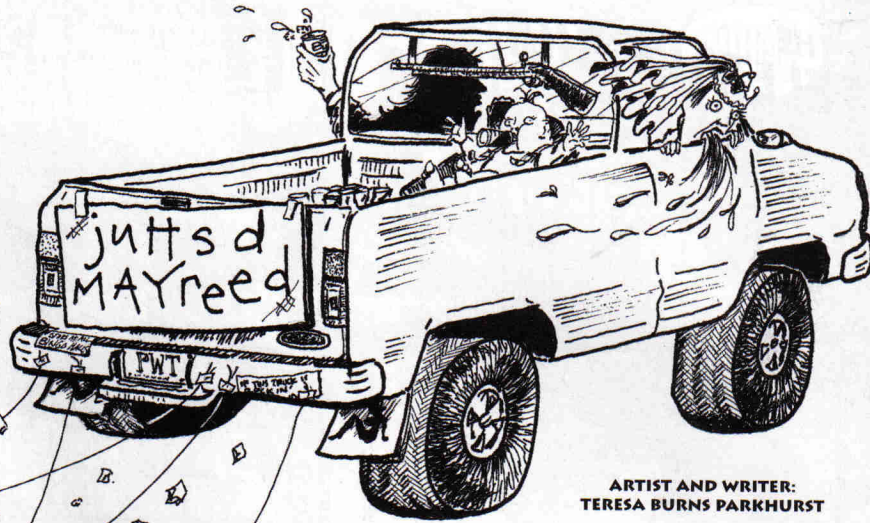


The toast, done with shots of Jack Daniels, usually includes a meandering account of public urination, petty crime and a feigned farewell to wild oats-sowing.

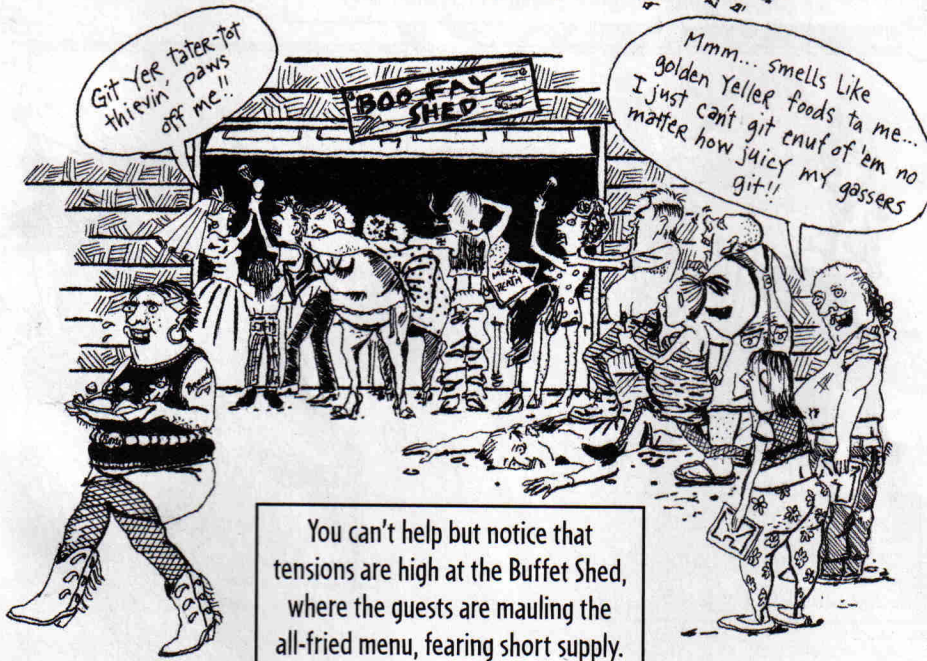


The gift table has an inordinate number of parcels bearing a striking resemblance to six-packs.

SIGNS TRASH WEDDING



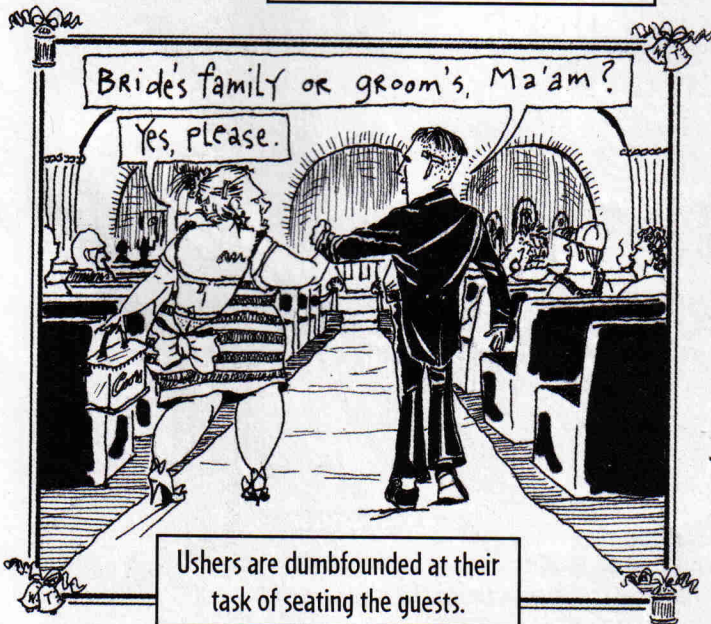
ARTIST AND WRITER:
TERESA BURNS PARKHURST



You can't help but notice that tensions are high at the Buffet Shed, where the guests are mauling the all-fried menu, fearing short supply.



The bride isn't sure if she spilled her Gin 'n' Kool-Aid spritzer or if her water just broke.

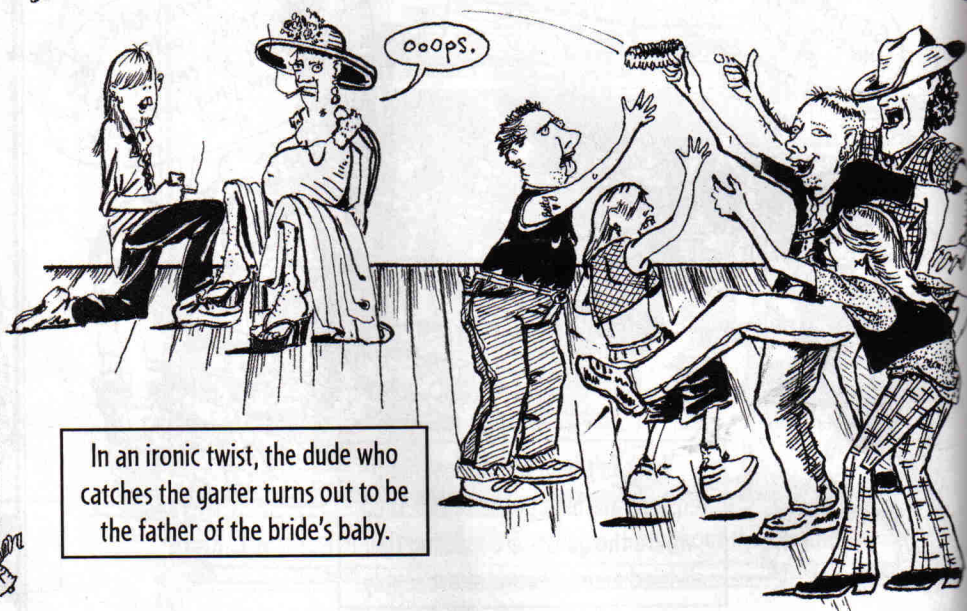
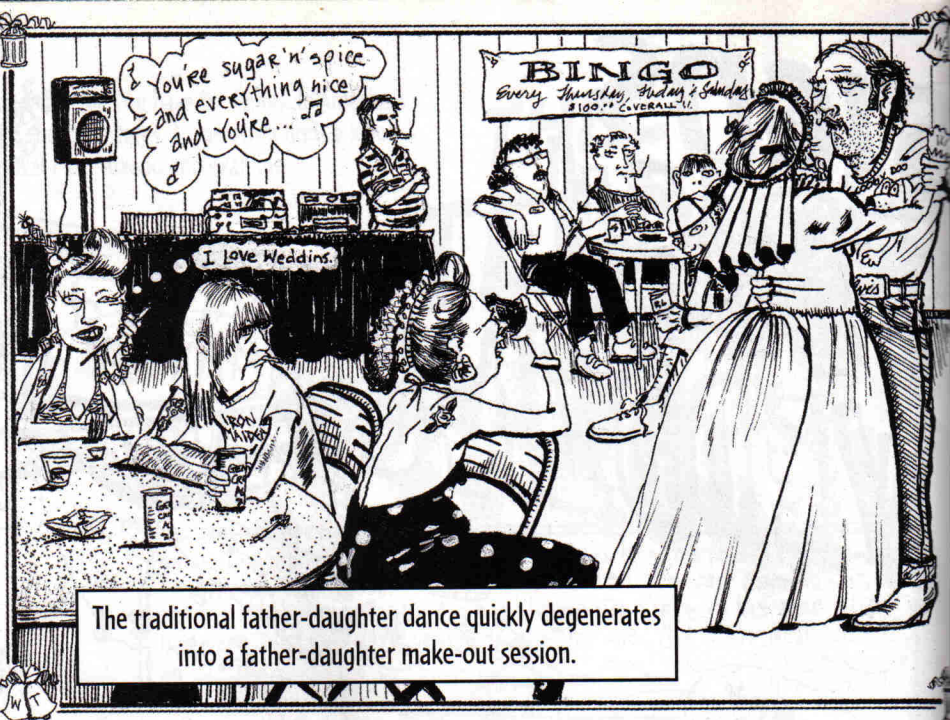


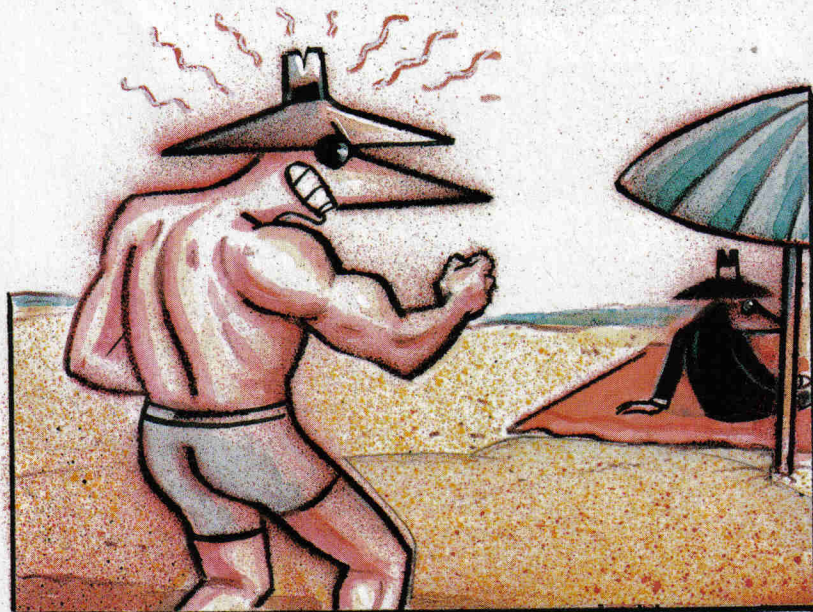
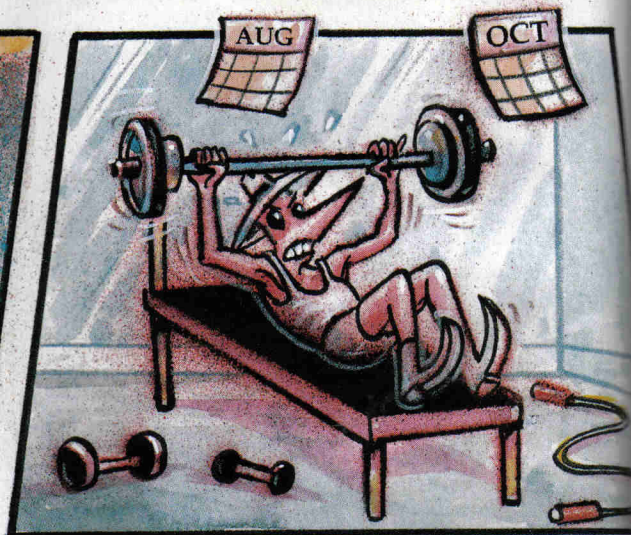
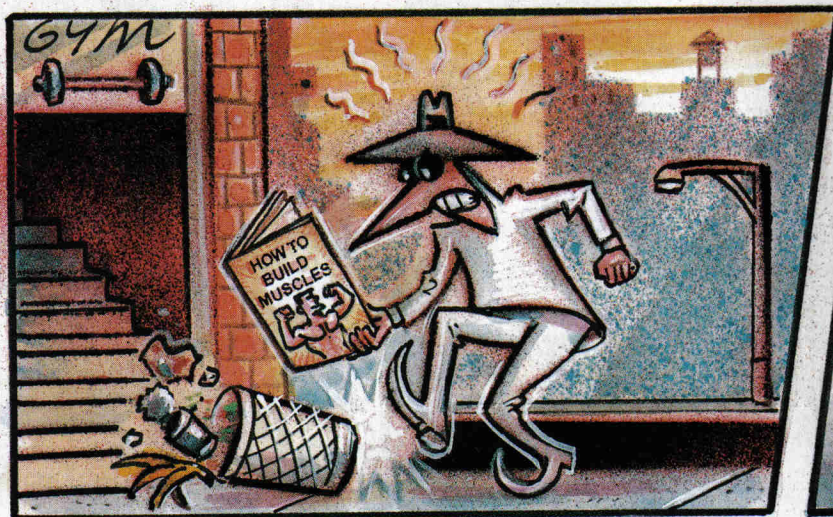
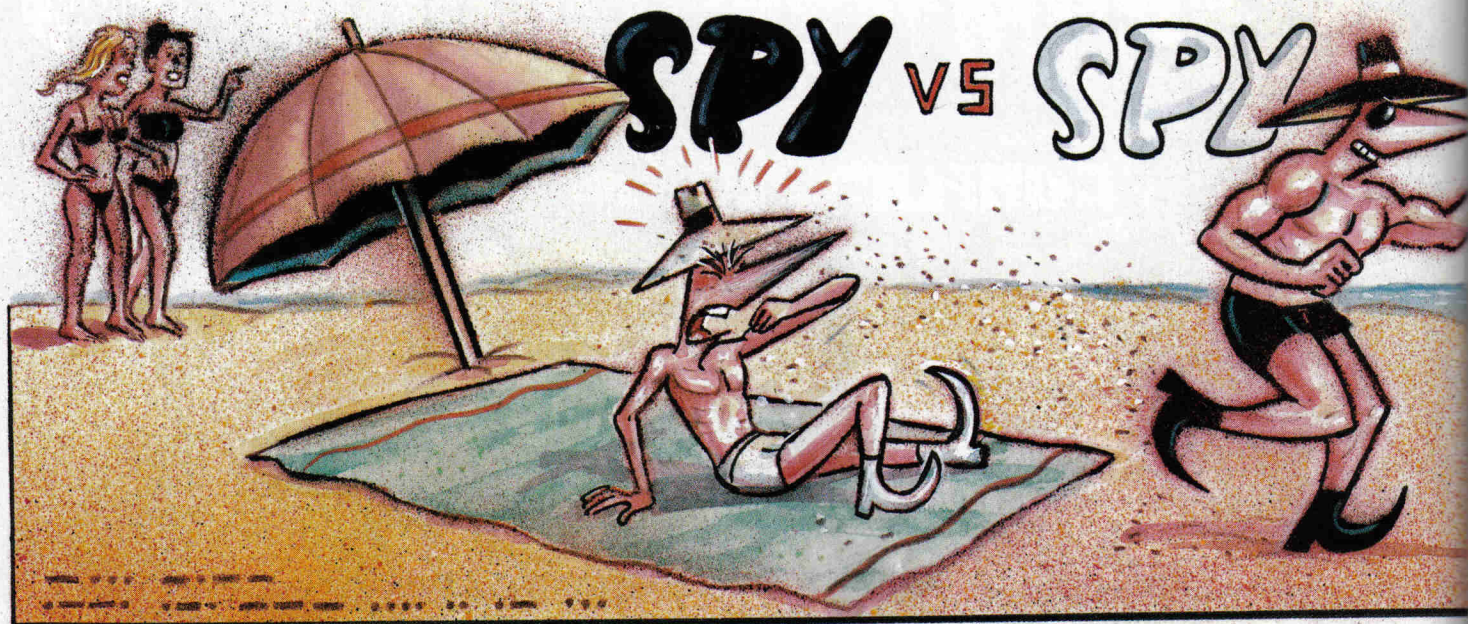
Ushers are dumbfounded at their task of seating the guests.

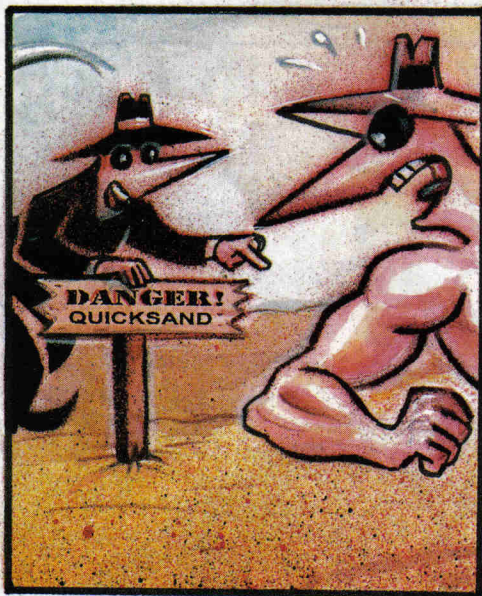
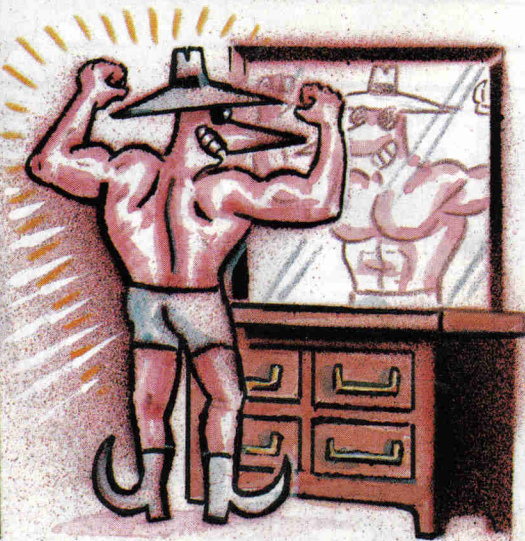
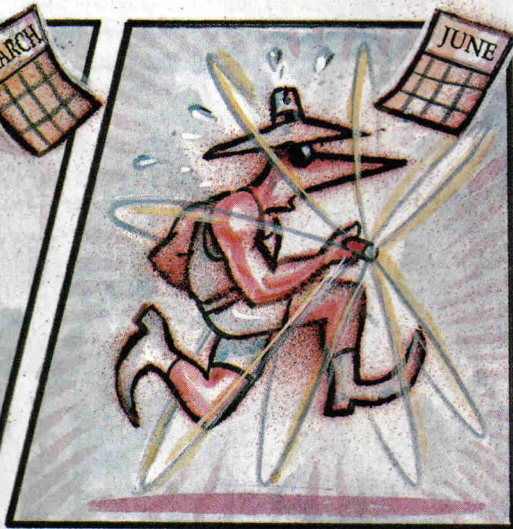
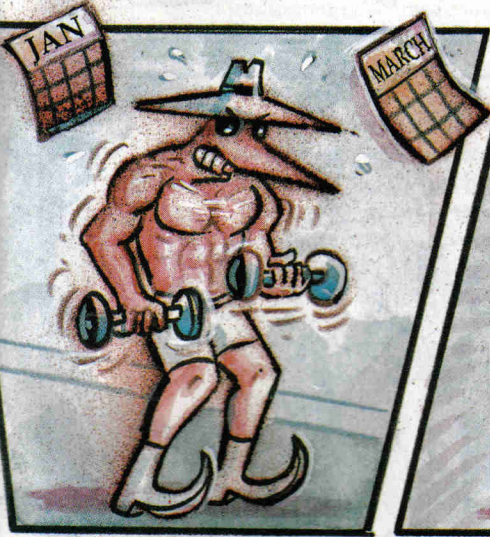
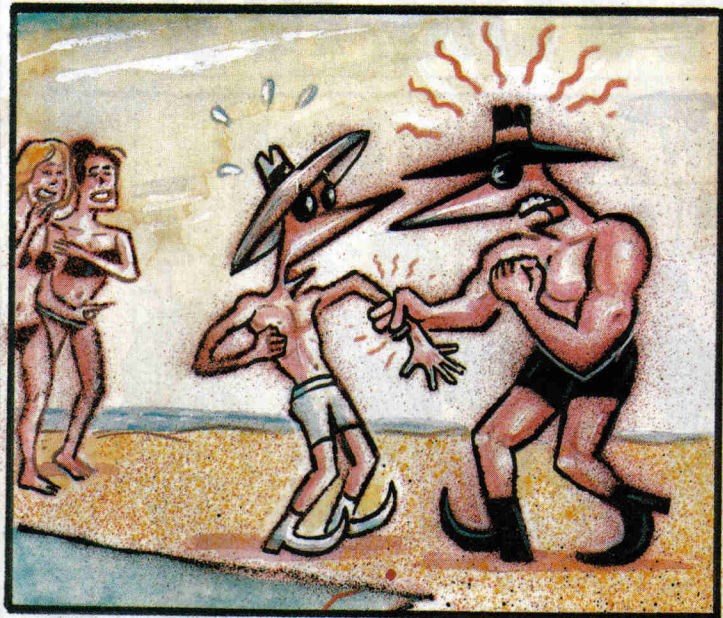


Guests sporting glittery decals on their sweatshirts are overheard scoffing at guests with only plain decals on their sweatshirts.

THE TELLTALE SIGNS OF A WHITE TRASH WEDDING



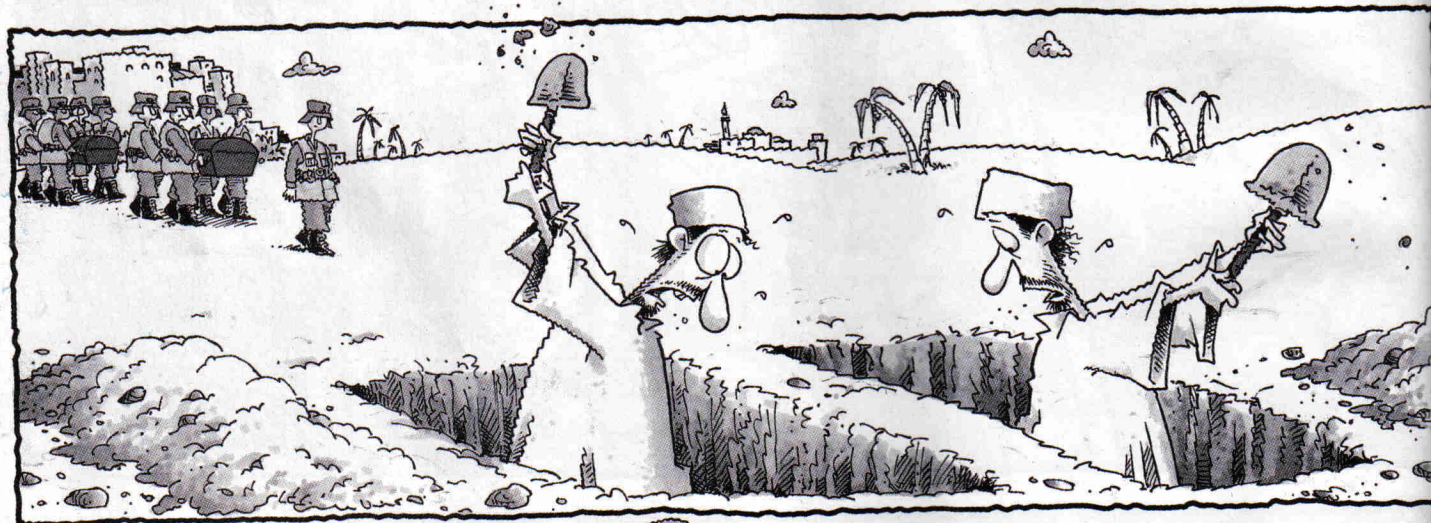




KUPER



AN IRAQI SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE



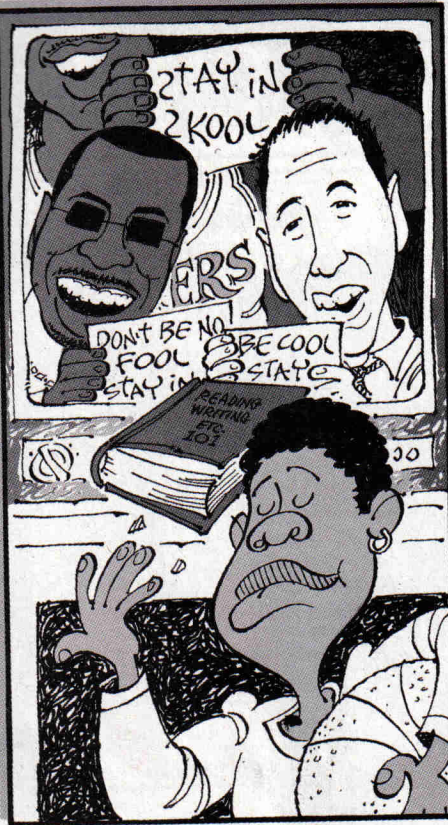
ADDING RESULT TO INJURY DEPT.

In the immortal, spine-chilling words of Sir Alfred E. Newton, "For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction!" In everyday life, this translates into: "You try to do one thing, and end up doing the *complete opposite!*" And in no place is this more true than America — which, after all, was discovered by kooky Europeans who were trying to find a "shortcut" to India, but wound up finding the "really, really long way, with a 3,000-mile-wide continent you can't sail through"! All of which just goes to show you: we should just shut up and tell you to read...

SELF-DEFEATING IN MODERN

Those annoying public service messages urging kids to "stay in school" are almost always delivered by cretins who got stinking rich and famous in jobs where it doesn't matter if you stay in school or drop out after third grade.

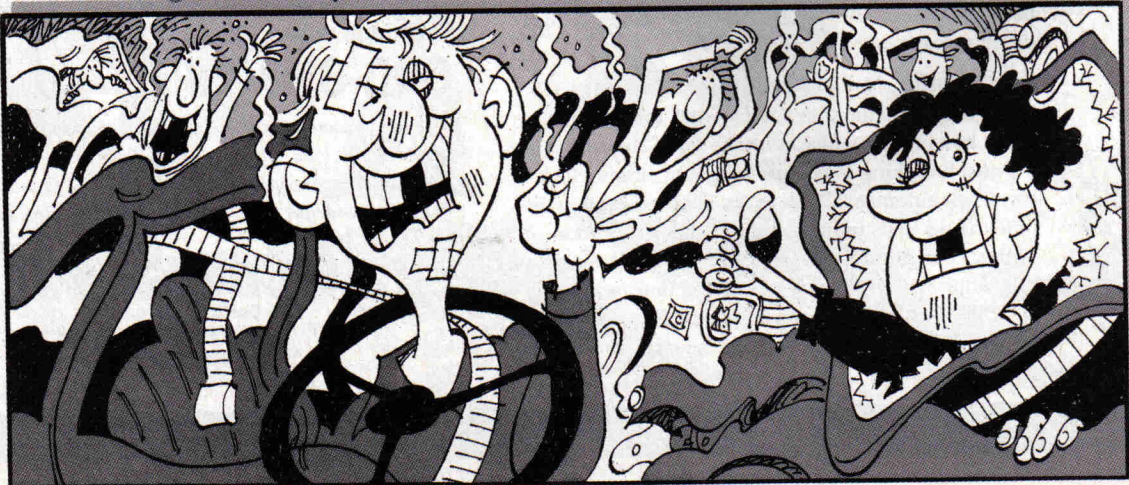
The computer has made printing out any and all useless documents so easy that instead of the "paperless society" computer makers hyped, we're up to our asses in more paper than ever before.



So many schmucks are desperately trying to get their faces on TV these days that it's only a matter of time before there's not one friggin' person at home watching.



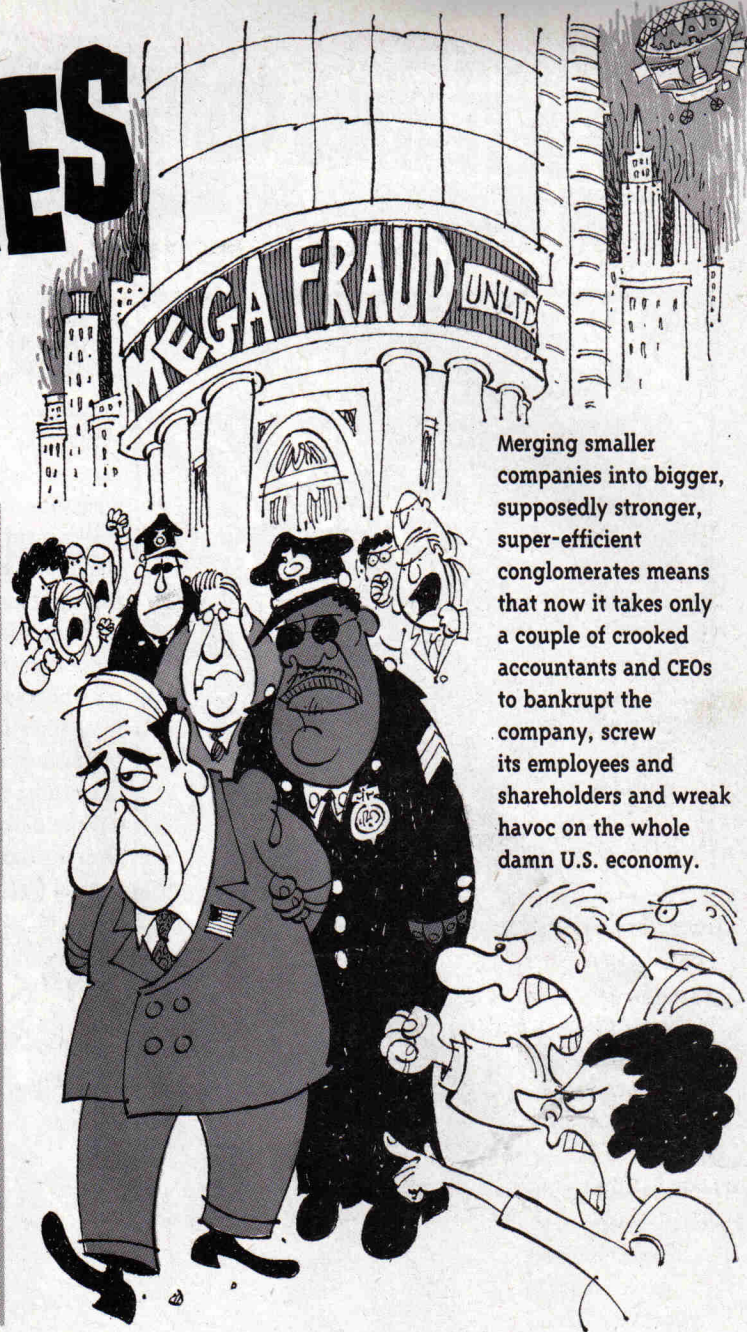
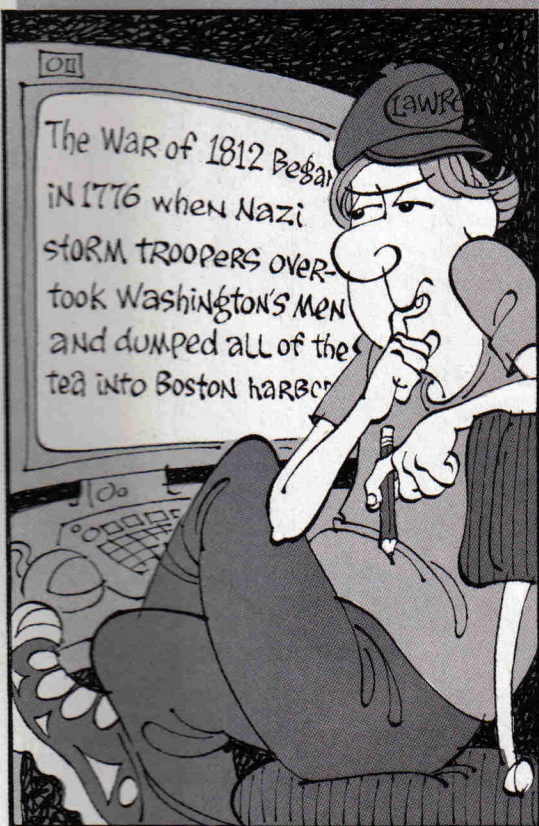
Laws making cars safer and safer means that maniac drivers will survive the bloody crashes they cause and continue driving...thereby making our roads that much more dangerous.



CONSEQUENCES

AMERICAN LIFE

The Internet provides a vast new source of information and knowledge...but because any bozo with a computer can post any crap they want, everything you read online is either unreliable, suspect or just flat-out bull*£££.



Merging smaller companies into bigger, supposedly stronger, super-efficient conglomerates means that now it takes only a couple of crooked accountants and CEOs to bankrupt the company, screw its employees and shareholders and wreak havoc on the whole damn U.S. economy.



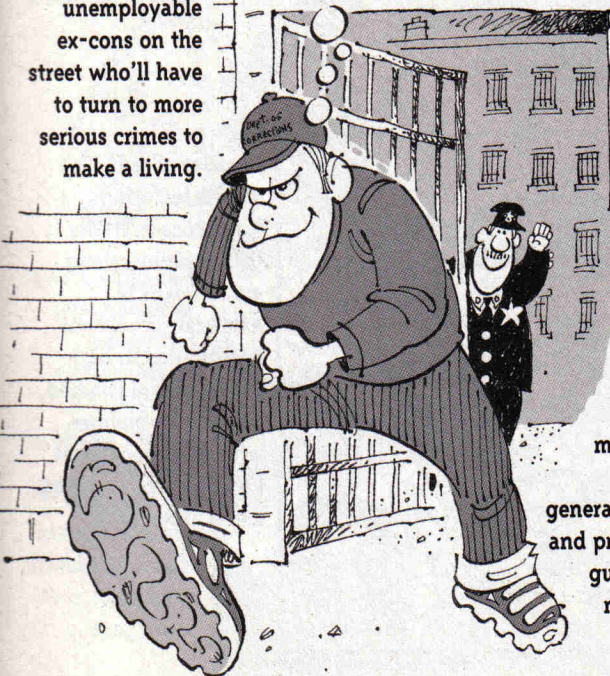
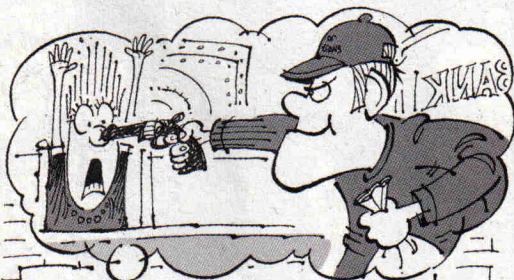
Decades of seductive TV ads featuring Americans in flashy cars speeding along empty roads in exhilarating solitude has resulted in highways that are jammed, bumper-to-bumper, with single-occupant vehicles — all crawling along at ten mph.

SELF-DEFEATING CONSEQUENCES IN MODERN AMERICAN LIFE



By bailing out unfortunate property owners after every hurricane, flood and earthquake with taxpayer-funded insurance...our government is ensuring a steady supply of morons who don't have the sense not to build their houses in those same high-risk areas, increasing the number of boneheads we'll have to bail out after the next natural disaster!

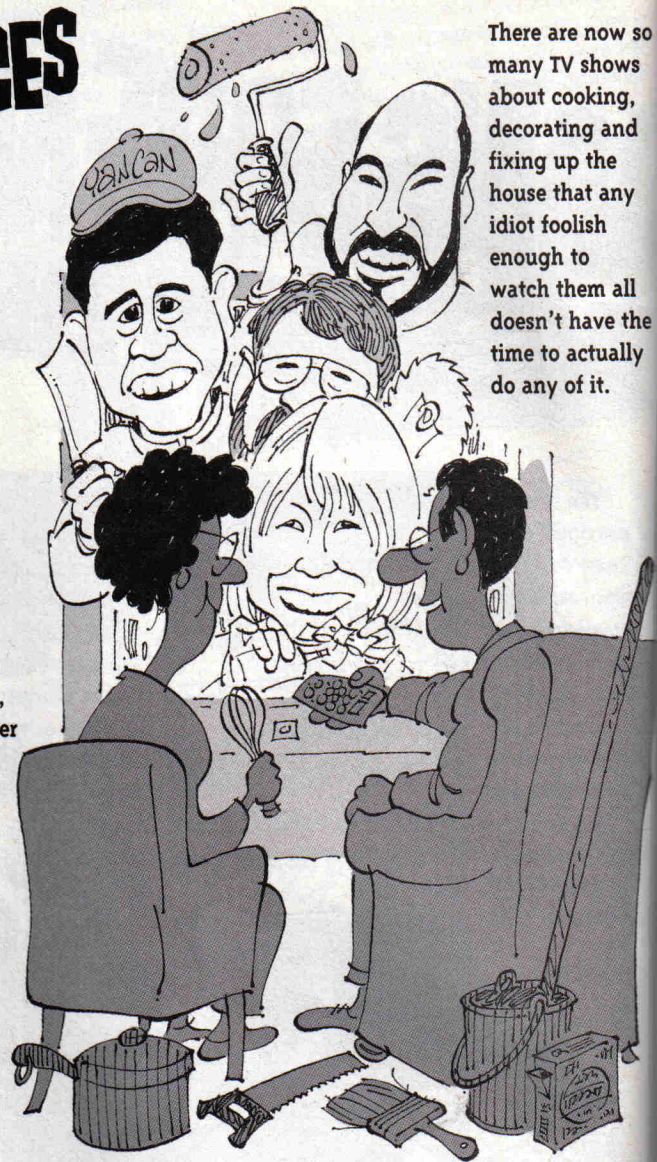
"Fighting crime" by throwing lots more people into prison for things like minor drug offenses means that in a few years, there will be lots more jail-hardened, unemployable ex-cons on the street who'll have to turn to more serious crimes to make a living.



In order to attract more ticket-buyers, movie producers spend truckload after truckload of money on superstar actors, computer-generated special effects and promotion — all but guaranteeing they'll never make a dime in profit.



There are now so many TV shows about cooking, decorating and fixing up the house that any idiot foolish enough to watch them all doesn't have the time to actually do any of it.



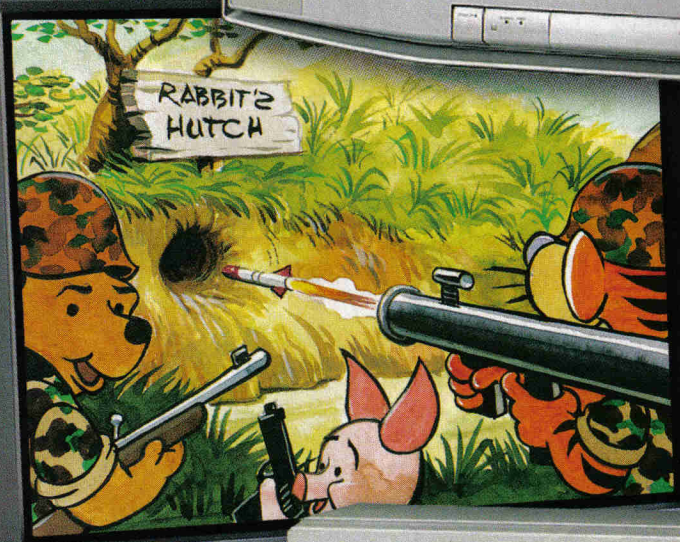


Terrorism at home! War abroad! Naturally, parents are concerned about the best way to explain this frightening new world to their young ones. What understanding do they offer? What assurances can they give? Probably none — so why not let TV do the parenting for them as usual? If parents aren't up to the task, then TV needs to step in and create new angles for existing children's shows! So don't touch that dial as we explore...

USING KIDD THE WAR

Teletubbies

Just like every episode, all four Teletubbies suddenly drop to the floor and start rolling around with their feet kicking in the air. This time, though, it's Tubby Sarin.



Winnie the Pooh

Rabbit calls his home a "hutch." But it sure looks a lot like a Taliban cave. A "bunny buster" bomb settles the issue once and for all.

Blue's Clues

When that bungling Joe fails to put three obvious clues together, another national landmark is lost.

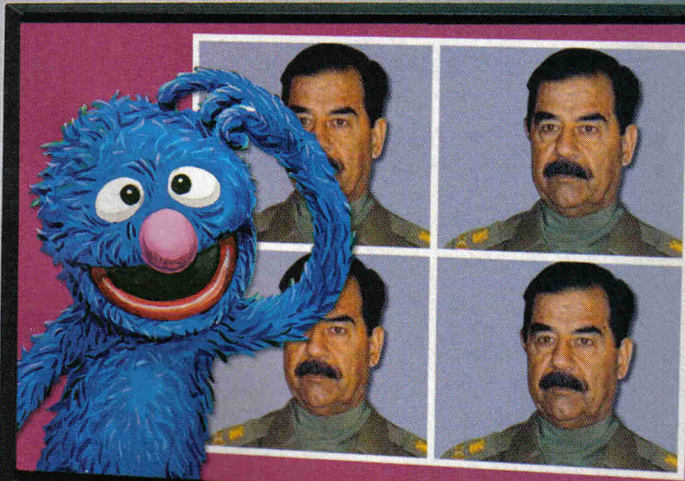


IE TV TO EXPLAIN ON TERRORISM

Bob the Builder

Thanks to Bob being an old business crony of Dick Cheney, he gets the no-bid contract to rebuild Baghdad.

ARTIST: GARY HALLGREN
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

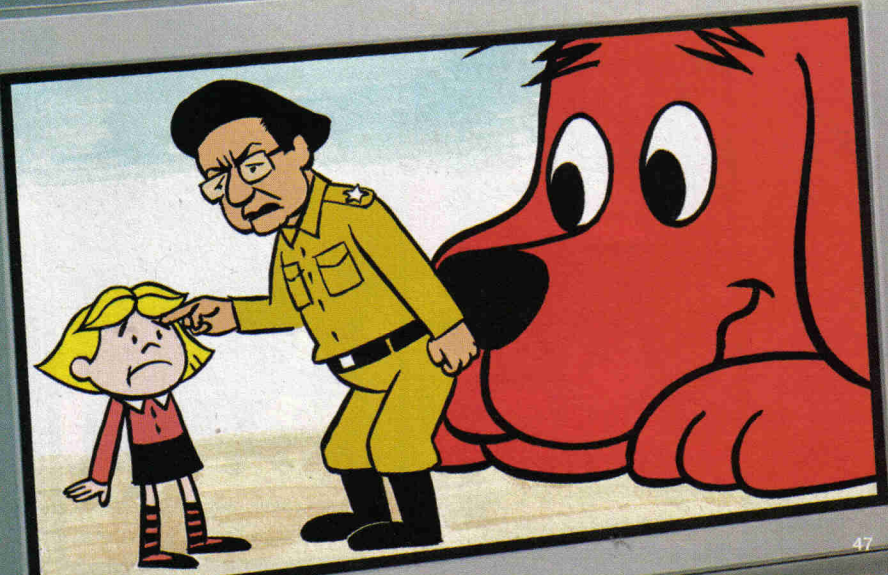


123 SESAME STREET

The old "One Of These Things Is Not Like The Other" game gets a frightening and confusing new twist, as it's played with at least three, and possibly four, Saddam Hussein doubles.

Clifford THE BIG RED DOG

Today's lesson is that seeing isn't always believing. Special guest, Iraqi Information Minister Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf tells Emily Elizabeth, "Dog? There is no big red dog. These big red dog rumors are the foulest lies yet of the infidels, and they shall drown in their own blood for it."





When Homeland Security spots a foreign illegal taking long walks to three locations a day while carrying a mysterious map and a banned backpack, they declare her an enemy combatant and whisk her away for special extralegal interrogation.

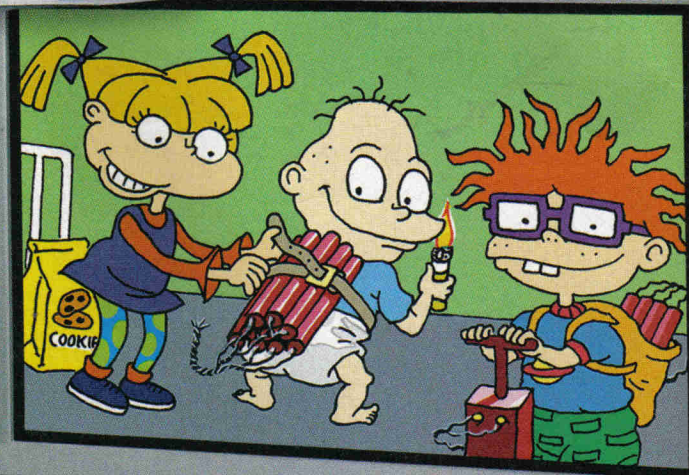


Barney & Friends

It's Code Purple when PBS finally realizes that watching a hypnotic leader march young people through a series of mind-numbing songs, exercises and special projects is the exact same pattern they use in Al Qaeda terrorist training camps.



Turning her natural bossiness up a notch, Angelica urges Tommy and the other easily-manipulated Rugrats to blow themselves up with dynamite and spray shrapnel (while she stays safely back in the playroom and eats all the cookies).



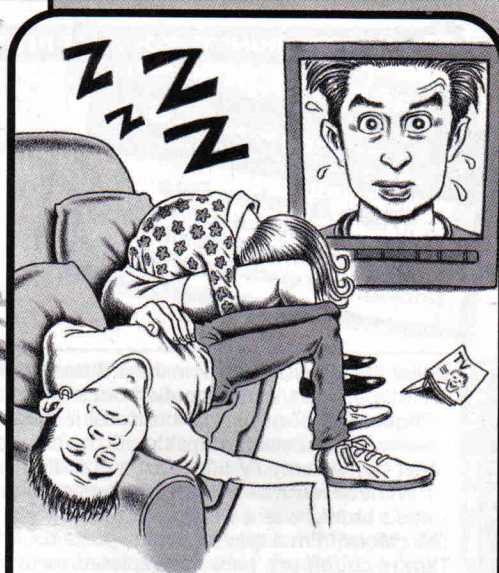
While searching for the nonexistent weapons of mass destruction their leaders lied about, Henry the Penguin and the Egg Twins are killed. Still, what's done is done, so the survivors decide to forget who might have said what about those imaginary WMDs and have a happy picnic. It's a shame their friends were burned beyond all recognition, and surely their sacrifice will never be forgotten. But it's such a lovely day for a picnic.



If you took an infinite number of monkeys and placed them in front of an infinite number of computer keyboards...the result would be identical to a typical AOL chatroom.



If you jump up in the air at the exact moment an elevator crashes...you'll be crushed to death 1/4 of a second later than if you hadn't jumped.



A body at rest tends to stay at rest...which explains why people watch *Scrubs* after *Friends*.



POSTULATION EXPLOSION DEPT.

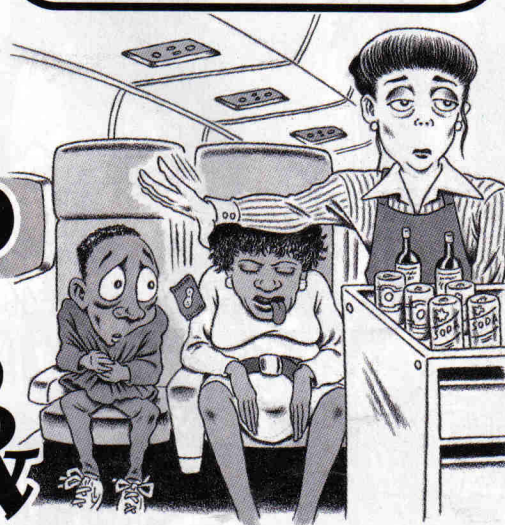
Keenly astute observers of the universe and the human condition that we are, MAD editors are in a uniquely unique position to make astute observations of the universe and the human condition. It's that kind of irrefutable logic that serves as the driving force behind...

MAD'S TWISTED TRUISMS, AXIOMS & THEORIES

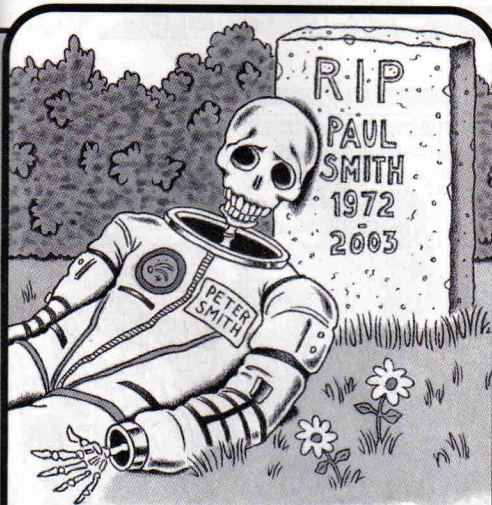
ARTIST: RICK TULKA WRITER: STAN SINBERG



If all crime disappeared tomorrow...security agencies, self-defense schools, producers of TV crime shows and manufacturers of anti-theft devices for homes and cars would ALL go out of business — driving many of these people to a life of crime.



If an airplane travels east for 24 hours straight and keeps crossing the International Dateline... at some point the airline will be forced to feed you a bag of their damn peanuts.



If there are two twin brothers and one blasts off into space for 100 years and one stays on Earth...when the spaceship returns, both brothers will most likely be dead.



Matter goes from solid to liquid to gas...unless you eat a super burrito, in which case the "liquid" stage is skipped.



If the life expectancy of a woman is 80 years, and a man's is 74 years...then a man who wants to live longer should get a sex change operation when he's 73.



8 simple rules

for writing a MAD spoof of a dopey ABC-TV sitcom

Rule Number One

Write a brief intro! It doesn't matter what's in the intro. Nobody ever reads these things!

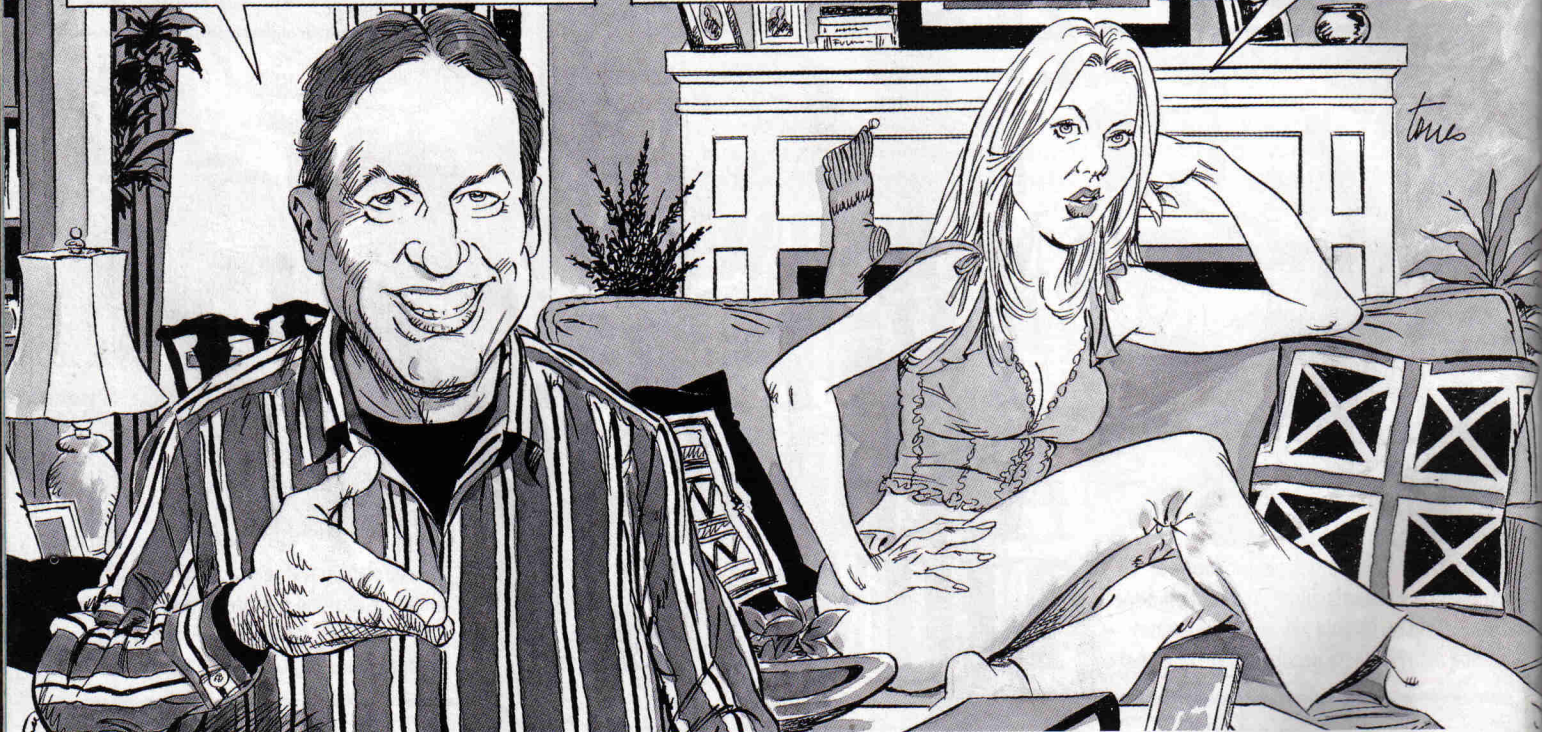
8

Socrates, Aristotle and Ben Affleck walk into a bar. Socrates says to the bartender, "I'll have the hemlock." Aristotle says, "I'll have the sweet wine." Affleck says, "Which way to the can?" Here, then, is our version of...

Hello! I'm TV sitcom veteran **John Ritter**! I'm back! A little pudgier, a little goofier, but still the best "double take" guy in the business! In this new series, I play **Paw! Hennepekky** — the befuddled one! Boy, has my TV life taken a drastic change! In the **seventies** I starred in a series where I was a stud! I was a walking hormone! Now I'm "Mr. Mom"! I'm a stay-at-home sports columnist. They've cut off my nads and replaced them with a laptop! I was liberal, now I'm a strict, no-nonsense conservative! I've become a cuddly Archie Bunker!

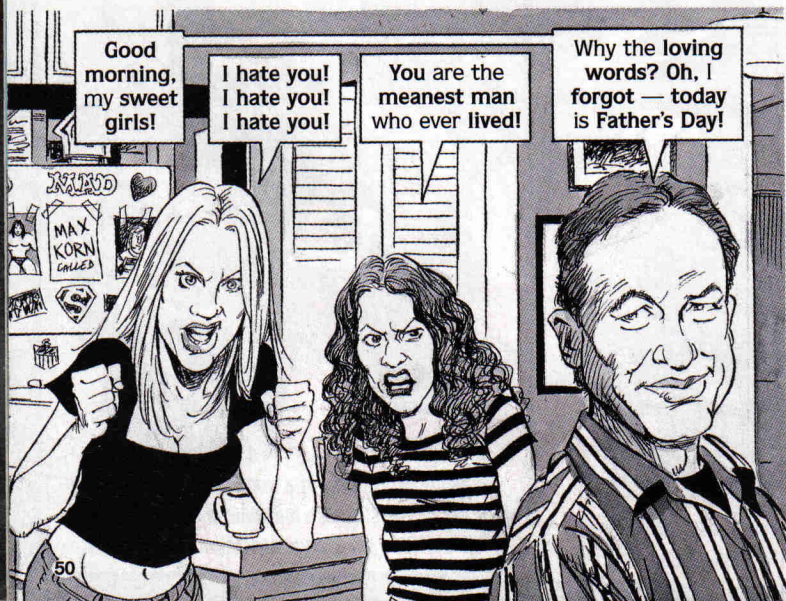
My job on this series is to stop guys from doing what I used to do! I know how guys think! I know what guys want! They want my daughter! The hottie, not the smart one! Here's the rule! You can't touch my daughter unless you're a dentist! If you want to get into my daughter's pants — you have to get past me! Her pants are a no-fly zone! I know that sounds lame, but right now I'm doing one of my patented "double takes"! Anyway, meet my TV family...

I'm Briskette! The hot one! I never auditioned for the reality show, *Are You Hot?* — it wouldn't be fair to the others! It's like Yao Ming going on *Are You Tall?* I possess the classic sitcom qualities that the networks are looking for: I'm All-American, I'm clean-cut, I'm a bubblehead slut! I am the new standard by which all other TV airheads will be judged!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: JOSH GORDON

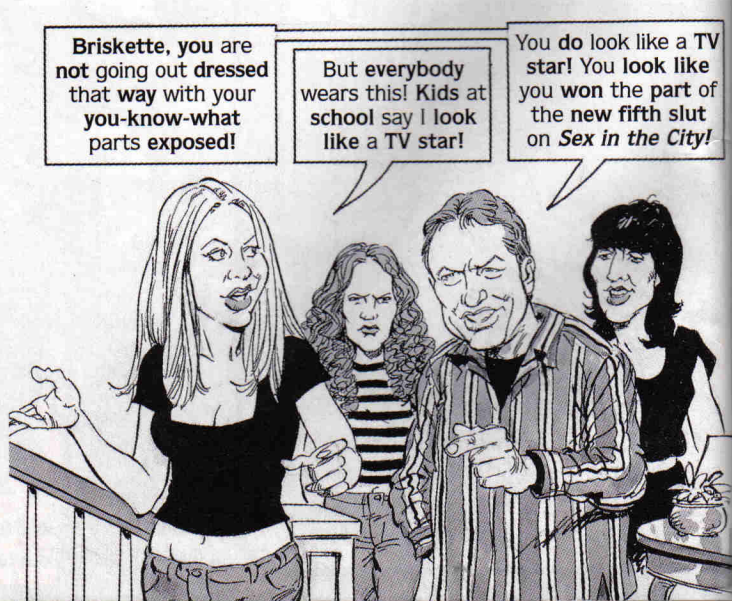


Good morning, my sweet girls!

I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!

You are the meanest man who ever lived!

Why the loving words? Oh, I forgot — today is Father's Day!



Briskette, you are not going out dressed that way with your you-know-what parts exposed!

But everybody wears this! Kids at school say I look like a TV star!

You do look like a TV star! You look like you won the part of the new fifth slut on *Sex in the City*!

simple rules

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8 simple rules

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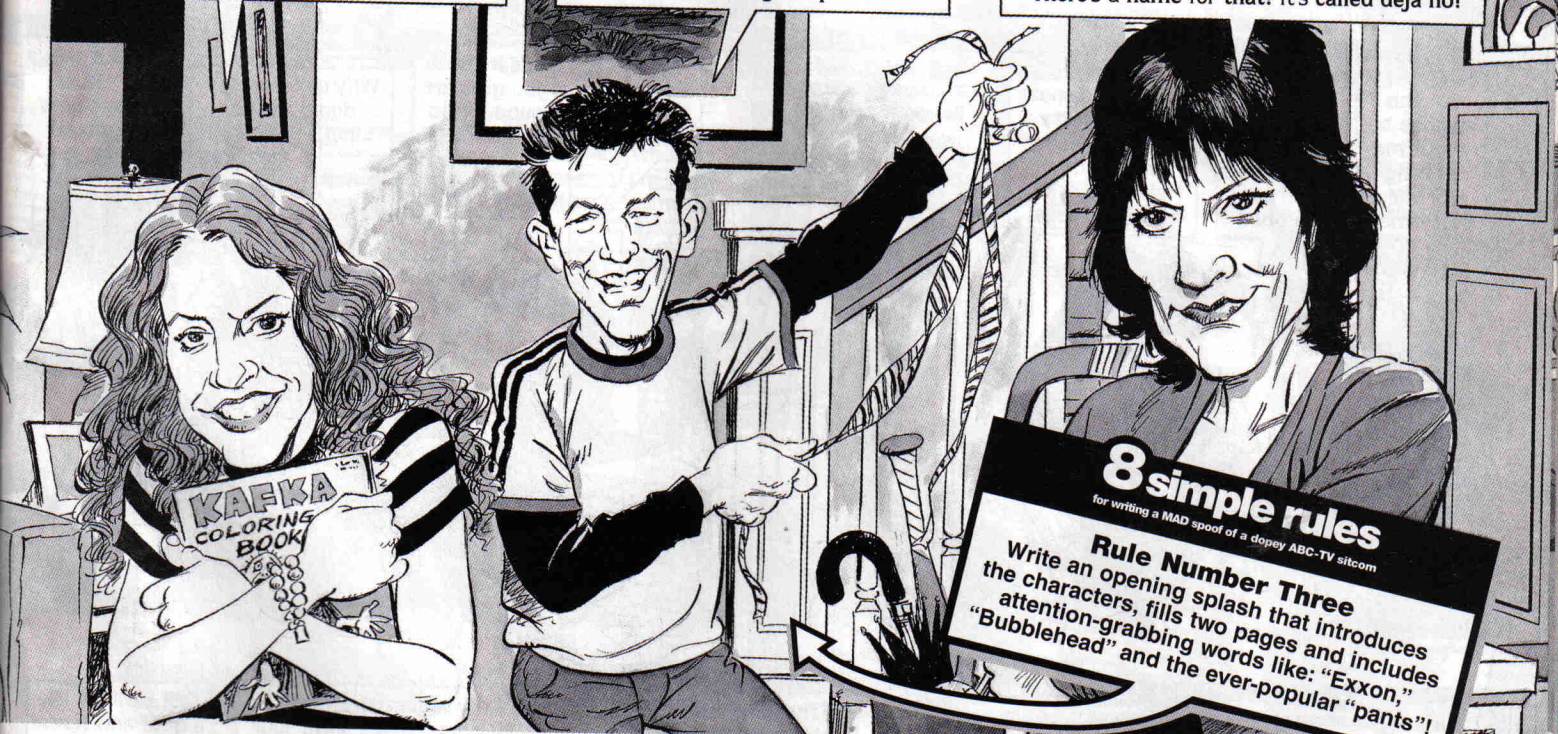
Rule Number Two

Come up with a catchy title that sounds vaguely like the title of the series. (Okay, you noticed. It's not that catchy but it *does* sound vaguely like the series!)

I'm Quirky! The smart one! Unlike my half-naked, airhead sister, I care about issues! Like the environment, corporate greed and starving children in Third World Nations! But to be totally honest, I'd let an Exxon tanker split in half in the Amazon causing a huge oil spill, destroying all wildlife and all human life in the rain forest — if I could only be the hot one! As the smart one, I've learned a lesson about TV! The lesson is: on prime time comedies, brains suck, beauty rules!

I'm Crawly! The funny one! I come from that magical casting place: The Planet of Wisecracking Kids! The theory on this show is teenage girls are difficult, teenage boys are easy to parent! That's why I can get away with stuff! Things like taunting my sisters, selling their thongs on eBay and building a stereo using their push-up-bras as speaker cones! I'm in a real good place!

I'm Crate! The unnecessary one! Every week when I sit down to read the new script I think I'm in *Without A Trace*! I've had quite a career! On my last hit series, *Married... With Children*, I was surrounded by a goofy husband, a rambunctious son and a daughter who dressed like a hooker! Look how far I've come! Yes! Again I'm playing the mom of a sleazy-looking daughter! Hmm! Seems like I've experienced this before! There's a name for that! It's called déjà ho!

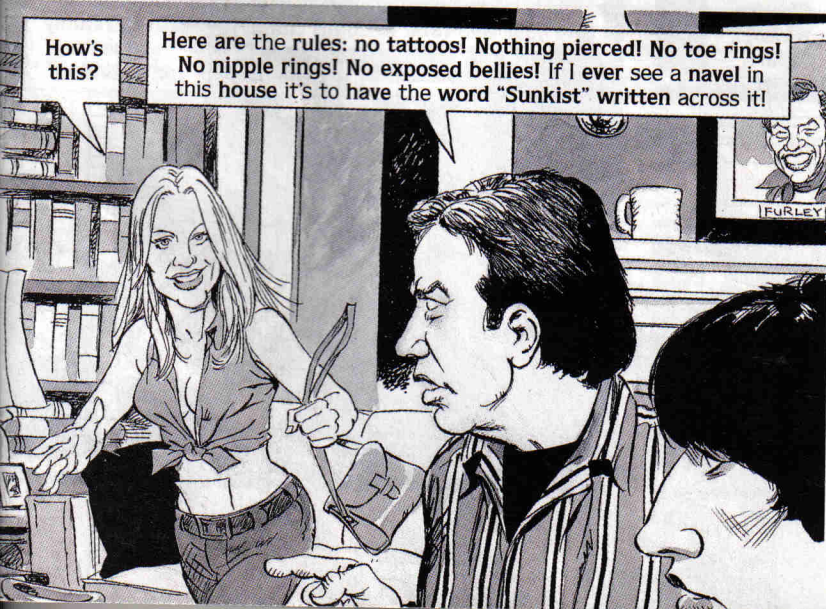


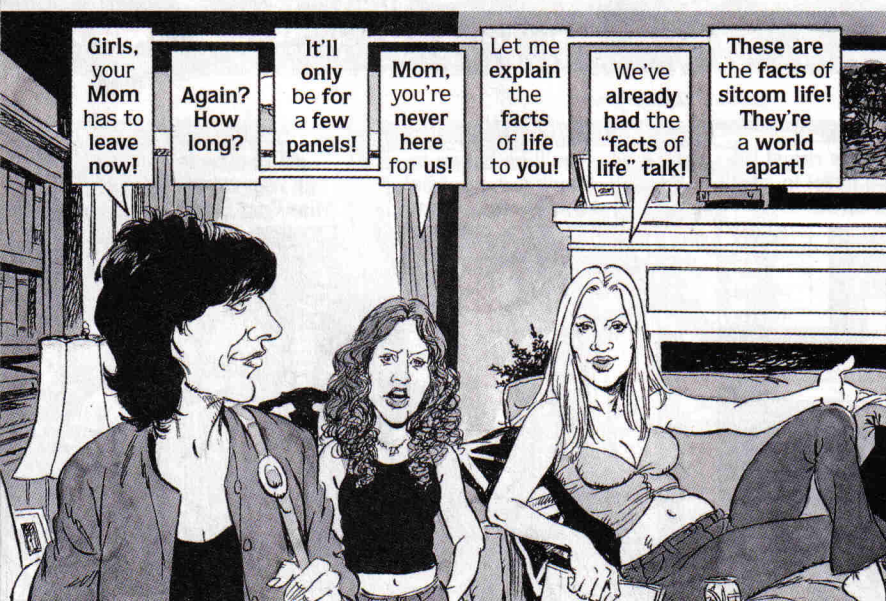
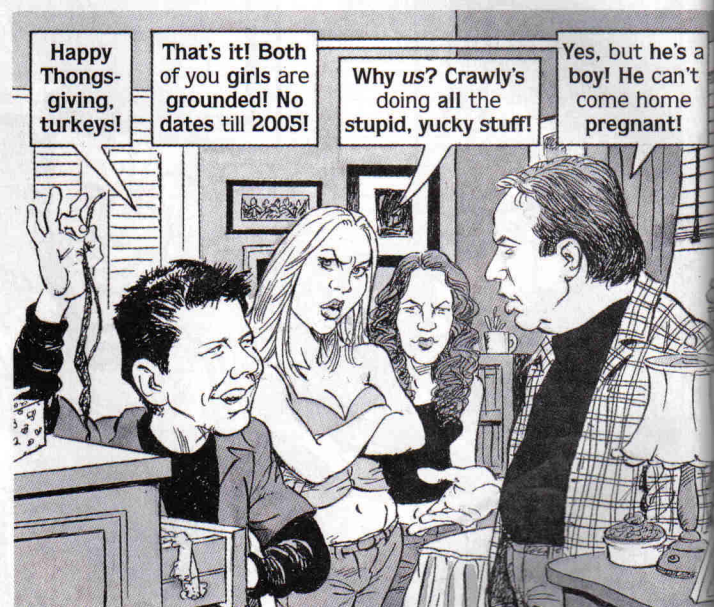
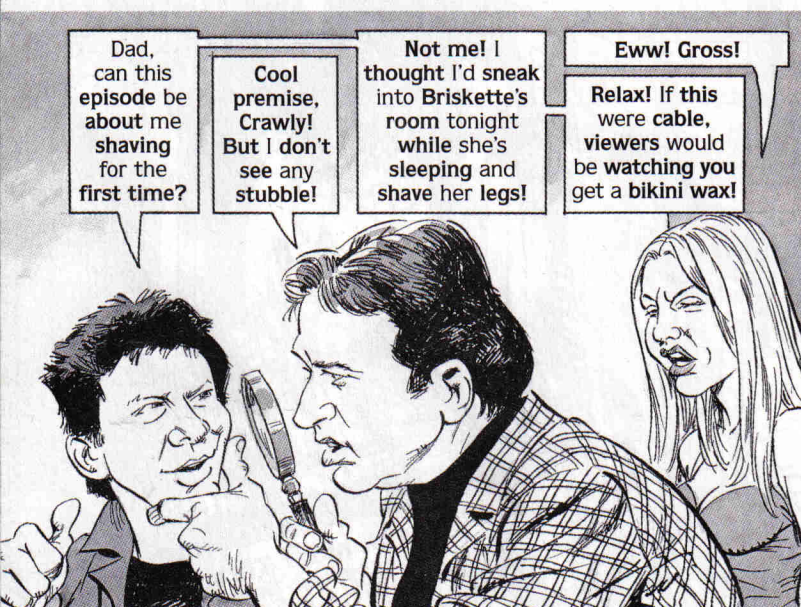
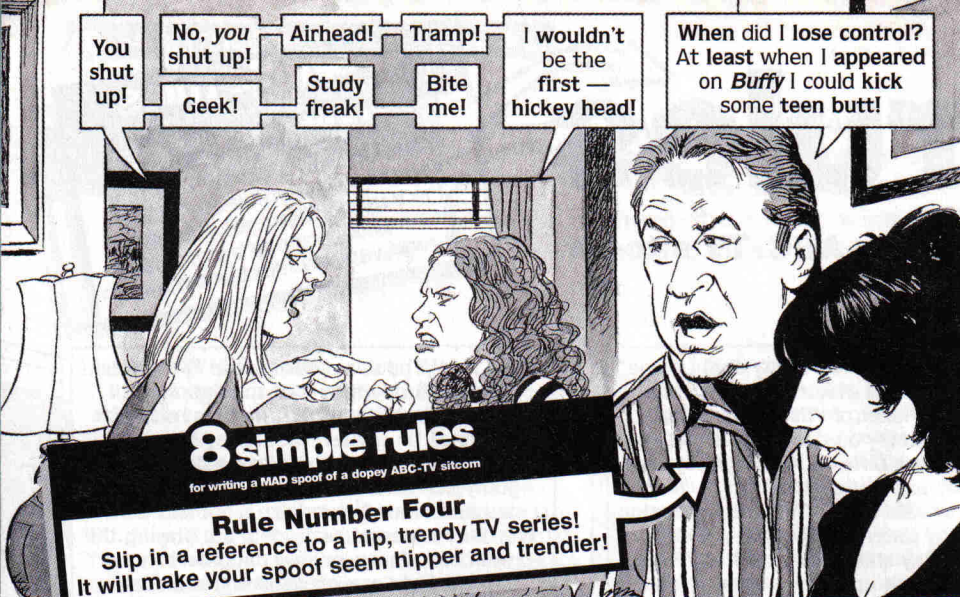
8 simple rules

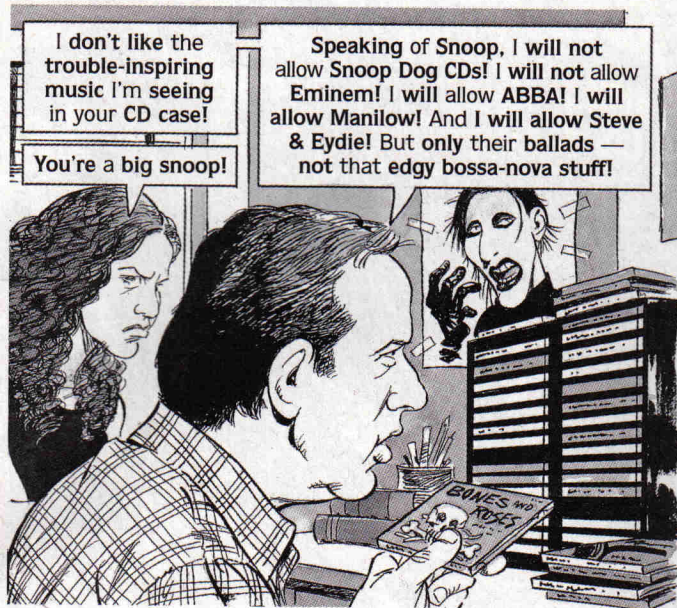
for writing a MAD spoof of a dopey ABC-TV sitcom

Rule Number Three

Write an opening splash that introduces the characters, fills two pages and includes attention-grabbing words like: "Exxon," "Bubblehead" and the ever-popular "pants"!



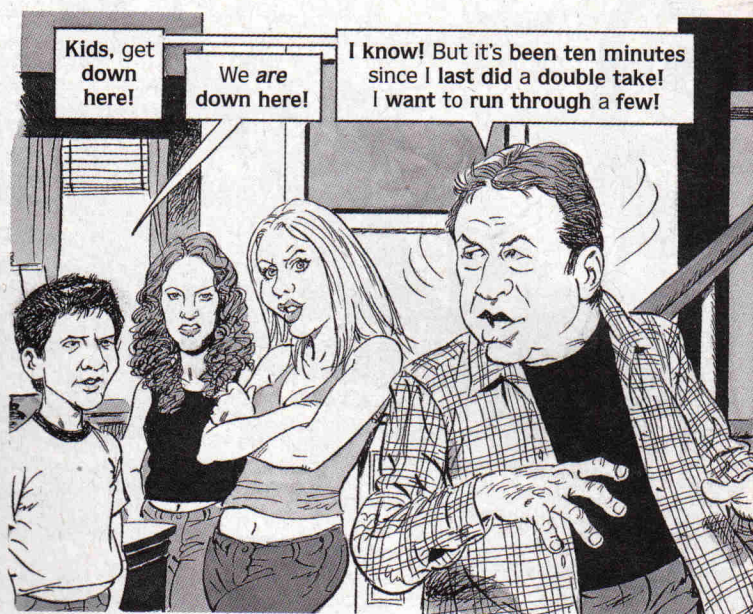




I don't like the trouble-inspiring music I'm seeing in your CD case!

You're a big snoop!

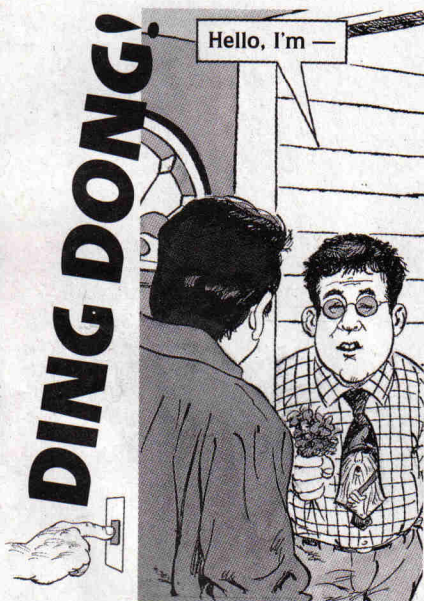
Speaking of Snoop, I will not allow Snoop Dog CDs! I will not allow Eminem! I will allow ABBA! I will allow Manilow! And I will allow Steve & Eydie! But only their ballads — not that edgy bossa-nova stuff!



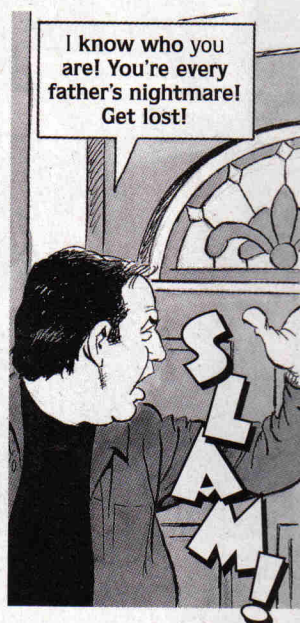
Kids, get down here!

We are down here!

I know! But it's been ten minutes since I last did a double take! I want to run through a few!



Hello, I'm —



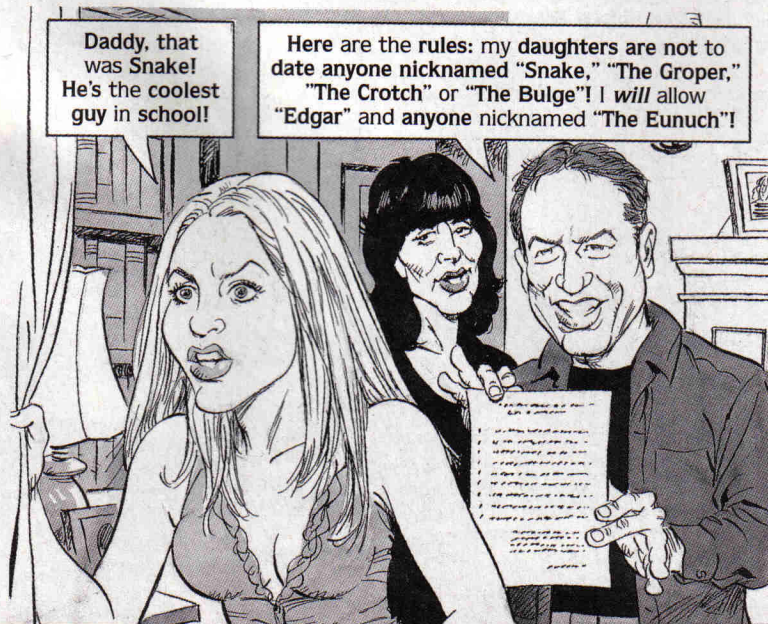
I know who you are! You're every father's nightmare! Get lost!



Dude! I'm here to date your daughter!



First, I'm not your Dude! Second, in your dreams!



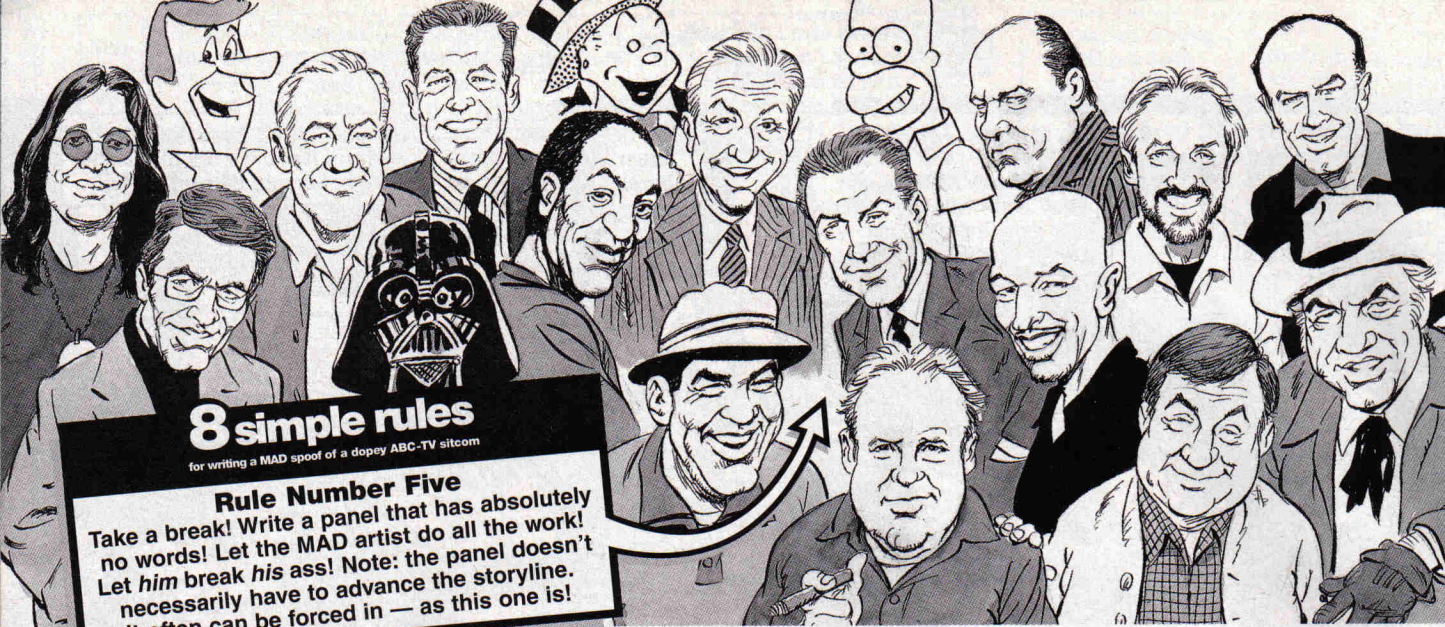
Daddy, that was Snake! He's the coolest guy in school!

Here are the rules: my daughters are not to date anyone nicknamed "Snake," "The Groper," "The Crotch" or "The Bulge"! I will allow "Edgar" and anyone nicknamed "The Eunuch"!



You won't be happy until you install a LoJack on me!

It's not easy being a Dad! I often think about other fathers and how they handled *their* kids...



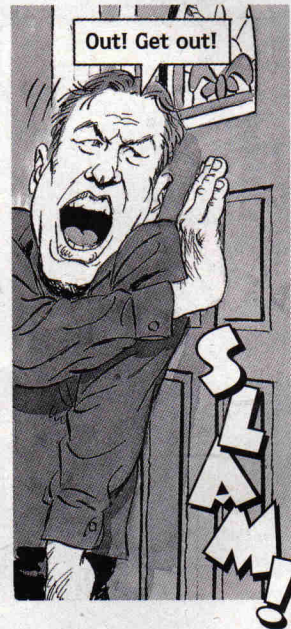
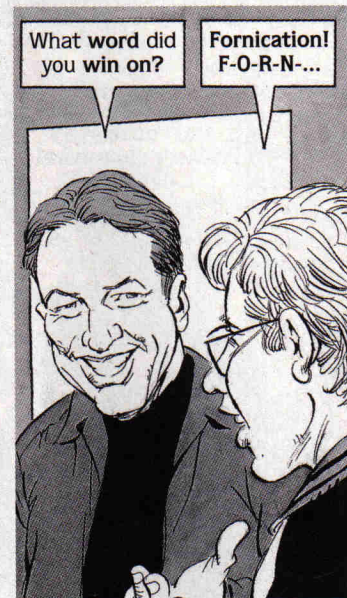
8 simple rules

for writing a MAD spoof of a dopey ABC-TV sitcom

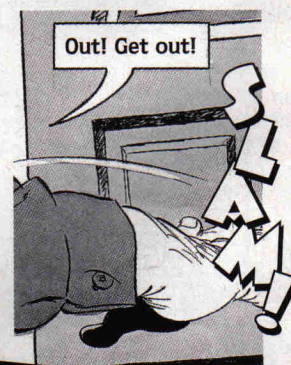
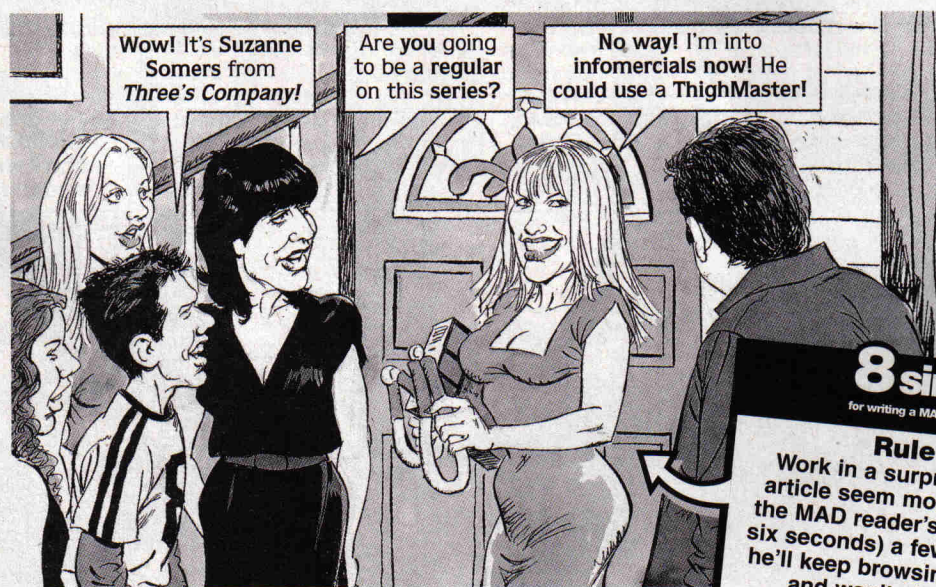
Rule Number Five

Take a break! Write a panel that has absolutely no words! Let the MAD artist do all the work! Let him break his ass! Note: the panel doesn't necessarily have to advance the storyline. It often can be forced in — as this one is!

DING DONG!



DING DONG!



8 simple rules

for writing a MAD spoof of a dopey ABC-TV sitcom

Rule Number Six

Work in a surprise cameo! It makes the article seem more important and it holds the MAD reader's attention span (normally six seconds) a few moments longer so that he'll keep browsing MAD at the newsstand and won't pick up WWE Magazine!

GESUNDHEIT!





They broke curfew! I'm dispensing punishment!

Remember... "You're grounded" doesn't work anymore!

I'm there! I'm hitting them where it hurts! Girls, I'm taking away your cell phone weekend minutes!

I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!

Girls, let me tell you about another time! A simpler time! It was called the 1970s! There were no cell phones! If you were outdoors and had to make a call, there were these cubicles with doors that opened and closed! You actually had to search to find one! It was called a phone booth!

That's nice, honey! These talks are good for them!

Teaches them values?

No! They need their sleep! It's nap time!

8 simple rules
for writing a MAD spoof
of a dopey ABC-TV sitcom

Rule Number Seven
Come up with a clever ending!
Or, failing that,
(and we did) —
then something like this!

Dad, we've been thinking!

You're not working out! We're letting you go!

Ah, it must be novelty night!

What?

We need a different Dad! Someone less strict, someone more in touch with our generation...

Someone funnier!

If we're going to have a stay-at-home sportswriter Dad, then he might as well be a funny sitcom sportswriter Dad that everyone loves!

Hi everybody! I'm Ray! Hope you have room here for my parents!

What the hell are you wearing?

Uh oh!

8 simple rules
for writing a MAD spoof of a dopey ABC-TV sitcom

Rule Number Eight
Wait for check from
MAD magazine!
Hope they'll have
enough to cover it!
Don't cash the check
till Thursday!

