

EXTREME

Waple

WORLD™

*The Fine Line Between Wrestling...
and Rasslin'*

**Will He
or
Won't He?**



He Will!

Volume 2 Issue 5 September 1995



Because our readership is growing at a such a tremendous rate, this notice will almost always be here. If you've already read this, just ignore it, otherwise...

First, the name. The 'a' in Waple is NOT 'a' as in apple, or 'a' as in waffle, but IS 'a' as in maple. Just say Way-Pull. Got it? Well, okay then.

Just so you know, everything in this 'zine is either fictional, true, or opinion. There are no right or wrong answers to anything said herein and we are exempt from all litigations brought against us by way of this disclaimer. Why? Because I said so. If we ever accidentally hurt the feelings of anyone in this publication, we are regretfully sorry and we don't want any trouble, so let me just apologize now... profusely.

Now that that's over with... prepare to be WAPLEized! Yee ha.

Hi There

Extreme. To push the limits of what is normally considered the maximum.

Extreme. More than one can handle.

Extreme. A darn neat wrestling promotion out of Philly that has won the heart of fans the world over.

Extreme. The one word that personifies everything that WAPLEworld is not.

I have been bitten on the butt by the Extreme Championship Wrestling bug and I want... no, I need more. I can't live without my ECW and if I don't get it, I will fade to nothingness.

But, since I can only watch it one time per week, I decided to do the next best thing: Extreme WAPLEworld!

Now, I don't know that this issue will be any better than any other issue, but the name sure sounds cool!

Another cool thing has happened in the life of me. A few weeks ago I went up to

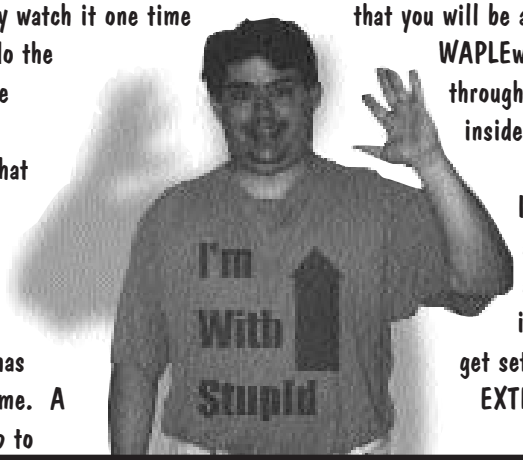
A Warm Welcome From the Editor

Calhoun with Chris and Tommy. We saw a lot of old faces... I don't mean 'old' as in "boy, you're sure old" but rather 'old' as in "it's been a long time since I've seen you so, you know, you're looking old". For example, we saw Sally. Sally Whatsername. Now she's not really 'old', but we haven't seen her in a while so she's, you know, an 'old' face; a face that we haven't seen in a long time. Okay? Yeah, whatever. Like it really matters anyway.

Oh yeah, I almost forgot, but since I remembered, I'll say it. WAPLEworld is fast becoming quite a commodity, so the only way that you will be able to get your dose of WAPLEworld from now on is through subscription. So, look inside for the offer.

I think I'm done.... Yes, I'm done. So now that all the stuff's been said and my hands are cramping, let's get ready, let's

get set, let's get EXTREME...ly bored.



Waple WORLD

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"B"

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Special Thanks to: The Wonderful Waple Family; Clarence, Johnny Kiser and the rest of WCF; and Every Wrestler Anywhere.

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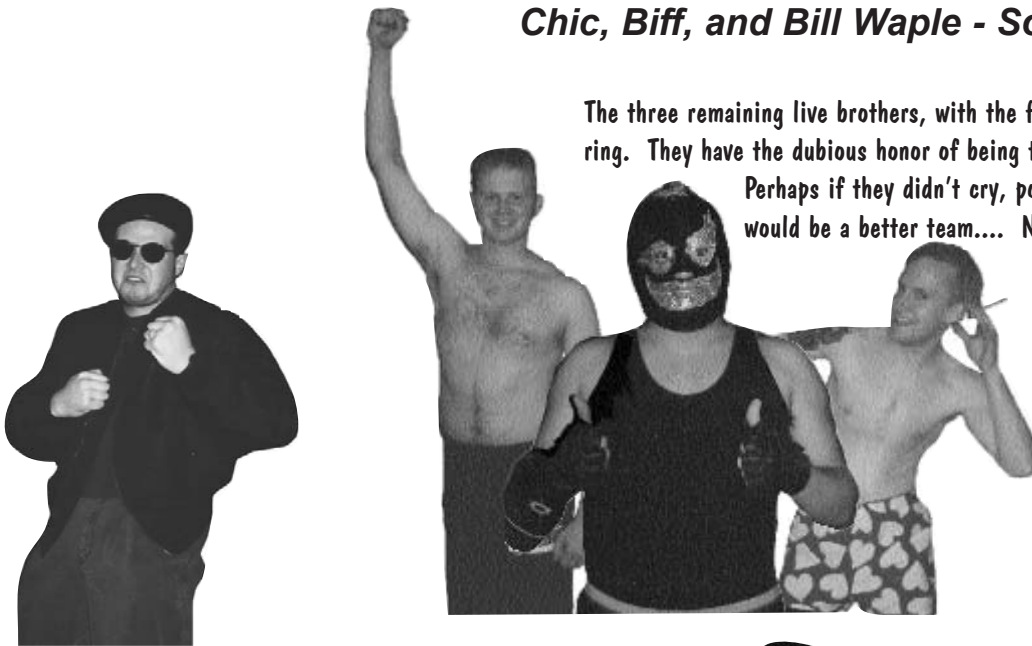
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Just Who Are Those Waples?

Chic, Biff, and Bill Waple - Sons of Wrestling Great: Gunther Von Waple

The three remaining live brothers, with the fourth brother, Chet, having died in the ring. They have the dubious honor of being the worst wrestling tag team in history. Perhaps if they didn't cry, pout, bleed, run away, or pass out, they would be a better team.... Nah, they would still suck.



Larz Wapleton - Bodyguard

This faithful lug has the brother's best interest in mind... eating their food when they lose. Larz may be dimwitted, but he looks cool in shades.



Wally "Walla" Wapleburger - Manager

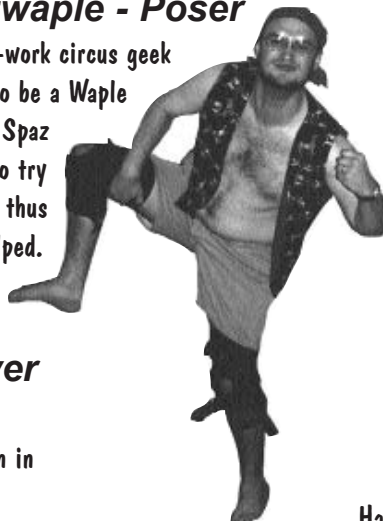
Perhaps the hardest working man in wrestling, Wally is the strategist, the muscle, the talent, and the only family member with any guts... a lot of 'em.

Dirxque "Starbuck" Waplepotomus - Mascot

The adopted brother of Chic, Biff, and Bill, Dirxque is half man, half hippo, and half stomach. On a never-ending quest for his long, lost mother, Dirxque is always there for the Brothers Waple, if not in mind... in belly.

Spaz Pfitzwaple - Poser

Apparently, this out-of-work circus geek wants nothing more than to be a Waple family member. Originally Spaz Pfitz, he added the 'waple' to try to gain acceptance, which, thus far, hasn't helped.



Lou Waplemeyer - Trainer

Having nothing but destruction in his limited mind, this Beavis wannabe keeps the brothers on a steady diet of cholesterol and fat.



Harvey Wapleman - Financial Advisor

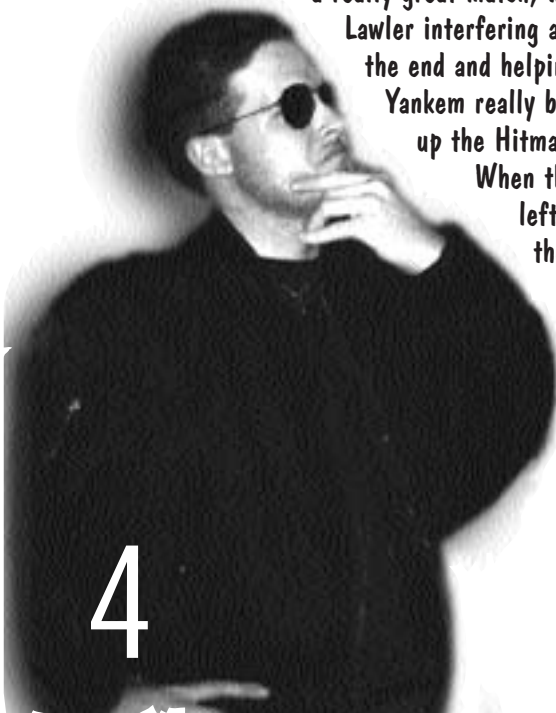
Harvey cums from Key West, where the hot dogs are tan and the buns are always open. Very much a recluse during the day, at night he... I don't even want to say.

Your favorite bodyguard is back again with all the important happenings in the world of professional wrestling.... The WWF had it's SummerSlam Pay-Per-View on August 27th, and I think it was easily the best event of the year. Hakushi and the 1-2-3 Kid had a fantastic match to begin the evening, with the White Angel getting the victory. Barry "The Winner" Horowitz (yes, that one) and Skip Bodydonna (Chris Candido) wrestled for the third time, and Barry amazingly defeated Skip for the third time. I hope that this is the start of something great for Barry. He's got entrance music, a chant from the crowd... what's next? A title shot? We also got to see Isaac Yankem in the ring in the WWF, and he reminds me a lot of that Unabomb guy from Smokey Mountain.

Anyway, he and Bret Hart had a really great match, with Lawler interfering at the end and helping Yankem really beat up the Hitman. When they left the

ring, Hart's head was caught between the top two ropes, and that had to hurt! But it couldn't have hurt as much as Shawn Michaels leg did in the Ladder Match he had with Razor Ramon for the IC Belt. Razor really tortured Shawn's leg during the match, but that didn't stop the Heartbreak Kid from climbing the ladder and grabbing his belt. The only real letdown of the evening was when Diesel and Mabel wrestled. It was a horrible end to an otherwise excellent Pay-Per-View. At least Mabel's fifteen minutes of fame are up, I hope.... WCW is all set to premier their new Monday Nitro show, which will go head-to-head with Monday Night Raw. The hosts will be Eric Bischoff and Steve McMichael, a former Green Bay Packer. The main event of the evening is Hulk Hogan vs. Paul Orndorff for the WCW World Heavyweight Belt. But Raw won't even be on that first night, so WCW will easily win the time slot. The next week, however, Raw will be back, with a main event of Shawn Michaels vs. Sid (Vicious) for the IC Belt. I don't care what WCW is showing, everyone wants to see Shawn vs. Sid. Personally, I wish that WCW would have it on Tuesday or Wednesday night because that would mean more nights of wrestling. But they didn't ask me, and that's why it's going to fail miserably.... And since I'm already talking about Shawn Michaels, wouldn't it be cool if he and Marty Jannetty teamed together again. Marty is better

than ever now that he's in ECW, and of course Shawn is the greatest wrestler in the universe. Now that they've both moved beyond their teeny-bopper pin-up pretty-boy days, and have both become total bad-asses, they would be a very exciting team to watch.... While I'm dreaming, I think that a match between WCW Champ Hulk Hogan and ECW Champ Sandman would be one of the best matches of the year. Hogan is obviously the All-American, God-Fearing muscle-bound hero that everyone adores and wants to be like. Sandman is the politically incorrect, cigarette-smoking, beer guzzling lard ass that is reviled in today's society. The heat between these two men would be incredible, and since both men have similar wrestling styles and both are extremely (pardon the pun) telegenic, the match would be as big as Hogan vs. Warrior. But the fact is, the match will never happen. First of all, Hogan has to be frightened of Sandman. Second, Sandman wouldn't stoop to Hogan's level. And most importantly, Hulk's name is owned by Marvel Comics, while Sandman is also the name of one of DC/Vertigo Comics most popular characters. Marvel would never let that match happen, because they know that, whether it's in real life or in the comics, Sandman would destroy the Hulk any old day of the week.... That's all for this edition of Larz Land. Hope to see you again real soon, and hey, may the force be with you.



Bills, Bills... Doh! WAPLE Mail!

Dear WAPLEworld Losers,

We were just looking at the Swimsuit Issue and we couldn't get over how fat you guys are. You need to get in shape, like us. We're the only people who could help you guys lose all that fat and help you get some muscle tone.

Another thing... it's a disgrace that the King of the Waples has nude photographs floating around. He should be stripped of his crown immediately.

Skip B.
Sunny B.

Dear WAPLEworld,

Hey guys, I just wanted to comment on the most recent issue of WAPLEworld. I liked all the monthly features, especially the columns by Larz and Lou... those guys are great! Anyway, I was delighted that you provided full coverage of the annual King of the Waples Tournament, but I was horrified when the man who became King, Wally "Walla" Wapleburger, was nude in the centerfold of the magazine. He should be ashamed of

himself, and the Waples should make him give back his crown. He is an embarrassment to not only the Waple Brothers, but to the great sport of Professional Wrestling.

Horried in Hapeville

Dear Waple World,

I saw the coolest thing on TV last Saturday night. It came on after North Georgia Wrestling and it was called ECW: Extreme Championship Wrestling. It sure was violent! I love it anyway. The only problem is: I can't follow what's going on. I thought you guys at WAPLEworld, being the intellectual gods that you are, could fill me in on all the action.

By the way, I refuse to buy another issue of your magazine until that naked pervert is stripped of the King of the Waples crown.

Have a great day!
Herb Q.

Dear WAPLEworld,

I find it disgusting that the King of the Waples would have posed nude in his

lifetime. In my opinion, he is a very dirty man and should not be allowed the title of "King."

Disgusted in Douglasville

Dear WAPLEworld,

You know, back in the 80's I was stripped of my

crown of Miss America when Penthouse published my nude photos, AND I SHOWED

A LOT MORE THAN THAT KING OF THE WAPLES LOSER DID! I think the only fair solution here is that Wally "Walla" Wapleburger get stripped of his crown just like I did. I doubt, however, that Wally will have an impressive singing and acting career like I do.

Vanessa W.

To all of you who have expressed your thoughts on the nude photographs of King Wally, I would like to say thank you for

Continued on p. 13

If you have any questions, comments, insults, original artwork, photos, or any other nifty stuff that you would like answered, printed, or thrown away, please go to:

www.wapleworld.com

What's Up With the Waples

July 24- Chic got the hint.

July 27- It was hot, real hot.

Biff panicked and crawled inside the meat freezer.

July 31- Lou had a warm fuzzy feeling. He tried to kill it, but it kept coming back.

He's afraid he may be softening up.

Aug 02- Harvey and the ghost of Chet did some last minute shopping for Lou's B-day.

Harvey bought him an ascot and the ghost of Chet peed in a mason jar.

Aug 05- Wally instantly gained 15 pounds when he thought of a planet made out of doughnuts.

Aug 06- The entire Waple family got together to celebrate someone's birthday, even though they didn't know whose birthday it was. All were in attendance except Chic, Dirxque, Chet, Bill, Gunther, Harvey, Biff, Larz, Lou, Wally, and the birthday girl.

Aug 12- Larz flies to Dagobah, Ar. to complete his training.

Aug 14- Dirxque discovers his manhood.

Aug 16- The newly formed tag team of Biff, Bill, and Larz had it's first real match. Unfortunately, the new era in Waple legend started with a loss, as the team was pinned in 7 seconds. Larz was distracted by the pretty lights

and tripped over Biff, who had already assumed the position (fetal). The nuns from the Sisters of Broken Knuckles Convent are now 11-2-6, and are rumored to be flirting with Chic's new tag team.

Aug 19- Wally and Lou started a new training program for the team in preparation for the bout with Chic. Lou is actually feeding gunpowder to the team so as to increase their ferocity.

Aug 21- Larz truly joined the Waple Brothers when he single-handedly ate the bakery section of a nearby Publix.

Aug 22- Wepa-Fett reports that Chic injured himself when he popped some popcorn and a stray kernel landed on his head, knocking him goofy. He is apparently having trouble remembering who he is.

Aug 23- The guys all got together to go shopping for Dirxque's birthday. They bought him everything he asked for. His list included 17 rubber duckies, a truckload of Cheez Whiz, 4 whores, tickets to the Superbowl, a ride on the Space Shuttle, a ride on Wally's back, a cure for sweaty feet, a new number between 6 and 7, a republican in the White House, a

way out of prison, an explanation for the Bermuda Triangle, a date with Sunny Bodydonna, a time machine, and love.

Aug 24- The guys got together to go shopping for Wally's birthday. They didn't get him squat. His list included the Waple Brothers winning at least one match, a copy of Chicks with Dicks, and world peace.

Aug 26- Biff, Larz, and Bill go looking for Ms. Waplepotomus while Dirxque is in Siberian prison.

Aug 27- The out-of-work circus geek that has been following the Waples has changed his name to Spaz Pfitzwaple.

Aug 29- Dirxque's birthday is celebrated in all of Russia. All were in line except Vladimir, Nikoli, Igor, Dmitri, Ivan. . .

Aug 30- Wally's birthday is celebrated in Willie Wonka's Chocolate Nation. Willie was not in attendance. However, Jia'me Oompa Loompa at least remembered to R.S.V.P. that he would not be there.

Sep 02- The first issue of Extreme WAPLEworld is released. A sigh is heard round the world.

Reader Friendly

by Reed R. Frendlee

Guess what. That guy Chic, the baldest of the Waple brothers, is no mas. Gone. Outta here. I know you wanna know what happened, so I'll tell you.

Shortly after the "Wallapalooza" issue hit the news stands, rumors flared up about Chic's replacement, Larz. Upon hearing this, Chic became enraged.

Hurt and pissed, Chic confronted the other brothers. Biff said he hadn't read that issue of WAPLEworld because the pages were too heavy. Bill was indifferent and continued to shoot paper footballs at Lou. Later, Chic approached Wally. He held up his royal staph and declared that Chic is guilty of mutiny against the organization, and is banned from wrestling under the Waple name.

Chic blew a nut (this was not the first time). He swore that he and Mrs. Chic would start their own, even more powerful wrestling team. He, Chic Nottawaple, would defeat King Wally, destroy the Brothers Waple, and become the new suckiest wrestling team of all time.

By this time, Biff had passed out from the vapors of a rotting egg salad and bologna sandwich that was stuck in Wally's teeth. Bill was indifferent and continued to stroke his pussy (he has a kitten named Roblowaple). Wally accepted the challenge with a boisterous laugh, then sucked the rotten sandwich from his teeth and choked until he fainted.

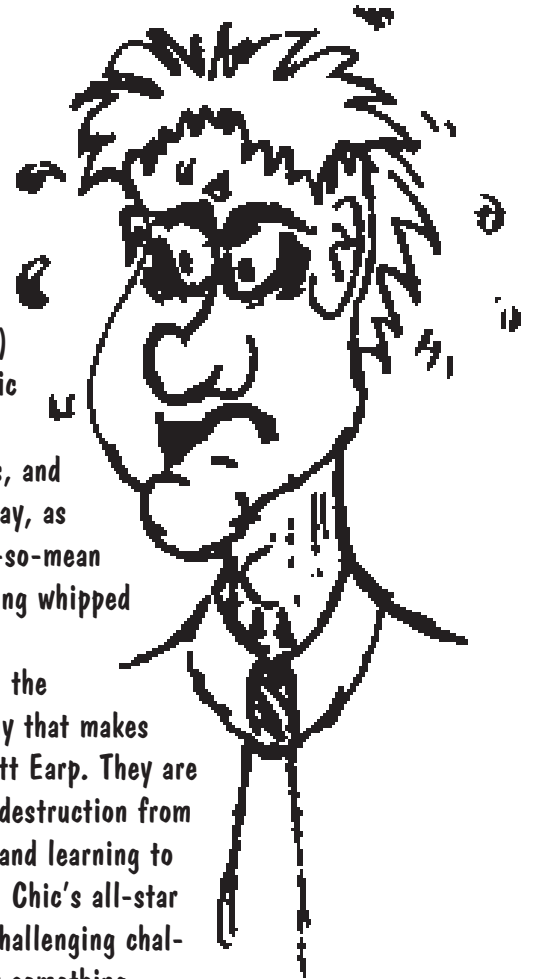
Dirxque has sent us a picture of Chic's ultra-secret, cleverly hidden compound and training facility. It is hidden away in the murky swamps of Marietta, Ga., just up the street from his old place. Fear has swept through the hearts of the Waples, again, and Larz has vowed to personally kick Chic's ass. Lou has Larz, Biff, and Bill on a strict diet of cholesterol and fat, citing "a potential weight advantage." Dirxque and Wepa-Fett are spying on Chic, trying to discover who he has

teamed up with in his quest to destroy all Waples. Harvey is also spying, but he is outside the den of Cub Scout Troop 462.

Mind you, all the information we have on the Nottawaple compound has been obtained through Wepa-Fett and Dirxque, so details are hazy at best. Since Dirxque is in a Siberian prison, he is actually getting his info from a fellow inmate that has a cousin on the outside that knows a guy that has a barber that styles Mrs. Chic's hair. Wepa-Fett has gone undercover and infiltrated the compound. (Actually, he's undercover because he scared himself silly by watching Ghostbusters.)

We do know that Chic has recruited some of the most evil, nefarious, and bald wrestlers alive today, as well as a couple of not-so-mean dead ones. They are being whipped into shape by Richard Simmons and trained in the martial arts by some guy that makes velvet paintings of Wyatt Earp. They are taking lessons in mass destruction from that Problem Child kid and learning to cook with Julia Childs. Chic's all-star cast promises to be a challenging challenge of challengers, or something.

The Waple Brothers are not taking this threat lightly. On the contrary, Biff has actually gained 12 pounds and Larz waited over an hour for his Papa John's. We can only hope that Lou is able to train the team in time for the war.



Toilet-Side Chat

with:

Rob "The Bull" McBride

WAPLEworld: So, Mr. McBride, are you a big fan of Bill Waple? Is he who inspired the name Rob "The Bill" McBride?

Rob McBride: That's Rob "The Bull" McBride, son. But, yes, I have heard of Bill Waple before.

WW: [surprised] Where?

RM: **WAPLE** WORLD™. It's an excellent magazine.

WW: Since we're on the subject of that, what's the largest object you've ever found in your beard?

RM: Is this a joke?

WW: Sorry. It was a poor attempt.

RM: A dead rat, sir.

WW: Describe to the fans what a date with "The Bill" would be like... if you weren't already taken.

RM: Wow... a date with "The Bill"? I guess kinda' like going on a date with Hulk Hogan... boring as hell.

WW: Speaking of Hogan, have you ever heard of Vader?

RM: Yes.

WW: What do you think about him being a Hulkamaniac at War Games?

RM: I've lost all respect for him. He's no longer a wrestler, he's a wanna' be.

WW: Kind of like Spaz. Do you think you will ever be rated in the PWI 500?

RM: As a matter of fact I'm supposed to be in this year's top 500.

WW: At what, 501?

RM: No, probably 499. Hopefully up there in the 200's, but with my luck, 503.

WW: Who's the most well-known wrestler you've ever faced?

RM: There's a bunch of 'em: Jimmy Valliant...

WW: Never heard of him.

RM: Sgt. Slaughter...

WW: Never heard of him.

RM: Lex Luger...

WW: Did you really?

RM: Yeah.

WW: Did he kick your ass?

RM: Yeah.... Sam Houston, Ivan and Nikita Koloff...

WW: I don't think Sam Houston counts. Do you feel like you're in the shadow of Larry "The Legend" Santana? Or do you have a shadow of your own?

RM: I have a shadow of my own. Not no, but hell no.

WW: Is your favorite pair of cowboy boots your pink pair?

RM: Uh, no. It's my black pair.

WW: Oh, so I assume you *do* have a pink pair. Do you have any favorite moves?

RM: Piledriver & splash off the top rope. I can demonstrate for you.

WW: No, that's okay. What do you think of the GOP version of Medicare?

RM: It's cool.

WW: If you owned eight dogs, what would the seventh one be named?

RM: Kane.

WW: [Maniacal laugh.] Do you

resemble that remark?

RM: What remark?

WW: The last one that you made. Never mind... you didn't get it. So, Mr. Bumpkin, what have you done in the world of wrestling that would really make people take notice?

RM: Well, I've been in it ten years.

WW: Is that long?

RM: For an old fart like me.

WW: It's funny you mention fart. When you wake up, does your breath smell more like tuna or bean burritos?

RM: Tuna. ["The Bill" gets slapped by nearby lady.]

WW: What's the most significant thing you would like to achieve in your lifetime?

RM: Wrestle Hulk Hogan... and break his leg.

WW: That's kind of mean. You do realize you're talking to a Hulkamaniac. If asked to dress up like a woman and walk through downtown Calhoun naked, would you?

RM: Nah.

WW: What would it take?

RM: A million dollars and a brand new Bronco.

WW: If asked, would you ever team up with the Wonderful Waple Boys?

RM: How much would they pay me?

WW: Nothing.

RM: Wow.

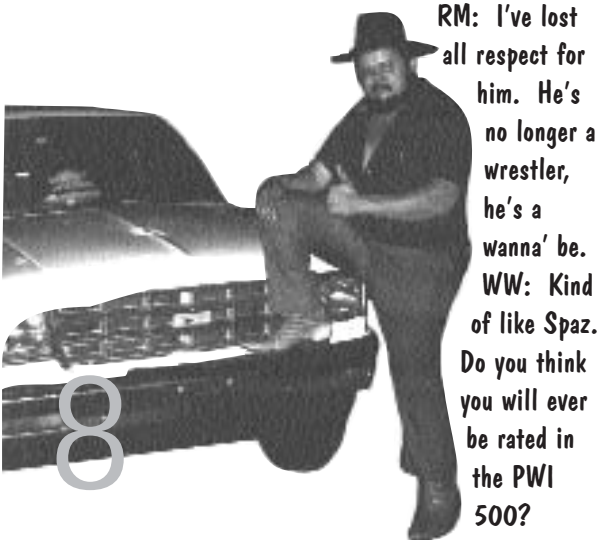
WW: Finally, make up a poem that describes Rob "The Bill" McBride.

RM: Roses are Red

Violets are blue

Some poems rhyme

But this one don't.



Rob "The Bull" McBride



Photos Provided by

Waple WORLD

Birthday: Dec. 5

Favorite Shoe Size: 14

Cheapest Thing Ever Bought: Car

Home State: N.C.

Number of Whiskers in Beard: 6 million

News From Around WAPLEworld Returns to WCF

It was a hot Saturday night, and Bob and I decided to return to Calhoun, Georgia, where we had witnessed some of the greatest live wrestling we had ever seen the summer before. We weren't exactly sure what to expect, so we decided to invite Wally "Walla" Wapleburger, the esteemed manager of the Wonderful Waple Boys, to come along with us. He was passed out in an egg salad and bologna sandwich stupor on his front lawn, but he awoke very easily to the smell of fresh Spam.

Well, we got up there and found out that the Wrestling Christian Fellowship had moved to a new building, and had a whole new cast of characters as well. At first we were a little dismayed... no Larry Santana, no Mike Mercedes, no Power & Precision, no J.C. Edwards... that was actually a relief! Even the beloved Biscuit had retired. What had happened while we were gone?

What happened was a whole new crew of wrestlers had come in, and they were even better than those guys we saw last summer. The first match was a tournament match between two partners, Jamie Strong and the Southern Rebel. Since these guys are both bad guys, we really didn't care who won. The two men wrestled to a time limit draw, and then both men were challenging Wally, not knowing what kind of trouble they could be getting into. But how could they know that he is the manager of the greatest

Following the success of the Cosby Show and the Cosby's Kids (about 4 years late), the WCF is debuting their own sitcom, Clarence's Kids. This show deals with a kindly Christian man trying to raise his five sons to become Choir Boys.

This task may prove harder to Clarence, than may think, for these wacky kids all want to be professional wrestlers! Crazy!

Actually, this is not a sitcom at all. This is serious, real life 'rasslin'. I think it's great that these kids are getting the opportunity of a lifetime. I would have eaten all my veggies when I was their ages to get a chance to do what they're doing. Go to Calhoun to watch these guys when you get the chance. I'm sure it's neat.



Back Row: "Rockin' Sensation" Johnny Kiser, Brandon "The Bull" Carney, "Merciless" Mike Townsend.
Front: "Awesome" Alan Verner, "Hot Rock" B.J. Barnes

wrestling force ever assembled?

The next match was between "Little Daddy Cool" Tony Rose and Rob "The Bull" McBride, who was a familiar face from last summer. The match was interrupted by the Pretty Gunns, who delivered quite a beating to the Bull. But it was those same Pretty Gunns who wrestled along with McBride as he faced Todd Zane and War Daddy, along with their manager Fast Eddie Getz. Zane and War Daddy really let McBride have it, and the ref wasn't even watching when they were using illegal moves on the Bull. Several times during the match, Wally offered his glasses to the ref, who

declined them.

In the end, Tony Rose came in and threw some kind of powder in the Bull's eyes, and that's when the match turned into an all-out brawl between the Pretty Gunns and Zane and War Daddy. There were even, yes, extreme chair shots thrown at the end by Zane and War Daddy. I agreed with Wally and Bob that this is the best live wrestling event we have attended this year, and believe me, we've seen quite a few. We will definitely be making regular trips to Calhoun to enjoy probably the best live wrestling North Georgia has to offer.

by Chris Thomas

What Pisses Me Off...

by Kane
of *Power & Precision*

Okay. I want to tell you why I've decided to actually print something in this rag. It's not the money (trust me), it's not for the chicks (they dig me), and it's not for the respect (Buzzsaw and I have already earned that). It's because things need to be said, and I'm the only one I trust to say it. I'm not saying these things to piss people off, but if it helps to drive the message home... oh, what do I care; I'm not a public service message. Let's get started.

First off, the WWF. Lately, it hasn't been too bad, but it couldn't last forever. My big, major gripe, is about "Goldust" Dustin Rhodes. Has anyone seen this yet? I saw his first appearance on RAW, and could actually feel my sexuality become threatened. WWF has turned a good, second-generation redneck wrestler into a cross between Edgar Winter, a 976-*UCK operator, and something (I don't know what) from the Rocky Horror Picture Show. I can't even imagine the look on Dusty's face. I do, however, like the turn of Davey Boy Smith. I've always thought he was kick-ass. I finally get to see what kind of an @\$\$hole

he's capable of being. Oh, yeah, I think Mabel sucks, too.

As for WCW, I don't know where to begin. Oh, wait... the Vader turn. I can't believe that the most powerful force in wrestling today has been degraded to a "Hulkamaniac" for the War Games. Is it just me, or has Vader just turned into a candy-coated, black and white M&M. And as for Kurasawa... what happened? I think I saw this guy in New Japan and he was pretty good. I guess when he came to the states, WCW gave him their "I-must-not-outshine-the-Americans-in-their-own-country" injections, so that must explain his performance at the Clash. Also, let's not forget the Flair/Anderson match at WG. This should be the main, and if WCW wants to do it right (which they won't), they'll do it once, and leave it alone. My only complaints about ECW are that it doesn't come on enough times during the week, and its suck time slot. Rumor has it that UPN wants it dropped so they can put their own programming on. Like what, another Tony Little infomercial? Come on, people! The best time slot for ECW is Mondays at 8:00pm to replace

Voyager, so all those Trek-geeks can see what real entertainment is. Maybe they can see what real men are supposed to look like, and they can quit being 115 pound, internet-hopping, role-playing freaks. Then they could find a real woman, and stop wondering what sex with a Bajorian might be like.

And finally, my last complaint is with 99X. But wait... this is a wrestling magazine. So what! This is pissing me off and you're gonna hear it. I am sick and freakin' tired of The Dave Mathews Band, I've grown sick of the Foo Fighters, but I'm happy with Cobain. I'm starting to realize why a guy would leave Allantis Morriset. It's not because she's strong-willed. She's pretty f**king ugly, that's why.

Anyway, that's what's been on my mind lately, and if the editor has any nerve, he will politely ask me to write for him again someday, but I doubt it.



Mail, Continued from p. 5

your opinions, but at this point it really doesn't matter. We tried to take the crown and staph from him, but he will not let us take them. He sleeps. eats, showers, and makes whoopie with that damn crown on his head!

On the other hand, however, not all response has been negative:

**My fondest folks at
WAPLEworld,**

I am so glad that you published the nude photos of our king, King Wally "Walla" Wapleburger, in the July issue. My pet weasel used to have a hard time looking at me because she thought that I was unattractive. However, since she saw the picture of Wally in all his glory, she thinks that I am the sexiest man alive!

**Relieved and thankful,
Eric B.
Roswell, GA**

Dear Bob,

My 36th wedding anniversary is coming up at the end of September, and my wife doesn't know what she wants for a gift. One night, while we were laying in bed, I showed her the picture you printed of King

Wally. She now knows what she wants. I just have one question. Where can I buy one of those fur coats that Mr. Wapleburger was wearing in that shot?

**Thank you for the idea,
Dr. I. C. Ickkystuff, PhD.**

*Again, thank you for all of your interest in the corrupted King of the Waples. We will still try to get the crown from him, but until that happens,
LONG LIVE THE KING!*

Dear Anyone at WAPLEworld,

How is Dirxque doing in Siberia? I felt really sad when I heard he was locked up in prison. Is there an address where I could send him some warm chicken noodle soup, or perhaps some canned goods?

**Helpful 'round the House,
Mrs. Harper,
Anaheim, Ca.**

I don't know.

Dear Biff,

Ah caint wait t' see yer next bathin' suit issue wit all them delicious thangs wearin stuff that makes it all hang out. I herd those big city models even shave thier lags

n' arm pits... wow! Me and the boys is gona sit around together and look at it on the dinnin' room table so's nobody c'n take it in the john and get it all... ya know. We look for yer news letter ev'y month, just let me ask if ya could use softer paper, my butt is tender as my wifes biscuits.

**Tanks a lot,
Edarmo**

Um. I guess, thanks, Edarmo. You know, I'd like to try your wife's biscuits sometime. They sound very good. As for the softer paper, I would recommend tearing your issue into individual sheets and wadding them up into little balls. This won't really help with wiping, but it's really fun to do.

My friends and I have been having an argument for five months now on what WAPLEworld means. Would you mind please straightening this whole mess out and letting us, and the whole world, know just what WAPLEworld means?

**Wondering and Confused,
Gorilla M.
New York, NY**

Waple -- World.

Mail is done. Thank you, and good night.

Biff, or Biff and Chic?"

"Uh." Larz now seems puzzled. "The middle one."

"No, they haven't been here for a while now. Not since this morning."

"Howdy, Larz!" Biff struts into the restaurant and greets Larz. Oooh! Queso!"

"What took you guys so long?" Larz questions. "I've been waiting for hours."

As Biff sticks a fistful of cheese down his throat he responds to Larz's pounding with, "I was hungry so Bill and I went to Taco Hell. Oh, and the BK Lounge... and Crapplebee's. I think I may be sick or something 'cause I was only able to eat 14 tacos, 3 Whoppers and only 2 hamburgers at Crapplebee's."

Bill runs into the establish-

ment and grabs 20 or so Rio's mints. "Hey, guys! Are you ready to go yet? I wanna go meet Mrs. Waplepotomus!"

"Yeah, let's skeedaddle. Bye, Lisa!" yells Biff.

"Hey!" she retaliates. "You guys better pay me this time!" But it was too late. The guys were already out the front door and taking a little rest.

"Who's driving?" Biff asks.

"Not it," answers Bill.

"Okay, I'll drive," Larz says.

This is followed by a quick and well-timed "Shotgun!" by Bill.

"I always have to sit in the back."

"Too bad Biff. You gotta' be quick."

The three guys jump into the Larzmogremlin and speed off to the Mortishevitz Estate....

Continued Next Issue.

Hot Spot:

Mysterious Stalker is Revealed The Waples can stop hiding

For the past eons, the Waple Family lineage has been admired by a group of people called 'Waplewannabees'. The last Waplewannabee to have been spotted in the wild is an out-of-work circus geek that has been seen snooping around the ol' Waple camp, sending in crapplications to Wally, and even telling all of Biff's one friend that they are brothers.

The latest, and most despicable

act by this poser is that he has changed his name to Spaz Pfitzwaple. When asked what he thought of the name change, Harvey Wapleman replied, "Really? Is he cute?"

No official word has been heard from the Waple training compound, but rumors are flying that Spaz is a spy sent by Chic Nottawaple. Spaz denied this by saying, "... I just think they're really groovy, man."



You Know It!

Wally "Walla" Wapleburger Tells It Like It Is



Question: Would the Casket Match at Summer Slam have been better with midgets?

Wally: No, I like the Undertaker as is. I like a real man... like Larz.

Question: Recently, Chic Waple has vowed revenge on his brothers, Larz, and you. What do you intend to do about this?

Wally: Kill him.

Question: How do you intend to dump the body?

Wally: Cannibalize.

Question: Top five homos in wrestling... name 'em.

Wally: Shawn Michaels, Spaz Pfitzwaple, Chic Waple, Razor Ramon, Ric Flair.

Question: What do you think about the G.O.P. version of MediCare?

Wally: I don't know what a G.O.P. is.

Behind the Eyes of a Psychopath

by Lou Waplemeyer

Well, here I am, sitting on a toilet taking a dump. And well, all I can say is, "diahrea--cha cha cha." When all of a sudden, well, okay, an hour later when I start wiping, I realize I don't have much T.P. left. So I head out to the grocery store with five yards of T.P. trailing from my butt chanting, "I am the Great Louhollio. I need T.P. for my bung-hole!"

So anyway, here I am, two hours late, in a psychiatrist's office, wondering why the grocery store manager keeps a supply of T.P. here. So now this shrink is showing pictures of, like, distorted chick's butts, asking me what I see -- huh -- cool! -- YEAH! Butt, butt, butt.

After that, he wants me to say stuff that, like, comes to my mind when he says some word. Well, here are the wrong answers: death, fire, chainsaw, axe, knife, and blood.

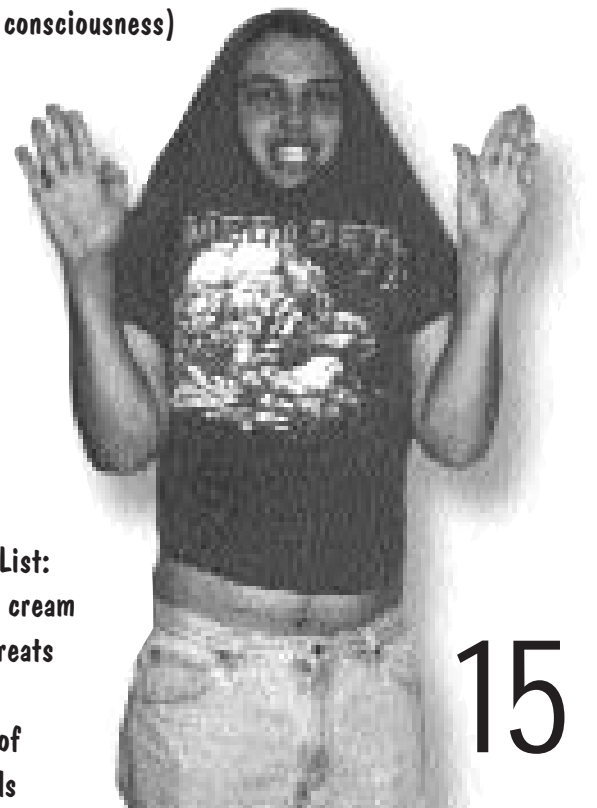
So, anyway, I'm in some boring room with some messed-up jacket with my arms tied behind my back. But I have a plan -- I saw Lethal Weapon.

Well, here I am about one minute later, lying on the

floor, crying, with two broken arms... mommy?

Mommy!! Help!

(Loss of consciousness)



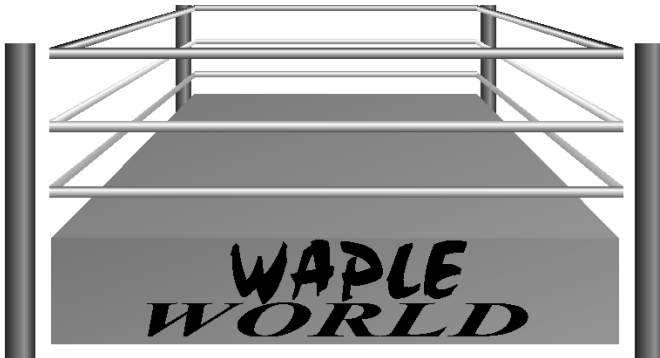
Grocery List:
Whipped cream
Doggie treats
KY jelly
3 boxes of
Band Aids

15

The 4th Count

Not for Nothing, but...

Not for nothing, but I was just making sure that everybody had a great Pass Gas Saturday. We sure did. Of course, when you're a Waple, every day is Pass Gas Saturday. For those of you who were unaware of the holiday, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?! It's only the biggest holiday this side of the Missississippippi River! Well, if you didn't know about it, here it is: August 26th was Pass Gas Saturday and it was a day when you do nothing but fart. Fart, fart, fart, fart, faaaaarrrrt. It sure was fun.



Classifieds

For Sale: Monogrammed hankies and toilet paper. If your initials are C.W., contact Wally at the WAPLEworld address.

Insert tab B into slot A. Fold along perforation and tear. Glue along seam and apply pressure to crack by gently squeezing. Hold till dry, about 2 days.

Don't forget, summer is almost over. You'll soon have no excuse to go out in public completely naked.

Kisses: Letters Home

dear guys,
hi! perhaps you'll write a letter back to me now that i have a semi-permanent address. i'm afraid that i have recently experienced a confusing event. allow me to recount the tragic. a couple weeks ago, i was assigned to kitchen duty. this was much appreciated by myself and the other inmates because kitchens in siberian prisons are different from the kitchen at home. they're stocked with food! and they're clean! so i considered this a good thing. the other inmates liked it because they knew i could cook. they took one look at me and somehow, they just knew. so, thursdays are pork chop nights and the czar likes his very tender. so, grasping my meat firmly in both hands, i began to beat it vigorously, you know, to make it tender. as i stood alone in the dark kitchen, beating my meat, i grew tired. so, i leaned against the table i was using. the table shook violently as i beat my meat, and strange and wonderful vibrations coursed through my body. suddenly i came, to realize that this was a male pig. i had strange and wonderful vibrations with a guy of another species! ooh, gross. oh well. my feet hurt from writing. by the way, this guy said that chic has a secret weapon.

kisses,

Dirxque Starbuck-0706632