

Waple

WORLD™

*What the *@#! is the
World Coming To?*

Meet the
New Yet
Non-Improved
Tag Team
Duo of Larz
and Biff...
The Won-
derful Waple
Boys?



Volume 2 Issue 6

Wrestling = Rasslin'

Halloween 1995

Super Scary Halloween Issue Featuring
Spooky Stories as Told by the Waple Family

Because the WAPLEworld readership is growing at 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 newsletter is either fictional or true.

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. If we ever accidentally hurt the feelings of anyone in this publication, we are regretfully sorry and don't want any trouble, so let me just apologize now... greatly.

Now that that's over with, let the festivities begin.

Yee ha...

Hi T here

Boo! Ahh, scary. Sorry, I should have warned you before I startled you like that. Well, if you haven't noticed, this is our Super Scary Halloween Issue. It is also our biggest issue ever!

Just to set the record straight, I'm not the big baby that everybody thinks I am. I am actually quite brave. Since the Waple family members are all telling spooky stories in this issue, I guess it won't hurt for me to tell mine.

'Twas a dark and stormy day, just like tonight in fact. The goblins were out stealing people's socks, and the witches were making sand... castles. No! They were making sandwic... no, that was right, sand castles.

So, I was about to go to bed on this cold, damp day, and I



A Warm Welcome From the Editor

heard sort of a creaky, crackly sort of noise coming from somewhere. Where was it coming from? What or who was making this strange noise? I didn't know, and frankly I didn't want to find out.

I turned off my light and made a flying leap to my bed so the monsters under my bed couldn't grab my feet. About 9" into my fabulous jump, I heard the sound again. What the heck was it?

When I landed, I immediately pulled the sheets over my head. Guess what? I heard the sound again, louder. It was right on me now!

I was petrified, stiff with excit... fear. Boy was I relieved to find out that the horrible noise was only my stomach.

That's my scary story. Thanks for listening. Bye.



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Special Thanks to: The Wonderful Waple Family, RSPW, and Every Wrestler Anywhere.

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Just Who Are Those Waples?

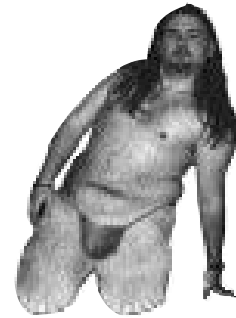
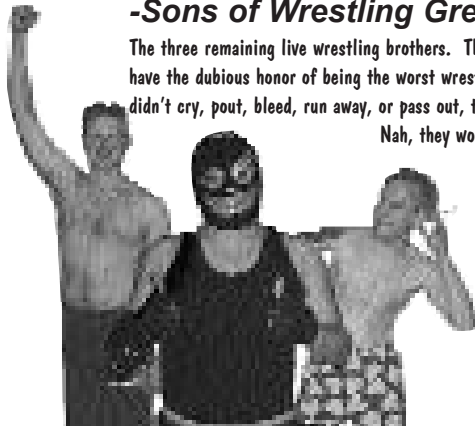
Aah, who cares.

Chic, Biff, and Bill Waple

-Sons of Wrestling Great: Gunther Von Waple

The three remaining live wrestling brothers. The fourth brother, Chet, 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.

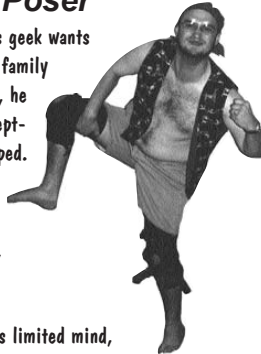


Dirxque "Starbuck" Waplepotomus - Mascot

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 Pfitzgerald, 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.

Midnight at Al's Bowl and Wrestle

an intimidating story as told by Larz Wapleton

It was a dark and stormy Halloween evening, and the Wonderful Waple Brothers and their entourage were tired and shagged-out following a series of eight second squash matches against the powerful and mighty Bushwackers. Biff suggested that they all go and celebrate the birthday of their deceased brother Chet at the place where the brothers learned the art of professional wrestling... Al's Bowl and Wrestle. The place had been deserted for years, but that didn't stop the boys from having a great time. Harvey tried on all the groovy shoes while everyone else pitched in to pull little Bill out of the ball return machine. But as midnight approached, the guys agreed that they should get to bed and get a good night's sleep. And they all went to sleep....

Biff was the first to awaken, and he was starving.

He tiptoed over to the concession area



hoping that there just

might be some leftover nacho cheese from Al's glory days. That's when he heard the voice: "I'M GOING TO GET YOU! I'M GOING TO GET YOU! GOT YOU!! NOW I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!" Biff vomited twice and ran from the building, wrenching.

Chic was the next to awaken, and he really had to use the restroom. As he carefully made his way around the sleeping bodies on his way to the restroom, he heard the voice: "I'M GOING TO GET YOU! I'M GOING TO GET YOU! GOT YOU!! NOW I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!" Chic promptly ruined his underdrawers

and ran from the building, crying.

Bill woke up next, and he really wanted to give himself a new tattoo. As he looked around for a needle and some indigo dye, he heard the voice: "I'M GOING TO GET YOU! I'M GOING TO GET YOU! GOT YOU!! NOW I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!" Bill began sweating so bad that his tattoos ran together into a colorful mess, and he ran from the building, screaming.

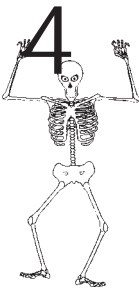
Harvey's delicate eyes were the next to flutter open, and he decided to find a pair of earrings to match that darling diamond tiara he bought on sale at Kaminski's last week. He was searching in between the seats in the bar, when he heard the voice: "I'M GOING TO GET YOU! I'M GOING TO GET YOU! GOT YOU!! NOW I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!" Harvey promised to tell his little secret to his parents if he made it out alive and ran from the building, prancing.

Lou was the next to rise, and he resolved to polish his sterling silver genital cuff set. He began searching for something that would take the tarnish off, when he heard the voice: "I'M GOING TO GET YOU! I'M GOING TO GET YOU! GOT YOU!! NOW I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!" Lou was trying to decide between the chainsaw and the grenades, and finally decided on that nuclear warhead he stashed away in the dumpster behind CiCi's Pizza back in July. He ran from the building, cackling.

Dirxque woke up because he was hot and uncomfortable, and he started looking around for a television so that he could watch the Weather Channel to see how much longer this Indian summer would last. While he was looking, he heard the voice: "I'M GOING TO GET YOU! I'M GOING TO GET YOU! GOT YOU!! NOW I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!" Dirxque decided that he could wait to check out tomorrow's forecast somewhere else, and he waddled from the building, sloshing.

Spaz awoke in the shadows, and he thought that he could sneak over to where the Waple Family was sleeping and join their ranks. While he was creeping over

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Dirxque's Night of Pure Hell

a frightening story as told by Dirxque Starbuck Waplepotomus

It was a dark and stormy night, somewhere, but where I was, it was 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It was the time of year that I go to the obstetrician for my annual checkup. The October winds blew across the desert, kicking up sand that blinded and choked all its inhabitants. My neighborhood was cold and nippley. (This was evident as my 72 nipples were erect.) Were it not for the fact that I had yet to hatch from my egg, it would have been a normal day.

Normally I liked going to the doctor. I would get hippo bumps when he would gently caress my shell. That day was different. I feared the worst as I had yet to have my period, yet, ever. On the way to the vet I rolled by a T.V. studio. (I rolled cuz I was in an egg. It was my only means of locomotion.) I liked T.V. and I was 20 minutes ahead of schedule, so I popped in to take a look. Immediately upon entering, I was cast in the roll of the football in the movie Wildcats. This was great cuz Goldie was really cute back then.

In my dressing room, I found a mirror, some lights, a head of cabbage, a bowl of green M n Ms, and a small hole in the floor. I was the curious sort back then so I ate the cabbage and the M n Ms at once (Yummy-licious). When I looked in the mirror I couldn't help but notice that I looked exactly like Walter Mathau! (pause for screams) Fearing the worst, I made a bee

line for the doctor, Dr. Turnenkoff.

After explaining what I had seen, I began to cry. As tears of cholesterol streamed down my shell, I, the mighty Dirxque Starbuck, used my only asset; yes, that's right, my incredibly good looks. I actually charmed myself into believing that I was okay. Dr. Turnenkoff was not so sure. He tested, experimented, fondled, and begged for an answer. He couldn't crack my shell because I would have oozed all over the place. He couldn't x-ray me because I am allergic to x-rays. This left only one option, ignoring it and hoping it would go away. So I did.

Now you may be thinking to yourself, "That's not scary." However, put yourself in my sandals, would you like to go through life just knowing that Walter mathau is creeping along behind you, lurking and following and touching? That noise you heard that time you were home all by yourself? Eh? That just might have been Leon Spinks!

BOO!

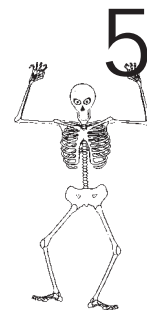


Midnight at Al's...-continued from page 4

towards them, he heard the voice: "I'M GOING TO GET YOU! I'M GOING TO GET YOU! GOT YOU!! NOW I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!" Spaz decided that he didn't want to be a Waple that badly, at least not tonight, and ran from the building, lurking.

Finally, I woke up and wanted nothing more than to play a few games of Elevator Action. I went over to the game room to see if I could find the classic arcade game, and I heard the voice: "I'M GOING TO GET YOU! I'M GOING TO GET YOU! GOT YOU!! NOW

I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!" I, being the fearless body-guard that I am, decided to investigate this matter. I opened the door to the Gal's Restroom, and I saw Wally sitting on the toilet, with his finger third-knuckle deep in his nose, yelling: "I'M GOING TO GET YOU! I'M GOING TO GET YOU!" Then his eyes got real excited looking. "GOT YOU!!" He pulled a humongous, dripping, bloody, green and brown booger from his nose. "NOW I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!"



You step off the plane and notice that you are surrounded by senseless ramblings by the Waple's bodyguard. You've just entered

LAR LAND

You may have noticed recently that there are now two wrestling shows on at nine o'clock on Monday nights. One is the old standby, WWF Monday Night Raw on the USA network. The other one premiered in September on TNT and it's called WCW Monday Nitro. Now I'm a big wrestling fan, and I would prefer that these shows be on at different times so I could watch them both. But WCW decided to compete head-to-head with WWF, so they're on at the same time. I've decided to use my column this month to compare the two shows and determine which one you should watch... and which one you should tape.

IS IT LIVE... OR IS IT MEMOREX?: Eric Bischoff makes a point every week about how Nitro is the only live wrestling on TV on Monday night because RAW has only been a live show once since this head to head competition began. However, just because Nitro is live doesn't mean it's better. There have been great taped matches of Bret Hart vs. Jean-Pierre Lafitte and the big six-man tag match: Shawn, Diesel and Undertaker vs. Bulldog, Owen, and Yokozuna. Also, by taping the match ahead of time, WWF can edit the matches and create a much more professional looking program. Nitro has had the problem of cutting a match too short (Sabu vs. Mr. J.L.), and the show still looks a little rough around the edges.

Advantage: RAW

ANNOUNCING TEAM: Nitro has three men announcing: Eric Bischoff, Bobby Heenan, and Steve McMichael, the former Green Bay Packer. Only one of these guys, Heenan, can announce, but he's become kind of a stooge lately.

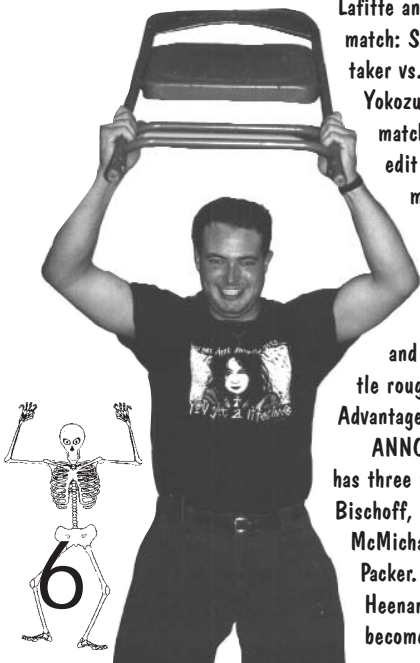
Bischoff is just lame, and Steve McMichael has gotten worse since he started. Sample quote: "The athletes in WCW are so athletic.... Their athleticism is just incredible." RAW has Vince McMahon and Jerry Lawler every week, and they are great. They're comfortable around each other, and Lawler is just hilarious. **Advantage: RAW.**

NEW TALENT: WWF has signed Marty Jannetty, Dustin Rhodes, Unibomb, Chris Candido, and Shane Douglas, and so far all of these guys look like they are going to be great. However, WCW has signed Sabu, Chris Benoit, Dean Malenko, and Eddy Guerrero, as well as luring Lex Luger and Mike Rotundo away from WWF. They also have an exclusive contract to use New Japan wrestlers, like Jushin Liger, in their Pay-Per-Views and on Nitro. Things could be getting very exciting on Nitro in the months to come. **Advantage: Nitro.**

BOOKING: So far all of the matches on Nitro have been between superstars, and if you don't count Luger in his title shot versus Hogan, there haven't been any jobbers on Nitro. RAW still continues to honor these unsung heroes by having them lose to WWF Superstars. I personally like the thought of superstar vs. superstar matches because you never know who's going to win. **Advantage: Nitro.**

OVERALL PROMOTION: WCW has improved greatly as a promotion, but it's still living in WWF's shadow. By constantly referring to the WWF, even though they are putting them down, the WCW is acknowledging that the WWF is a competitor. Vince, on the other hand, never mentions the WCW, perhaps because he knows that they are nothing to worry about. **Advantage: Raw**

So there you have it: my choice for best Monday night show is WWF Monday Night Raw. Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you, Nitro is repeated at Midnight on TNT, so you could just watch it then. And as I used to say, back in old Mexico City... **AMF!**



Much like sweaty gym socks, Limburger cheese, and Wally after a walk to the fridge, these are

T hings T hat Are Really Rank

Top Three Finishing Moves That Larz Wapleton Is Considering For His New Career In Rasslin'

- 8: The Blank Stare
- But: High Stepping For 4 Seconds, Then Passing Out
- 3: Puffing Up Like A Blowfish To 8 Times His Normal Size

Top Four Babes Dirxque Starbuck Wants To Noogie:

- 1: Tiffany Amber Thiessen
- 2: Shannon Doherty
- C: That Chick He Met That Night (she knows who she is)
- Oh and: Ousee Jefferson
- Flipper

- A: A heart
- B: A Lightning Bolt
- C: A Likeness of the Bushwackers

Top Three Pubic Hair Styles:

Top three Harvey Garments:

- First: Lacy Pink Camisole
- Then: Fig Leaf (as a hat)
- 3: A Solitary Butt-plug

Top Three Pizza Toppings:

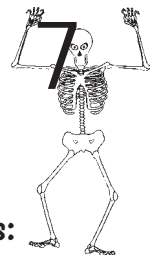
- 1: Meat
- 2: Sunny Bodydonna
- C: Harvey Wapleman

Top Three John Denver Songs As Sung By Wally "Walla" Wapleburger:

- 1: Thank God I'm A, I'm A, I'm A, I'm A, I'm A Coter Blarble
- 2: Rocky Balboa Mountain High
- 14: Grandma's Feather Basme Flobler

Top Four Hulkster Garments:

- A: Tank Top Made Out of Tissue
- 2: Pants Made Out of Tissue
- 3: Handcuffs Made Out of Tissue
- And: Neckbrace (probably made out of tissue)



Top Three Jobbers:

- First: Biff Waple
- Last: Lex Luger
- Middle: The Arizona Cardinals

Whipped Chic With Gravy

a fearsome story as told by Chic Nottawaple (as a ploy to win his brothers' love back)



It was a dark and stormy autumn. I had been letting my brothers down and down on several occasions. I was not showing up for scheduled matches, and I had not been making any contributions to my family in any way.

What was wrong with me? Was I going soft? No, that wasn't it. I have always been soft. Just ask Mrs. Chic.

Was I scared to wrestle? That couldn't be it. I had always been scared before, but it has never stopped me from crying... I mean trying.

What could it be? Maybe I just didn't care anymore. I mean, I had always thought it was important to keep strong ties with my family in the past. But lately, having the "Waple" name just didn't seem to mean anything.

Then one day it happened. The lady that I remembered as my nanny came to me with terrible news. I was not a Waple. I was adopted! My real last name is Morley. Morley? Oh, the shame and humiliation. I have lived my whole life as a lie!

But wait, maybe this is a good thing. This explains why I have not been feeling like I used to. I shouldn't feel guilty about betraying my brothers after all!

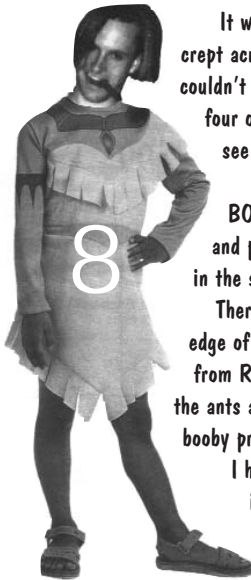
In fact, I hate my brothers and all they stand for. I hate Larz, Lou, Dirxque, and especially Wally! I even hate Harvey... well, I actually kinda like Harvey.

Then I woke up. Phew. It was all a dream. What was I thinking? I was never adopted. I've always been a Waple and I always will be a Waple. Boy am I glad that it was all just a bad dream.

Sorry, Chic. That was not a dream.

Little Bill's Big Night O' Fright

a terrorizing story as told by Bill Waple



It was a bright and foggy afternoon. The fog crept across the ground, and that sucked because I couldn't see the stupid mailbox behind me. After four or five hours, the fog lifted. I still couldn't see the mailbox.

I turned around to yell for help and BOOM! There it was. I climbed up on a rock and put my renewal subscription form for *Spunk* in the slot.

There was this stream of ants going down the edge of the sidewalk. They had just stolen a bagel from Ricardo Montalban. Hungry, I wrestled one of the ants and almost won. They gave me the bagel as a booby prize.

I hungrily ate the hole out of the bagel and fell into a food coma while still standing. While in my coma, I gained ESP, or epileptic seizure power.

I was taken to a perpendicular dimension where I was greeted by a fairy princess. Amazingly, she was shorter than me. In fact, everyone here was tiny. I was a giant! I ruled. I was huge, massive, garganormous, mondo, and scared enough to pee-pee my Raggedy-Anne panties.

I found out that I was in the land of the Hyper-Midgets. So, I thought that even though I was scared, these people looked up to me (literally) and I should show no fear.

Since I was in this situation, I figured I would do all the things I've always dreamed of doing. I went to a water fountain in the park and thought about how cool it would be to drink while leaning over, not standing on my toes.

When I tried this novel concept, I found that my

continued on page 9

What do you get when you cross a bunch of news-worthy facts with a reporter that thinks he's funny? It can't be anything but

Hot Spot

There are a couple spots that are hot right now. Most importantly, the Waples have made it onto the super highway. Actually, we're stuck in the inner emergency lane and scraping the median wall. We have a web page! Log on and get off, that's our motto.

<http://www.mindspring.com/~allizdog/theworld.htm>

Also, check out "Furniture On The Mend". [See All Bow... -ed.] It's on the Learning Channel, weekdays at 5pm (at least on our cable, anyway).

Hot Spot # 3; we assume you have already done this, so go out and do it again, right now. Go out and buy the Star Wars Trilogy. And don't forget to crank it when the THX logo comes on--Dear Lord it's cool.

Ok, this is also hot and spotty. WAPLEworld is official. Thanks to our editor-in-chief, we are an official business. It's not too late to invest. Send all the money you can to our new address (located in The Fourth Count, back page).

Another luke-warm blotchy rash is the new subscription menu here at WAPLEworld. Send us your money.

Finally, we'd like to give a big WAPLEworld "Hi! Please don't hurt us." to the fans in St. Petersburg Florida. It's pretty warm there, too.

Little Bills Big...-continued from page 8

'lean forward' muscles were severely underdeveloped. I had spent my whole life on my tippy-toes, never needing to look down or lean forward for anything. I guess that since I never needed those muscles, I must have digested them.

I blew my only opportunity. I wanted to hang my head in shame, but I couldn't; my muscles would not work. It was horrible.

I saw a bakery and figured I'd fight the depression by eating some fresh-baked cookies. There was a plate of succulent, free samples on the counter. Try as I could, I wasn't able to reach them. The ultimate nightmare!

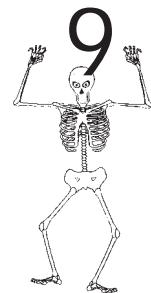
The cookies were mocking me. They laughed and hooted and pointed and stared. I heard them whispering. They were driving me nuts! In a rage, I stomped on a bunch of them; but more would show up.

The cookies were then joined by several Hyper-Midgets. I stomped and squished and stepped and

smushed and did other 's'-words. I had the guts of a million of them on my shoes, but they kept on coming. They were climbing on me, dragging me down under the sheer weight of a thousand Hyper-Midgets. What could I do but swat them down like flies? There were too many of them climbing on me, putting little wrestling holds on me. I fell to the floor, writhing with pain. I knew the end was near.

Just as they were about to put a thousand microscopic finishing holds on me I remembered my new wrestling move: the epileptic seizure. Within 30 seconds I had shaken off enough Hyper-Midgets to allow me to stand up and cry. My tears washed them off and I heard their tiny screams fade away.

I cried myself to sleep and woke up sometime later. I found myself standing on the sidewalk near my mailbox. As I walked home, I could have sworn I heard a tiny giggle.



The Smell of Egg Salad and Bologna on a Dark and Stormy Night

a horrific story as told by Wally "Walla" Wapleburger

Once upon a time there were three guys who were scared to go enter this house that was supposed to be haunted by ghosts and spirits. By the way, they guys names are the following: Larz, Biffy, and Wally-Wallyburger.



One day we decided to go into the house that was haunted by rumor that we heard through friends. The day was Halloween when we decided to go in the house. The rumor that we heard was awful and horrible to digest.

We opened the front door of the house.

When the door opened it squeaked real loud. We walked in the living room.

The first thing Larz saw was an arm and a leg laying on the couch. Biffy saw the upper chest part of a body. I saw pizza with cobwebs on it but I didn't eat it because I was scared of getting sick.

We walked into the den and I realized Biffy was missing. We could not find Biffy anywhere downstairs, so I decided to go upstairs.

When I got upstairs I noticed that Larz was missing. I was getting very scared at this moment.

Then I heard a scream. I turned to face the voice, but the scream was getting very soft.

When I got there I saw Biffy with no hand. I asked him what happened and he told me that he walked inside the kitchen to see what he could find. He told me that he opened the door to the fridge and found a head with no eyes and ears.

We heard another scream. We tried to trace it, but when we found the voice, it was Larz on the throne in

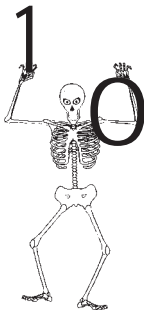
the master bathroom. He was missing half his ass. We could not decide how it happened.

We decided that we would leave but I fell into the hole in the floor. Biffy and Larz tried to find me. When they found me I was missing half of my leg and half of my left arm, so they had to carry me out of the house.

We realized when we got home that it was all a dream, but the next day we decided to go to that house to see if the house was really haunted, or is it?

Your friend,
Walley Walley-Burger

Welcome to Lou's Nightmare



If you haven't noticed, we are living in the computer age. Speed and power rule the information superhighway. Unfortunately, that has no bearing on

Reader Friendly

*A lesson in history,
as taught by "B"*

It's time to discuss Halloween; probably the greatest holiday this side of Las Vegas, New Mexico. I don't know if the rest of the WAPLEworld staff agrees with me or not, and I don't care. I know the Waples themselves don't share my opinion because they always pull their sheets over their heads at the mere mention of a plastic pumpkin (unless it's already full of candy. Mmmmm, candy).

The commonly accepted story as to the origin of Halloween is All Hallows Eve. Ok, forget that you know that. In the great book, and by that I mean the History of WAPLEworld, the truth about the start of Halloween is written. Here is some expert paraphrasing.

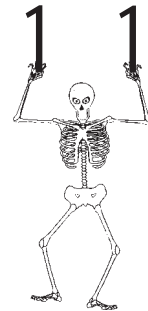
Back in the middle ages, which is any age that is half way to some other age, a man by the name of Igor Hallowaple lived in a cave, high up in the trees above the little town of Springfield, Waplevania. His cave was so high up in the branches that nobody knew he existed, especially the womenfolk.

Igor would often climb out of his little cave and perch on a branch that overlooked the local nudist colony, as any Waple would. Igor would hang on with one hand and strangle his squirrel with the other. (Squirrels do live in trees ya know.) The sheer excitement would leave Igor to howl up to the moon that lit up the nudists so well.

All the naked people were happy (wouldn't you be?) Still, at each full moon, and there were a lot of them, they would be terrified by the howling the man-beast that lived in the cave high up in the tree tops. Their fears were realized on one late autumn night. Winter had teased the town with an ice storm that night, and Igor's perch had become treacherous and slippery. Still, a perv is a perv, and Igor skillfully took to his perch and began staring and

strangling. At the height of his excitement, Igor lost grip and fell to the ground, right in the middle of the townspeople at the annual pumpkin seed roasting contest. Ultimate fright had fallen onto the town as a hairy (cuz he had no razor cuz he lived in a tree), howling, mumbling (cuz he had just fallen 60' and landed on his head) Igor stumbled around with his arms outstretched in front of him in an uncoordinated attempt to gain his balance. Blood dripped from his mouth and his eyes were rolled up into his head. Folks was freakin', man.

On this night, the only person brave enough to confront the terror was the local candysmith, William Wonkavitch. Willie threw candy at the terrible tree beast. Now even though Igor had just shattered his spine, he was still a Waple, and Igor somehow managed to stagger over to each piece of candy and collect it into his pouch. (It is also a little know fact that the Waples are marsupials. -ed.) Igor sat Indian style with a pile of candy at his crotch. As he licked himself clean, (Oh yeah, they are really flexible too. That's how they get pinned so many different ways. -ed.) he slowly fell into a sugar coma, then passed out. Since then, the people of Springfield Waplevania have remembered the event by dressing as scary man-beasts and collecting candy, much to the Waple's delight.



" B "

Night on Waple Mountain

an alarming story as told by the late Chet Wapleboxer (iterated at a seance)

It was a dark no... it was a gloomy night on October 31, 1987. It was the time of the year when the Waple Brothers, Biff, Chic, and Chet, were petrified.

They were planning on going to the Halloween party of Biff and Chic's high school. Biff was a senior, Chic was a freshmen, and Chet was in 8th grade, still unwise to the ways of the of the upper classmen. The party started late for the brothers, but they showed up anyway.



So, it was 8:12 and they were in their favorite costumes; Biff was Heckle, Chic was Jeckle, and Chet was Chilly Willy. These were

the characters which scared them the most during their childhood.

Immediately upon arriving at the school, the brothers became panicked when they saw Casper spring from the back of a station wagon and run into the school. This was truly going to be a test of the Waple Brothers strength. They were hesitant, but they entered the school gymnasium and shuffled toward the chaperone's table. They were amazed and frightened by everything they saw.

They decided to take their first step toward manhood by letting go of each others hands and splitting up to mingle. They synchronized their watches and decided to meet at the punch bowl at 8:32. They went their different ways: Biff toward

the snack table, Chic stayed near the chaperones, and Chet went straight to the dance floor.

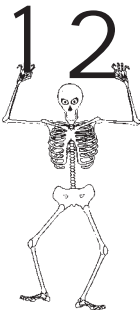
Five minutes past by and Biff and Chic were wondering why Chet was three minutes late. They determined that something horrible had happened to him, so they decided to search. They asked one of the most feared characters in the gym to see if he saw Chet, but Santa Clause said he didn't know. They then tried to find him in a place that would be a lot less frightening, like the hallways.

They found a piece of penguin fur on the hall floor and a trail of red drops leading away from the gym. Now, very worried, they decided it was their duty to save their little brother from whatever evil had snatched him up. They felt they should prepare for what they were about to go through, so Chic grabbed a nearby broomstick and Biff grabbed some cookies for the trip.

They started down the hallway very slowly, following the red drops into the dark. The only light was a fluorescent light which was flickering on and off at the end of the hall. They heard something that sounded like a chain coming from the lighted area that may be holding Chet down, or just piled on top of his twitching, recently slaughtered carcass.

As they slowly crept toward the light, Chic wet his pants. This is his first defense, because no one wants to be near someone who can't control his functions. When they reached the light they saw the red dots end into a puddle. They feared the worst would happen-- that is, whatever got Chet, would get them as well. As they stared down at the puddle, two huge boots stepped from around the corner and splashed into the puddle.

continued on page 13



What's Up With the Waples

Who cares.

- Sep 5:** Lou is recruited by Wepa-Fett to spy on the Nottawaple compound.
- 10 seconds later:** The Waples laugh hysterically at Wepa-Fett's poor choice
- Sep 18:** "B" (Creative Assassin of WAPLEworld) gets jury duty. In the waiting room, he sees a hot chic reading a Winnie-de-Pooh book. He wusses out. "B" knows he's pathetic.
- Sep 21:** Wally and Harvey have lunch to decide if they can afford to give Larz a raise now that he is wrestling. Wally is shocked to find out that Harvey has been embezzling 100% of the team's earnings by telling them that wrestlers aren't paid if they don't win.
- Sep 27:** Dirxque gets a postcard from Wally and Harvey mailed from the Bahamas. The two are apparently on a luxurious cruise.
- Oct 1:** Biff and Bill sign a match with Skip Bodydonna. They figure that if Barry Horowitz can beat him, they can.
- Oct 4:** Biff and Bill are proven wrong as they are beaten up, first by Skip, then by Sunny.
- Oct 6:** Biff and Larz spar each other. It's the brute strength of the former bodyguard versus the experience and cunning of the old master. Larz pulled a groin trying to step over the second rope, and Biff couldn't figure out how to turn the stairs on.
- Oct 10:** "B", the Creative Assassin of WAPLEworld, became an uncle. So, happy birthday, literally, to Pierce Holden Arnold.
- Oct 11:** The whole Waple family got together for a heart-warming brunch to National Comming-Out Day. Everyone showed up except for Gunther, Wally, Dirxque, Bill, Biff, Chic, Lou, and the spirit of Chet.
- Oct 12:** Dirxque farted.
- Oct 14:** While parasailing, Wally crash-lands on the deck. Divers have found no sign of the cruise ship. Wally and Harvey used their silicone implants as floatation devices.
- Oct 16:** In a shocking display of ability, Biff whips up

on Larz, just to say "Howdy. Welcome to the world of pro rasslin'." Larz beats the crap out of Biff for talking like a hick.

Oct 19: Harvey quif'd.

Oct 20: Lou is arrested for throwing running chainsaws at old ladies coming out of church. Two old ladies were also arrested for beating him senseless.

Oct 21: Three guys, not the staph of WAPLEworld, were arrested for masturbating in front of a school bus full of kids.

Oct 25: In a shocking display of strength, Dirxque Starbuck Waplepotomus breaks they ties that bind him and frees himself from the commies and their kitchen duty. Yes, Dirxque is a free man-beast.

Oct 27: Wally and Harvey return from their Carribean vacation. Harvey thinks Wally looks good with a tan. So, Wally beat the crap out of him.

Oct 30: Lou, Bill, and Larz hang out for a while and chat.

Halloween: Bill is abducted by a demon possessing powers beyond comprehension.

Night on Waple Mountain-continued from page 12

Biff then joined in the self defense by releasing his overdue fluids. Without even looking up at their nemesis, they turned and ran back to the gym. Janitor Murphy, angered by their spying, threw the rest of his fruit punch toward the fleeing brothers.

After the ridicule for pissing their pants had passed, they went back to the punch bowl where they originally decided to meet. To their amazement Chet was there, cowering under the table. All the brothers embraced in a long brother-like hug. Chet explained that he was late because the older kids beat him up for being Chilly Willy. The Waples swiftly escaped the school gymnasium and ran all the way home, vowing to never leave each other's sides again.

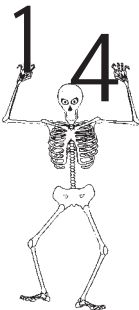


Jinkies, Bill? What Are You Licking?

Last Part of a Two-Part Novel of Epic Proportions

by Bob Moffa

In the other part of this story, Biff, Larz, and Bill were on their way to the Manichevitz mansion to follow-up a rumor that Dirxque's mother was spotted there.



The mighty Larzmogremlin slowly pattered to a stall in front of the Morsiscovinitch mansion. Larz, Biff, and Bill stepped out into a cloud of oil-smoke.

"Is th-th-th-this the p-p-p-lace?" Biff inquires.

"Gee," answers Larz, "it sure looks spooky. You guys wanna' go back to Rios?"

"No Way, Hose A! Let's go in!" Bill directs, as he runs up to the front door.

Not to look like little girls, Biff and Larz reluctantly follow.

As they reach the front porch, they hear a noise-- one of those spooky noises that you would expect to find at a haunted house.

"What was that!?"

"Golly, Biff," Bill replies. "It was only some rattling chains and a blood-curdling scream. You're not ascaered, are you?"

"Who me-el!?" Biff's voice cracks like a 15 year old. "Ahhem. Who me?" He now says in his rico suave voice. "Why, I'm not ascaered of anything. I'm Biff! The most unascaered person in the... the... the big round thing we live on."

By this time, Larz had snuck around to behind Biff. "BOO!!" he yells into the masked one's ear.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhh!!!!!! Oh my gosh!!!!!! Eeeeeek!!!! What was that!?!??"

"Biff," Larz laughs, "you're not only ascaered; you're a pussy... and a wussy."

Bill rings the doorbell. Ding dong!

"Wuuuuuhhhhh!!!!!!?" Larz panics. "Get me outta' here!!!!!! I'm too young to die!! Help me mommy!!!!!!"

The guys sit back and have a good laugh. Never before have they realized that they were scared. That's a lie. They have always known that they were scared...

of quite a few things.

All the while, the door had slowly been creeping open. Biff felt a chilling chill on his shoulder that sent shivers down his right leg.

"Uh, guys," he addresses. "The door's open."

"Neat!" Bill jumps to his feet and runs through the big, open doorway.

"Maybe we should stay out here in case there's any trouble inside," Biff suggests to Larz.

The bodyguard just nods in agreement.

"Hey guys!" Bill yells from deep inside the mansion. "There's a half-eaten pizza in here!"

"Outta my way!" Biff pushes Larz to the side and runs in.

"Well I'm not going in," Larz thinks to himself.

"I'm not that crazy. If they want to die, let 'em."

"Ooh, cool! Hey Larz!" Biff calls. "There's a T!t\$ and \$n@tch magazine in here!"

"Really!?" Larz yells back. "This better not be a trick."

Larz slowly enters the gigantic frame. The massive door slams closed behind him with a loud THUD!

"Oh, great. You let the door shut," Biff whines.

"Oh my God!" Biff realizes what this means. "You let the friggin' door shut!"

"Hey fat boy!" Larz retaliates. "Don't put this on me! You told me there was a nudie magazine in here, you jerk!"

"There is." Biff holds up the sacred paper.

"Ooooooh, coooooo. Gimme, gimme!"

Biff taunts, "Only if you say you're sorry for calling me 'boy'. I'm 26 now. I'm almost a man."

Larz hangs his head down, "I'm sorry."

"Okay then. Here you go." Biff throws the dirty magazine to Larz.

continued on page 15

Jinkies Bill...-continued from page 14

Larz makes a diving catch to grab Biff's throw that fell about seven feet short. "Woohoo!"

At about this time, Biff looked over to Bill. He was on his hands and knees... licking the floor!

"What the hellleek are you doing, Bill?!"

"There's something on the floor that tastes great," Bill replied, his tongue not missing a lap. "And it doesn't even feel filling."

"Stop licking that this instant," demanded Biff. "It smells like battery acid."

"Hey, these pages are stuck together!" Larz throws the magazine to the floor with disappointment. "What's Bill doing?"

"He's licking the floor, answers Biff. "He says it makes him feel good."

"You'd better watch out for splinters," Larz warned.

THWACK!!!

"What was that?!?" asks Biff.

"I don't know. Maybe it's Mrs. Waplepotomus. Grab Bill and let's go find out."

"AAAHhhhhh!!! L-l-larz," Biff stutters. "I think you'd better look at this."

"What do you wa..." Larz turns and sees Bill. "My Gosh! What have you done!?"

"I didn't do anything!" defends Biff. "It must be some sort of reaction to the acid."

By this time, Bill is covered from head to toe by a strange, green substance. It almost looks like words and pictures.

A dark and ominous voice was then heard from the mirror on the wall, "Bill is mine now."

"Who said that?" questions Larz. "Who are you? What are you doing to Bill?"

"Do you have any food in this house?"

"Shut up Biff," scolds Larz. "We are making contact with a monster or a poltergoost or something."

"Oh my God!!" Biff screams. "Look at Bill's hair!"

Bill is now with jet-black hair, still licking the acid.

"Bill," Biff calls, "we need to get you out of here

right now!"

"Bill can not leave," reverberates the voice. "And now you must be dispatched by powers beyond comprehension."

"We're not leaving without my little brother!" insists Biff. With that, Biff picked up a brick and hurled it at the mirror. The brick successfully broke something... Larz's toe. "Sorry Larz."

"NOW YOU WILL LEAVE!!"

Larz and Biff are picked up by some invisible force and thrown out of a window. Fortunately, they landed on a soft bed of pansies.

"Give me my brother back you, you, you mirror you!"

Larz puts his hand on Biff's shoulder, "There is nothing we can do now, Biff. Bill is gone."

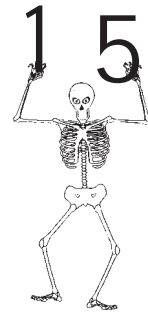
"Nooooo!" Biff is banging on the front door. "He can't be! I won't let him!"

"The only thing we can do now is wait, and eat queso."

Biff's ears perk up. "Queso?"

"Okay."

With that, they jump into the Larzmogremlin and sputter to Rio Bravo, forgetting everything that just happened.



Bills, Bills... Ooh! WAPLEmail!

WAPLEworld,

The purpose of this letter is to take up space. Take up space and waste time. Basically, it is doing the same thing you are, especially if you finish reading this magazine. I haven't spent much time browsing through WAPLEworld; I have better things to do-- things like watching Sesame Street and writing meaningless letters (like this one).

I'm sure I could sit here and waste more time, but

I really don't know how to do that.

Maybe I could learn something from this WAPLEthing after all. Who knows...

'til next time (only if there is more time to waste),
Little b

Our goals here at WAPLEworld are not only to entertain and inform, but to educate the masses as well. Clearly, Little b, WAPLEworld has been a big part of your life, and we are happy to know that we have inspired you to want to learn more about time management and to engage in literary pursuits.

Dear WAPLEworld,

I have often wondered why (excluding the beautiful covergirl of the last swimsuit issue) there are never any women in WAPLEworld or the Waple organization?

Squeezit Henderson

We have often wondered the same question, Squeezit. For some reason, broads are not turned-on by the members of the Waple family. I mean, you'd think a chick would become a lake when they saw the bush on Wally's chest, or Dirxque's big, pimply ass. There was at one time, however, Miss Waplestein. She was the brother's token valet until Biff asked her to go with him. He apparently told her to squeeze his left nut if 'yes', and his right one if 'no'.

Hi Biff

Whatz going on? I was just writing to tell you that I'm having a bad ball day. Don't those suck! It is always my right one too. I wonder if that makes me gay. Feel free to write to me sometime (just for fun).

Talk to you later, cheese twat.

Chris M.

I hate to say this, but you write like a little girl. I have those bad ball days, too. I sure hope it doesn't mean you're gay. Well, I don't care one way or another if you're a fruit loop, I just hope it doesn't mean I'm gay. Of course, why would your hurting ball have anything to do with my being gay or not? Hmm. Good question. I'll ask Harvey.

Hey Lou,

What kind of chainsaw would you recomend using to cut down other people's Christmas trees?

S. Claws

North Peoria

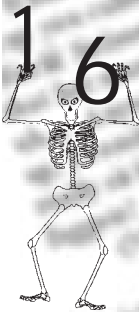
Um, like, I recomend the Binford 2000. Yeah. It's sharp and fast. Oh, and it's, like, quiet so it won't wake 'em up, and stuff.

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 send to:

Bills, Bills... Ooh! WAPLEMAIL!

**P.O.Box 768233
Roswell GA, 30076**

*or you can E-mail us at
allizdog@mindspring.com
SUBJECT: WAPLEmail!*



Biff Meets the Blue-Skinned People of Kentucky

a shocking story as told by Biff Waple

I was walking down the street one day
In the dark and stormy month of October.
I walked and walked and walked and walked
And ended up in Kentucky.

I now knew why Dirxque often complained
About his hurting feet.
After all, Kentucky and Georgia must be
About three point seven million miles apart.

The night was dark, as said before,
And dark is not too neat;
Because in dark I can not see
What I put in my mouth to eat.

So I wandered around knowing not where to go
Because, you see, it was really dark.
I followed the smell of hot dogs and pizza
And ended up in Central Park.

Now I know you'll say, "That's not in Kentucky.
Central Park's way up in Idaho."
Well, I didn't say *that* Central Park, silly.
I was in Central Park, Kentucky.

It frustrates me to all heck-fire
When people think there's just one of everything.
Why, I know at least *two* Central Parks,
One in Kentucky and the big one in Idaho.



So anyway, I was really ascaered
'Cause I think that I was lost,
Because, you see, this Central Park
Was not on any maps.

Then out of nowhere, I got really spooked!
Shivers went across my spine.
A bunny jumped out of the bushes -- I ran
Then fell on a baby porcupine.

As you can imagine, I got a little prick
Right in my butt. It hurt really bad.
The one good thing from that episode --
That porcupine will never kill again.

Then the pain in my bum made me think,
"I remember something about Kentucky,
I heard they have scary, blue people here."
If I didn't see any, I'd be lucky.

One thing that would make me drop a load
Is to see a blue-skinned person.
That sounds like it would be kinda' freaky
Yeah, freaky.

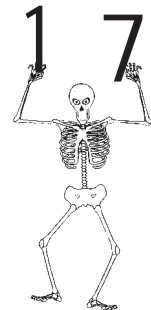
As the night got later, I got real sleepy,
I'm not used to being up past 8:36.
The wind picked up, and it started to rain.
Boy, I was sure getting hungry.

I walked straight down a black, curvy road,
Hoping to find my little bed.
I looked way ahead and saw a person coming
His eyes were glowing blood red!

I turned around, and started to run;
Ran I did, right into a tree.
I looked and saw the eyes getting closer.
My bladder was about to pee!

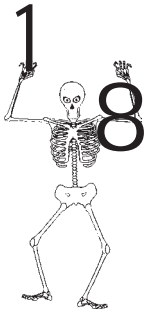
The eyes were now upon me -- very close!
My bladder was now refilling.
I screamed, and yelled, and kicked, and passed out;
Then I laid there in a pool of my own... um, sweat?

continued on page 18



Harvey Does Hell

a startling story as told by Harvey Wapleman



The night was like my men... wet and spooky. I had just stepped off the Greyhound from my Key West vacation. I stepped off the bus, right into a big puddle of water and dirt--you uncivilized citizens call it mud. I lost one of my beautiful Guccis in the mud! (Guccis are expensive shoes for those of you who did not know.)

Chic was supposed to meet me at the station to deliver me home. Of course, like Chic, he did no show. I sat on the curb and cried my little eyes out for what must have been two hours.

Suddenly, I felt a strong yet gentle hand on my shoulder. I slowly turned to see who or what it could be. Could it have been Chic? It could have, but it was not.

I screamed in girlish delight when I saw the darkened silhouette of a large, scary man. I could not make out the face, nor any other features, but

I was sure it was a man by the bulge in his pants.

Boy was I glad to see him. And I could tell he was glad to see me.

He held his hand out--stretched as a gesture for me to go with him.

Somewhat reluctantly, although the bulge was the tie-breaker, I placed my delicate, manicured hand into his.



I could tell that he was a lowly blue-collar worker by his calloused hands. And, oh my gosh, you will not believe this, but he actually *bites* his finger nails!

I followed my new, silent boyfriend for about two blocks through some of the seediest parts of the city. I was about to pass out from exhaustion!

I've never seen anything like it. There were bums in the gutters, drug pushers in the alleys, and male prostitutes on the corners. Well, I have seen those before. The plight of the inner city made me so scared that I asked Sven (that's my pet name for him) to carry me.

When we finally made it to his home, he

continued on page 22

Blue-Skinned People... -continued from page 17

I was awakened by a passer-by
Who claimed he saw the whole situation.
He wondered why I was so frightened
by a clown-car driving down the street.

"Those weren't blood-red eyes?" I asked.
He just looked and said, "My, my.
You're just a scaredy-cat little wussie aren't you?"
He asked. I said, "Why, yes."

Then I opened my eyes, and oh! what a sight!
I felt my bowels get all funky.
I was sitting there looking eye-to-eye
With one of the Blue-People from Kentucky!

He said, "Child, you look cold.
Let me give you my shirt to wear."
Then he peeled off his skin and wrapped it around me.
I think I was about to die, I swear!

Then I realized that I was very wrong
The skin he pulled off was just a shirt.
So before I left this nice old man
To remember me, I gave him my skirt.

Dawn of the Mutilated Crock Pots

a harrowing story as told by Spaz Pfitzwaple

It doesn't take a brain surgeon to realize that there is plenty of terror to be found in the world of wrestling (take Vince McMahon's hairpiece for instance). Still, outside of a world-famous Larry Santana 'Chop!', there just isn't anything more frightening than seeing the Waple Brothers in action. I should know.

I will never forget the night I was covering a WAR pro wrestling event in lower Alabama for the local paper. Yeah, I know what you're thinking, but there really wasn't ANYTHING else in the universe to cover but the Waples. At any rate, the Waples were actually wrestling as a sideshow act for a traveling circus. After watching the Waples wrestle each other to their normal level of excellence, that being that they couldn't even beat each other, the crowd of seven people with cheese graters sauntered over to the big top.

The main attraction for this particular circus was the family of geeks. They were geeks in the truest sense of the word. Not only would they never hesitate to shove any foreign instrument into their bodies at any given time, but they would even fly through the air via a cannon. All in all, they were true masters of the geek sideshow tradition. As it happens, the family, The Fabulous Flying Pfitzgeralds, had actually been so successful at the sideshow antics that they were able to purchase the circus from its original owner, a Mr. Phil Suckalewski. They hired the Waples to fill their former jobs since they came cheap. Where else were they going to find jobbers who only wanted stale Cheez-Whiz and Milwaukee's Best?

Well, this particular night, the Waples actually followed the crowd into the big top. Apparently, they had never seen the geek acts before, because they went absolutely bananas. The large one, Wally was his name, actually tried to eat an elephant. If only that had been their biggest transgression of the evening. Larz and Dirxque got way too excited when the Pfitzgeralds began to do the famous needle through the arm bit.

They grabbed the needles from the Pfitzgeralds and quickly began to try and put them through their own arms. Needless to say, all they succeeded in doing was putting large holes through their arms. Evidently, they felt that the Pfitzgeralds were 'bleeders' such as themselves and were doing it all for play. They weren't entirely wrong. The Pfitzgeralds were doing it for play, but they were actually sticking the needles in their arms using a special

technique. Anyone who has seen the Waples knows that technique is not in their vocabulary.

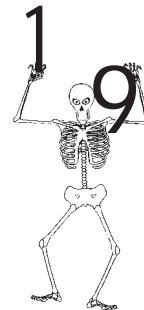
Angered at their inability to be cool like the Pfitzgeralds, they tried to give the Pfitzgeralds their needles back. Thing was though, in a rare display of tact, they actually tried to put the needles back where they had found them. Within seconds, the resulting mixture of blood, sawdust, and screaming was even more nauseating than watching the Waples wrestle. Thankfully, the screaming ended just as quickly as it had started. All of the Pfitzgeralds were dead, save one. Spaz Pfitzgerald had never been allowed to perform the needle through the arm trick because, as his name implied, coordination wasn't his strong suit. So, they kept him backstage until the trick was over. When he came out to his normal cue, the disgusted screams of the crowd, he was shocked by the sight of his family lying lifeless in the main ring.

Thing was though, he wasn't too terribly bright either. He decided that the Waples had simply demonstrated to his relatives what he had known all along, which was none of them were able to do the trick correctly, because there wasn't enough blood. They just never hit enough veins to cause the permanent damage to their arms to get the blood really going!

He thus decided that the Waples were gods brought to him to deliver him to true stardom. However, the Waples came the conclusion that since the rest of the family wasn't any good at bleeding, then Spaz couldn't be either. But, since Spaz would give the Waples money, they would let him hang around, but he would never wrestle. Thus, Spaz was to spend the rest of his days trying to be accepted as Spaz PfitzWaple.

Say what you may, but for my money, living one's life as a Waple wanna-be is the most horrifying thing I can think of. Why? Because I just know that I, er, Spaz, can be the greatest wrestler of all time if only I, er, Spaz, could get the chance from the Wonderful Waples!

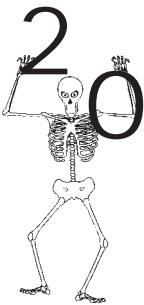
Sad, isn't it?



Dracula, Frankenstein, the Wolfman... if you think those are scary, take a look at the Waple's

Top 10 Scariest Things

- 10:** Dying before you find out what happens to that Folgers Crystals couple from the 8 year old commercials.
- 09:** Harvey and Mr. Roper getting it on.
- 08:** Sid Vicious
- 07:** Oh no! The "Time to make the doughnuts" guy retired! A world without doughnuts!
- 08:** Dying. Going to hell. Satan forcing you to spend eternity trying to put a naked, sweaty Dirxque Starbuck into a figure four.
- 09:** Bill Waple's scary story.
- 11:** Y'ever wake up in the middle of the night to find the Undertaker going through your unmentionables?
- 08:** Imagine if Wally hadn't eaten in 6 whole hours and you are the last taco on Earth.
- 04:** There's only 1 taco left on Earth!
- 06:** Sunny Bodydonna passes you by to throw herself at Harvey. His rejection causes her to commit suicide.
- 00:** David Letterman licking the inside of your bottom lip on national television.
- 08:** Your copy of WAPLEworld gets lost in the mail.
- 08:** Clinton gets reelected.
- 00:** Biff jumps out of an airplane using his underdrawers as a parachute. The weight of the burlap undies pulls him down at a thousand miles per hour, straight at your face.
- 16:** 3 words- Boogers, Boogers, Boogers.
- 08:** Chic cries when he learns that he's not a Waple anymore. His flood of tears stays around so long that it actually ruins your collection of Magic Sand.
- 10.7^{E12}:** Iron Shiek, the Comeback Tour ~95. (The Waples were pinned in 7 seconds.)
- 01:** Godzilla eats Wally and gets so full he leaves Tokyo alone. Then they make electronics faster and cheaper than this great nation of ours. The ever-increasing trade deficit forces the U.S. to stop importing T.V.s. That leaves us to use inferior American T.V.s and we have to watch Family Ties through the rabbit ears on UHF! AAAHHHH!!!!
- And** finally number 10: After a sweaty, bloody, drooly extreme match, you shower with the Waples and drop your soap.



Every once in a while, the Waples receive e-mail from a place beyond this world.

The sender is the late Chet Waple, the e-mail:

Letters From Beyond The Grave

Hi brothers and other waple affiliates. I am now talking to you from the after-life. I can see that not much has changed for you all. Biff, you're still fat; Bill, you're still on drugs; and Chic, you're still a yellow-bellied wuss. As a whole, the Waple organization is still a failure.

I'm happy to say that if you think you have it bad now, wait until you die! The only music here is Elvis. You gotta trust me when I say that Elvis gets old, and quick. Also, the only comedian here, is Sam Kinneson, (you know, the guy that screams all the damned time). Oopps, I'm not supposed to say the 'D' word up here. And yes, I am up here, and not down there. As a matter of fact, the 'Big Guy' is trying to pass a bill that would make all wrestlers go down there, 'cause he doesn't like them here.

Well, the reason that I'm talking to you, isn't because I miss you; it's because I want to let you know that each dead person is allowed to place one curse (two with good behavior). I have given this a lot of thought, and of course it is to be on the Waple Brothers. The curse is that The Wonderful Waple Brothers, and anyone associated with them, will never win or come close to winning any wrestling match of any kind, for as long as they live. Oh yeah, I almost forgot. I also vow that Biff Waple will never score.

I'm going to leave you with my favorite quote. "I hate wrestling, I hate my brothers, and I wish I was never born".

From a much better place. I'm Chet Wapleboxer saying "You all suck!"

WWF WRESTLEMANIA: THE ARCADE GAME by Acclaim for the Sony Playstation

A WAPLEworld Review by Chris Thomas

Oh Boy! This game has only been out in the arcades for two months, and now you can play it at home on your Sony Playstation!! What?!?!? You don't have one? Well... I guess you can wait for the Super NES and Sega Genesis versions to come out, but they will pale in comparison to this almost perfect translation from the arcade.

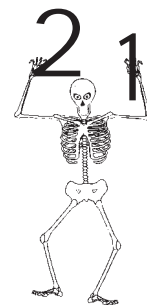
About the game... it features eight wrestlers. Seven of them are current WWF Superstars: Doink the Clown, the Undertaker, Shawn Michaels, Bret Hart, Razor Ramon, Yokozuna, and Bam Bam Bigelow. The other one, Lex Luger, has left the WWF and is now jobbing to the stars of WCW. All of the wrestlers were filmed and digitized into the game... it looks great! They filmed the wrestlers back in Fall 1993, so that's why guys like Diesel, Psycho Sid, and the British Bulldog aren't in it.

Now, if you're expecting the game play to be like Acclaim's WWF Royal Rumble or WWF RAW, you might be disappointed. This is more like a fighting

game, in the vein of Mortal Kombat 3. Most wrestling games have tapping moves that wear out your fingers quickly. WWF Wrestlemania has special moves that are easier to pull off and require more strategy and skill than just pounding buttons.

The game is both realistic and cartoonish at the same time. It's realistic because of the digitized wrestlers, digitized crowd, and the voice-over by Vince McMahon and Jerry "The King" Lawler (which in my opinion puts this game over the top). It's cartoonish because of some of the outlandish moves the wrestlers have. For example, Doink has a joy buzzer on his hand that electrocutes the opponent, Razor Ramon is able to give Yokozuna a Razor's Edge, and you can actually win a match with Lex Luger. (It's really in there!)

This game is the reason you've been waiting to buy a Sony Playstation. It features well known wrestlers, good old-fashioned Pier 6 brawling, and a whole lot of fun... all in one game! Go buy a Playstation, then buy this game. It's Unbelievable.



Hey buddy, can ya' spare a dime?
No, but here's our
Two Cents Worth

WWF	Larz	Wally	Lou	Biff
World	Brett	Diesel	Undertaker	Hulk Hogan
InterContinental	Bulldog	Bret Hart	Shawn	Bastion Booger
Tag	Shawn and Diesel	Shawn and Razor	PG-13	The Waple Boys

WCW	Larz	Wally	Lou	Biff
World	Flair	Sting	Flair	Hulk Hogan (in black)
U.S.	Sting	Lex Luger	Roddy Piper	Chris Benoit
Television	Sabu	Arn Anderson	George "the animal" Steel	Disco Inferno
Tag	Disco Inferno / Orndorf	Sabu and Benoit	Road Warriors	The Waple Boys

ECW	Larz	Wally	Lou	Biff
World	Raven	Larz	That guy that talks about death	The Stevester
Television	Mikey Whipwreck	2 Cold Scorpio	Sandman, gimme a dream	Scorpio
Tag	Public Enemy	The Steiners	Those two women	Anyone but us

Harvey Does Hell -continued from page 18

tossed me down to the ground. I landed on my butt-bone and it sort of hurt. Don't get me wrong, it did hurt a little, but that's a good thing.

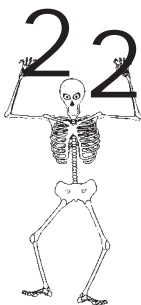
I looked around our little love nest, and this place looked like a dump! In fact, it was the dump. I was lying in the cold, hard, filthy ground. It was so disgusting. I have never been dirty before, but I liked it.

He motioned me to follow him to the back of the junk yard. I followed him to a dark and dreary rusted-out shed. At first I was nervous to go in there, but all I had to do was look at that bulge in his pants and I was off and skipping.

Once we got in there, he roughly pushed me onto my knees in front of him. My eyes grew as he slowly unzipped his zipper. I knew what he wanted me to do, and I wanted to do it. He reached into his pants and pulled something out.

I reached out to grab it. What?! What was this? It was a shoe. It was a left Gucci shoe, just like the one that I lost. Fabulous.

But wait. What about the bulge? That was the bulge? Oh my God! That hunk that had been leading me around all night was not a hunk! He was a... a... oh no! He was a woman!! Aaahhh!!



How many counts can we fit on the back page?
One count? Nope, guess again. *Two counts?* Not even close. *Three counts.*
Nuh uh. We can fit four counts on the back page of one WAPLEworld.

Fourth Count

Kwote, Cuot, Cwoat, Ckxwuatt...
Quote of the Month

"Remember those guys you saw masturbating in front of that school bus full of kids? Wuddn't us."

- "B", Bob, and Chris--Your WAPLEworld staph

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Whether you are looking to buy a good, used glazed donut, or you just want to eat one, the best place to go is WAPLEworld

Classifieds

Under penalty of law this page is not to be removed.

Store in a cool, dry place.

Do not fold, spindle, or mutilate.

Announcing the WAPLEworld food drive. Send food to us and we will give it to the hungry. Don't give us any of that lima bean crap either.

Did you remember to set your clocks back one hour? If not, you shouldn't be reading this yet.

Dirxque is on tour and he often sends mail.
Of course, we'd rather he blow

Kisses: Letters Home

dear guys,

hi. we heard on the radio, KFAT 1230 AM, that chic has been fired and isn't a waple anymore. gee, that's too bad. oh well. have you heard anything about my mom? i wish she had a house right up the street. fat chance, huh? ya know, i had a fright. it was a dark and stormy prison, and i was in it. one of my fellow inmates was being prepared for his excecution. they were shaving his legs in one room while the firing squad prepared the guillotine. i was in the kitchen with dina, cutting the cheese. i heard a voice; it was his voice. he was using telepathetic frequencies to reach my brain from another room. suddenly, i couldn't control my actions. i raised the knife, cleaned off the excess cheese, went into the other room, and, and i, (sniff) i cut his last sammich into little triangles. isn't that scary? he could've choked on those sharp corners and died before he was excecuted. i still have the heeby jeebies. well, all this spooky stuff is hurting my feet. gotta go.

kisses,

Dirxque Starbuck - 0706632