

*Speech Impotent Issue!*

# WAPLE

**world**<sup>TM</sup>  
an alliz dog production

*19 Tons of Flubber Won't  
Fix What We've Done.*

## **Just Say "NO" to Crack**

**A friendly message  
from your pals in  
WAPLEworld.**



Volume 3 Issue 2

**Wrestling = Rasslin'**

February 1996

**See what Waples do on New Year's Eve and  
"Wapleburger '96" - Wally Hits the Campaign trail!**

# howdy there **a lesdyxic editor** from the welcome

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 regrettably 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...

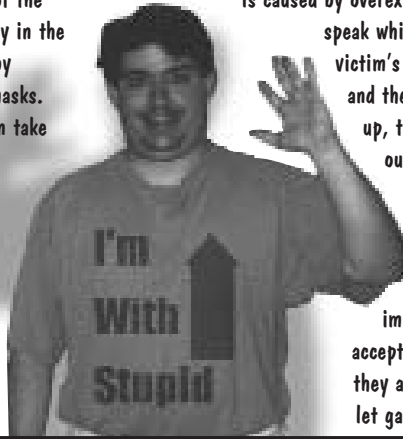
This month in WAPLEworld, we are going to address a very serious issue. Something that most people do not want to think about, and even more do not want to even talk about. But, being WAPLEworld, we will.

Speech Impotency - one of the leading causes of undesirability in the world right now; beaten only by Wapltude and men who wear masks.

This terrible condition can take several of many forms. For instance, dyslexia. I've heard this is a terrible speech impotency. Unfortunately, I is know what it don't.

Several, even dozens of suffer from people orderdis condition this.

Another impotency is



the lisp. A tragic cathe of a thudden lithp hath been documented in this month'th Hot Thpot. Biff Waple is now thpeech impotent.

A third impotency that will be covered in this special issue is called wallygoudy. This condition is caused by overexcitement, and trying to speak while in this state. The victim's tounge gets moving too fast, and the mouth is not able to keep up, thus causing words to come out scrambled and somewhartnty mlognthed.

I hope that this issue will answer many of your questions about speech impotency, and help you to accept people with them as what they are -- FREAKS! With that, let gamth the beginoufhlorghnv!



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Special Thanks to: The Wonderful Waple Family, Bob's Dad, All of our families, RSPW, and Every Wrestler Anywhere.

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## Ingredients:

Midnight at Al's Bowl and Wrestle	4
Dirxque's Night of Pure Hell	5
Larz Land	6
Things That Are Really Rank	7
Whipped Chic with Gravy	8
Little Bill's Big Night O' Fright	8
Hot Spot	9
The Smell of Egg Salad and Bologna on a Dark and Stormy Night	10
Reader Friendly	11
Night on Waple Mountain	12
What's Up with the Waples	13
Jinkies Bill, What are you Licking?	14
Bills, Bills... ooh, WAPLEmail	16
Biff Meets the Blue-Skinned People of Kentucky	17
Harvey Does Hell	18
Dawn of the Mutilated Crock Pots	19
Top 10 Scariest Things	20
Letters From Beyond the Grave	21
A WAPLEworld Review	21
Two Cents Worth	22
Don't Look Out of the Window	23
All Bow and Pay Homage	23
Fourth Count	Back

# Just Who Are Those Waples?

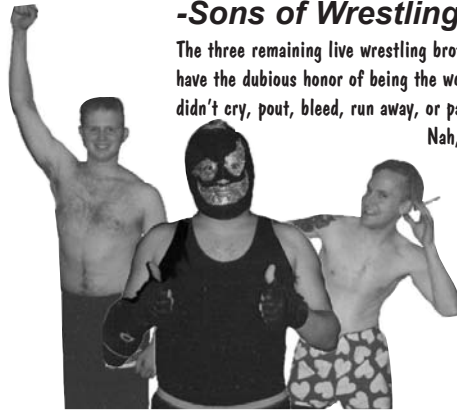
Either your worst nightmare... or your wildest dream. Probably the first.

## 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 - Biff's Partner

This faithful lug was at one time, the Waple's bodyguard. Now, he stands by Biff as a wrestler. Larz is very knowledgeable about wrestling, but sucks when it comes to public speaking.

## 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.

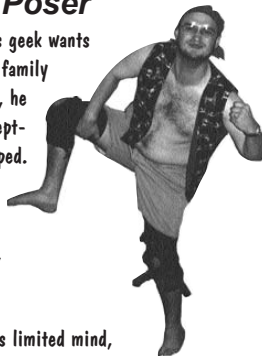


## Dirxque "Starbuck" Waplepotomus - Mascot

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.

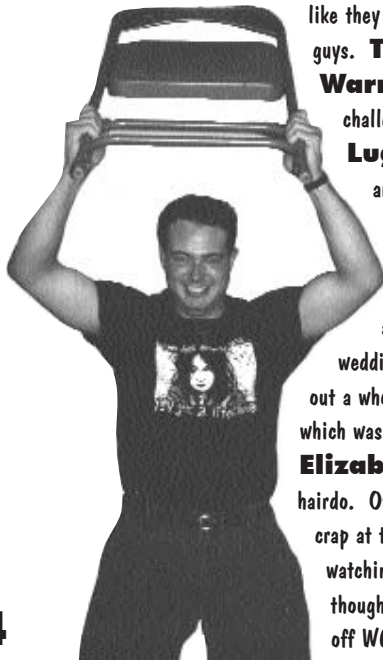
You step off the plane and notice that you are surrounded by senseless ramblings by the Waple's bodyguard. You've just entered

# LARZ LAND

It's a new year here in Larz Land, and my New Year's resolution is that if I can't say anything nice, I won't say anything at all. **Hulk Hogan friggin' sucks!** Oops, I already broke my resolution....

The first *Clash of the Champions* took place recently, and I was very impressed with it. First of all, it was free. Second of all, it was *better than all the WCW PPVs from last year... combined!* **Public Enemy** (Yes!) started out against the **Nasty Boys** in what promises to be a classic feud (Street Fight at Superbrawl!) **Alex Wright** and **Dean Malenko** (he's still around) had a good match, as did **Psicosis** and **Konnan**. Hopefully WCW

won't waste these Mexican wrestlers like they did with the New Japan guys. **The Road Warriors** showed up and challenged **Sting** and **Lex Luger** for the Tag Titles, and **Lex wussed out** big time. And then there were the babes... lots of 'em. **Madusa** attacked **Sherri** at her wedding; **Savage** brought out a whole harem of women, one of which was **Woman**; and **Miss Elizabeth** returned with a new hairdo. Of course, the **Hogan** crap at the end wasn't worth watching, but overall I thought it showed off WCW's



potential for 1996....

**Vader** showed up at the Royal Rumble and was really *the best part of the Rumble* until he was eliminated by **Shawn Michaels**. He then wrestled the next night on RAW, and after Vader-bombing **Savio Vega** twice, he *roughed up two referees and was suspended by Gorilla Monsoon*. Vader then splashed Monsoon into the turnbuckle and Vader-bombed him. The whole thing was pulled off better than the Shawn Michaels collapse, but it probably means that Vader is gone, at least for now. That's too bad, because the WWF really needs a powerful heel, and Vader looked as if he could have become a big star in New York....

Speaking of the Royal Rumble, I thought it started out great with great matches by **The Bodydonnas vs. The Smoking Gunns** and **Razor Ramon vs. Goldust**. But after Vader was dumped out of the Rumble, the event just sort of fizzled. **Shawn** won the Rumble, again, and **Bret Hart** carried his match with **the Undertaker**, which ended when **Diesel** interfered. I expected better from the WWF, but overall I would say it was pretty good. *Hopefully a main event of Bret vs. Shawn at Wrestlemania will happen, and on paper that's my match of the year....*

That's all for this time, campers. Put out the campfire, zip up your sleeping bags, *and watch out for Wapleburgers.*

# what's up with the waples?

Not their willies.



**Dec 24 :** All the Waples start their Christmas shopping.

**Dec 24 :** Wally calls to say he has to work tonight and he'll fly home tomorrow. What's up with that?

**Dec 25 :** Biff wakes up at 3:34am to unwrap his presents. He swears he saw Harvey kissing Santa Clause - and saw tongue.

**Dec 26 :** All the Waples draw slips of paper from a hat. Each one has a different mall on it so none of them has to see someone returning the gift they got.

**Dec 31 :** The Waple's New Year's Eve party ends early when they get carted off to jail, kicking, screaming, and crying (see page 8).

**Jan 1 :** Dirxque spends the whole day trying to explain to Larz that he's not a year older just because it's '96 now.

**Jan 2 :** Larz still doesn't get it.

**Jan 5 :** Spaz notices that every time someone says "kiss" or "tongue", Wally and Harvey look at each other and giggle like school girls.

**Jan 7 :** Biff and Larz square off in an exhibition match against Abraham J. "Grandpa" Simpson. The two-dimensional wonder-jock simply turned sideways and disappeared. The Waples thought he was gone and laid on their backs making shapes out of the clouds. Larz saw one that looked like Walter Mathau, and Biff saw one that looked like Larz looking at a cloud that looked like Walter Mathau. Grandpa faced front again and reappeared to pin them.

**Jan 10 :** Chic Nottawaple's compound has been under constant surveillance by Wepa-Fett. There is a possible change of tactics. Wepa-Fett thinks Chic is coming home.

**Jan 10 :** Dirxque Starbuck has been in constant contact with a WAPLEworld fan. It is official, Dirxque has a woman! He was originally attracted to her penmanship (see issue 2-6). Dirxque Starbuck is

now in love with "little b".

**Jan 12 :** The trial for the Waples was today. They were brought up on charges of disturbing the peace on New Year's Eve, Larz had an additional charge of indecent exposure because he took a picture of Biff sitting on a toilet taking a piss. Harvey pleaded "no contest" and Lou pleaded "no way". Harvey got 30 days probation, but was disappointed to find out it didn't mean he would be probed. Lou was sentenced to death. They sentenced and sentenced and sentenced. They sentenced him to death (get it?). Dirxque was almost extradited to Siberia, but he got away.

**Jan 13 :** Bob- the Head Guy, and "B"- the Creative Assassin, celebrate their one year anniversary of living in the same bathroom. Not the same bedroom, but the same bathroom. Actually, we both live in the Alliz Dog Productions World Headquarters Business Complex and Hot Dog Stand, and it happens to have 2 (two) bathrooms. (Oh and we're not fags.)

**Jan 21 :** Bill Waple fades into view during the Royal Rumble. He mumbled something about selling Amway, then faded off into the Undertaker's shadow.

**Jan 22 :** Chic Nottawaple shows up at a match, Biff and Larz against Grover Muppet. 13 seconds after the match began, and just as the ref was about to slap the mat for the third time giving the win to Grover, Chic flew into the ring, ran violently towards Grover, and politely asked Grover to pin him instead. Grover pinned all three. Wally is furious at Chic.

**Jan 28 :** The Spirit of Chet appears in some cereal milk at the bottom of Biff's bowl and tells him to put all he has on the Steelers in the Superbowl. After the game, Biff said to Dirxque "If I ever die, I'm gonna kill Chet."

**Jan 31 :** The 20 year anniversary of Wally's appearance on American Fatstand.

**Feb 5 :** The February issue of WAPLEworld is released. Lookin' forward to that swimsuit issue.



# bills, bills... ooh! WAPLEmail!

Dear WAPLEworld,  
What the hell is your problem? Are you on the rag or something?

Just Curious, L. Welk

*No, we're not raggin', we're just sensitive at this time of the month. Ok? Why don't you want to snuggle anymore? If you love us you'll fix us some egg salad and bologna sammiches.*

*What a homo! You suck! Stop staring at my tight, little body, you faggot! I'm gonna kick your ass! Why don't you go shave your girlfriend's back? I bet that queerbait Goldust could use a soft touch, you friggin' gaylord! If I see you, I'm gonna kick your ass! Kick it! Kick it!!*

Dear Chic,  
Why'd you do it man?

Concerned, S. Pfitzwaple

*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!*

Dear WAPLEworld,  
Just thought I would drop you note to say Happy New Year. Saw the new pic of the bodyguard. He certainly seems to be enjoying himself. Also, I suspect that the mascot is a little precocious in that it seems that the g-string is drawn on. Is it hard to keep clothes on that Waplepotomus? I say don't protect his

morals. Expose his true nature to the world and damn the consequences.

Once again, Happy New Year.  
Until later..

Bill Herringer,  
San Francisco, CA

*You said, "damn".*

Dear Lou,  
I have a stubborn beard. It grows thick and fast, kinda like Dirxque. I have noticed in the past that you have baby-soft skin all over your tight, little body. What's your secret to shaving?

Desperately, Razor "Burn" Ramon

*I don't know. I had to find myself I guess. I felt as if I had to pursue other meaningful paths on the road of life. I had to spend time with me, Chic. I had to be true to myself before I could be true to the Waple organization. And I, um, got lost on the way to the 24 hour pest control / yogurt shop.*

My favorite tag team of all time - Power and Precision, but the zombie sure did a number on Kane at the base.

Major Burns,  
Silo X Damage Control

*Is this Kane? I thought you said you weren't going to bother us anymore. You said that "Power & Precision were above piece of crap magazines like WAPLEworld..." and that you were going to never bother us again. Have you really stooped back down to our level again? Please, for the love of creatures big and small, LEAVE US ALONE!!*

Dear Biff,  
My friends and I have noticed that you never take off your mask. Doesn't your face itch?

Hornilly Yours, J. "Hacksaw" Duggin

*Actually, I've never really paid any attention to it, but now that you mention it, it does sorta itch. In fact, it itches a lot. Oh my gosh! Get it off!  
AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!*



6 One of WAPLEworld's many fans with his shiny, new WAPLEworld '96 Calendar.

What's more uncooked than RAW, and is running on coal rather than Nitro... or something? What else could it be but

# Waple Rasslin' Memoirs

This month: Wally seeks his revenge!



**Vince McWapleman:** "Good evening everyone, and welcome to Monday Night BRAWL! Vince McWapleman here, along with Jerry "The King" Lawaple."

**Jerry Lawaple:** "That's right, McWapleman, and tonight we're going to see that thief, Biff Waple, have his lunch handed to him, literally!"

"Now come on, King, you don't think Biff really stole that egg salad and bologna sandwich from Wally "Walla" Wapleburger, do you? It was an honest mistake."

**"He knew it was Wally's all along. Besides, who else would have such a disgusting sandwich anyway?"**

"You may have a point there. But now, let's get right to the action! The steel cage is being lowered as Wally "Walla" Wapleburger makes his way to the ring."



**"Look at his eyes, McWapleman. He's hungry I tell you."**

"Hungry for a victory?"

**"No, hungry for food! It's probably been thirty minutes since he's eaten. He's starved!"**

"Well, he's brought a snack along with him, and

it looks like an egg salad and bologna sandwich. Wally is climbing into the cage and... oh my, he's stuck. Someone get some butter, or some grease..."

**"Hey, just pop the zits on his back and he'll just slide on through! Ha Ha Ha!"**

"No need for that. He just broke wind \*Pee-Yew!\* and that pushed him on into the cage. And speaking of breaking wind, here he comes now! The Windbreak Kid... Biff Waple!"

**"Listen to the crowd cheer for this loser. He'll never defeat Big Walla!"**

"That remains to be seen as Biff enters the cage against his manager, and Wally comes right in with a Big Gut, and that sends Biff to the mat. Wally climbs to the second turnbuckle, and he's going for the Wally Bomb already. BOOM-SHAKA-LAKA!"

**"This is over, McWapleman. Ouch!"**

"And Wally has begun to climb out of the cage. And... what's this? Larz Wapleton has just come out of the locker room. He's making his way towards Wally's sandwich!"

**"Why do all those Waples like that sandwich so much? You'd think that they would be sick and tired of it by now."**

"Apparently not, as Larz bites into it with much aplomb. And Big Wally is furious about this!"



continued on page 14

## next month's exciting match

The Wonderful Waple Boys.

Biff and Larz have their sights set on federation gold, but they still have to win their first match.



**Chet Wapleboxer.** He's Biff's younger brother, and he never learned the skills necessary to survive in the squared circle. He's also been dead for three years.

Now Biff and Larz are digging him up, hoping for an easy opponent and their first ever victory.

It's Chet's bones versus Bone Heads. In the next issue of WAPLEworld!



New Year's Eve only comes a few times a year, and it's is the time of the decade that the Waples like to get a little crazy. So with little doodo, we bring you either a cheap porn flick or the true-life story of

# waples behind bars

Once upon a time, in like, a galaxy far, far away, there were **big, giant hooters...** and they were good. But anyway, it's New Year's Day and here I sit in jail with some big, black dude named Bubba. Let me explain why I'm here.

My name is Lou... and *I got some.* It all started last night when us Waples got together to have a boogie night, or a booger night, or something. Well, first we all went to the grocery store, and like some manager dude followed us. So we **ran around like morons** for no reason until we all met in one place... at high velocity.

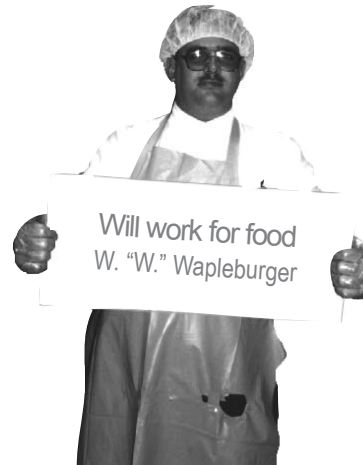
When we woke up, we were in the gutter and badly bruised. Well anyway, we

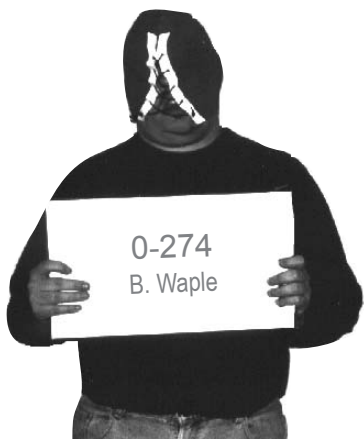
like started walking around and stuff. Well, after about two hours and 1/4 of a mile, we found some apartments and decided we needed a rest. Then, like being New Year's Eve and all, there was a big party and we went in.

After being promptly kicked out, we found disguises. **We went back in dressed like burritos.**

Well, like, all the Waples except me had a drink. Everyone except Wally passed out after only 1/4 of a beer. Wally finished the keg and ordered Pizza Hut. No, not a pizza - the whole place! Finally, Wally content, he went to sleep.

Anyway, **I like saw this chick**, and she was hot. So I said, "Hey





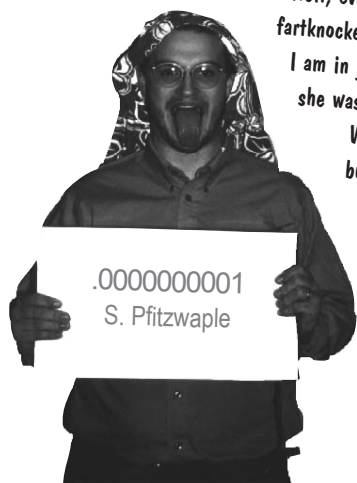
*baby, you're like, hot, and have **thingies** and all." She, being very drunk, said that I was cute, and invited me to a private room.*

*Well anyway, I like touched her thingies and then like **POLICE RAID!!** Busted. Well, I found out this chick was like, 15. Is that wrong or something?*

*Well, everyone else was taken in because some fartknocker there snorted some Ajax. But here I am in jail, sticking to my story - I thought she was like 40 or something.*

*Well, I gotta go put more glue in my butt. Bubba looks antsy.*

**Louhollio out.**

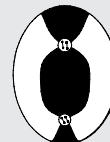


## a little bathroom fun.

Match the thumbprint to the Waple, or vice versa.

-- **Biff**

**1**



-- **Larz**

**2**



-- **Chic**

**3**



-- **Dirxque**

**4**



-- **Wally**

**5**



-- **Lou**

**6**



-- **Spaz**

**7**



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 lot of this issue has been devoted to speech impotence. We all know that our hero, Gunther, had a serious lithp. I thought I would tell you the story of how the lithp came to be.

It was February, 1951. The great blizzard of '73 was raging outside as Gunther crayoned his "Gunther von Hancock" to the new contract. This contract obligated him to a series of daredevil stunt matches, which were all the rage at the time.

The first match was scheduled for later that day, the dreaded Flag Pole Match. The rules were quite simple, the winner had to raise the trunks of the defeated to the top of the pole. After studying the rules for four and a half hours, Gunther gave up and figured he'd just learn as it went along.

Meanwhile, the blizzard raged on, and in the town square, fear was obvious. Gunther, the town square, was fearing not only the immanent embarrassment of being nekkid in public, but also the effective shrinkage involved in having his thingy exposed at -23 degrees, um, Kelvin.

Gunther's opponent was known as Ester "The English Teacher" McGuillicutty, the town history teacher. She wasn't big or strong, but she had experience. She was 97. Her 97 year old frame was a formidable weapon, and everyone knew it. (Well, septin Gunther cuz he was busy trying to remember all the rules to the match.)

So the stage was set and the crowd gathered around the squared circle, drinking their hot chocolate and their hot apple cider... Mmmmmmm, cider. The "English Teacher" leaned over her frozen walker to stare up at Gunther, the way any old teacher will stare.

Gunther grunted and moaned as he climbed into the ring. He quickly grew tired from all that

climbing, even though he was sooooo in shape. He began panting heavily. The "English Teacher" belched loudly as Gunther leaned into his corner, scaring him goofy. He followed his instincts and ran forward at full speed, with his arms and tongue flailing wildly.

He smacked into the flag pole, which was sticking up out of the center of the ring, and his wet tongue froze instantly to it. Helplessly frozen to the pole, Gunther was pantsed and humiliated, again. The crowd cheered the victorious local hero, and everyone went inside the nice warm town hall to enjoy "Ethel Merman's Greatest Hits Concert 1962 - Live at Tuktoyuktuk".

Gunther -shriveled, nekkid, frozen, and defeated- stood helplessly with his tongue frozen to the flag pole as his soiled under drawers waved violently in the icy wind. The smell of his own fear filled the town. Even Gunther couldn't stand it, and he was the one making the mess.

The glacial stench was so intense that Gunther could no longer take it. Remembering how the mighty arctic wolf escapes from snares, Gunther chewed off his own tongue and ran inside. As he cowered on the floor behind the last row of seats, he could hardly keep from quivering and balling up into a pathetic little bundle of blood and feces. As the people clapped along to their video, ignoring Gunther, he quietly whispered to himself, "You'll be thwell, you'll be great...."

# "B"

When reading rumors and gossipy stuff, we like to hear it from a very open-minded person, so we got the most open person we know to give you

## Loose Lips

- Harvey's Gossip and Commentary -



Well, it's good to see that someone who is openly gay finally won a belt in the WWF. (Of course, gay men have been winning WWF gold for years, they just didn't have a choice.) Unfortunately, **Goldust** is a poor representative for the gay community.

*He wears too much makeup,* he's too forward with other men, and that bodysuit looks like something "Macho Man" Randy Savage left behind when he went to WCW. And why does Goldust have that little tramp accompany him to ringside now? I'm not jealous or anything, but I think that he needs to spend less time with **that little floozy** and perhaps hire a financial advisor and spend time with him instead.

The man who lost the pretty, smaller belt to

Goldust was **Razor Ramon**, and that was because that cutie **1-2-3 Kid** interfered. The two seemed headed for a MAJOR confrontation in the future, but take my advice Razor: *stay away from kids*. If you're caught and convicted, you could do one, two, three years in the big house. On second thought, that sounds like fun. Do you know where the school bus stops?

*Disco Fever! Disco Fever!* *Disco Fever! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!* **Disco Inferno** is one of the most exciting new hunks in the WCW, and whenever he



*continued on page 15*

## Only in WAPLEworld will you find the kind of newsworthy stuff that you read in Hot Spot: Biff Waple Burns Tongue!

The first blizzard of '96 was treacherous and neat for many people, yet funky and horrifying for others. One of the hardest hit places was Marietta, GA., home of the Waple Training Compound.

While stuck indoors for three days, Biff Waple, scared to venture out into the 1.2 inches of snow,

**"...thith ith a thine..."**

ordered many, many pizzas. During one of his consume-fests, he was enjoying an 18-inch garlic and anchovy pizza.

This particular pizza happened to be extremely hot, thus when Biff took his first bite, the molten cheese stuck to his tongue and sizzled and bubbled.

Not knowing how to cope with this situation, Biff ran to the kitchen. He

remembered that one of the things you should do when you get your tongue stuck to a flagpole is to bite your tongue off. This sounded painful.

Instead, he opted for option two: pour boiling water on it to melt the ice.

Boy, was that a mistake. The pain went shooting through his entire flabby body, and within seconds, he passed out.

He woke up later that night to find the last bit of cheese being eaten off his tongue by the Waple's dog, Wapledog.

When asked if the burn had changed his life in any way, Biff replied, "Actually, I think thith whole thituathion wath a bwething in dithguithe. My father," he continued, "thpoke with a withp fwum thomething that happened to him a wong time ago. I bewieve that thith ith a thine of many good thingth to come for the Waple organithathion."

# WAPLE- BURGER '96

Wally hits the  
campaign trail!

Everybody's favorite rasslin' manager has decided to jump on the ol' perverbial political bandwagon, and WAPLEworld is here to follow his every bumbling step.

The main group of people Wally will be focusing on while on his crusade for servitude is the common working man - because that's what Wally is, and they are the backbone of this great country of ours.



Above, we see visiting a construction site where the workers happen to be at lunch. To get a jump on them when they are finished, Wally's next stop was a local pizza joint. Wally hid on the roof, ready to pounce on his potential voters (below).



Next month, Wally will shock the world and announce what office he is running for.

Wally, master of all-knowingness,  
tells it like it is in  
**You Know It!**

**WAPLEworld:** *What made you decide to run for office?*

**Wally:** Shoot... oh gosh... I wanted toooo... uhhh... see a change in the way that things were run in Cobb county.

**Why Cobb county?** *Don't you care about the rest of the country.*

Yeah. Yeah, that's what I meant.

**What is at the top of your agenda?**

Whah?

*I said, what is at the top of your agenda?*

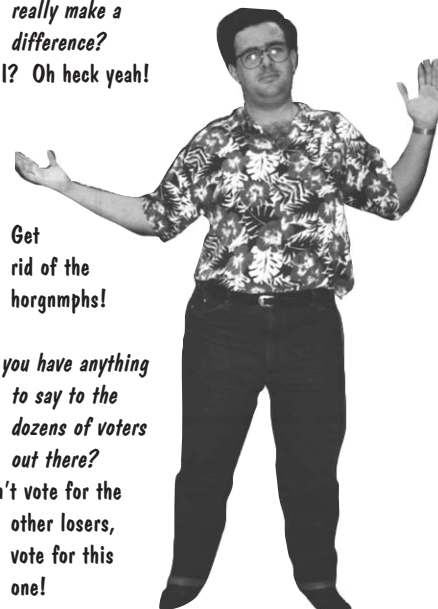
[puzzled look.]

**What is the first thing you want to work on?**

To make an official holiday for people who eat egg salad and bologna sandwiches. And to see that the Waple Boys are my executives.

**Do you think that you can really make a difference?**

Do I? Oh heck yeah!



Get rid of the horgnmphs!

**Do you have anything to say to the dozens of voters out there?**

Don't vote for the other losers, vote for this one!

In a heartfelt attempt to gain his former family's love and trust, Chic Nottawaple, the once-brother of Biff writes an emotional plea through WAPLEworld.

## waple... nottawaple?



It has come to my attention over the past few months that being Chic is not exactly... well, chic! It seems as though I have drawn the wrath of my Waple family members, and in fact have been chided and even blasted in the last few issues of WAPLEworld.

At first, I was confused, hurt, and even angry. I was so angry, in fact, that in a fit of rage I took a pencil, and after an hour or so of struggling, snapped it in two! I immediately fell asleep for about 18 hours.

As I began to mull over my Waple family trauma, I began to make excuses for my haphazard and efferent ways.

At first, I blamed all the time I had not been around on the fact that I had been trapped under my bar of soap in the bathtub. I couldn't lie though; besides, that little episode only lasted for three weeks.

What about all of the other weeks? I don't know.

Sure, I had spent an excess amount of time at Rio Bravo, but who hasn't?

I am now here to stand before not only my Waple family, but all of the little WAPLEmaniacs across the world and say, I have no excuses. I miss my brothers (except Chet), my trainer, manager, bodyguard, and all the other spineless but well-meaning members of my family.

I'm yellow, and proud of it! I briefly may have lost my Waple support and trust, but I never lost my Waple heart. And let me tell you fans out there in WAPLEworld a little secret. A Waple heart is almost 1/2 the size of a human's heart!

I wanna be a Waple, notta Nottawaple.

Simon says, get up. Simon says, get down. Simon says, get up again and

## all bow and pay homage to

### Coach Don Shula

I know this is normally a rasslin' rag,

but it is well documented that I, "B", am the ultimate, die hard Miami Dolphin fan, and I have to get a little something off my chest. "Get off my chest Bill, dammit!"

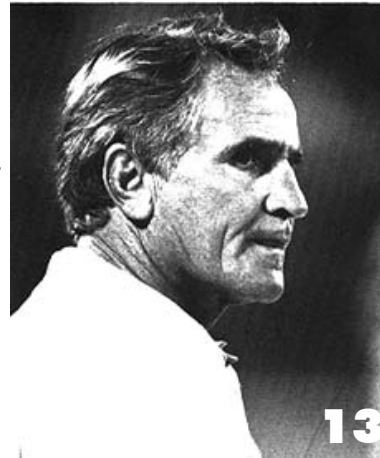
Ok, now I would like everybody to stop whatever the hell they're doing, and drop to their undeserving knees, and pay homage to the only man alive that is truly the best at what he does... Coach Shula.

Even though the majority of WAPLEworld readers are rasslin' fans, they can feel the loss that everyone in the world of sports has suffered. You don't have to follow the Miami Dolphins, or even football for that matter, to feel the pain of Coach Shula's departure. I believe that aside from Coach Shula himself, nobody

feels the pain more than I do... nobody.

Still, I take comfort in knowing that this was Coaches decision, and I will never have the audacity to second guess any of Coaches decisions. I believe, deep in my heart, that Coach would only do what he believes is best for the team, and I believe that he is always right. I am ok. I love you, Coach Shula.

P.S. Hey Wally, if you ever leave the Waples, we'll kill you, you fat bastard.



13

Look at the cage shake! Hey King, do you know the weight limit for that steel cage?"

**"Yes I do, and Wally went over that limit about twelve pizzas ago. In other words, this morning!"**

"Oh my gosh, Wally has fallen back into the ring with a tremendous THUD! And that seems to have revived Biff, who's been unconscious for the past few minutes. He's on his feet, and it looks like he's going to put the Waple Wrack on Big Wally!"

**"No, he couldn't do it! He's too small and Wally's too fat. The only rack that might subdue Wally is a rack of lamb."**

"Quick reversal by Wally and he's whipped Biff into the ropes and here it comes... FRANKENWALLY! The smell of Wally's crotch had to be enough to put Biff Waple out for the count!"

**"Big Wally is bending the bars apart, and he's squeezing through to get to that scoundrel Larz Wapleton. There's still a bite or two left of that egg salad and bologna sandwich."**

"No there's not... Larz is licking his fingers clean."

**"Make him pay, Wally! Give them your Onion Breath!"**

"Wally's just about to do just that, but Larz takes off back into the locker room. Wally has re-entered the ring, and is digging through Biff's pockets. What's he looking for?"

**"Probably some stale Gummi Bears."**

"Well that appears to be all we have time for tonight! For Jerry "The King" Lawaple, this is Vince McWapleman saying 'So long!'"

**"Yeah, see ya chumps!"**

- Wally vs. Biff -

# The Aftermath

After the match had ended, and the egg salad had settled, Biff slowly walked back to the locker room. As soon as he got to the back, he was jumped by Wally! The fued wasn't over.

What was Wally's deal? He is supposed to be one of Biff's bestest buddies. The bond between a manager and his wrestler is supposed to be one of trust and support, not distrust and support hose, or something.

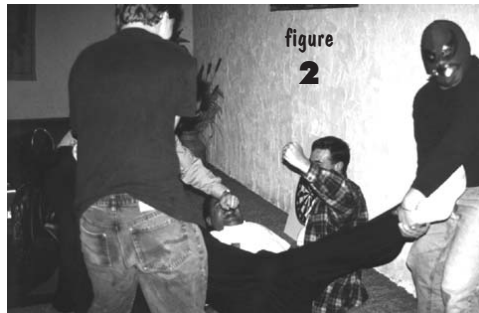
Wally jumped on Biff who imidiately collapsed to the ground under the 400 some-odd pounds of Wally. The incredible force behind the fall caused the sacred mask of Biff to fly off his head!

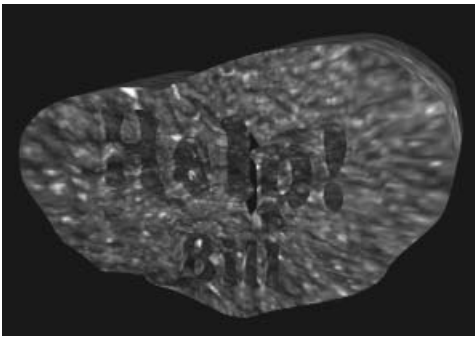
Biff has never ever been seen without his mask before, and he sure as heck wasn't going to let his back-stabbing manager see his face after this dispicable act.

Fortunately for Biff, Spaz came out of the shadows to try and help his fallen idol. Biff's tag team partner, Larz was close to follow (Fig. 1).

The two were able to pry the hugemongous "Walla" off of Biff with help of their trainer, Lou. After Biff re-applied his mask,

they all proceeded to try to pummel Wally into sense (Fig. 2), and then tie his shoe laces together (Fig. 3). Hopfully we have seen the last of this terrible fued, and the family can live together in peace.





Some of you may remember reading about Bill Waple being abducted by a demon possessing powers beyond comprehension.

Well, one night, while Dirxque was playing in the dirt, he came upon this rock. A faint inscription can be read on it. It seems to say, **"Help! Bill"**. Is this a sign? Or just a rock?

*Loose Lips - from page 11*

shakes his booty I get a Towering Inferno in my pants.

**"Flyboy" Rocco Rock and Johnny Grunge** are now in WCW, and they've brought their extreme wrestling style along with them. If they really want to get extreme, they'll hire a financial advisor and give him a **Public Enema**.

Did **Sting** lose his bottle of peroxide or what? This once golden boy of the squared circle is now just another brunette screw with makeup. He's the tag team champion along with **Lex Luger**, but my sources tell me that they're due to split in the near future. Speaking of Lex, I was backstage at Center Stage recently. They should call Lex "The Package" because believe me, *it's far from being total*.

Oh, one final note. Please be sure to support my fave candidate, Wally "Lovejoy" Wapleburger. You know, I've seen his political agenda, if you know what I mean, and he's going to make one heck of a beef injec... I mean inspector.

That's all for this issue. See you next time. Taa-taa! Love, me. Love me lots!

Wally "Walla" Wapleburger presents:

## my first review



On January 1, 1996, The Waple Family went to Nitro at the Omni in Atlanta. We met Jimmy, Shane, and Eddie there.

The first match was Chris Benoit vs. Lord Steven Regal. Overall, the match didn't live up to it's potential. I thought it would have been a lot better with the rasslin' moves. Lord Steven is the victor. \*\*1/2.

The second match was Macho Randy Savage vs. "The Enforcer" Arn Anderson. this match was very good. Everyone around seemed to enjoy the match. they played each other to a tea. Savage won in the usual way - The Super-Flying Elbow Drop. Pillman showed up at ringside. \*\*\*1/2.

The third match - Lex Luger and Sting vs. The Super Assassins (we know they were the Warlord and Barbarian.) This match was great. The match was based on power moves. The match is \*\*.

The last match was Ric Flair vs. Hulk Hogan. The match was good. When Flair came, everyone was screaming his name, but when Hogan came out, everyone booed him. When Mean Gene interviewed Hogan earlier that night, everyone booed him. \*1/2.

The matches basically sucked. The end.

**Get  
WAPLEized!**  
**Be on the lookout on  
how to join the  
WAPLEworld Fan Club.  
Details will be released  
in an upcoming issue.**

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.

## the fourth count

Kwote, Cuot, Cwoat, Ckxwuatt...

### quote of the month

While standing in front of the Waple Training Compound looking at the snow, "Aw, this is beautiful... faarrrrt!"  
*Biff Waple*

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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**

**For Sale:** Lot's of Christmas gifts. Something for everyone. Get your very last minute shopping done. Contact WAPLEworld.

**Attention WAPLEworld staff,** especially Chic: Photos for the upcoming swimsuit issue, *Wet and Wild Waples*, will be taken in February. So, put the final touches on your bodies to get them ready. Go on, touch your bodies. Touch them. Ooooh, yes. Oh. Oh Wally. Yes. Touch those bodies. Oh yes.

**Have you bragged** about your WAPLEworld collection today?

**BSA (Biff Seeking Anyone):** I'm looking for a Valentine. I have a huge heart, and a tummy to match. I have a lot of love to give. Please respond so I can give you a VD to remember (Valentines Day). You must like rasslin', but not queso because I don't want to share my queso, ok? Oh, and you have to like guys in masks. Thank you very much, drive through please.

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

### kisses: letters home

hi there-  
remember me? i'm your big fat mascot friend. i used to write letters to you as i traveled around, but since i've been living with you for the past month and haven't written any letters, i thought you may have forgotten who i am. so, i really enjoyed Christmas with my family. however, i still long to find me mum. so i have decided to go back out and search some more for the man or woman that is my mom. i have crossed the continents, and even been classified as one at one point, yet there is no trace of her. i sent back many letters, telling about all the restaurants that i ate queso in as i was traveling, and i will continue to do that, but this time i won't be alone. i have a new little friend, wapedog. he's so cute. he has plaid fur on his belly, except where it drags the ground and the fur has worn away leaving only a callous grit of a tummy. his back is paisley. harvey would like it cuz it coordinates with the birthmark on my butt that looks like mr. furley wearing a leisure suit. he's very bright too. i wear my sunglasses at night. oh i'm sorry. i thought i was corey hart there for a second. what was i saying? oh yeah, i'm hungry, so i gotta go now. i'm heading to phoenix arizona for the superbowl. there's some guy named moose playing and i know how much wally loves his chocolate mousse, and his chocolate hippo. i mean, um, he likes harvey, harvey, yeah harvey. wally and i are just friends. no wait! um, never mind. so, ok, well, i need to leave now before my feet start hurting. it's gonna be pretty darn warm in phoenix. i thought i might go for a swim. i'll send a picture or two of me in my new skivvies. maybe they can be in that cool magazine that those faggots write about us.

kisses,  
Dirxque Starbuck Waplepotomus  
0706632  
and Wapedog  
K9