

Cactus and Other Delightful  
Things Issue

# Waple

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*Caution: Please keep out of  
hands and mouths of  
small children.*



**CACTUS JACK WINS**

**FAT ALITY**

Volume 3 Issue 3

**Wrestling = Rasslin'**

March 1996

**Exclusive Toilet-Side Chat: Cactus Jack!**

# howdy there a warm welcome from the editor

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. I'm Bob, and I'm a prick. You know... I'm kinda getting sick of having to always portray the good side of WAPLEworld. For once, I would like it to be known that I can be just as much of a creep as the next girl... I mean guy.

Speaking of herpes, let me tell you a... wait a minute. I wasn't talking about herpes. Let me start this paragraph over. Forget everything I said from 'Speaking of herpes...' to what I am saying right now.

Speaking of herpes... Oops, I did it again. Hold on... ..

Speaking of Herp... Okay, what's going on? I'm having another one of those things where I warp back in time and then I do what I already did again. I hate when that happens.

Well, let me take that back. I

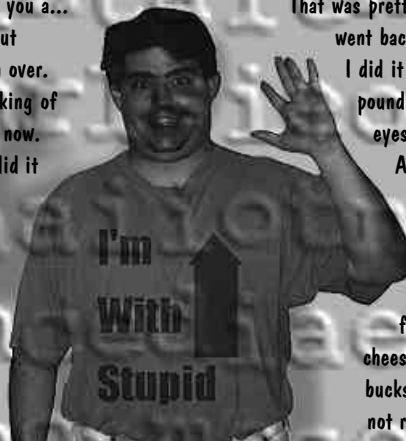
don't always hate it. There was this time that I went to Rio Bravo and ordered a big bowl of queso (that's cheese to non-Russian-speaking people). I ate the whole thing, closed my eyes, let out this really big fart, and then ordered another one.

That was pretty cool. I farted and went back in time. Well, heck- I did it again. I ate five pounds of cheese, closed my eyes and freeeeeemp!

Another bowl of queso.

Wow! How neat. I did it about time times. I just don't know how the bill

for one \$4 bowl of cheese ended up being \$44 bucks. Hmm. Anyway, I'm not really a prick. I'm nice



## waple world staph

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Special Thanks to: The Wonderful Waple Family, Cactus Jack- a real swell guy, RSPW, and Every Wrestler Anywhere.

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# 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. When they were together, they had 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 have been a better team.... Nah, they would still suck. Chic was recently found to be adopted and his real name is Chic Nottawaple. The family has ostricised him, but he wants to be a brother again. Bill was abducted by a demon possessing powers beyond comprehension on Halloween of '95 and has not been heard from since.



## *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  
an notice that you are  
surrounded by senseless ramblings by  
the Waple's bodyguard. You've just entered

# LARZ LAND

Too hot to handle, too cold to hold, you call your buddy Larz and I'm in control. Coming to you live every month where the *Big Boys Write*, it's Larz Land!

The February **IN YOUR HOUSE** PPV was one of the best WWF Shows in a long time. There were great matches from start to finish, and quite a few surprises as well. Of course, **The Undertaker** emerging from underneath the ring was incredibly cool, and **Vader's** return was welcomed. The biggest surprise was the match between **Hunter Hearst Helmsley** and **Duke "The Dumpster" Droese**. This was the best match of the night in my opinion. Both men, especially Droese, exhibited excellent ring skills and we were all very impressed. **Shawn vs. Owen** was great, as expected, and the finish of the **Razor vs. Kid** match was very amusing, especially after Razor gave the Razor's Edge to the Kid twice. This PPV was well worth the money; it was a great show!

It seems that **President Rowdy Roddy Piper** has had a profound effect on the WWF's booking as of late. Not only was In Your House great, but the line-up for **Wrestlemania** looks very exciting as well. An hour-long match between **Shawn** and **Bret** to see who gets the most pinfalls, **Diesel vs. The Undertaker**, **Vader vs. Yokozuna**, and who knows what else?! It will be interesting to see how President Piper handles (?) **Goldust's** recent come-ons.

As good as WWF has been lately, **WCW** has been... bad. **SUPERBRAWL** was downright terrible. There wasn't a single good match on the card. I was looking forward to the Street Fight between **Public Enemy** and **The Nasty Boys**. It was very weak.

I'd like to take a moment here to step off the Public Enemy bandwagon I've been so proudly riding for the past six months. They were great in ECW, but they're the equivalent of the Waple Brothers in WCW... they suck! They make Knobbs and Saggs look like technical wrestlers. If Bischoff

& co. can't find something to do with them, he should get rid of them.

Back to what I was saying about **SUPERBRAWL**... it was really bad. The much anticipated **Sting & Lex Luger vs. The Road Warriors** match was literally unwatchable. **Hogan vs. Giant**... you know. And **Ric Flair** and **Randy Savage** didn't have anything new to show us. However, when Savage pulled Flair's pants down so his ass was hanging out, **Wally and Spaz began to giggle like little girls**. Those guys really enjoyed that... a little too much, as a matter of fact.

I hate to bitch, but **WCW** has all of Turner's money and all this great talent, and it continues to get worse. I really want to like and enjoy **WCW**, seeing as how I live in the same town with them, but *I can't enjoy crap*. I won't be watching **UNCENSORED** in March because it will probably be as bad, if not worse, than last year. If anyone over there at CNN Center is reading... please get it together!

Myself and other members of the Waple Family have been enjoying **ECW** - That's right, Extreme Championship Wrestling! A lot has happened since the last show aired in Atlanta last August. [Almost out of space, read fast! -ed.]

**The Sandman** was defeated by **Mikey Whipwreck** for the ECW World Title, then he won it back, then he lost it again, this time to **Raven**. Raven's girlfriend, **Beulah**, is pregnant with the child of Raven's archenemy **Tommy Dreamer**. **Sabu** and **Shane Douglas** have returned after brief stints in **WCW** and **WWF**, respectively. **Missy Hyatt** has shown up, and after making out with **Steve Richards** several times, she has chosen Sandman to be her man. **Cactus Jack** was beaten half to death with a chair by Shane Douglas as the fans cheered, and **Brian "Loose Cannon" Pillman** arrived a week after getting fired by **WCW**. He gave an interview filled with obscenities and threatened to *urate on the ring* before being hauled off by Paul E. Dangerously and his thugs. Don't you miss it?! Don't you want to watch it again?! Stay tuned to future issues of **WAPLEworld** to see how you can begin enjoying **ECW** in Atlanta along with the Waple Family and many other wrestling fans such as yourself.

It's now time for me to go, and I'm reminded of an episode of **Seinfeld**. In the words of the Soup Nazi: **ADIOS, MUCHACHO!**

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



The Waple Boys Meet the dead Chet Wapleboxer

**Eric Pissoff:** Hello everyone, and welcome to Monday Nightblow! I'm Eric Pissoff! Sitting to my left is Bobby "The Stain" Cleanin, and to my right is Steve "Mongoloid" McAwwful! And Mongoloid, what is your little dog dressed as this week?

**Steve "Mongoloid" McAwwful:** Heh-heh. The little fella is dressed up like roadkill today because that's what he is! He was playing around and got run over by Buck Bogus in his exitin' monster truck.

**Eric Pissoff:** We'll talk more about the Buckster later. But speaking of the dead, let's go to the ring as Biff and Larz, The Wonderful Waple Boys, get set to square off against Biff's dead brother - the bones of Chet Wapleboxer.



**Bobby "The Stain" Cleanin:** This is really something. A two-on-one handicap match with a dead guy. I've never seen anything like it. Considering it's the

Waples, I've got to go with the dead guy.

**Eric Pissoff:** The dead guy's a Waple, too, Stain.

**Bobby Cleanin:** Then I don't know who's gonna lose. The real losers are all the humanoids who are watching this instead of Ra...

**Eric Pissoff:** Okay Stain! Let's go to the action!

Chet's bones are dumped out of a big, green duffel bag. The bell rings and Biff grabs the shoulder bone and tries to put it in the Waple Wrack. Larz decides to work the pelvis with several Butt Knives. After several minutes it is evident that the boys' opening tactics are failing.

**Eric Pissoff:** This match reminds me of what is going to happen tonight in the match between Buck Bogus and the entire Dungeon of Dumb. Mongoloid, what do you think?

**Steve McAwwful:** I gotta tell ya, even though Bogus ran over my dog, his athleticism is the greatest of all the other athletes here. Just give him a chair and he'll



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## someone still believes in hulkamania™

A little letter written by a little fan answered by a big, fat editor.

My friend is a total mark! He believes in Hulkamania! The funniest thing I've heard him say was that McMichael is a great commentator and Nitro would be good if they just got Heenan off the air.

-anon

You know, it's funny that you talk about not believing in Hulkamania. I'm a 27 year old magazine editor and I still believe in Hulkamania. Let's see, what were those demandments? Oh yeah: Say your prayers and hope that the 80's will come back; take your vitamins, and if you run out of those, use steroids; do your

training... basicly the steroid thing again; and don't sell a single move.

McMichaels IS a great commentator. If you don't think he's a great commentator then you're probably readin' those other losers, baby! The commentatism of McMichaels ain't nothin' though, compared to the Hulkster, baby! I mean, if you're not impressed with the commentatismimmity of McMichaels, then... get the point? Dump him, pull Bischoff out of Hogan's butt then fire Hogan, rename Nitro "The Bobby 'the Brain' Wrestling Hour and Some-Odd Minutes Show" and you've got a hit.

Why read Readers Digest or People or some other crap when you can have a

# toilet-side chat with Cactus Jack

*This interview took place after a match with Rob "The Bull" McBride in White, GA on 2/10/96.*

**WAPLEworld:** Who is Cactus Jack?

**Cactus:** Really, just a guy that was never supposed to make it in wrestling for a long list of reasons; so I just kind of came up with my own style. They say imitation's the sincerest form of flattery; well I think I'm about the most often imitated guy that there is.

I really do believe that I was the inspiration for the whole ECW thing. I'm not putting those guys down, I just think they liked what I did and said, "Hey, if this guy can be successful at it, then just think how someone who actually has athletic ability and all that can be".

In 1989 someone asked me about all the stuff that I was doing and I said, "Well I go flying off ring aprons at about 16 feet." But when someone comes along who actually is a jumper, like Michael Jordan who can probably go 25 feet, right? That would scare me to death. I'd probably be out of wrestling if I did have a lot of athletic ability, because I would've carried it too far.

I think I inspired a lot of guys to try the stuff I was doing, but at the same time, other people were imitating me. I thought I would become more and more unique because I had to, or else I would've been just one other guy, you know, throwing chairs around. All right?

**WAPLEworld:** Has Rich Little ever imitated you? Or Dana Carvey? You've made it to the top when they've done you.

**Cactus:** Well, no. I didn't even think of it that way, but a lot of guys actually do. Like Tex Slasinger...

**WAPLEworld:** Yes, I like Tex Slasinger.

**Cactus:** ...I guess he's Cousin Finneas now; actually does me better than I do, as

far as speaking. There are other guys out there.

One time I made a written kind of request... It wasn't a request, it was more like my reasons why I felt like I deserved more money. I said I was one of the five most imitated guys as far as voices in wrestling behind Hogan, Savage, Funk, Flair, uh, Dusty. They said the only difference between me and them is that I'm not a millionaire, and they are. <Wally giggles, because money reminds him of Harvey, and Harvey makes him giggle like a school girl.>

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## The truth is, Bill Murray was great in Meatballs.

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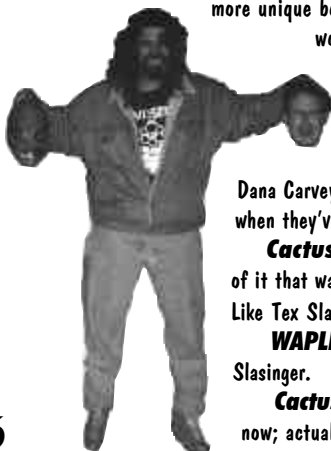
**WAPLEworld:** What made you choose White, GA as the site of one of your last matches before going to the WWF?

**Cactus:** I think it was very nice of the WWF to let me do these shows, you know. When I met with them I felt like I wouldn't be able to work for them because I had already made a commitment in Japan. I may not ever be a millionaire, but one thing that is important to me is- I mean honestly, it may sound corny, but when wrestling's all said and done I'm gonna know that when I gave my word it meant something. To too many people that becomes very secondary.

Vince McMahon said that it wouldn't be a problem. We reached an agreement were I'd still fulfill my weeks there and wrestle for them. I felt like I wanted to do some more stuff for ECW and he went along with that too. Their reputation used to be that once you were theirs, they didn't let you do anything, and he's been great that way.

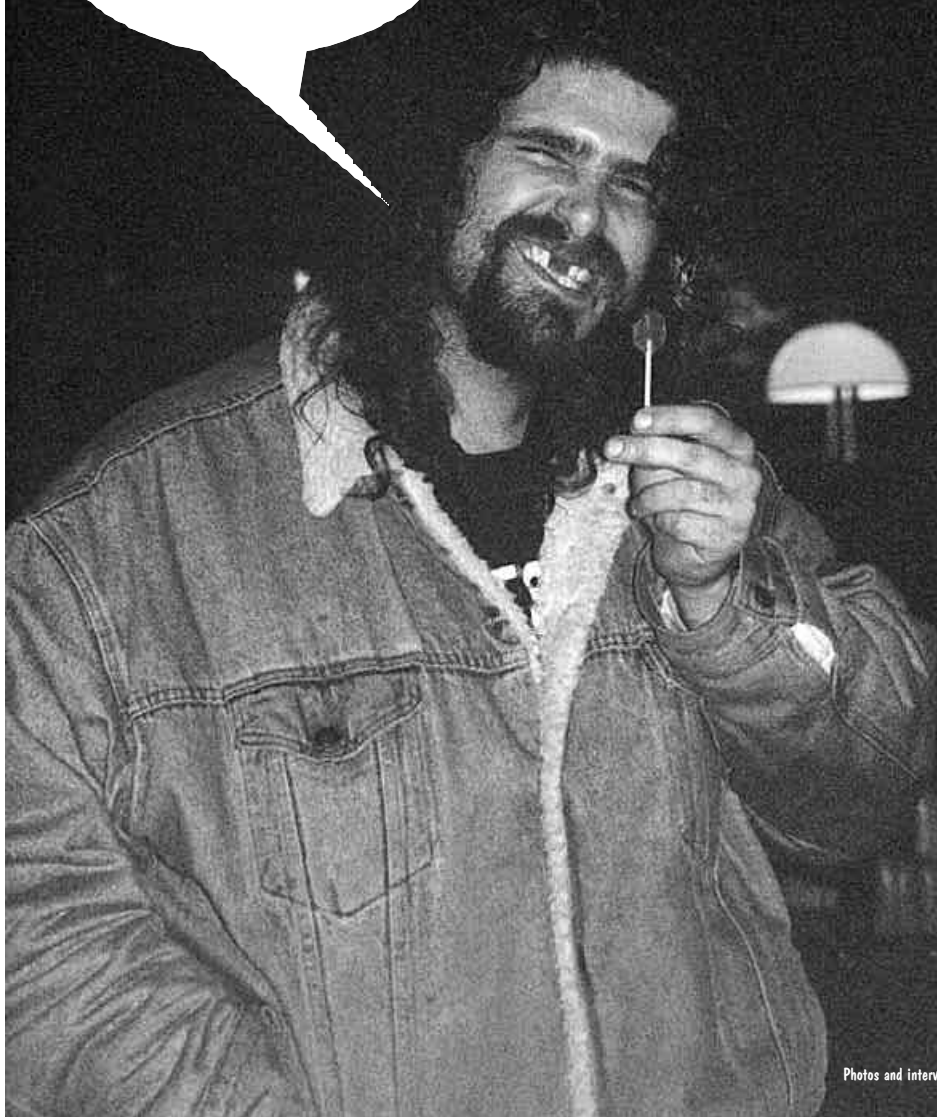
As far as White, I think it just came up. Honestly, I've made maybe four phone calls to get work since I've been independent. I've been really lucky that there are promoters and guys like you out there that and that like what I do, and that they've been calling

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...I thought I'd be the  
real swinging bachelor  
wrestler... the  
heartthrob wrestler.



Photos and interview property of WAPLEworld.  
2/10/96

“...when I got up groggy, he sodomized me from behind.”

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## toilet-side chat - from page 6

me. The truth is, they start calling less after you've been off T.V. for a year and a half. But it's really no problem for me because I'm so beat up when I come home from Japan that I don't really want to work that much.

I had a weekend off Mark, the promoter, called me. I told him the weekend I had off and he scheduled the show around that. So that's why I worked in White. Plus it's a half hour from my house, you know, so it's easy money.

**Wally:** It's, uuuh, easy money.

**Harvey:** So am I, sugar.

**Spaz:** Like Wally said, it's easy money.

**Lou:** Yea. Yea! It's easy money! Easy! It's easy! Easy money rules!

**Larz:** I was never allowed to watch that movie because my mom said it has bad words.

**Biff:** I'm hungry.

**Dirxque:** (Actually, Dirxque didn't say anything because he wasn't there.)

**All:** It's easy money.

**WAPLEworld:** Why'd your parents decide to name you Cactus?

**Cactus:** The truth is, I'm Cactus Junior. My dad's the original Cactus Jack. That's where the name actually came from. He had a reputation, well not a reputation, he was real strict- a respected guy in our local school system. He was the "Man of the Year" in our local community a couple times. Everyone knew him.

My friends were scared of him. Whereas they'd go over to someone else's house and drink beers or something, they wouldn't do it in my house. So I said 'Hey guys, you should lighten up. My dad's a good guy.' They said, 'Really?' I said, 'Yeah. Around the house he likes to be called Cactus Jack', just because I wanted to see the look on my dad's face when my jerkoff friends said, 'How's it going, Cactus Jack?'

So when I became a wrestler I took that name because I thought, 'well that's a really wimpy name, well not a wimpy name, but a boring name, you know, and I'll just keep it until I become good enough to use a cool name. But it kinda grew on me, you know, as a lousy name, all right? So that's why I have no qualms about dropping it. It had an eleven year run, which is about ten and a half years longer than I thought it would be. The truth is, Bill Murray was great in

Meatballs.

**WAPLEworld:** Well, you talk about changing your name. Would you ever consider naming yourself after some other plant? Say, Daffodil Jack?

<Very Long Pause. About 15 Minutes, Actually>

**Cactus:** No.

<Biff and Spaz are at the buffet bar fighting over who gets the last Hershey Squirt.>

**WAPLEworld:** Wrestlers always have a different story on how they got into wrestling. What's your story?

**Cactus:** You guys should know this. You've never heard? Have you seen the roof jumping? I was really into, you know, video.

**Bob:** Yeah, me too... Oh, you probably don't mean porn.

**Cactus:** Even though I hadn't taken it up in college yet, it turned out being my major. This is just a matter of me and my friends filming on a camera, not knowing anything about editing, and coming up with a story where the guy I wanted to become, Dude Love. You know, I never thought I would look like this. I thought I'd be the real swinging bachelor wrestler... the heartthrob wrestler.

**Biff:** Kind of like me.

**Cactus:** Yeah, kind of like you. And during the course of this match I climbed up on this basketball rim and dove off there onto to some boxes and things. So for the sequel we had to go better. We climbed up on the roof and dove off. The opponent, whose name was Big Dick Zuck, rolled out of the way and when I got up groggy, he sodomized me from behind. That was his finishing hold.

So there's famous climactic scene where Dude Love is running into the woods humiliated. He's got blood dripping down his backside with his manager, 'The Grand Lizard' of Wrestling, running behind him, shouting, "Dude! Dude!"

When wrestling came to my old high school, I came down and the promoter knew I wanted to get into wrestling but wouldn't pay much attention to me. I told him I had a big video tape collection. I brought some by and he said the guys might enjoy that. So they got a TV set up and I went home and got some video tapes. I also got my tape.

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# Who really gives a crap that Louhollio will speak now!



It was a dark and lonely night in Buttplug, but this was nothing out of the ordinary. Well, since this is nowhere near where this story takes place, let's move on.

The Waples were all sitting on their fat butts one night, nothing unusual, right? Well, what happened next was.

Lou, that's me, had an idea - we should all like get in a van and like go drive to like that Mustang ranch out

west where there are like, chicks who do it for money. That's cool.

So we like, piled in my new van (new license plate, too) and headed out. Well, after about an hour we got out of the subdivision. "Look Waples!", "Yeah, we know... big tree." "Pine cones!"

So we headed west, and stuff. Well, somehow we actually did go west. A long while later we found, like, a big sand box with like, Cactus Jacks there and stuff.

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

This Reader Friendly was originally about prickly things. However, a couple of pussies that are on the WAPLEworld staff thought it was a bit too much, so they asked me to rewrite it. (Hey, it's not that we're pussies... we're just kind of wussyish, that's all. - ed.) It kinda reminds me of when rasslin' had the short lived instant replay rule. Yes, I remember it well....

For a very brief time, back in the 50's, rasslin' had an instant replay rule. Gunther von was happy with this because he figured if they showed the same play four times, he was bound to pull off a move in one of them.

As usual, the universe was against Gunther von. One day, Gunther von found himself involved in a particularly gruesome match against little Chuckie Hildenbrand, a student from the local school for unruly rapsclallions and rabblersousers. After a long and bloody 18 second match, Chuckie went for the kill. He grabbed an already sobbing Gunther von by the arm, one hand on his wrist and another on his elbow. Chuckie raised his knee and cracked Gunther von's forearm across it.

The break was so violent that spurs of bone penetrated the soft, silky, almost feminine skin, spraying blood and shards of bone across Gunther von's face. The crowd went crazy. The referee stopped the match because he thought that Gunther von's foot might

have brushed by the ropes.

Clearly this was a case for the instant replay rule. The referee said he wanted to see the replay. Unfortunately for Gunther von, the cameraman had left the lens cap on and they had no film to replay. Being the wise man that he was, Gunther von suggested that he and Chuckie re-enact the move so that the referee can see that the foot was on the ropes.

Chuckie agreed to this plan and the referee thought it was a good idea.

So, Gunther von held out his horribly disfigured arm and Chuckie grabbed it and broke it in four more places before the referee said he had a good angle. The referee decided that Gunther von's foot was not on the ropes and therefore the move was legal. Of course by this point, Gunther von's arm was broken in 16 separate places and he simply laid down and cried himself to sleep.

Yes, I remember it clearly. Now I'm afraid to rewrite reader friendly because my arm might break. So to those who thought that I should rewrite this article, I say poop on you, I'm not gonna. I'm gonna write about things that piss me off. Um, I have no room left, and that pisses me off. Uh, vote for Wally.



Gunther von Waple  
19?? - 1973

For some reason, even though I'd been gone for two years, I was one of those guys that the younger guys looked up to. They all wanted to know if I had this tape they'd heard about. So I put in this tape and a crowd of about a hundred people were sitting around this video machine, cheering on everything we did in this movie... complete with the house jumping.

And I turned around and heard cheers and there's this promoter with this look in his eyes like he'd found the next Hulk Hogan. And that's how I got into wrestling. He put me in his ring crew.

**WAPLEworld:** What was your favorite band from the 80s?

**Cactus:** Why don't you get one of your lackies to get me some soup while I answer these questions. <Lou is dispatched to fulfill the great one's demand.> Favorite band of the 80's? Actually, even though they're a 60s band, The Kinks were my favorite all the way through high school. I think I had forty Kinks albums.

**WAPLEworld:**

What made you choose a brawling style of wrestling over a technical style?

**Cactus:** I had a technical style of wrestling, and I slept in my car and ate peanut butter sandwiches.

**WAPLEworld:** You may or may not have heard, but the Wonderful Waple Boy's manager, Wally "Walla" Wapleburger, is running for office. Do you have any advice for him?

**Cactus:** <Looks at Wally> I really don't give a damn.

**WAPLEworld:** In

your opinion, what was the best match you've ever wrestled?

**Cactus:** It would have to be tonight's match. <The room burst into hysterical laughter.> There's

this feeling I get every once in a while - it's not as often as I'd like it to be - after a really great match. I think the best I ever felt was after my match at Beach Blast against Sting.

I was real sick. I had this mysterious breathing ailment where I would start dry-heaving after ten seconds in the ring. I underwent all these tests and no one knew what the hell it was. It just disappeared like three days before this match. I felt that WCW was writing me off way too soon, and this was my way of saying, 'Hey, I can have as good a match as anybody in this business.' I still feel that way. So maybe that match.

**Lou Waplemeyer:** When you go to the WWF, are you still gonna kick people in the asses? Kick 'em! Kick 'em!!

**Cactus:** Let's clarify the question. Am I going to kick ass?

**Lou:** No! Butt-munch. Are you going to kick them in the ass?

**Cactus:** I don't think I've ever done that... and I don't think I'm going to start. <By this time, Wally is elbow-deep in a pot of Chocolate pudding.>

**Interview to be concluded  
in Issue 3-4 of WAPLEworld...**



After the interview, Biff and Larz asked Cactus if he wanted the last bite of their hot dog. Cactus thought the boys were making a pass, so he stomped mud holes in their butts as this surveillance photo shows.

**lou will speak now** - from page 9

Well, after a long time in this sand, we ran out gas and headed out on foot. We got thirsty and all and I told Biff that water was in cactus. Well, an hour later, Harvey offered to pull the pointy things out Biff's butt. Biff said that he wanted someone else to do it, so Wally said he would.

Well, we went on and were quite delirious by now (I don't think anyone would have really noticed). So, like, up ahead I saw a woman with big thingies. I like started to grab them but realized it was a fig newton of my imagi... uh... imagin... you know.

Tired and like, tired, could this be the end of our heroines? Tune in next month to find out in "Quest for Sex and Stuff".

give the Dungeon of Dumb a real beatin', baby!

**Bobby Cleanin:** I predict that tonight is the end of Buckmainia for good! Even though it ended a third time a few years ago when Yokozu...

**Eric Pissoff:** Regardless of what you say, Stain, Buck Bogus is the greatest wrestler ever.

**Steve McAwful:** I'd say he's the greatest athlete ever. The man is just awesome!

Larz grabs Chet's rib cage and attempts the dangerous Tickle Torture. Biff regains consciousness and runs over to double-team but he gets trapped in Chet's rib cage and receives part of the Tickle Torture. Larz realizes what has happened and begins to panic.

**Bobby Cleanin:** What the Waples need right now is a Skeleton Key! Get it?!

**Eric Pissoff:** The keys to Buck Bogus' success is the prayers, training, and vitamins. Maybe the Waple Boys should try that!

**Steve McAwful:** Let me tell you somethin, baby! Those are the keys to Buck's athleticism, too!

Larz decides that the best way to get Chet's rib cage to release Biff is to break Chet's leg bone using the hardest part of his own body: his head. After three tries, Larz is able to break the leg bone and knock himself unconscious. Biff begins to scream like a taco in Dirxque's hands and passes out again... this time, on top of Larz. After a slow three count, Chet's arm bone is raised by the referee and he is declared the winner. However, since Chet is no longer a wrestler, this victory will not go on his record, and is still winless.

**Steve McAwful:** What a great match! I tell ya'- if you missed this match cause you were watchin' those other losers, then you deserve it, baby!

**Eric Pissoff:** This is where the big boys play!

**Bobby Cleanin:** It sure isn't where they work, that's for sure!

# WAPLE- BURGER '96



As promised, it's been decided - Wally is running for U.S. Chief Beef Inspector. His Motto: I've got your beef - Right here!

What if Wally were Chief Beef Inspector? Well, if you think you're overweight now, imagine being created in Wally's image. The whole world would be changed!

If Wally were Chief Beef Inspector, the oceans would be deep and brown - they'd be oceans of cream soda. The lakes would turn to gin. (Eww, that would be gross - ed.) Of course, the Earth itself would have to be larger, and reinforced to support the added mass. It would be the planet Gearth.

We would have feet made out of chocolate mousse pie. We could eat them and they would always grow back.

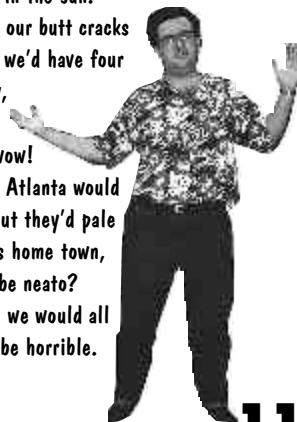
If Wally were Chief Beef Inspector, space wouldn't be called space because Wally would fill it up. No matter where you were, you'd always be close to some part of Wally's enormous body. Imagine if he were Chief Beef Inspector!

If Wally were Chief Beef Inspector, there'd be a sun on each side of the planet so Wally could tan 24 - 7. Have you ever seen him pale? Of course not. The shadow of Earth doesn't ever completely cover him, so there's always some part of him basking in the sun.

If Wally were Chief Beef Inspector, our butt cracks would run all the way up our backs, and we'd have four stomachs and four butt holes. That way, we could lay flat on our backs and take four dumps at one time. Yeah I know, wow!

If Wally were Chief Beef Inspector, Atlanta would have decent professions sports teams, but they'd pale in comparison to the teams from Wally's home town, Warner Robins, GA. Wouldn't that just be neat?

If Wally were Chief Beef Inspector, we would all be friends. Ooooh, actually that would be horrible. Vote for Wally.



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

Bob (Head Guy of WAPLEworld): I wonder if I could do her [Sunny]?

Lou Waplemeyer: Bob, you'd have a better chance of being God.

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but no matter what, check waple world web page at

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

### classifieds

For Sale: The name 'cactus Jack'. Do not need it anymore.

You have a little green thingy on your face... no, it's to the left a little bit. Now it's above your eye. You almost ha... no, now it's on your sleeve. Here, I'll get it. Mmm... that's pretty good. You got anymore?

Wanted: Running mate. If you like meat, cnallr mgrabbl.

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

### kisses: letters home

hi guys,

hi! it's me, Dirxque Starbuck, your mascot. so, I went to the Superbowl. it was fun. the crowd was wild and everyone said it was one of the best games ever. I believe it too because when you buy a pretzel they put real imitation processed cheese goo all over it! I stayed in the stadium for a couple extra days because people left a lot of mustard on the wax paper wiener wrappers. waste not, waist a lot, I always say. when I left Sun Devil Stadium, I didn't know where to go. then I saw this guy selling popsicles and ice cream. well, he only had a couple hundred popsicles, so I followed him home and kept asking him "when do you get more popsicles? when do you get more popsicles? when do you get more popsicles?" after a few days of this, he started acting funny. he kept cussing and yelling. I don't think he felt too good. I told him he'd feel better if he got some more popsicles. then he gave me an idea. he yelled "go to hell!" then it dawned on me, Sun Devil Stadium, go to hell. my mom the nun just might be in hell. I guess hell is a neato place if a nun would rather be there than with me. so, I'm gonna go look for hell, they say it isn't far from Phoenix. I have to travel at night because the sand is hot and my feet hurt.

kisses,  
Dirxque Starbuck  
0706632  
WAPLEdog  
K9