

WAFIE

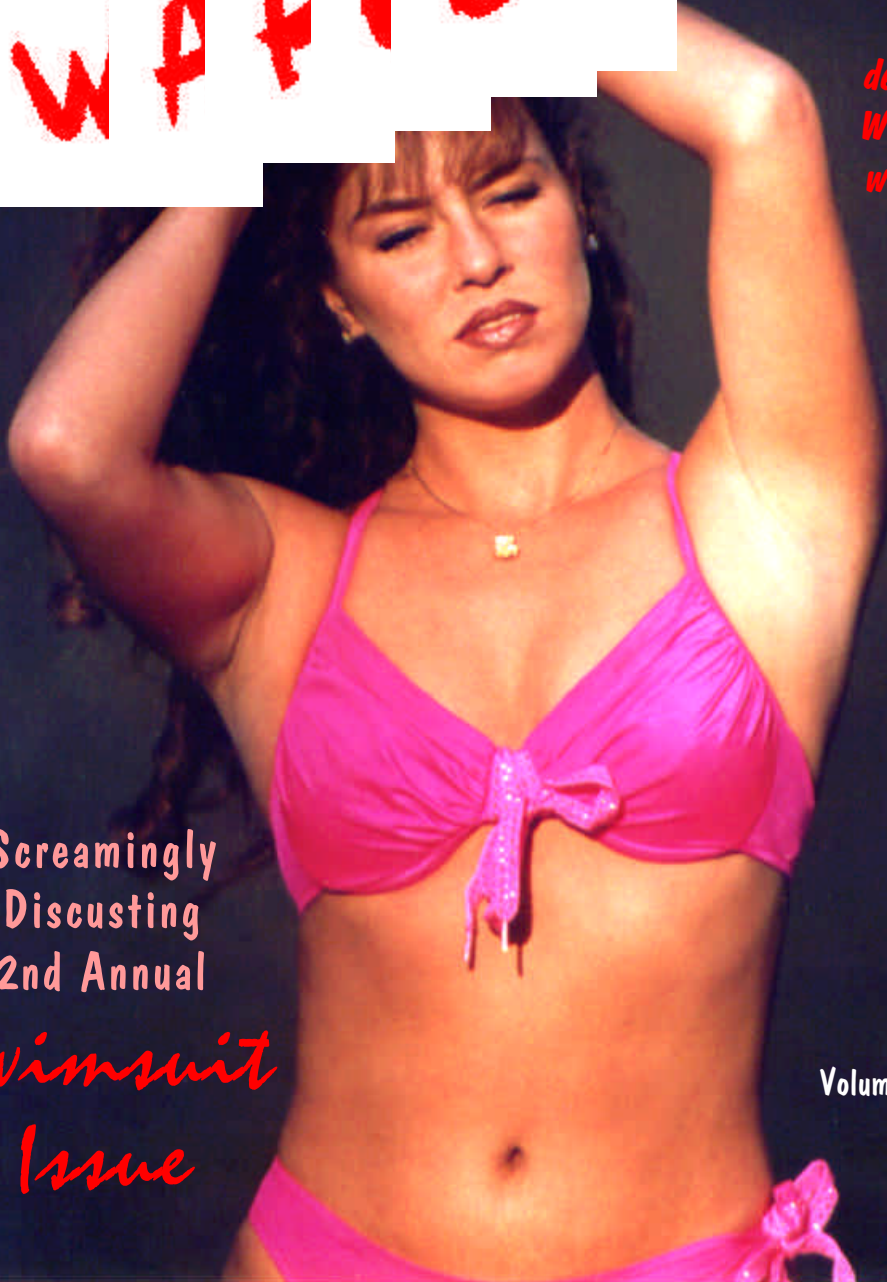
WorldTM
liz dog production

*Oh my
dear Lord!
What have
we done?!*

Screamingly
Discusting
2nd Annual

*Swimsuit
Issue*

Volume 3 Issue 4
April 1996



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...

I'm sick. I'm sick and tired of living this big, fat, ugly, disgusting, obese, malignafied, stupid, shameful, hideous, vulgar, lewd, indecent, corpulent, abhorrent, revolting, nasty, abominable, (can you tell I'm using my thesaurus?) noisome, detestable, obscene, distasteful lie.

Since the time that the Waple family history has been recorded (since issue 1 of WAPLEworld) I have been living a lie. Now for the truth.

The truth is that my name is not Bob. No. My name was... NO. My name IS Spanky Waplespunk! I have been using that stupid other name as an alias to cover the fact that I am Biff Waple's brother. Well, half-brother anyway. We had the same mommy.

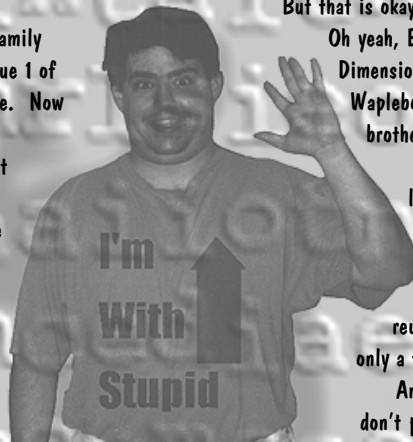
Biff had the fortune of having

wrestling legend Gunther von Waple as his father. My dad is a librarian at the community college. While Biff was learning submission holds and wrestling moves, I was learning the Dewey Decimal System.

But that is okay. I hold no grudges. Oh yeah, Bill of the 1/2 Dimension, and the dead Chet Wapleboxer are my half-brothers, too.

I was away in Tibet learning the secrets of fanzine publishing for most of my life and was reunited with my family only a few years ago.

Anyway. I hope you don't puke on your issue.



The Head Guy:
Spanky Waplespunk
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"B"

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Chris Thomas

Other Writing Guys: Larz, Dirxque, and Lou
Candidate for 'Chief Beef' Guy: Wally "Walla" Wapleburger
Photographer: Robert Waplethorpe

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.

Why read Readers Digest or People or some other crap when you can have a toilet-side chat with Cactus Jack. part deux.

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

WAPLEworld: What exactly was the "boring match?" Is that when you stayed in the ring and didn't beat the hell out of yourself?

Cactus Jack: Not only did I not beat the hell out of myself, I didn't do anything. I put a guy in a headlock for fifteen minutes, and dared the crowd. It was the most fun I've ever had. Right away I threw the guy out of the ring and hopped up on the second turnbuckle like I was going to come off onto the concrete with the elbow. But I just shook my head and went back into the ring. As soon as he came in I put him in a headlock. He was a little guy, about 170 pounds, and he was trying his damndest to get out of it. As soon as he's fight out I'd bring him back down.

The Philadelphia crowd, who has never done "The Wave" at any sporting event - baseball, football, basketball - started doing "The Wave." For fifteen minutes, I was the king there. I just wanted to see how these people rated me, and what they said was that Cactus Jack wrestled a scientific match - but they missed the point.

The point is, I was paying these people back. I just felt like I had done too much in wrestling to get "We want blood" chants when I come out. It made me feel embarrassed to be a wrestler. It was just my way of saying, "You'll get what I feel like giving you, and tonight I feel like giving you garbage! So that's what you'll get!" I've never been

happier after a match. So maybe you ought to change that Sting - Beach Blast match [from part one of the interview

in previous issue] to the fifteen-minute headlock match at the ECW Arena.

WAPLEworld: Did you model yourself after another wrestler?

Cactus: I always compared my style to a cross between Bruiser Brodie and Dynamite Kid - kind of rough and brawling. Brodie didn't take a lot of chances, you know? But he really didn't need to. That was who I'd say I kind of pattern myself after.

WAPLEworld: Will you miss wrestling on the independent circuit?

Cactus: Yeah, I'll miss it just because there's a lot of fun. Like tonight, you meet a lot of nice people, and I like talking to some of the people. Yeah, it's fun to be in little places.

<Harvey's eyes begin to twinkle.>

WAPLEworld: Vader?

Cactus: What about him?

WAPLEworld: Well, since you'll both be in the WWF, will you ever face him again?

I'd be willing to bet he's got a couple of Barry Manilow albums at home...

Cactus: Somewhere down the line. It'd be ridiculous not to take advantage of it. Vader powerbombed me on my head and I was out of wrestling for four months, then I came back. We had one match, that was it. No rematches... nothing. Then the only reason we wrestled in Germany was because it was part of a tournament. I got my ear torn off and there were no rematches there. The WCW's missed the boat so damn many times, you'd figure they'd know how to swim by now. But yeah, I think the group I'll be working for now is too smart to let that pass them by.

WAPLEworld: 'Kay. You won two major tag titles in the past few years - one with Kevin Sullivan, and one with Mikey Whipwreck. Who was your favorite team mate of the two?

Cactus: Mikey. The thing with Kevin Sullivan is we were always talking about how much we hated each other. They have years and years of tapes in their vaults in WCW; all they had to do was take out some of their tapes from 1989 when Kevin used to slap me around. I think people would have been interested in seeing what I looked like when I was younger, and they didn't do it, and I hate wasted potential. With Mikey, I think we made the most out of our team, whereas with Kevin, I don't think we ever did.

continued on page 17



News is often tragic...
yet sometimes it is not.
Find out for yourself in

**i've got some good news,
and some bad.
You decide.**



April 20, 1996 10:38 p.m.
The Waple Training Compound
Wally, Biff, Larz, Harvey, and
Dirxque have a craving for cheese
and they decide that something
really needs to be done about it.

10:39 p.m. Rio Bravo
The guys show up at Rio Bravo
and eat bowl after bowl of queso.
Suspicious in his absence, Larz asks
where Lou is. Biff suggests turning
the TV on and jokes that Lou will
probably be on the news for blowing
something up. The family laughs
and continues eating.

10:53 p.m. The Waple
Training Compound
Lou and Wepa-Fett are standing
outside of The Waple Training
Compound, the training facility and
home of the Wonderful Waple Boys.
Also present is the van that the
Waple family had taken to the
desert six weeks earlier. The two
had just finished loading the van
with gunpowder, TNT, and fertilizer.
"We'd, like, better get going if
we wanna make the 11 o'clock news
and stuff," Lou says to Fett.

"Everything is loaded and ready
to go, sir," Wepa-Fett replies.
"Did you remember to, like,
send the letter to those news
guys?" asks Lou.

"The three major networks have
been notified," informs Fett. "I
sent couriered letters stating
'Something bad will happen at the
Nottawaple Training Facility at

11:00 p.m. tonight."

"Cool. Let's go."

11:00 p.m.. Rio Bravo
"Hey, uh, waitress! We want
seven morbloor brgannds, uh, uh,
queso."

"Sure, Wally," acknowledges
the waitress. "I'll bring seven more
bowls. You know you've had 38
already."

"Hell yeah! And keep 'em
comin' baby!!"

Dirxque takes his face out of
his cheese trough to get a breath of
air and notices the television. "Hey
guys, look at the picture box. Isn't
that where Chic lives?"

Biff says, "It thure ith. Why
ith it on the newth?"

"This is *Mary Quitecontrary*
with the evening news," says
the voice on the television.
"We are standing in front of
the Nottawaple Training
Facility where we have been
informed that something bad
is going to happen at any
moment."

"Uhhh..." mumbles Larz. "I
wonder what she's talking about?"

"Shut up fat ass!" Wally
insists. "I wanna hemrnadn
thkjsk!"

"There seems to be a van
approaching. Yes, it's a van
with two guys in it."

"Hey!" Biff notices. "That
lookth like Lou'th van!"

"Yeah, it has a 'Kick 'em in the
Ass!' bumper sticker," notices
Harvey. "I hope it means kick me

in my ass."

"I believe I see someone
looking out of the window of
the building. Yes, I do. It is
Chic Nottawaple. Chic! Get
out of there!" warns the
reporter.

"Get off my lawn!" Chic
yells back. "I'm calling the
cops!"

"Chic has left the
window," continues the
newscaster. "The van is
approaching at a very high
speed and is not slowing
down. What's this? Oh no!
The van has driven right
through the wall!"

Biff's jaw drops, "Oh my
goth."

"My God! The whole
building has just exploded!"

"Hurt me baby!!" Wally yells
as he jumps up and grabs his belly
before it hurts someone. "Did you
see that?! That was funny as sit!!"

"There is someone
running out of the fire.
Hopefully it is Chic
Nottawaple."

"Heh heh heh! Take that,
Chic! You stupid... like,
butthole!" the mysterious
figure shouts as it runs out of
the blaze.

"That's Lou!" Spaz shouts.

"Where did you come from, you
geek?" queries Larz.

"Your mom!" answers Spaz.

"One of the people in the

continued on page 19

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

TOP TEN THINGS WCW NEEDS TO DO SO THAT THEY DON'T SUCK ANYMORE

1. Get rid of Hulk Hogan and the Dungeon of Doom. This is really self-explanatory. It's not like the whole thing has gotten old, because it was never any good in the first place! Just get rid of it.

2. Push Sting and Lex Luger as the promotion's top wrestlers. These guys are in their prime right now, but they really can't go anywhere as long as dinosaurs like Flair, Hogan, Savage, etc. are hogging the spotlight. Move those old guys to mid-card status, and let these guys rule the roost for a while. You could start by having them break up their pathetic tag team. (See #3).

3. Have more tag team matches. You've got The Steiner Brothers, The Road Warriors, Public Enemy, The Nasty Boys, Harlem Heat, etc., and Sting and Lex are the Tag Team Champions. What's wrong with this picture?

4. Do more joint shows with New Japan. Starcade was the best WCW pay-per-view last year, due in large part to guys like Liger, Chono, Sasaki, and Kannemoto being there. New Japan is one of the best promotions in the world, and having an exclusive contract to use their wrestlers in the USA is certain to boost both your ratings and the quality of the wrestling matches.

5. Introduce the Cruiserweight Title quickly. You've got Guerrero, Malenko, Benoit, and countless New Japan and Lucha Libre wrestlers at your disposal, and so far they've been wasted. These men have proven track records of having great matches with one another, and it's high time they started getting more air time on WCW television, especially on Nitro. The fans won't be disappointed.

6. Fire Steve McMichael,

and replace Eric Bischoff with Tony Schiavone. The announcing on Nitro, with the exception of Bobby "The Brain" Heenan, is horrendous. McMichael is just god-awful, and Bischoff only wants to talk about how great Hogan is, and how terrible he thinks Raw is. Schiavone knows the name of most of the wrestling moves, and he can play a good straight man to most of Heenan's antics.

7. Don't waste Diesel. You've got one of the hottest wrestlers around coming into your promotion, and he is both hated and loved by fans everywhere. I would hate to see him go the route that V.K. Wallstreet and Madusa Miccelli have gone... nowhere. I'd like to see him become a huge star in WCW, and he won't be able to if he loses to Hogan, Flair, and the older generation.

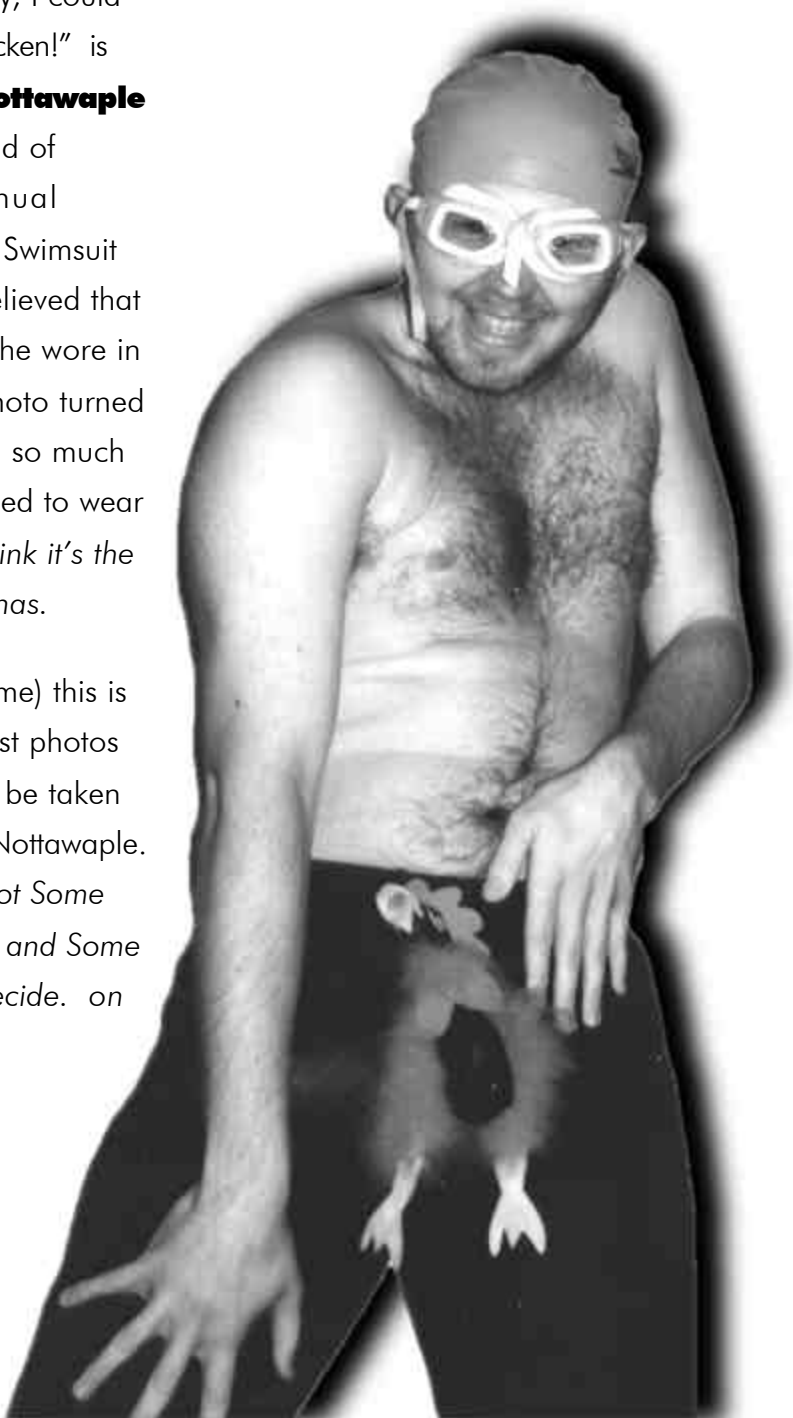
8. Have less pay-per-views and more free Clash of the Champions shows. Quite honestly, WCW PPVs haven't been so great in the Hogan era, but the Clash's are always good. I can't explain why this is, but I think that having more free shows on TBS is the way to attract more fans to your promotion.

9. Hire the Wonderful Waple Boys and their entourage. They could take the place of the Dungeon of Doom as the worst wrestlers in WCW. The fans would enjoy the new element of humor as me, Biff, Wally, Lou, and the rest of the gang make total idiots of ourselves by losing to the State Patrol, Men at Work, and even handicap matches to guys like Cobra and Evad Sullivan. This would be a coup to sign the Waple Boys away from the attractive offers Titan has been making.

10. Quality, not quantity. Concentrate more on building feuds between the wrestlers, having longer matches, and ending the matches decisively. Remember the long standing NWA tradition of having great quality matches between the wrestlers, and bypassing most of the lights and pizzazz of the WWF. You'll never be the WWF, so create your own legacy in the wrestling world and don't forget your roots.

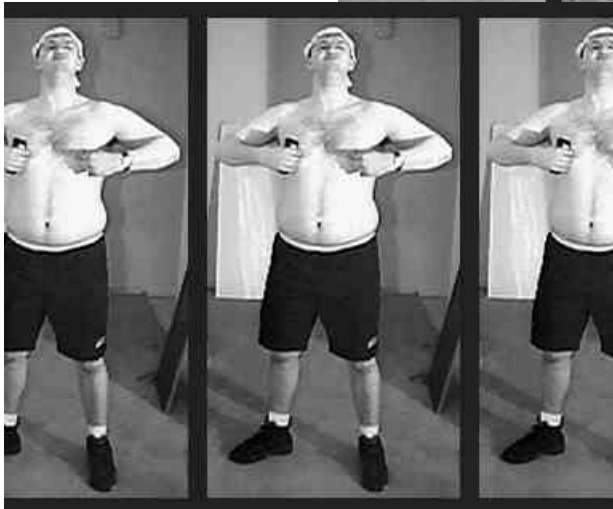
"I'm so happy, I could choke my chicken!" is what **Chic Nottawaple** said when told of the 2nd annual WAPLEworld Swimsuit issue. He believed that the swimsuit he wore in last year's photo turned the babes on so much that he decided to wear it again. *I think it's the only one he has.*

Sadly (for some) this is one of the last photos that will ever be taken of one Chic Nottawaple. *(Read I've Got Some Good News, and Some Bad. You Decide. on page 5.)*



Spaz Pfitzwaple

looked at the Swimsuit Issue as a way to really get in with the Waples. He waited anxiously by the phone for the invitation to the shoot.



Three weeks after the photo shoot had finished, Spaz realized he was not going to be invited. The trooper he is, he set up a camera in his apartment and took these photos of himself and sent them in to WAPLEworld.

We felt so sorry for the little fella that we just had to publish them. Look how hard he's trying.

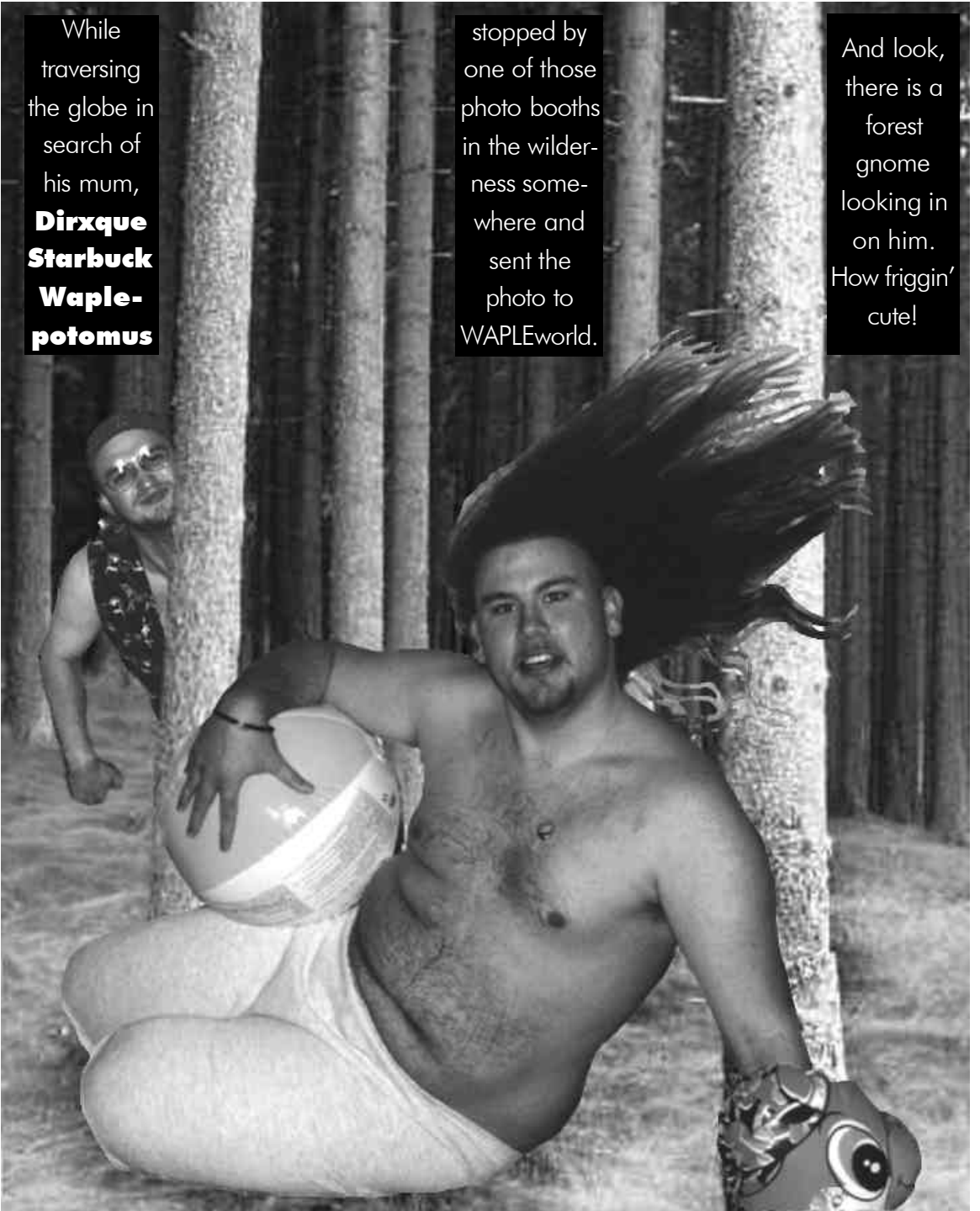
We still don't like him.



While traversing the globe in search of his mum, **Dirxque Starbuck Waple-potomus**

stopped by one of those photo booths in the wilderness somewhere and sent the photo to WAPLEworld.

And look, there is a forest gnome looking in on him. How friggin' cute!



What can be said about this shot other than **Biff Waple** is darn proud of last year's Swimsuit Issue. He claimed, "There are not enough of my had, he said, "I have two that are kinda high on my chest, and one



his belly button. Biff was very disappointed after seeing his photos in buttons showing." (pre-lisp) When asked how many belly buttons Biff n in the middle of my belly. The kids in Africa always teatsed me."





**Wally "Walla"
Wapleburger.**

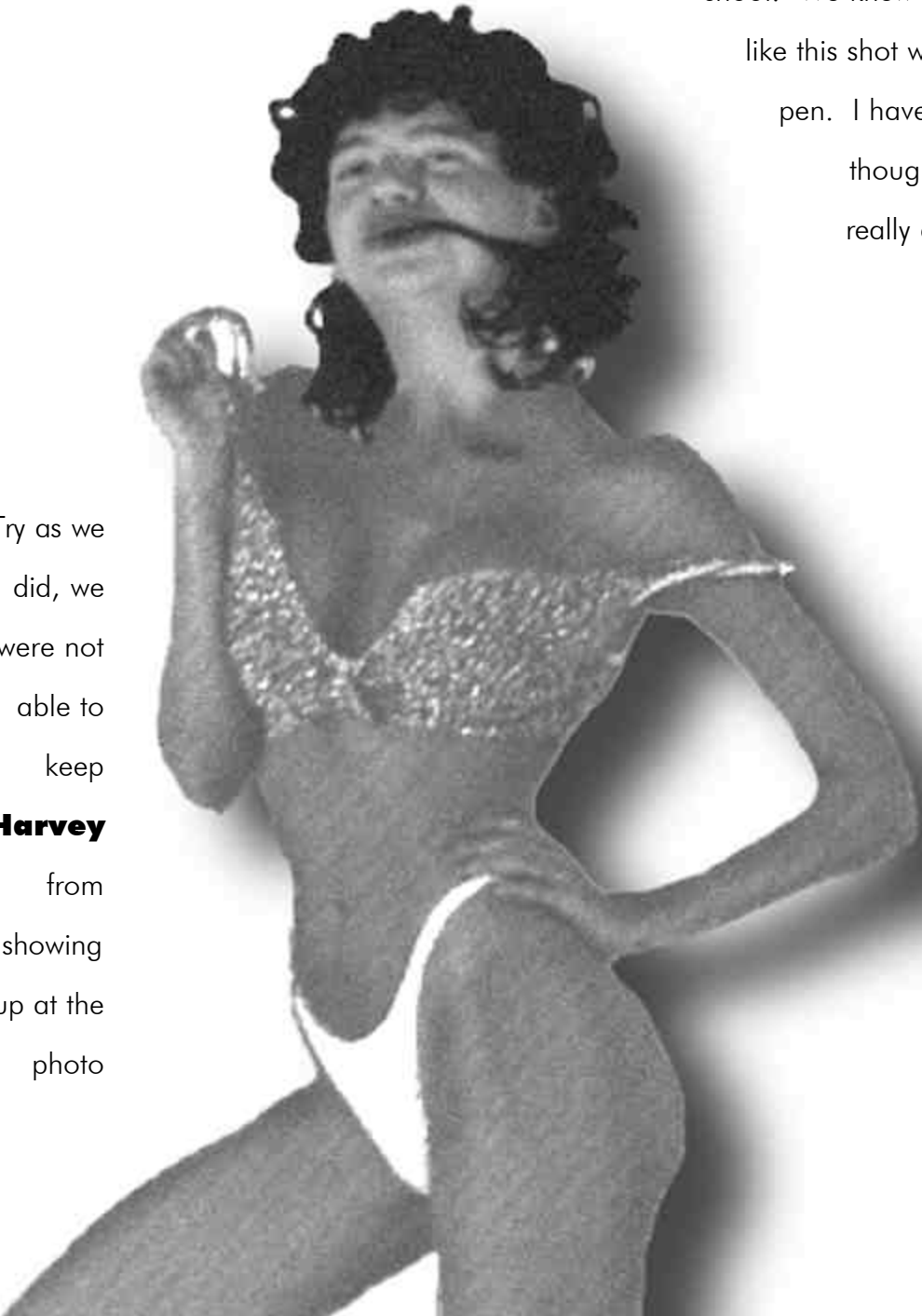
Nothing else needs to (or
should) be said.

When first told about the idea of a WAPLEworld Swimsuit Issue, **Lou Waplemeyer** was all for it. He was quoted as saying, *“As long as I get to see a bunch of thingies and stuff.”* However, when he was told that he was going to be in it, he adamantly refused. When Harvey tried to take Lou’s clothes off for him, Louhollio had a fit... and kicked Harvey in the ass. This photo is as close as we got Lou to a swimsuit.



shoot. We knew something like this shot would happen. I have to admit, though. Harvey really does have quite the bod... for a fruit.

Try as we did, we were not able to keep **Harvey** from showing up at the photo



He was just a good ol' boy, and never meant anybody no harm.
Gunther von Waple was makin' his way the only way he knew how. He was
The King of Rasslin Stunt Matches



...And then as luck would have it, our gutless hero sammich, Gunther von Waple, decided to see the world through a porthole. (Gunther von tried to look out of them, Harvey is always trying to look into them.) Now since Gunther von was contractually obligated to those daredevil matches, he wasn't able to play the part of James Bond -- but that has nothing to do with... **The Dreaded Wrap Yourself In Raw Bacon and Wrestle in a Tank of Starving Sharks Match!**

Yes, this was the match that every wrestler feared, but *Gunther von, either brave or stupid*, said he thought fishies were pretty and he wanted to pet one. At the now defunct Swamp World just outside Tampa Florida, Gunther von fell off the boat onto the new world.

It turns out that Gunther von's opponent was something of a **s e a m a n** himself. (Shut up Harvey, you just ate.) Gunther von's foe was none other than Chockie, whose wrestling career paled in comparison to the one movie he starred in, Cabin Boy.

Chockie was not only quite the wrestler, but he was also half-man half-shark, a real advantage in this particular match. Go figure. Chockie prepared himself for the match by going out to the tank and talking strategy with the starving sharks. They seemed to want to gang up on Gunther von and destroy *his massive, yet strangely feminine and soft body*.

Gunther von, meanwhile, was busy crying about the idea of getting worms from the raw bacon. He was afraid that if he lost the match by getting eaten by the sharks, he would pass the worms on to the cute, little fishies and make them sick; and **he didn't want to die like that**. After he was finally convinced that fish like worms, he agreed to carry on with the match.

At the start of the match, both contestants stood at the edge of the kiddie pool. The kiddie pool that was filled with **ravenous, starving, Gunther von-eating sharks**.

Gunther von feared the worst while everyone else was

just thrilled to know that they would finally be rid of the wrestler/human anchor.

Chockie, who was legendary for his strategy, had all the bases covered but one: gas. How was Chockie to know that **bacon gave Gunther von the squirts?**

When the two mighty men were pushed into the pool, Gunther von began to lose control of his bowels. He was all consonants, you might say. The starving sharks could no longer tell what was bacon and what WAS bacon, if you know what I mean. They began leaping out of the pool, figuring that *dying of exposure is better than swimming in Gunther von's filth*.

Chockie had managed to pull himself out of the pool and climb to his feet at the edge of the melee. As he stared back into the fracas, he was sure that he would be declared the winner.

And then a freak occurrence happened. Gunther von, the freak in question, blew a hole in the side of the pool and water began to rush out, tearing the pool to shreds.

A single starving shark was left in the shallow water. The shark knew that he had to make a leap for it -- over the edge of the pool and into Tampa Bay. The starving shark swam as fast as he could and leaped into the air, right over Chockie, who was by this time shuffling his three by fives for his victory speech.

Needless to say, the leaping starving shark didn't have quite enough mmmppphhh to clear the edge, and he landed on Chockie, thus ending Chockie's wrestling career, but starting his Hollywood stardom. The match was declared a draw since all of the starving sharks were still starving.

But this was nothing compared to Gunther von's **"Get On a Spaceship and Get Launched Into Orbit and Wrestle for the Only Spacesuit Onboard Because the Spaceship Only Has Three Minutes of Air and the Loser Gets Tossed Out Into Space and Has to Explode Match"!!!!**

Every once in a while, someone really cool comes around that really makes you want to

All Bow and Pay Homage

When people stop me on the street (and they often do) and ask me numerous, pointless questions, one of them is invariably, "Who is your favorite band?" As a matter of fact, in the first part of the Cactus interview, we asked him that same question. Of course, he had the wrong answer, The Kinkies. The right answer - and my answer - is Oingo Boingo.

Oingo Boingo has been around since 1979. Just think, if I were in OB when they started, I would have been only ten years old. Of course I would have changed my name to

Rotten Spankv Monkeyspunk, or

ink name like that.

rst time I ever heard oingo was on a bus ashington, DC in oved them!!

you don't know who re... you know that ho scored movies atman, Beetlejuice, he Forbidden Zone? eah, that's Danny Elfman. Well, he's the ol' front guy. You know... the

ough I begged and

pleaded to try and stop them, the guys said, "Sorry, Spank. But we're done." They split up after a darn cool career (at least in my mind). They did, however, just release an album called Farewell that is 2 CDs and 32 songs recorded live at their last concert. I'd recommend buying it. Tell 'em Spanky sent ya'.

So, Farewell and toodles, Oingo Boingo. I'll miss you.

What a pisser. I just realized that Oingo Boingo broke up within months of Godzilla dying in his 22nd movie., my favorite sthlar of the shilver shcreen (The Three Amigos reference) by the way. What next? I'll probably get herpes or something.

-Spanky Waplespunk



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

Big Walla Rassles Louhollio

Good evening, everyone! And **welcome to Extremely Crappy Waple Wrestling!** My name is Stoyo Jiles, and tonight we've got two of the most **violent, outrageous** characters around these parts going head-to-head in a grudge match!

But first, let's go back to where it all started, when manager Wally "**Walla**" Wapleburger showed up late to one of the Waple Boys' matches, and trainer Lou "Holio" Waplemeyer commented that Big Walla smelled like egg salad and bologna. Pee-Yuu!

Then, early last week, Lou showed up late to a charity bowling tournament that the Waple Family was participating in, and Big Walla had this to say: "Hey... Bowlin' is my first priority!"

Tonight... it all comes to a head when **Big Walla meets Lou Waplemeyer!**

Let's get down to the ring, where these two **extraordinarily**, um, er... *interesting?*... *athletes* are ready to square off. Big Walla, as usual, has his 64oz Diet Coke with him, and Lou is wearing that dangerous trenchcoat. What tricks does he have in there tonight? We can only wonder as.... Whoa! Lou goes down with a clothesline! Why did he clothesline himself?

No time to think about that now, as Big Walla comes over and... what's he doing?! Smothering him with his **gut!** C'mon ref... get him out there! Lou rolls away, spitting out Big Walla's belly button lint, and reaches into his trenchcoat. What is that?... a Super Soaker water gun?!? What's he gonna do... give Big Walla a bath? That'll be a first.

The first spray knocks Big Walla on **his big butt**. This is great! Lou... uh, Lou... you better let go of the trigger or you'll run out of water. **Oh, no!** He's out of water, and Big Walla is getting to his feet. Lou has just stirred up the hornet's nest. This isn't looking good for Lou Waplemeyer. Big Walla is closing in, and

continued on page 18

WAPLEworld: Which one do you think gets Woman turned on more?

Cactus: <Laughs> I've got to admit, I've never seen Woman quite that worked up around Kevin.

WAPLEworld: In 1983, you won your debut match against one Kurt Kaufman. Did you respect his acting ability as Latka on TV's Taxi? Or was he just another bad actor?

Cactus: Actually it was '85. When they did the story on me in 1988, I didn't want people to think I'd been wrestling only a few years. I had a lot respect for him [Kaufman] as a wrestler and as a comedian.

WAPLEworld: Do psychic hotlines really work?

Cactus: My goodness, look at all the progress Paul Orndorff has made. <The room erupts with laughter. Wally's belly erupts because of all the pudding.> Paul Orndorff gave a great interview on the last Clash of the Champions, and somehow worked that psychic guy into the equation. They cut back from this really great, serious interview, and there's this whatever the guy's name is with that white afro. It was like one of those children's things - what doesn't fit in the picture.

WAPLEworld: Do you think Doc Hendrix will be hocking your W W F'n F shirt?

Cactus: I hope he hocks anything and everything that has to do with me. I'm ready to sell out. The ECW fans started chanting, "You sold out! You sold out!" And I said "Hey, I don't think I give you guys enough credit," because I realize that in probably a year from now, I'm going to have to look in that mirror every morning and realize you were right. I sold out. I sold out The Garden. I sold out The Spectrum... There are some people who are great wrestlers, but you just don't want to wear their stuff to school, right? Lou's got on a Megadeath shirt. I'd be willing to bet he's got a couple of Barry Manilow albums at home, but probably not a shirt. Whereas Cactus, or Mankind, I think is a guy you'd want to wear to school. I hope Doc Hendrix is out there and I hope they make a lot of money, and maybe some of it will trickle down to me.

WAPLEworld: That kind of leads to my next question. Why do you think ECW fans turn on wrestlers who leave for bigger and better things?

Cactus: Because they're... <long pause> The truth is, I don't know. Never once have these fans, who supposedly love wrestlers so much, or me, ever walked up to me and said "Hey Cactus, here's a hundred bucks; put

this toward your mortgage." Or, "Cactus, we know you've run up \$23,000 in medical bills last year, legitimately. Here's a couple hundred toward your medical bills."

I've seen it too many times where guys who, you know, die, get crippled, get injured. You'll get a "Wow, that's too bad. Now let's see who's gonna replace him." The only person in the long run who is going to care about me and my family... is me.

The truth is, ECW gave me the freedom to talk about a lot of different things, and that was great. But I was very limited as to what I could do wrestling-wise because they won't accept anything but the violence. I really think that people who are saying I'm selling out by going to the WWF are missing the big picture. I'm going to be open to a lot more things, and be able to get the message to a lot more people.

Being a hardcore fan shouldn't necessarily mean that you want to see blood oozing out of every orifice, but that you want to see a guy work hard for a living. I intend to work hard and I think this is going to be the best run I've had.

WAPLEworld: So when are you going to drop all this WWF nonsense and go to where the big boys play?

Cactus: <Chuckle, chuckle, ga-fah> Aah... about the same time when I can go down to the hardware store and get some rock salt to sprinkle over where hell just froze over. I could get excited once in a while and think, "Man, what a great job." I mean, I live in Atlanta; it was the easiest job in the world the last year and a half I was there. But there was that feeling like you didn't know when the rug was going to be pulled out from under you. I just didn't enjoy it.

WAPLEworld: Finally, what do you think about the Wonderful Waple Boys and their whole organization?

Cactus: Personally, I have a lot of animosity towards them. I wanted to be the holder of the worst match, and I think I've done the worst interviews ever - which some people have raved about because they don't understand that when something is that bad, it's actually good. And all these things I've worked so hard for, I think the Waple boys are trying to destroy. I'm here to say that nobody is worse than Cactus Jack. I was worse than them when they were just a gleam in their daddy's eye. So, you haven't seen pitiful until you've seen Cactus Jack.

...all those things I've worked so hard for.
I think the Waple boys are trying to destroy.

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 -

Ever since "Stone Cold" Steve Austin arrived in the WWF, I've decided to give S & M (Steve and Me) a try. I can just imagine being in the squared circle with the Ringmaster: his pumped-up body being hard as stone all over, and his cold hands embracing me in the Million Dollar Dream. I submit! I submit! I'm Stone Cold Crazy!

I think costume of the year should go to the Booty Man. What bravery this man has to go against traditional ring attire! What fashion sense he possesses by daring to wear such provocative garb. What buns he has... ~uff said!

I talked to my psychic hotline advisor the other day, and she informed me that someone of great importance was going to return the squared circle very soon. The moons of Shawn Michaels and Ric Flair came into complete alignment when HBK won the WWF World title recently to match Flair's WCW World title. Stay tuned to WAPLEworld for more information as this phenomenon occurs.

The other evening I was enjoying ECW on SportSouth at about 2 a.m. (about the time I return from Backstreets downtown) and I just fell in love with the adorable Blue Meanie. I was admiring his hair,

which is just to die for, and his huge jiggling gut, which is much larger than the stomach of my ex-sweetie pie, Wally "Walla" Wapleburger. Then it hit me why I was so enamored with this hunky wrestler...he reminds me of my current legless lover, Dirxque Starbuck Waplepotomus.

I wish Brian Pullman would make up his mind on where he wants to be. First he's fired from WCW, then he shows up in ECW throwing a hissy fit, then he's back in WCW, back and forth, my head is getting dizzy! I think his problem is that he can't find a good partner. With a hot body like that, the only thing that I can think of that would keep him from being with someone is... premature ejaculation. I guess we know how he got the name "Loose Cannon."

This Mankind person is very interesting, but I think that instead they should call him Manhood. And for his submission hold, instead of sticking his finger down his opponent's throat and causing white saliva to come out, he could stick his [Ed. This sentence is being edited because of space constraints, and it's pretty darn disgusting.] I would watch RAW every night if he did that!

That's all for this month kiddies. Give your a dads a kiss and a hug for me!



waple rasslin memoirs - from page 16

Lou is running for his life. He reaches into his trenchcoat... his dangerous trenchcoat... and he pulls out... **THE CHAINSAW!** Oh my god, he's got **THE CHAINSAW!** I just hope he remembered to put gas in it this time. Oh well, if he needs any gas he can just tickle Big Walla's belly. Tell me you remembered to put gas in the chainsaw, Lou. Looks like... he forgot. We've got to go to a break. Stay with us!

(Close up on Virgin Prince Dave)

"You wanna be hardbore?! You've gotta be a janitor... like me! You've gotta hang out at local wrestling shows and cheer the heels... like me!

And you gotta wear hardbore... like me! Get your official WAPLE F'n WORLD T-shirt today, and wear it when you're making funny signs... like this one! **KISS ME... I'M A JANITOR.** That's funny... and **HARDBORE!**"

We're back at ringside, Stoej Jiles here, and this match has just been brutal! Big Walla has just been manhandling Lou, and it looks like it might be over. But wait... Lou appears to be crawling towards Big Walla's 64oz Diet Coke. Could he be trying to transform into **The Great Louholio?** There would be just enough caffeine in there to do it, and this match could be turned around if Big Walla has

van has escaped. He ran up the street towards the Waple Training Compound. The other passenger, however, was not so lucky."

"Wepa-Fett," says Dirxque as his eyes begin to tear.

"And one person who was even less lucky was the innocent victim of this most heinous crime. There is no way that Chic Nottawaple could have survived such an explosion."

"Golly," Biff remorsees, "Chic'th dead."

Harvey puts his manicured hand on Biff's white shoulder, "Well sugar, at least now you won't have to humiliate yourself by losing to him."

"We wouldn't lose, you gayfer," defends Larz.

"Even if we would have lotht," continues a saddened Biff, "it'th thtill kind of thad that he'th dead. He wath my brother for motht of hith life. Of courthe, it wath all a

hoacth. He wath just my adopted brother. Well, thoothfire! He wathn't even a good adopted brother! He never thared hith food with me..."

"Okay, Biff," consoles Dirxque.

"He never let me play with hith dollth or Tinker Toyth!"

"We get the point, Biff."

"And, and, and he never wanted to play doctor!!!"

"Biff!" interrupts Larz. "You gaylord!"

Harvey joins in, "Ooh Biff! I never knew! I'll play doctor!"

"What?!" replies an astonished Biff. "... .. Eeewww! No way, Fagator! Not that kind of doctor! Ickky! I uthed to pretend I wath a plathtic thurgeon that went crathy. I uthed to burn and mutilate Chic'th Barbie dollth when he wathn't looking."

"Well," Wally says, "There's nothing morseedf to do now. Chip's dee-ad. How 'bout some more queso, Biff?"

"Quetho?" Biff's ears perk

up. "Okay."

The lady on the television starts up again, "Sadly, ladies and gentlemen, it has been confirmed that Chic Nottawaple... is dead..."

"Who'th Chic?" asks Biff.

11:04 p.m.. The Waple Training Compound

"Heh heh heh. I am

Louhollio!" declares Lou. "Chic will not, like, piss me off any more! I, like, kicked him in the ass and, like, stuff!!!"

During his victory speech, a large part of the Nottawaple Training Facility has been falling back to Earth at a destructive speed.

"I, like..." Lou looks up and notices the huge, fiery mass. "Uhhhh... uh oh..."

Lou barely escapes with his life as The Waple Training Compound is totally and utterly destroyed.

Not all stories can end happily. The End...

to contend with The Great Louholio. And Lou grabs the drink and guzzles it. Big Walla is in trouble now. Any second now Lou will transform into The Great Louhollio. Any minute now.... What's wrong?! The only thing I can think of.... Big Walla is laughing. He planned ahead... he brought Caffeine-Free Diet Coke. There'll be no Great Louhollio tonight.

Wally sends Lou into the ropes, this is it... OH MY GOD! FRANKENWALLY!! It's over... Wally gets the three count. And Lou is pissed off. He's pulling something out of trenchcoat... a sawed-off shotgun!?! He's flipped his lid! Somebody do something! Here come the Waple Boys - Biff Waple and Larz Wapleton. Yeah, they'll help. They've brought food with them. Biff has the chips and queso, and Larz has the pizza and breadsticks. They're gonna sit down and eat in the middle of the ring! Lou and Big Walla appear to have set their differences aside and

they've sat down to eat as well.

This is unbelievable! I'm disgusted. On behalf of ECWW fans everywhere, let me say this: **You Waples are a bunch of pussies!** Sorry about the match, everyone. Hope to see you next time. Until then, I'm Stoye Jiles. Good night!

N E X T I S S U E

Spaz Pfitzwaple. He wants to get in with the Waple Family in a bad way, and if that means getting in Dirxque first, that's what he'll do.

Harvey Wapleman. He has made his intentions known, and will do whatever it takes to defend his blubbered lover, Dirxque.

Harvey takes Spaz for a ride down the Hershey Highway, and Dirxque is the prize at the finish line -- in the next issue of WAPLEworld!

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

“ Hey... Bowlin' is my
FIRST priority! ”

Wally "Walla" Wapleburger

-Esteemed Manager of the Wonderful Waple Boys
and Next Chief Beef Inspector of the United
States of THEmerica

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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

There are no new classifieds this week. Our classified writer has had other commitments and was not able to compile people's ads. Please forgive him... as he is not right in the head, if you know what I mean. He's playing with only two oars and his chips are not in one bowl of queso. Queso? Okay, I'd **love** some queso. As a matter of fact, I'd love **all** the queso if I were able to fit it in my magic belly... my magic belly of food and trinkets. **Trinkets!**

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

kisses: letters home

dear guys-
how's it goin'? I have been a little slow in writing these past few weeks as I have been quite busy exercising. it's true! i've lost 400 pounds!, of, cheese, somehow. actually, I probably just ate it. ok, never mind. well, I have walked quite a bit and still there is no sign of me mum. the last rumor I heard was that she was in hell, but that turned out to be a dead end. a cabbie in tijuana, that I almost squashed to death by accidentally sitting on him, told me that he heard that my mom may have gone to the moon on one of the apollo missions. if that's true, then I guess i'm a black man, live from the apollo. I heard of the famed black rhino, but a rare black waple? I might be the anti-albino waple, or the photo negative waple. well, I guess i'll find out when I get to the moon, which is my next destination. i've seen the moon, but i've never been there. spaz told me that harvey has been in wally's moon. so, it's a long trip, I have to leave now before my feet start to hurt.

kisses,

Dirxque Starbuck Waplepotomus
0706632
Wapledog
K9