

# Waple

# worl<sup>TM</sup>

an alliz dog production

Where rasslin gets  
dumbed down a  
little.

Highlander  
Johnnie  
Walker  
Kicks  
Waple  
Arse!

**We Cut the  
Cheese with  
Prince R!**



For more of this  
crap, visit us at  
[wapleworld.com!](http://wapleworld.com)

**The Waples are  
Stronger than  
Ever... Enter Olaf,  
Placenta, and  
MechaDirxque**

Volume 6 Issue 3

Wrestling = Rasslin'

August 1999

**What Happens when Spaz and Wally Meet Face to  
Face? Does Anyone Really Care?**

# howdy there

## a letter from Spanky

Get the name right. 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...

Here it is, 4:00 on the day before this issue is supposed to go out, and I haven't even written the ol' welcome yet. Man, am I a procrastinator or what?

Well, by now I'm sure most of you reading this know who the Waples are, so I really don't need to go into it. But if you have been slacking (like me) and have no idea of who we are, just look about two inches down and you'll see.

We have decided that we are on a quest for world-wide domination. Not only in the rasslin' world, but the rest of the world, too.

So, any help from you folks would be cool. If you have any lasers or 50 Billion Gigawatt generators that you can part with, we'd really appreciate it.

As one of the first steps in our quest for world-wide domination, we have opened up a new branch office in Wonnarobbinz, GA and put Wally in charge there. So if you see a big velcro ball with a goatee walking around while down there, say "hi" to Wally.

On a less important note, the WAPLEworld web site at [www.wapleworld.com](http://www.wapleworld.com) is still there. Toodles.

## Just Who Are Those Waples?

From left to right.

**Spaz Pfitzwaple... (Acting) Manager** A former Waple wannabe, "The Medicated One" said that Wally put him in charge while Wally was away. He's very annoying.

**Olaf Bjorgxenwaple... Mad Scientist** Develops neat gadgets and does scientific stuff.

**Biff Waple... Rassler** Only remaining son of rasslin' legend Gunther von Waple. Biff is on his way to beating his father's record losing streak. Lisps because of a hot pizza injury. Comparable to Arnold from Diff'rent Strokes.

**Spanky Waplespunk... Editor/Webmaster** Biff's twin brother (same mother, different father). Spanky started the WAPLEworld empire as a way to pick up chicks. Lives with mom.

**Lou Waplemeyer... Trainer** This Beavis reject likes fire, plays with chainsaws, and uses the word "like" too much. Has the Waple Boys on diet of wings and cheese and tries to get them to cheat.

**Larz Wapleton... Rassler** Formerly Biff and his brothers' bodyguard, Larz is now the taller half of the rasslin' team. Equally as bad as Biff in the ring, but is more intimidating on the mike.

**Wally "Walla" Wapleburger... Ex-Manager** Long-time manager of the team, Wally left to live with his parents in Warner Robbins. Says he didn't put Spaz in charge. His tongue weighs 12 pounds.

**Placenta... Claims to be Wally's Daughter** Showed up recently and shocked the Waple family. Has been put in a P/R roll until DNA testing can be found conclusive.

**MechaDirxque... MechaDirxque** To relieve organic Dirxque's feet from holding up his huge frame, Olaf transplanted Dirxque's thoughts into a hovering droid body.



True life adventures  
in the rasslin world

# LARLAND

— J u l y 3 1 —

Spaz, Olaf, Wally and I all met up at the Varsity prior to the IWU's Rick Rude Memorial Show. Olaf surprisingly ate nothing, while Wally ate, well... everything. We left the Varsity in ruins behind us and headed north to the Gwinnett Civic Center.

Upon our arrival, Wally headed straight to the concession stand. The rest of us stood around like rubes in our tacky shirts until none other than The Princess of Kenross appeared and introduced herself to us. She is very likable and charming, and all we began envisioning the cover of the next Swimsuit Issue with her on it.

Wally came back from the concession stand with a jacuzzi-sized Diet Coke and we made our way to our seats, which were behind a bunch of Scottish Blue-Faced Freaks. After Jason was too hip for Ray Cool, Red Hot Chili Peppa was too hot for The Islander, and Blackhawk soared above The Henchman, we finally got to see one of our heroes: Prince R. All hail Prince R!!! He and Mauler Mark rassed Southside Trash to a Double DQ. At some point Placenta showed up, and she was throwing money and her hotel keys to Prince R.

After that, The Beatniks snapped some rhythm into The Cult, and Sweet Daddy & The Jabroni Boy brawled with Silent Terror all over the building, ending in a Double Countout.

During the brawl, Wally disappeared. We checked the concession stand and the bathroom stalls, but he was nowhere to be found.

Even though the next match was a Lumberjack Match with IWU rasslers surrounding the ring, Johnnie Walker came out and destroyed Bucky Siegler to win the IWU Southern Heavyweight Title. The crazed Scots in front of us were acting like William Wallace himself had risen from the dead and had slain Prince Charles and Queen Elizabeth II. Walker's title

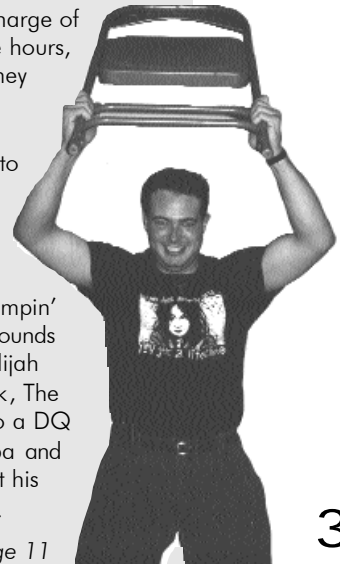
reign was short, because he was immediately stripped of it by Don "The Moose" Lewis. But that's not the only thing being stripped off— Wally was at ringside throwing HIS money and hotel keys to an almost nekkid Prince R. We were disgusted.

Reckless Youth and Mike Quackenbush put on a classic high-flying match... these guys will be in one of the "Big Three" very soon. And to end the night, Steve & Terry Lawler got disqualified in a bloody brawl against The Cajun Connection. Lou Waplemeyer would have enjoyed the fire that Steve blew into one of the Cajun's faces. Most people in attendance agreed that it was one of the IWU best shows ever. After the show, all of us ceptin' fur Olaf headed to the movies for a slice of "American Pie".

— A u g u s t 1 4 —

I was reunited with my tag team partner, Biff Waple, who had been on a rasslin' tour of Africa. We waited out in front of the Marietta Armory for the arrival of Spaz and Wally, and the four of us were going to storm into the building and take charge of the show. After waiting three hours, we peeked inside to see if they were already there, and of course, they were. The concessionaire was leaving to pick up more Diet Coke to replace the 18 cases that had just been consumed by Wally.

The show started and Jumpin' Jason Duke was leaps and bounds better than Nemesis while Elijah unpatriotically beat Billy Jack, The Beatniks rhymed their way to a DQ win over Red Hot Chili Peppa and Bucky Siegler after Bucky left his partner for no good reason.



Continued on page 11



The full and true story of the Waple prophecy.

WAPLE . . .

## the name, the legend

Part One of "Waple... The Name, The Legend" left off with the four Waple brothers' trials and traumas as children, and being raised by their gay uncle, Harvey. Thus, as quickly as it began, the story continues...

One dark and rainy night, as Chic was washing his teddy bear, Fidel, he heard a distant voice. It sounded as if it was coming from the toy box. But it wasn't. This mysterious voice was the spirit of the boy's father, wrestling legend, Gunther VonWaple.

Gunther told Chic that the plane crash that took his life was fate and that heaven was nice... a little chilly, but nice. Gunther then told Chic to fulfill his destiny by taking off where Gunther left off... but, win at least one match.

After three days of living with the shame and humiliation of being raised by Harvey, the brothers swore they would do as their great father commanded, and left for the big city. On the way, Chic, Biff, Bill and Chet stopped by Gunther's grave to leave a small remembrance: some flowers, a 6oz. bag of Skittles, a shoehorn, a shoe for the shoehorn, and a box of #2 pencils.

Feeling this was an appropriate token of affection, the brothers, both satisfied and very sleepy, left on their quest, their "quest for Waple immortality".

On the way out of the cemetery, Bill tripped on a popsicle stick and hit his head.

After finding a place to live in the basement of Al's Bowl and Rassel, the

brothers, Biff, Chic and Chet, began their rasslin' training. They knew it was a long, hard road; but they knew the several minutes a week of sweat and blood would some day pay off. Five weeks later they noticed Bill was missing.

The brothers started the most important part of their new careers—training. They worked hard; nearly seven minutes a day, one day per 7-15 days. They sparred with some of the greatest rasslers in the sport

including Potoo the Midget; Al the shoe salesman from down the street; and Bert, Chic's personal ball cleaner (they sometimes bowled).

The brothers hooked up with a washed-up, dried-out, has been of a manager and trainer, Oliver P. Wapledink. this short and stumpy man taught each of the Waple brothers one of the finer disciplines of rasslin. Biff specialized in faking injuries, Chet was a master of complaining to the ref, and Chic took to cowering like nobodies business.

With their newfound talents, Oliver began making calls to promote the three-man tag team. He tried to sell the brothers as "Three Really Bad Rasslers", "We're Cruisin' for a Bruisin'", and "Wapledink's Stink, Inc." Owners of rasslin' promotions were not generally won over by the team's names, so they decided just to call themselves "The Wonderful Waple Brothers"... so much for originality.

For two months, the Wonderful Waple Brothers out-ran, out-complained, and out-cried their opponents, but were somehow unable to attain a single victory. Oliver decided that this two-on-three nonsense had to stop.

From that point, the Wonderful Waple Brothers would be booked as a three-on-one handicap team. Things should start working now.



# toilet-side chat with

# Highlander Johnnie Walker



August 14, 1999

**WAPLEworld:** Who is "Highlander" Johnnie Walker?

*(The Princess of Kenross laughs hysterically for over three minutes. Apparently she doesn't get the question.)*

**Johnnie Walker:** Who is Johnnie Walker? Johnnie Walker is the epitome of all that is good in the IWU.

**Ww:** How did you get started in the rasslin' business?

**JW:** My little brother wanted to go to [rasslin'] school, and he needed someone to hold his hand. I went just to give him someone to feel comfortable hanging out with, and [I] ended up in the business.

**Ww:** Who trained you?

**JW:** It was a combination of people. A lad named Lance Dreamer beat our heads on a hardwood carpet floor for six months. The Notorious D.O.G. worked with us a little bit, and Homicide as well. A lot of it just came from being thrown in the ring and learning as you go.

**Ww:** What made you choose the IWU over other local organizations, like WCW?

**JW:** WCW is not ready for my extreme style yet. I keep turning down their offers. They keep calling day after day, over and over. The IWU is just a good organization. Don books us, and he pays us, and that's what I'm looking for.

**Ww:** Any chance of ever traveling? Maybe rasslin' in Japan or Wonnarobbinz?

**JW:** I would love that. *(Hard stare from the Princess of Kenross.)* I don't think the Princess would love that, but I would love that. I would really like to go to Japan.

**Ww:** Do they actually have rasslin' over in Scotland?

**JW:** Aye, sheep rasslin', but we don't talk about that.

*(All the Waples roar with approval.)*

**Ww:** Why don't you rassle with the kilt on?

**JW:** I tried that one time, and I got hung up on the turnbuckle as I went up for a high move. Pulled it right off of me and I had nothing on underneath it, as we never do. It was not a pretty finish.

**Ww:** Have the Scots ever contributed anything to the world other than funny skirts and soccer riots?

**JW:** Woad... and that's about it. You know, the face paint? You put it on and it makes you crazy.

**Ww:** Tell us about the match that turned into a shoot.

**JW:** It actually was not a match scheduled. When I came to the IWU, I replaced John Doe. He left and I took his open spot.

**Spanky:** John Doe the porn star?

**JW:** No, I wish it had been. He's in a bit better shape than the other lad was. John Doe the rasslin' star. It started with him just mouthing off about "the IWU sucks and the workers suck...", it wasn't anything personal at me. And I know we've got some problems in the IWU, but we've tried to work them out and this was pissing me off. So I went on and defended the IWU and told him to shut up or put up, and he put up. He challenged me to a shoot match. I didn't think he was going to show and he showed up. He signed a waiver and we went from there.

**Ww:** What ended up happening?

**JW:** I choked him out; he quit. It took about four minutes. I think I broke his nose and a few ribs... it was not pretty.

**Ww:** Did you sustain any injuries?

**JW:** I broke my pinky finger hitting him in the head.

**Wally:** Bawaah! Poor baby!

Who's yo  
Daddaaay?!



Continued on page 8



“HIGHLANDER”

# JOHNNIE WALKER

5-7 (the paper issue has a 2-page spread... you're not missing anything)

**Ww:** Describe the best match you ever had.  
**JW:** The best match I ever had was with a guy that used to work with us called GigaWatt. The guy is incredible. He's got real good high-flying moves, he was real light to throw around, and we went about twenty-five minutes. [It was] the easiest, smoothest match I've ever been in. It went to a Time Limit Draw.... It was by far the best match I've ever had.

**Ww:** Why do you pronounce your home town of Kenross, "ken-ROSS", when all us Waples say "KEN-ross"?

**JW:** Because you're all saying it wrong!

**Biff:** That's a dumb name anyway. (JW beats Biff over the head.)

**Ww:** Is there anyone in any of the major rasslin' feds that you would like a match with?

**JW:** If I could work anybody, I would think one of three people: Either Chris Jericho, because he's so good with the fans; Rob Van Dam, because he's just so good in the ring... probably the best worker in the business today; or "Rowdy" Roddy Piper.

**Ww:** Speaking of "Rowdy" Roddy Piper... do you think you could beat him?

**JW:** Oh yeah. He's got no accent! (Huge laughter from everyone in the International House of Pancakes.) [In a mock Piper voice] "Howdy, I'm from Scotland. I'm gonna beat the crap out of somebody."

**Ww:** What do you think of his recent comments about you? (At the recent WCW Nitro show at the Georgia Dome, Piper made remarks about being the only "real" Highlander in Georgia, and that he gets paid not to hurt people in the ring (a reference to Johnnie's shoot match).)

**JW:** He's scared. He sees a young guy in a kilt, with an excellent accent coming in and taking his spotlight and his time, and he's just getting nervous. I'm glad though; obviously it means they've noticed me and that's what I'm trying to do.

**Ww:** How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck were from Scotland?

**JW:** Three cords and a half.

**Ww:** I apologize... that was an Olaf question that he had requested.

**JW:** I was going to say.... That sounds like an Olaf question.

**Ww:** Is he fat or what?

**JW:** He's huge! He's HUGE!! You know, we've got fat women in Scotland, but God Almighty that lad is huge!

**Ww:** Would you ever rassle Sandman in a Kendo Stick vs. Singapore cane match?

**JW:** I've been waiting on that, but I'd want to hang them up and have a Ladder Match.

**Ww:** Do you think you could beat Larz and Biff in a Handicap Match in under 2 seconds?

**JW:** Three and a half.

(Gasping and looks of astonishment from the Waples. Three and a half whole seconds?) I would probably have to put my boots on for that one, and that takes at least a second and a half.

**Ww:** Who is the biggest "name" that you've ever rassled?

**JW:** My claim to fame of who I rassled was "Hey guys, did you hear I got beat up by Colt Rivers and he's the guy that trained Goldberg."

**Ww:** Are there any guys out there that need to watch out for Johnnie Walker?

**JW:** If you ever read the Dastardly Dozen, I'm continually second or third. Right now Dynamo is Number One on the list... he's never wrestled a singles match in the IWU that I know of. Moose is trying to keep me down, so probably Dynamo.... I'm definitely going after Dynamo.

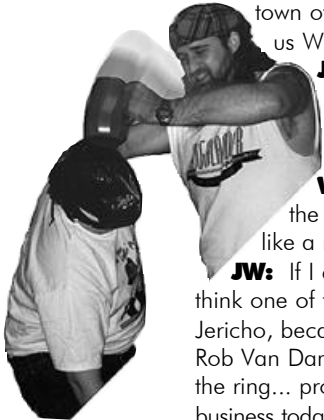
**Ww:** Any chance of the Princess of Kenross ever accompanying you to ringside as your valet?

**JW:** In that Handicap Match you were talking about earlier.... I would try to get her as valet, but what I'd really want her to tag team with me against the Waples so we could bring the three and a half [seconds] down to two.

**Larz:** That wouldn't be very fair, because that would be two-on-two....

**JW:** Well I wouldn't actually tag in, I would just let her do the work. I'd be the pretty face in the corner while she was beating everybody up. (The Princess of Kenross flexes her muscles, and what muscles she has!!!)

Interview to be continued in next issue.



# waple rasslin memoirs

Prince R vs. The  
Wonderful Waple Boys  
w/ Wally and Spaz



*Note from editor: For those of you expecting Part II of the Wally vs. Spaz saga, we're happy to announce that the two guys kissed and made up. Spaz will continue being the manager of the Waple Boys, while Wally has been given a plum assignment: Branch Manager/Night Stock Boy for the WAPLEworld offices in Wonnarobbinz.*

What a happy scene. Prince R poses for a picture with his biggest fans: Biff, Larz, Spaz, and Wally. Everybody's smiling. Good vibrations are felt in the air. The Waples were getting the ultimate piece of rasslin' memorabilia: a photo of themselves with their favorite star. All of a sudden, it happened: **\*\*FART!!\*\*** The flash from the camera lit their faces, but no one moved afterwards.

Three minutes later, Spaz piped up and said, "Ewwww. Prince R farted!"

"I did no such thing, you stupid redneck," Prince R replied. "It must have been one of you stupid Waple Boys!!"

"Hey now... it's pronounced Waple. WAY-PULL!!!," said Larz.

Biff chimed in, "Yeah, so you take that back!"

Prince R laughed. "I don't care how you say it... Wapple, Waple whatever.... Just don't accuse of me of any smelly Waple farts."

"That's it, queer boy," said Wally as he faced Prince R. "You don't insult me and my friends like that. It's go time!! Get `em, Waples!"

With that command from their former manager, Biff and Larz stumbled into action, while Spaz hid under his autographed Beatniks picture. Biff attempted the Waple Rack, but Prince R brought his heel up square into Biff's groin to break the hold. Biff curled up in a fetal position and stayed that way for three days. Larz used this window of opportunity to nail the Prince with a chairshot, and he ran to the other side of the armory to get a chair stacked against the wall. On the way over, he stopped when he saw the Princess of Kenross and they discussed their favorite tourist spots in Ireland.

"Waple Boys ain't worth a damn," muttered Wally. "R Prince, or whatever your name is... me and you is gonna fight."

"Bring it on, big boy!!" shouted the Prince. "I challenge you to a strippin' match. Whoever

gets down to their skivvies first is the winner. And you've got a head start since that shirt of yours has the top six buttons already undone."

"You're on, queerbait."

Wally quickly undid his huge belt buckle and his pants fell to the Earth faster than JFK Jr's plane. Prince R worked quickly and skillfully and soon had his shirt off and was unbuckling his belt. All

Wally had to do was unbutton the bottom two buttons of his Hawaiian shirt and he would win! However, the pressure of his big belly was very powerful, and the button stayed put. He sucked his gut in and expanded as quickly as possible and the button popped off... sailing across the room and knocking out Larz as he explained to the Princess why Irish Guinness was so much better than American Guinness.

Wally almost had his shirt off when Prince R revealed his Purple Skivvies. "Ha ha," he said, "I'm the winner! What skivvies are you wearing?"

He looked down see what kind of skivvies Wally was wearing, and there weren't any there!! NOTHING!! Wally forgot to wear skivvies!

Prince R was disgusted. "You Waples are nothing but sick perverts. I'm outta here." And he walked out the front door.

Wally looked around and saw Spaz cowering in the corner. "Hey, fat boy, what are you doing over there? Why didn't you come help us fight him." He thought quietly to himself for a second. "I guess we'll never know who ripped that nasty fart."

Spaz said, "I thought all you guys knew the old saying: 'Whoever smelt it, dealt it.'"

Wally exclaimed, "I thought I smelled the chili burgers we ate tonight. You worthless dog...."

And the two Waple managers, current and former, drove home. In Spaz's car, of course.





# every rasslin' team needs a mad scientist

Olaf "The Meatball" Bjorgxenwapple was first introduced to the Waple family by Dirxque. Dirxque had been on one of his many travels when he met Olaf in a Russian prison. Olaf used his superior mind, and Dirxque's superior weight, to break out. The two returned to the WAPLEworld Headquarters and, after hearing of his heroic deeds, the Waples decided to make Olaf an official Waple.

Olaf became the R and D division of WAPLEworld, creating thousands of tools and cool stuff for the Waples to enjoy; including a generator that could be strapped to Wally's back, converting Wally into a mobile power supply station.

Whilst researching the Waple DNA, Olaf learned that he was indeed a Waple by blood. Over a thousand years ago the Vikings plundered a Waple settlement, and raped one of the Waple women.

Following the bloodline, Olaf soon realized that he had always been a Waple.

Recently, Olaf has been quite busy creating the Mind Transfer System, or MTS, as a means of keeping the Waples alive for all eternity, even after a thorough ass-kicking. He has already successfully transferred Dirxque's mind into the body of a droid, and is now preparing to convert the rest of the Waples. Olaf is a busy guy, and his high stress levels often lead him to be very intolerant of others, giving him the reputation of being the smartest butthole the Waples have ever known.

## **...and every Mad Scientist needs a MechaWaple.**

Dirxque (pronounced Dirk) was hatched from a large egg that was left on the Waple brothers' (Biff, Chic, Bill, and Chet) doorstep. He emerged when they tried to cook him for breakfast. He was so cute that the brothers adopted him as their mascot. The 'Freak of Nature', which he is often called, was grotesquely obese, and had no knees - just short hippo stumps.

Dirxque soon became the "heel" of the Waple organization, and often berated other people, just for kicks. Dirxque also consumed enormous quantities of food, so much so that the Waples could no longer afford to keep him. They wanted to preserve his mind, but needed to get rid of his body. Enter Olaf.

As luck would have it, the Waples were the only rasslin' team ever to have a full-time mad scientist on Staph. Olaf toiled away in his laboratory, experimenting with Furbie microchips until he finally created a way to transfer the thoughts, memories, and ideers of a living creature onto a chip. He created several versions of droids in which to place Dirxque's thoughts. He finally reached the pinnacle of scientific achievement when he created MechaDirxque, version 3.14.

Now that MechaDirxque has been released, the organic mass that once was Dirxque has regressed completely into a full hippo, which the Waples keep as a pet. MechaDirxque has had an odd life.



Not quite as good as a wet spot, but you can get the scoop on what's hot right here in

hot spot



### Placenta May Be Around a While

Although WAPLEwannabe, Placenta, claims to be the long, lost daughter of famed Wally "Walla" Wapleburger, there seems to be no proof that she is not. Admittedly, there is a striking similarity in the two, but as we all know, no one can be sure until the DNA has been split, spliced, and tested.

Waple Mad Scientist, Olaf Bjorgxenwaple, will have the undaunting task of determining whether Placenta is, in fact, of true Waple blood. "It's gonna take several months and millions of dollars," Olaf explains, "but we think it's worth knowing the truth. Waples are hard to come by nowadays."

When Wally was asked if he was excited that he may have a daughter, he only had this to say, "A wha? Who's daughter?"

During the next few months, the Waples have decided to hire Placenta on in a P/R capacity in hopes of that she may help in the quest for world domination.

### Watch for the Waples at These Upcoming IWU Shows

AUGUST 21, 1999

Douglasville, GA National Guard Armory  
AUGUST 28, 1999

Marietta, GA National Guard Armory  
SEPTEMBER 04, 1999

Warren Recreational Center in Augusta, GA  
SEPTEMBER 11, 1999

Griffin, GA National Guard Armory

### WAPLEworld T-Shirts: They're the Coolest!

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WAPLEworld  
P.O. Box 724914  
Atlanta, GA 31139



### LarzLand, from page 3

After a short intermission, during which Spaz dubbed IWU announcer Saturn as "Uranus", the rasslin' continued with a three-way dance between Sweet Daddy, Blackhawk, and Moose's big surprise, Homicide. The match was for the IWU Georgia Heavyweight Title and Homicide got the pin over Blackhawk, making him the new champ.

After the match everyone brawled over towards the Waples, and we all used steel chairs to defend ourselves. Biff accidentally knocked himself out when he tried to get into the chair swinging and couldn't handle the weight of the four-pound chair.

The next match saw our old buddies

Prince R & Mauler Mark rasslin' Silent Terror. Prince R hung out with us for a while because the Waples are the coolest fans that the IWU has, but he should've paid attention to the match, because Mauler Mark ended up getting pinned for the three-count. Final match of the evening saw Johnnie Walker facing fellow ODD-Squader Jabroni Boy in the first round of the big Southern Heavyweight tournament. Walker got the pin, but after the match there were more chair shots and more outside brawling, but this time it was Wally who tried to grab a chair but ending up grabbing my... my goodness I'm running out of room. Until next time, I hope you can share a future Waple adventure with me. Later....

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

Straight from [www.wapleworld.com](http://www.wapleworld.com), it's more

## fan mail

I like the girl Waples better than  
the boy Waples.

-Devyn

Unfortunately, so do the girl Waples.

-Spanky Waplespunk

I don't know why you guys think that  
you can rassle against people the  
likes of Dynamo and Johnnie Walker.

-A fan of "The Moose"

We don't think we can rassle against  
those guys, they'd beat the crap out  
of us. That's why we wanna rassle  
against Prince R and The Beatniks.

-Rasslin' Biff Waple

From our mouth to your eyes, it's

## quote of the month

"Yeah, you're gonna find me in  
prison some day after I kill all those  
stupid kids that talked during the  
movie!"

Lou Waplemeyer

**Editor Guy: Spanky Waplespunk**  
**Head Writer Guy: Larz Wapleton**  
**Creative Assassin: Olaf Bjorgxenwaple**

**Special Thanks to: The Wonderful Waple Family,  
Johnnie Walker and The Princess, the IWU and  
"The Moose", our sponsors on [wapleworld.com](http://wapleworld.com),  
and Every Rassler Anywhere.**

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**Yo Daddy: Wally "Walla" Wapleburger**  
**Photographer: Robert Waplethorpe**

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## Once again, here are some things that are really rank

People Who Have  
Benefited the Most from Being  
Interviewed by WAPLEworld...

- 1: Archduke Ferdinand
- 2: Larry Santana
- 3: Chic Nottawaple
- 4: The Highlander, Johnny Walker
- 5: Larry King
- 6: Rob "The Bill" McBride
- 7: Cactus Jack
- 8: Mankind
- 9: Dude Love
- 10: Biff Waple