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Volume 6 Issue 4

Wrestling = Rasslin'

Halloween 1999

**Pages and pages of the last stories
you will ever want to read!**

Disclaimer: WAPLEworld does not knowingly try to offend its readers; but we do know that, in today's society, at least one person is offended by anything that is ever done anywhere. With that said, enter at your own risk. You may want to be 18 or older, but it's a free country... sort of.

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...

HOWDY THERE

a letter from the 0-time nominee for best zine editor, Spanky Waplespunk

Yup, I know. We've outdone ourselves once again. It seems like every time we do the impossible, we start doing it, making it the improbable. We then usually give up and just cancel that month's issue.

However, when we said this issue was going to be 40 pages, they mocked us. We then bumped it to 48 and they ridiculed us. After finally pushing it to the 60 pages it is now, they bowed down and reveled in our glory. Don't ask me who "they" are. I'm not really sure.

But what I am sure of is that this

"improbable" task of the world's first 60-page issue of WAPLEworld was no easy task. Our Peruvian sweatshops were working overtime to get this issue out by the release date... and darned if it wasn't out on time!

Speaking of the world's first 60-page issue of WAPLEworld; we have set a new world's record. Never, in the history of Mick Foley (we interviewed him you know), has anyone ever produced a 60-page issue of WAPLEworld. Ask Guinness. So get scared. Our plan for taking over the world is coming to fruition. We **will** own you someday.

INGREDIENTS

This is where you can find all the scary garbage in the issue. There's even more that's not listed. It's huge!

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JUST WHO ARE THOSE WAPLES?

The scariest, rag-fag group of misfits you will ever find.



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'rnt 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 mic.

Wally "Walla" Wapleburger... Ex-Manager Long-time manager of the team, Wally left to live with his parents in Wonnerobbinz. 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.

Other family members not pictured:

Johnny Cockwaple The Waple Family has retained the services of this obnoxious, cut-to-the-point, don't-piss-me-off, loudmouth lawyer to... law... things? No real reason, actually. J.C. is also sometimes a referee.

Organic Dirxque The now hippo body of what used to be the Waple's mascot, Dirxque "Starbuck" Waplepotomus... half-man, half-hippo, half-stomach.

Chet Wapleboxer Biff's dead brother. Was killed in the ring while hiding from his opponent. Often spooks the family and tried to convince them to get out of rasslin' before they get any worse.

Chic Nottawaple Biff's astranged brother. Was presumed to be killed when Lou ran a truck full of explosives into his house, but, like Bigfoot, has been unconfirmed sightings have been mentioned.

Lil' Bill Waple Biff's captured brother. Bill was sucked into a mirror during Halloween of '95 by a poltergoost and has been living in an alternate dimension ever since.

Oliver P. Wapledink Original manager of the Wonderful Waple Boys (Biff, Chic, and Bill).

Harvey Wapleman Outwardly homofagual financial advisor. Has been living in Key West and keeping all the family's earnings.

Gunther von Waple The father of the modern Waples. The worst rassler of all time with no wins ever.





WALLY "WALLA" WAPLEBURGER



WALLY'S HALLOWEEN STORY

A direct-from-his-ghoulish-
pen-to-paper-without-being-
edited-whatsoever story by
Wally "Walla" Wapleburger.



This isn't part of Wally's story. It's more of an explanation of what you are about to read... cuz it sure needs explaining. A couple of years ago, Larz, Biff, and Wally went to a place to eat buffalo wings and get drunk... ceptin' fer Biff, cuz he's a non-drinkin' wuss. Larz and Biff left to go to training, and returned nine hours later. They found Wally passed out in a bleu cheese buffalo wing tequila coma with his diary next to him and and they couldn't resist taking a peek. This is what it said:

once a opon a time their were a group of guys who went on camping trip for a whole week in the north ga. mountains. we took only what we need to survive for a week which included the following food and more food ans wrestling tapes. the cabin had everything else we needed for the week. we got there on monday atfernoon and left on sunday evening with things missing and the wife's did not recieve us to well when we got home.

on monday the first day there we register at the front gate to grt our cabin. the cabin have the following features: 5 bedrooms , 3 1/2 baths, 2 kitchen for all the food we purchased b4 we got there, a large living room and dining room and 3 tv's and 2 vcr's. no one in the group brought there beeper or cell phone that is against the ground rules that we set b4 the trip. when we all got settle in our on room for the week. olaf and biff cook dinner for the night. we sat at table eating and discussing plan on locating the house that we heard that were haunted by ghost or spirits. after diiner we all sat around in the living room an watched tv and old wrestling tapes. we all went to bed around 11 or 12.

on tuesday morning larz and wally woke up and fixed breakfast for the rest of the guys who woke about 45 mins. after we got up. i was the first one up i already had a pot of coffee before larz got up then i made another

for us to drink while cooking breakfast. after we got done eating we all took turns shower and getting ready for the day. one the way out the door we split up into 2 groups bill and olaf in 1 group and group 2 had spaz, larz, and wally. we had to report on what we found thoughtout our day looking for houses that were haunted.

this is our report for the first day. we found one house that looked fine from the outside but had heard stories about it. we three went in a looked around to see any thing out of the orginal. everything seem find so we split up to look around the house. i went towards the kitchen and the dining room. spaz head towards the master bedroom which was on the second floor. larz went towards the living and the library. we all gether at the bottom of the stairs about two or three hrs after we seperated then we left to go back to the cabin. when we got there biff and spaz started cooking dinner for all of us. after ws sat down at the table to eat. we all discussed what we found. biff went first, he told us what the land scape look like at the house olaf and he visited. his description is the following: as they walked the the gate squeaked a little, the trees had on leaves on them and the yards was dead. as they went up the stairs of the house, the door had a crack in it . when they walked in thet said it looked normal. so they went their seprate ways in the house. the house is one story. olaf went towards the dining room, living room and kitchen. biff inspected the rest of the house. they said everything looked normal in the house, they even when as far to say it looked to clean to be haunted. we came to the same conclusion about the house we went too also. after dinner we decide that we would go to the same house on wednesday but we would change people and see if they see something

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BIFF WAPLE



THE DAY I WOULD WIN

A ghasfly story by
Biff Waple.



Once upon a time, there was a rassler named Biff Waple... or as Wally liked to call him, "Biffy". As you should know by now, Biffy comes from a long line of really crappy rasslers, i.e. his pa, Gunther vonWaple and tag partner, Larz Wapleton. Oh, and another thing you should know is that I'm Biff.

Well, one day there was a match that I was supposed to rassle in all by my lonesome because Larz had a groino-intestinal dysfunction. I think it was a few days after Pass Gas saTURDay when we all ate a bunch of double chili cheeseburgers to make us fart a lot. Oh, what a glorious day! I love to poot, and eating double chili cheeseburgers is really good for you. One time for Pass Gas Sa... oh, I'm wandering.

Um, where was I? I was gonna rassle... and Larz... oh yeah! Okay. I was gonna rassle by myself, which I don't really like to do because there's no one to tag or run to when I get scared. Spaz made me have to rassle against this really big guy named Daddy-O. He must have weighed almost 180 pounds! I mean, this guy was huge!

So the match was about to begin and I was in my locker room weeping. Well, it was more like cowering. Some guy knocked on the door and said, "Mr. Waple, you're on!" To which I yelled back, "It's Waple, you know, not 'Waple' like 'apple', but 'Waple' like maple!" To which he replied, "Whatever, time to get your butt kicked."

Hmph. Get my butt kicked, huh? I'll show him. So I headed down the hall and heard lots of people cheering for Daddy-O who was already in the ring. I remember thinking, "If they cheer like this for some guy I've never even heard of, they'll go nuts for me!"

Then the announcer said, "And introducing one half of the Wonderful Waple Boys..."

"One half?" I thought. "Where's Larz? Oh yeah. He has the farts."

"Biff Waaaaaapuuuuullll!"

"Okay, this is it," I thought. "This is where the crowd goes crazy!"

Silence. Total silence. I was so darn nervous now. Geez, no one was clapping for me. My stomach started to gurgle. Then, when it couldn't have gotten any more silent, I let one.

Finally, someone was clapping for me, "Whoo hooo! Way to go, Biff! You sure let a stinker there!"

I looked up, and of course, it was Larz. Not even my own partner was clapping for me until I cut the cheese. Do I really suck this bad?

So I try three times to get in the ring, but those dang ropes just keep getting in the way. The third time I got my leg caught in between them I nearly cut off the circulation. They should just get rid of those things. They only get in the way, and make it harder to run away.

After I finally got in and finished doing my in-ring rituals... you know, praying that I don't die, eating anti-diarrhea medicine in case I get too nervous, and the such, the bell rang. How I hate that sound. It either means I'm about to get beaten, or that I just got beaten.

The match started, and to no one's surprise, I was losing. Daddy-O was tossing me all around, doing these fanciful Japanese moves to me, and just really doing a fine job at kicking my butt. However, to my surprise, my opponent started getting tired after three minutes. But what was even more surprising was that I was in there for three minutes. I've never lasted nearly this long. I think I get that from Spanky's side of the family. His wife, Ivanna, tells me all the time that he

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So, you haven't been paying attention to what we've been doing, and now you're afraid you've been left in the dark. Well, this is...

WHAT'S UP WITH THE WAPLES?

Halloween 1995: The biggest and bestest issue of WAPLEworld ever is released. Fans from all around the world shut down what was then a young and tender Internet with a flood of subscription requests emailed to the WAPLEworld-wide Website. Spanky Waplespunk is forced to shut down all communications with the outside world in order to keep the WAPLEworld computer systems from crashing. Automated systems all over the WAPLEworld Headquarters and Trick-or-Treating Training Complex begin to fail. Bill Waple becomes trapped in an alternate dimension when the computer navigation system loses it's connection. The machines at Al's Bowl and Rassel stop setting down fresh pins. Mass hysteria ensues. The United Nations humbly requests that WAPLEworld discontinue offering copies of the Halloween issue, in the interest of world peace and preservation of the human species. In an act of ultimate compassion for all mankind, WAPLEworld grants the request. As a result, only 15 copies of the Halloween issue are ever produced, making each copy more rare and valuable than the alien cadavers held in giant Mason jars of formaldehyde by the government.

Christmas 1995: All the Waples exchange gifts. The Waples laugh when they realize that each Waple bought Hawaiian shirts for every other Waple.

Halloween1996: Sadly, due to the mayhem of last year's "incident", no WAPLEworld was produced for this holiday. Lou Waplemeyer took the news especially hard. In a fit of rage fueled by massive disappointment, Lou set out seek vengeance on Chic Nottawaple. Chic actually had nothing to do with the lack of an issue that Halloween, but Lou was pissed and he wasn't going to take "Please don't kill me!" as an answer.

All Saints day 1996: Lou is arrested for the bombing of the Nottawaple compound. In a statement read by Lou's attorney, Johnny Cockwaple, Lou stated that his only regret was that he had but one life to take from his country.

Christmas 1996: All the Waples exchange gifts. The Waples laugh when they realize that each Waple bought Hawaiian shirts for every other Waple.

Halloween 1997: Halloween was cancelled this year in lieu of Dirxque's wedding. It seems that the wedding was scheduled on the 25th, and that so much food was used during the reception that there was no candy left for Trick-or-Treaters on Halloween. The Great Pumpkin sued Dirxque charging that because there was no Halloween that year, the Great Pumpkin suffered mental anguish and loss of wages. The Great Pumpkin's employer, Santa's Holiday Making Emporium, testified that because there was no Halloween, and since the Great Pumpkin works on a contractual basis, there was no justification for paying the Great Pumpkin that year. Dirxque settled out of court, agreeing to pay the lost wages in the amount of \$9.00, and also agreeing to contribute a bag of bite size Snickers to the Great Pumpkins favorite charity, Biff Waple.

Christmas 1997: All the Waples exchange gifts. The Waples laugh when they realize that each Waple bought Hawaiian shirts for every other Waple.

Halloween 1998: One of the worst Halloweens ever, a long-lasting summer refused to give up, even by late October. The Waples laid around the WAPLEworld-wide Headquarters and Drought Proof BioDome sweating likes big fat hogs. Of course, the air conditioner had too much strain on it, and it finally gave out. Larz Wapleton

HOT SPOT

The bride of FrankenLarz



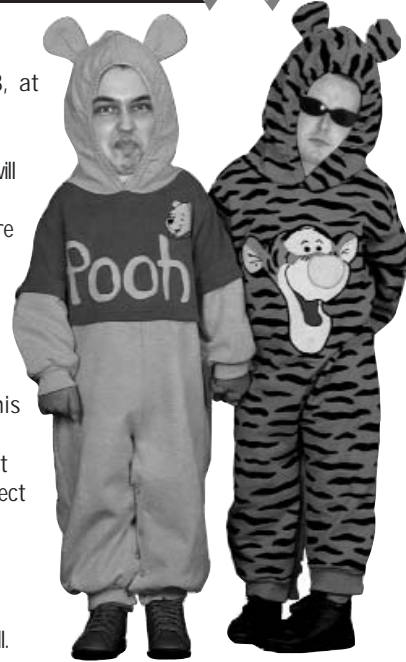
Isn't it strange that a bunch of guys that couldn't score chicks, even if a girl was hanging in the gallows and the guys had scissors, are now mysteriously wed? At WAPLEworld, we believe that there must be some sort of pollutant, or microbe or something in the drinking water that is causing broads to get even dumber than us guys know they already were. Spaz, of all people, was first to get hitched, then Chic. Followed by Dirxque and Olaf on the same day, then Spanky. Shortly after that, some dame dug up the rotted corpse of Chet and married it. That brings us to the present, and we are now on the brink of the big Larz Wapleton Wedding Extravaganza!

You read it here first, unless you already got an invite from Larz. The big guy found someone to be Mrs. Wapleton, and it wasn't Wally after all. Larz' bride was raised in Ireland, but when she started eating too many potatoes, her family boxed her up and Fed-Exed her to America, where she soon began her indentured servitude to the former

bodyguard. It was love at first spank.

Now, this October 23, at an undisclosed location (to keep the world media and paparazzi away), Larz will destroy yet another innocent (?) life. We here at WAPLEworld would just like to say... Congratulations, Larz, it's about friggin' time you scored!

Editor's Note: This should really be treated as nothing but a rumor, but we suspect that the next Waple to get saddled and spurred may be none other than Wally! And that's the scariest story of them all. {end}



Lou showed his genuine disappointment after finding out he wasn't the bride.

What's Up from Page 8

remembered hearing on some space movie once that outer space was so cold, it could even make Olaf shiver. The Waples agreed that space was the place, so they all jumped as high as they could. Even with their incredible athletic abilities, the Waples were not able to jump into orbit. Some had made it as high as 4 inches above ground level, only to return in an enormous thud. Finally, after many failed attempts, Wally managed to kick Spaz's ass so hard, that Spaz actually flew into deep space, where he exploded. After peeping through the WAPLEworld-wide Headquarters and Orbital Telescope Deep Space Peeping Tom Project, and seeing the frozen mess that Spaz had become, the Waples decided to simply wait it out back on Earth. The next day, it snowed, and all

were happy, except Spaz, who was dead, but he was brought back to life somehow and you'll have to read about it in Issue 1-4, the Stealth Issue.

Christmas 1998: All the Waples exchange gifts. The Waples laugh when they realize that each Waple bought Hawaiian shirts for every other Waple.

Halloween 1999: The largest WAPLEworld ever! The new issue of WAPLEworld is so popular, that companies all around the world are letting employees have the day off so they can wait in line for the issue to be released. WAPLEworld stock has gone up 44,886 points per share on news of the incredible new issue. No word from Wally on whether the Waples will ever win a match. {end}



OLAF BJORGENWAPLE



IF THE SHIRT FITS...

A grave-robbing story by
Olaf Bjorgenwable



It was a normal and boring night. I was deep underground in my laboratory working on my latest invention, a living fabric that when carefully tailored to fit someone, could give them super-human abilities. My goal was to create a new unitard for Biff to wear when he rasses. The fabric would have the strength of ten Biffs, making eleven total fighting at once. With that kind of strength, Biff could surely win his first match. Biff would have a unitard that is stronger, faster, and smarter than he could ever dream of being by his naked self. Yes, this is one tard that was smarter than Biff.

Through an amalgamation of various chemicals, imported silk proteins, and some secret ingredients, I managed to get a small sample of thread to actually take it's first breath. The fabric was a thin white color, almost clear. I chuckled at how funny it would be to see Biff dressed in a unitard made of clear thread, and we could see his pee-pee. Then I vomited when I actually pictured it. The thread itself had a pulse, and I could feel the warmth of it's blood, coursing through it's tiny veins. Even though it had no eyes, or even a face, I had the creepy feeling that it was mocking me, almost as I would torture a lobster in a tank, about to get boiled alive. It was a glorious moment in science. Still, I needed a test subject so I could see how the living thread would react to a human. My normal guinea pig, Spaz, was busy speaking in tongues and just really bugging the crap out of everyone upstairs, so I opted to tie the string around my own finger.

And then it happened.

Before I could react, the string tightened around my finger, cutting off the circulation to my thingy, which I had been diddling the whole time. The string grew and twisted and absorbed me into its fibrous clutches. I began to get drawn out into my own thread, stretched and pulled into tiny threads, blended and braided with the living thread I had so carelessly created. The far end of the thread latched on to an empty spool that lay on my table, and it started pulling itself, and me along with it, around the spool, winding me into it's styrofoam home. The

excruciating pain of being pulled into strands and twisted around a spool were almost more than I could stand. I prayed for relief, sweet, sweet death to overtake me so I would feel pain no more. But alas, I must have had a debt to pay, for my real pain had yet to begin.

Hearing the commotion, Biff came tumbling head over heels down the stairs to see what was causing the ruckus. "Olaf? Olaf are you there? Why uthith thpool of thread here? Were you thtitching me a birfday prethent?" I was nowhere to be found, at least, that's what Biff thought. I screamed at the top of my lungs, which were wrapped around the spool for about a dozen laps. Sadly, Biff couldn't hear me. I was only able to think, and I couldn't actually scream out loud. What I thought was my own screaming was nothing more than my desire to scream. The sounds of my own thoughts were deafening.

"Thith wath th thweet of Olaf. I think I'll thtitch him a thank you prethent." Believe it or not, Biff is an amazing seamstress. "I am an amathing theamthtreth." thought Biff as he wildly stitched away. Minutes flew by, but it felt like hours. Hours flew by, it felt like days. I wondered what Biff was turning me into as he stitched away all through the night, his cheese-dip breath soiling me beyond all recognition. I passed back and forth across my own fibrous body a thousand times as the needle pulled me in and out of myself. All the while, my living thread-like tormentor kept reminding me that I was now part of it, part of my own experiment. I could hear it, thinking at me. I thought I was in hell, yet the situation managed to get worse yet again.

Wally fell down the stairs with a horrible thud, stood up and shook off the little tweety birds that fly around his head even when he isn't falling down stairs, and asked Biff what he was making. Biff replied, "I'm thtitching a marble thack G-thtring for Olaf, ath a thank you prethent." As though hell were taunting me with such a miserable fate, to my ghastly horror, Wally replied "Imunna try that on, fatboy." {end}



SPAZ PFITZWAPLE



THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO PLAY WITH YOUR DNA

A harrowing memo that
Spaz Pfitzwaple shockingly
intercepted and called
his scary story!



WAPLElabs Internal Memo

Date: 10/31/98

To: Wally "Walla" Wapleburger, Waple Manager

Cc: Wonderful Waple Boys

From: Olaf Bjorgenwaple, WapleLabs

RE: Jurassic Waple Project

Wally,

As you know, we have been researching any number of projects and ideas here at Waplelabs. Our design goal has been to find a way to use science to "build a better Waple" in the hope of finally winning a match and bringing praise and glory to the Waple name.

One of the projects that you deemed as having the greatest chance of success was the "Jurassic Waple" project. As you may recall, the genesis of this project was the discovery of a pair of Gunther VonWaple's scorched wrestling trunks found within the vault buried on the then construction site of Waplelabs. Having been familiar with the Michael Crichton diary of John Hammond's Jurassic Park project, in which Hammond used DNA trapped within the blood of insects fossilized within chunks of amber to recreate dinosaurs, you suggested that we check Gunther's tights for genetic material which we could use to bring back our father and leader.

Upon examination, we did in fact discover a crusty brownish mass of genetic material in the rear of the trunks. Although there was some clear alteration of the DNA within the mass, due to the "blue flame" finishing move Gunther was famous for, there was enough code to allow us to proceed.

We set up the interview with Mick Foley at Shoney's as a cover for our operation. Sure enough, he demanded that Lou bring him some pudding from the buffet. Just as we had planned, we used our own container for the pudding to allow us to collect enough hair, spit, and blood to use Mick's DNA to complete the partial Gunther code.

We then took the fused code and impregnated Dirxque with it. Although the egg he laid was quite huge, it didn't take very long to gestate. On Halloween night, the egg was hatched. As soon as he looked upon his newborn, Dirxque looked upon his offspring with a look of horror. The child had no hippo traits to speak of, other than a slight beer belly. He immediately kicked the boy out of the nest, forcing us to raise him on our own.

In retrospect, maybe we shouldn't have fed him that diet of Jolt cola, triple strength coffee, and five-pound bags of sugar. Almost immediately, the child began to bounce off the walls at a superhuman rate of speed. His growth also accelerated to the point that he was full size within just eighteen months.

In order to keep the child unaware of his "heritage" we made up a story that he had been abandoned by his circus geek parents and left on the doorstep of the Waple Compound. Since he wasn't smart enough to learn the Waple style of rasslin', we forced him to leave us alone.

However, keeping him in isolation was not as easy as we had planned. We put him in a house made of straw, but he simply huffed and puffed and farted the whole house down. We put him in a house made of sticks, but he huffed and puffed and farted the whole house down. We put him in a house of bricks, then he huffed and puffed and blue flamed the house down. The finishing move of Gunther combined with the extremeness of Foley was a deadly combination: he annoyed all of us so much that we wanted to kill ourselves.

The only chance we had was to create a medication that would allow him to repress his competitive drive, allowing the Gunther in him to come shining through. After years of testing, we believed that we had found such a combination of drugs. The two pills, when taken together, seem to allow him to focus on his Wapleness. The progress was so startling that I recommended that you train him in the ways of the Waple style.

The training seems to have backfired on us though. The further he progressed, the more often he would report seeing visions of "Obi-Waple Jabroni." At the time, we paid them no mind...we figured it was just a side effect of his oxygen being cut off from all of the farting he does. However, he disappeared from the compound and he took some of the medication with him. He left a note, saying that he was going to Mount Pfitzwaple in order to meet

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Your letters keep coming in faster than we can read them. There are over 10,000,000 pieces of fan mail that we still haven't been able to read. So, it's back to the mail pile...

BILLS... BILLS... OOH! WAPLEMAIL!

Dear Spaz-
I've been following the political scandal involved with your new office as manager of the Waple Boys. It seems that while you were generally accepted as the new leader, you were never able to provide any evidence of Wally "Walla" Wapleburger actually bestowing that order on you. When you were asked to prove it, you kept changing the subject till no one brought it up anymore. Well sir, I ask you for that proof. If you can't prove that Wally actually promoted you from "pain in the ass" to manager, then perhaps I'll run for that office.

Scandalously Yours,
B. Clinton

Yo B-
Change the subject you say? Speaking of that, how about I kick your mom's ass?
Spaz - Acting Manager

Dear Spanky-
You do a wonderful job putting together each issue of WAPLEworld. I just wanted to let you know that.

Admirably, Placenta

Dear Placenta-
Thanks. You, too.
Spanky - Editor

Dear Larz,
My name is Louisa May and I am the president of the "Larz Wapleton is a Total Hunk" Fan Club. The girls, and one guy, want to know why you've let yourself go over the last year. You used to be so tall and lean,

and ripe for the plucking, and now you're just a big, fat oaf. Is it that Irish girl we keep hearing rumors about? Huh? Is it? Yeah well, if it is, we could kick her ass, you know. We haven't liked her from the start. We liked it better when you were available. Oh please marry me! Susie Lou keeps saying that she could get you in bed before I could and I'll just die if I can't prove that you love me more so marry me please!

My heart goes pitter pat,
Louisa May

Louisa-
I'm flattered that you admire me so much. But seriously, aren't I good looking? I mean, just look at this massive, um, neck, of mine. No, seriously, the rumors are true that I am getting married to an Irish bride, perhaps the luckiest Irish girl in history! Just look at my ass! Isn't it great? It's like it's carved in stone. It should be on Mount Tushmore. On a more serious note, I am unbelievably good in bed. Seriously, you'd never believe it.

(Editor's Note - We had to break it off there. Larz just kept going on and on about himself and how his gnads are so cool that even Wally wants to hold them. We appreciate your interest in hooking up with one of our rasslers. However, we regret to inform you that no positions are available at this time. We'll keep your fan mail on file for six months and notify you if something should come up. Thank you.

Dear Guys at WAPLEworld,
It seems like there are a lot more chicks around these days than there were, oh, say 6 years ago. Do you think it has been your world-wide fame and popularity that has resulted in

LARZLAND

Subhead goes here!



Here in LARZland this month I'm gonna tell you about something scary that happened to me when I left WAPLEworld. That's right... for those of you who don't read the website (and why the hell aren't you reading the website!?!?), I walked out on a WAPLEworld staff meeting last month when Spanky was really giving us a hard time. Very similar to the incident where Raven walked out of a WCW meeting, ceptin' fur he had someplace to go: ECW. I, on the other hand, had nowhere to go.

The first thing I did was call former WAPLEworld interviewee and Shoney's Breakfast Buffet enthusiast Mick Foley. That conversation was hysterical, and you can read it only on the WAPLEworld.com website.

Anyway, after I turned down Mick's job offer with the WWF (Ed. Or did he even get a job offer? Read the site to find out!), I decided to call someone who has been actively pursuing my great talents ever since he found out about me: that ten-year old, manager wannabe, Zeke da Freak. I gave him a call to find out if he would want me to be the crown jewel in the zWo.

Larz: Yo Zeke, what's up? It's your good pal, Larz. I was just wondering...

Zeke: Larz, I want no part of u.

Larz: Aw, c'mon. We'd make a great team. Our combined ages give us 37 years of rasslin' experience.

Zeke: You should stick with Wapleworld cause thats your group unless you can rassle.

Larz: Well, thanks for the great advice, Zekester. But I'm not going back to WAPLEworld.

Well, I must admit that I was pretty disappointed about being rejected by the zWo. But then I remembered another group that could use a handsome looking bodyguard. So I called Danger Woman.

Larz: Hey Danger Woman... It's Larz. Remember me?

DW: Of course I remember you, big guy!!! I'm honored you called me!!!

Larz: So how's the Blue Blazer? I mean, have you avenged him yet?

DW: Not yet, but on October 11 at RAW is WAR, I will get that meanie-mouth Kevin Kelly for making fun of me and I will challenge him to a Karaoke Showdown at the Georgia Dome on October 11th!! And I will sing at Stephanie and Test's wedding and I will avenge the Blue Blazer!!!! (Ed. For the record, none of that stuff happened on October 11.)

Larz: Sounds like you are doing okay without me. The zWo just made me feel useless, and I was kinda hoping that the Danger Force Alliance had a spot for me.

DW: Well, don't be sad. Zeke gave me the cold shoulder as well. At least here in the Danger Force Alliance, you would find a safe haven, where no evil triphobes would hurt you, mess with you or even abuse you.

Larz: Triphobes? Is that like homophobes? I don't like homos! I'm hanging up, you blue glittery freak!!

DW: Farewell, Larz. Until we meet on the net...

Well, I sure as hell wasn't gonna call WCW. If Eric Bischoff yelled at Raven for being a crappy rassler, there's no telling what he'd say to me. So I called the person who was my last hope: Tommy Dreamer.

Larz: Hey Tommy... how's it going? Remember me? I gave you a WAPLEworld and then you signed one for me.

Tommy: How the hell did you get my number in the first place? No! Leave me alone!

So after all that hard work, I realized that there was only one place for me. So I trotted down to the local Rio Bravo and bought as much tortillas and queso as I could with my \$6 severance from WAPLEworld. I took it back to WAPLE HQ and said I was sorry. Luckily, the only people that had applied for my spot as Biff's tag team partner were Zeke and Olaf, who admitted that he hated rasslin' but loved men's locker rooms. Biff shook hugged me and welcomed me back, and Spanky told me he may not yell at me anymore. Spaz told me to go get sprinkles for his ice cream. It's great to be home. {end}



Danger Woman



MECHADIRXQUE



UP, UP, UP, UP AND AWAY

A maniacal nightmare
by MechaDirxque.



It was a cookie dough and cheesecake bowl of ice cream. The bowl had frozen itself to my shirt as I sat and watched the Food Network. As usual, stupid-as Olaf couldn't wait till a commercial to ask me something; he had to just talk over the Two Fat Ladies; I hate it when he does that, the stupid fat-ass. So he asked me to do him a favor and he said that as a reward, he would melt some cheese for me to dip my ice cream in. I hungrily accepted the deal. I must admit that I found it a bit strange that Olaf would have me sign a waiver just to do him a favor, but I guess I didn't care enough to stop. I just wanted my ice cream to have melted cheese all over it.

Shortly after I signed the stupid waiver, which I didn't really read, I noticed that the words "unimaginable pain and suffering" seemed to be all through it. We went to Spanky's place to have the form notarized. Most people don't realize that a Notary is able to perform such legal functions as a wedding ceremony, an autopsy, divorce proceedings, and even flip the switch for the electric chair. Olaf said he just wanted the basic stamp on the waiver, so I wouldn't be able to sue him when he subjected me to a horrifying and excruciatingly slow and painful death. I didn't think much of it at first, but it did seem like an awful lot to ask of me.

This is where the scary part starts. It's really scary. You should turn on some lights before you read this because... oh crap...seriously....this is scaring me just to write about it. Hang on a sec, I need to get some kind of control over myself....where is my cheese....mmmmm, cheese...ok.

Olaf said that he just invented something, I don't even know what it was. He said that it would take my mind out of my brain and transfer it onto a microchip. Then he could put that chip, with me on it, into a robot, and I would be able to channel surf without having

to actually push buttons on the remote. This sounded great, so I was glad that I had signed that waiver. Then Olaf said that I would have to give up my body for this, and that's a huge sacrifice, but I wanted to be a robot, so it was ok. When I asked Olaf how this thing worked, he hesitated a little. I told him to just spit it out, that whatever I had to do, I could handle it. With a whisper, Olaf faintly replied, "You'll have to go on a... diet."

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

I began to do something I thought I would never do, I ran. I ran to get away from Olaf and his sick twisted mind. What a disgusting psychopath. I thought Lou was supposed to be the insane one of the group. I ran out of the room and into the hallway. I needed to stop for a Gatorade. After resting for an hour or so, I took off running again and to my horror I saw (you may want to put the kids to bed for this one) the stairs. My lifelong fear of running up a flight of stairs had finally come true. It was the ultimate hell, yet it was better than going on a diet. I took the stairs one step at a time, stopping to catch my breath after each step. I knew that this running just might kill me, but I'd rather die, than diet.

About a week later I reached the top of the stairs. Olaf was a step or two behind me, and he seemed well rested. I knew it would get worse. I ran out the door of the WAPLEworld Headquarters and Alpine Lodge, only to be struck with a view that sent tremors down my big fat spine. There, in front of me, was (unless you like demonic stuff, you may want to stop reading here. The next part is really bad) a HILL! It was as though the universe was against me from the start. I ran as fast as I could up the hill, chugging my enormous body as much as it would chug.

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SPANKY WAPLESPUNK



THE GREEN GOO THAT KILLS AND EATS PEOPLE AND IS REALLY SCARY!

A bone-shattering tale
of love and lust by
Spanky Waplespunk.



As everyone knows, I'm not a rassler. I've never claimed to be one. I leave all that stuff up to my twin brother, Biff. I'm not even much of a fighter, which is what makes this tale even more unbelievable.

My wife, Ivanna Waplespunk, and I were on our way back to the WAPLEworld Training Compound and Fetish Dungeon after a night at the theater. We had just seen the theatrical version of Welcome Back Kotter as presented by the A.D.D. Players. To get home, we had to cut through the bad part of town, and when I say "bad", I mean more than three blocks from white-bread suburbia.

Now let me set the mood. It's 8:30 and the sun just went down, so it's really dark. There are alleys, drunken winos, pimps, hookers (they were pretty cool I must admit), druggies, and down-and-out rasslin' managers. The air was breezy and moist, but not wet, and the temperature was about 70.

The situation had me scared crapless and I was trying to drag Ivanna outta there, but she kept on looking in store windows and talking to total strangers. I hate when she does that! I just wanted to get back to the secure confines of the house the Waple name built.

Looking up, I noticed shadows climbing the walls. Well, not really climbing the walls literally, but getting higher on the walls because figures were getting closer to us. This, I did not like.

I told my wife that we really needed to get out of there, but she wanted to keep looking in those damn windows.

I heard footsteps behind us. When I looked back, they stopped. Yet they kept getting closer and closer. I dragged Ivanna faster, but the footsteps sped up with us. I was getting pretty darn scared now and she was not helping me get out of there any quicker.

"Screw this!" I said as I started running without my wife. I turned around and watched in horror as a gigantic blob of green stuff wearing tap shoes engulfed my wife. "Oh Jeez!" I ran and ran and ran leaving my engulfed wife a good nine or ten yards behind me.

The green blobular thing looked up at me and leapt forward in an attempt to get me too! I ducked into an open door that I had been standing next to. Having no idea where I was, I stepped over derelicts and a male prostitute (that looked very similar to Harvey) and climbed the dark and cobweb-filled staircase.

Boy, did this night end up sucking. I was so scared I wanted to cry. Then I remembered what Wally always told me, "Shut the hell up, fat boy and quit bein' a pu\$\$y!" Now I really wanted to cry. I AM a fat boy, and I am a pu\$\$y. Not only that, but also a wussy!

I finally reached the top of the stairs and opened the door. I was now on the roof of this six-story slum and had nowhere to go. I looked down the side of the building and saw the goo. It looked like it was searching for me. I thought I had escaped its hungry jaws (or whatever a monster blob has) and would be safe if I just waited it out.

But just as I was about to back away from the ledge, a teardrop fell from my eye and landed on what I assume to be the blob's head. It quickly looked up at me. "Oh crap," I thought as I slumped down to the floor.

I knew that at any moment, the thing would be busting through that door to eat me, and I was pretty sure I wouldn't like that.

In an instant, the blob had stretched itself over the ledge of the roof and pulling it's body over the ledge.

Continued on Page 22



CHET WAPLEBOXER



TALES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

A haunting story by
Chef Wapleboxer.



This is the transcription of the 1997 communication between Madame Shapiro and Chet Wapleboxer that was recently found while going through Wally's underwear drawer. On the thirty-first day of every October, Madame Shapiro conjures up a certain spell in which the dead can rise and be seen by all.

Madame: "All rise for Madame Shapiro's day of the dead. We are here to contact one of the very best rasslers gone boxers ever, the late, great, tastes like chocolate cake, Chet Wapleboxer."

"Chet, can you hear me?" She looks up to as if to look toward heaven, (who know why?). "Chet, your brothers Biff and Chic are here, can you hear me?"

{A wind rushes through the room, the lamps flicker, and the shelves start to rattle.}

Biff: "Excuse me, I had tacos."

Chet: "I'm here... I've always liked the smell of Biffs poots."

{Everyone starts to gasp in amazement, as they hear Chet's voice for the first time in a year.}

Madame: "Chet, we know you have come a long way, is there anything you would like to say to us?"

Chet: "Why the hell are you still rasslin'? You are all fools!"

Madame: "Where have you been, please tell us any stories that you can share."

{The room quiets to silence as the breeze once again picks up.}

Biff: "Sorry again."

-- Chet begins his story --

Well, as you know, I have been dead now for many years. For a while I did not understand the events that were occurring around me. They were not like I pictured heaven at all. And no, it's not hell either.

This all started years ago when I first died. I always pictured myself walking toward

a white light and seeing all my friends and loved ones. Then I realized that I didn't have any friends at all, and the only loved ones I had were... oops, I don't have any of those either!

Anyway, that is not at all what happened. After I felt my life squished away in the green snake bag, I found myself re-awakened in a body of water. I just started to swim and swim toward what I thought was the surface. I barely made it to air, before dying again. When I arrived, I realized that I was in an ocean and saw only a small island nearby. I quickly started toward the island, but it did not look civilized.

When I arrived, all my years of Cub Scouts took over. I thought of how much I wanted to be like those cool scouts, but I was never able to earn my knitting patch. Damn that knitting patch, damn thee! Now I'm on an island in the middle of nowhere, with no one around, and no survival instincts what so ever.

A few days went by. Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, and so on. I still saw no civilization, but instead noticed a few weird occurrences. I saw some large indentions in the ground which seemed to be in the shape of foot prints. I thought maybe the first 3 or 4 hundred that I found were just a coincidence, but after a few hundred more, I thought that I may not be alone.

I decided to experiment with my surroundings. I climbed into the mountains where all the giant caves were. It was near one of the caves that I got my first hint of where I was. As I approached this cave, I noticed some human-made articles on the ground. The first was a camera that had been shattered. Another one was a part of a T-shirt that said, "I heart Tokyo". The last was some raw fish obviously cut by a Samurai sword. These clues lead me to believe one thing... I was in Asia-Disney!

It was at that moment that I realized

Chet's Story from Page 19

that all my clues led me astray. I heard a loud roar that only one creature was every capable of making and it came from the cave. I saw an enormous figure exit the cave. It was big, green, and bumpy all over. No, not the giant celery stick. It was GODZILLA!

He started to charge at me. I just knew that I was going to be his next appetizer. As he got closer, I heard what sounded like large bass drums beating. I turned to look and I saw that King Kong was beating his chest (yes, just his chest) and challenging Godzilla.

Godzilla forgot about me and charged toward King Kong to engage him. As he did that, it finally came to me. I was not in heaven or hell at all... I was on Monster Island! I figured that it was like purgatory.

For many weeks I observed all the monsters on the island from a safe distance. There were many other monsters on this

island, including one that looked identical to Wally Walla Wapleburger, only not as big.

The worst part is that I have no ideas how to get out of here. I have tried many different ways like, jumping off a rock and trying to fly, building a raft from the lighter rocks on the island and trying to sail away, and I even tried to build my own car, but nothing seems to work. Now I know how Gilligan and the Skipper felt. I just wish the professor was here to help me!

I only have one other idea that I will try after today. I guess that I have to challenge the monsters to a one on all brawl and fight it out. That is the only thing left to do, other than putting on Harvey's red slippers and wishing that I were home!

So guys... how are you?

{By this time, Madame Shapiro, Biff and Chic had all left and Chet was talking to no one.}

-- The seance had ended -- **{fin}**

Spanky's Story from Page 19

The door was locked so I was trapped up there with nowhere to run! I could see Ivanna's body squirming inside its Jello-like body and I knew I was doomed to the same fate. Damn, if only I were a famous rassler like my brother. I would be able to rassle my way out of this situation and to safety.

All I could do is get into the fetal position (the one rasslin' move I did learn from Biff) and wait to die.

Just as it was about to pounce on me I

heard a whirling noise coming closer. It sounded like George Jetson's car. It was quickly followed by an awful slurping noise. I knew for sure that I was being eaten and slowly killed by the scary green glob.

"Hey there, Spanky," was the next sound I heard. I assumed it was Ivanna talking to me from inside the gullet of the creature, but when I opened my eyes and wiped the tears away, I was greeted by the vision of MechaDirxque v3.14. "Thanks for watching my Jello," he continued.

"Huh? What are you talking about? Where's that big thing that was eating me?"

"I do not comprehend. That does not compute" MechaDirxque replied. "You drank a Shirley Temple and passed out in my bowl of Jello while I was lubing my cam-shaft, if ya know what I mean."

I slowly sat up and shook my head, only to realize that I was sitting on my barstool at the diner with the rest of the Waple family.

"Golly, it seemed so real." Then I turned to where Ivanna had been sitting and noticed she was gone! "Where's my wife!? The blob ate her! I knew it!"

"No she ain't!" Wally blurted. "She's takin' a dump in the toilet."

I looked up, and my lovely wife walked out with t.p. on her shoe... AND A BIG, GREEN BLOB IN THE BACK OF HER PANTS! **{end}**



Wally's Story from Page 5

we missed. so after that we all went to our on rooms an went to sleep.

we all woke up pretty late on wednesday. so by the time we got ready it was afternoon. so larz and biff made us lunch. when we got done with lunch. spaz, biff, and larz went to the big house and olaf and wally went to the small house. by the time we got to the house it was pretty late in the evening. when we enter the house olaf said it had change from the way it looked on yesterday. i ask how, he said it looked abandoned and know it looks like someone lives here. so we walked around the house they were dirty dishes in the kitchen and glasses on the table. he said the living room looked the same. so we jounery thru the house and found some weird things. there is water running the in bathroom, the master bedroom look like it had been slept in but there was nothing in the closet to proof anyone is stay there. so we decide to leave the house and go back to the cabin an start supper we were getting hungry. as we were finishing cooking it, the rest of the guys came in from there trip. during dinner we discussed our day. biff went first, he said as they enter the house tthey heard a noise in the kitchen so all three of them we too check it out. they found nothing, except dishes in the sink like someone had been cooking in there. then the guys strolled around the rest of the house. they found a lot of weird things. there is a newspaper in the living open to the sports page and a glass of milk and cookies on the end table next to the soft. in the library there



is a typewriter with paper in it halved typed. the rooms up stairs were all used but no closes in the closet and the restroom was being used also, when they walked in something smelled real bad, so that walked around in the bathroom and got over to the toliet found a pile of poo in the toliet. when they smelled it they said they vomited all over the floor.

{end}

Spaz's Story from Page 13

with Obi-Waple Jabroni. He said that Obi-Waple was going to show him the way to lead us to glory and gold. We still weren't worried though. After all, we had the only source of the medication in the world and sooner or later he would run out and would revert to his previous ways.

Today he came back, calling himself Spaz "The Medicated One" Pfitzwaple, and running endlessly annoying smack about how he was going to lead us. He overpowered me with his smack, forcing me into a corner while he held a lighter to his rear. He made me swear allegiance to him and I expect he is in the process of doing the same to the rest of us. Worse still, he has found a way to create the medication on his own.

Simply put, I am no longer able to control him. It is up to you then to bring him back under our control, before he soils the name of Gunther VonWaple. All of us know that you would never leave us in our time of need.



LARZ WAPLETON



THE NIGHT THE WAPLES WERE TURNED INTO PLASTIC

A morbid story of intestinal
waste by Larz Wapleton.



Well here it is, October 10, the night I've been looking forward too all year. The night where all the hard work paid off. The night I finally got my hands on... The Wonderful Waple Family action figures!!!!

Earlier this year I worked on securing an exclusive deal with Has-Blow Toys where they would keep all the profits and in return the Waples would get a \$1 discount on each figure purchased at retail. We couldn't believe our good fortune. Waple Action Figures! Was the world ready for them? What would they look like? They told us to wait and see on October 10. And finally that date is here.

I'm freezing outside the local We 'B' Toys. They open at midnight to start selling these hotly anticipated figures. I'm first in line to buy them. Actually, there is no line... yet.

Well, midnight arrives and there's still no line. Oh well, those other people are gonna miss out. These figures are gonna be the hottest thing since Crappage Patch Kids.

They open the doors and I run inside. I head straight back to the wrestling figures section. I look everywhere, but they're nowhere to be found. Hmmm... where could they be? I bet they put us over in the Star Wars section!! What a compliment!! I look through every single Jar-Jar Binks figure looking for Waple toys, but there aren't any. I finally break down and ask an employee.

"Where are the Wonderful Waple Family Action Figures?"

"Oh yeah... we already marked them down since they weren't selling. They're over in the clearance section."

The Clearance Section!!! I hurry through the Barbie aisle to get there. I hope this means that they hadn't sold all the good ones. I want my Wally figure, dammit. I guess the Second Assortment won't be released with Bill, Chic, Oliver, and the Ghosts of Gunther & Chet Two-Pack. Oh well, at least I have a

chance to get all the important Waple figures.

I arrive at the clearance section and I see a large bin full of the Waple figures. Jackpot!! Then I see how much they are. The sign above the bin is written in Crayon and says: "Buy one for \$1.00, get nine more for free!" Wow! With my \$1 discount coupon, I'll get take all ten figures home for free. I tore through the bin to find all the figures. I found Biff first. Good! There's Spaz and Lou. Here's Placenta... great. The female figures are always hard to find. Good, they're not sold out of the Olaf & MechaDirxque Two-Pack. Hmm, this is a great likeness of Spanky. Another female?!? What??? Oh, it's just the Harvey figure. Do I have them all yet? 2... 5... 7... 9... I'm missing two. Where are the Wally and Me figures!!! Aarrrrggggghhhhh!!!

I tear the bin apart looking for myself and Wally, but we're not anywhere. I go over to the one of the several employees who have been pointing and laughing at me.

"Where am I?!!! I want my Me figure!!!"

"Well, Larz and Wally were short-packed, so we've been keeping them at the customer service counter to prevent scalpers."

"Just give me my damn Me and Wally toys before I kick your stupid teeth in!!!"

I love being intimidating. They got my toys for me, rung me up, and I paid four cents in sales tax for all of the Waple figures. What a night. I'm going home to open all of them. I can't wait to look at them and put them on display, because I didn't look at them in the store.

Now that I'm opening them, I'm getting scared. These don't look anything like the Waples. Those jerks at Has-Blow did a crappy job on us. I wasted my \$1 discount coupon. Damn! Damn!! Damn!!! These figures suck!!! Oh, crap! Look what they did to the Me and Wally Two-Pack! We're in the same bathroom!!!! Aaahhh!!!!!!

{end}

See the figures on Page 51



LIL' BILL WAPLE



BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR (OR MIRROR IN THIS CASE)

A not-so-calming story by
Lil' Bill Waple.



Spanky was busy last weekend, reorganizing the WAPLEworld Library and Historical Documents Museum of Antiquities when he stumbled across a diary that had never been Dewey Decimated. "I better read this diary so I know what sections to put it in," thought the studious Spankster. The cover of the Diary read "Things I've Done. Things I've Seen. Things I done seen. by Bill Waple" Remembering that Bill was sucked into the 11th Dimension through a mirror by a demon, he thought this may be an interesting read.

October 31, 12:42am: It has been Halloween now for almost an hour. Nothing feels unusually frightening or horrible, though. Maybe Halloween doesn't exist here in the 11th dimension. Man, I never should have licked all those magic tattoos on my back.

October 31, 2:14am: Something strange is finally starting to appear. I knew I wouldn't be able to make it through Halloween without something bad happening. It looks like there's a silvery light in the distance. I don't know what it is, but I'm sure that it's really bad. Well, I've seen enough scary movies to know that if it looks scary and dangerous, I am obligated to go over to it. I never should have licked those magic tattoos on the bottoms of my feet.

October 31, 4:16am: It looks like this thing is a mirror, but I don't see anything in it, no reflection of me, or anything else. Of course, there's nothing around but blackness, so I guess there's nothing for me to see anyway. Although, it almost looks like I can see some little red, numbers I think. It looks like there's an alarm clock in the mirror. I don't see one around, though. I never should have licked those magic tattoos on the back of my ears.

October 31, 5:36am: The mirror is starting to get a little brighter, almost like the sun is rising. There is no sun in the 11th dimension, though. Those little red numbers are

definitely a clock, and they seem to be in sync with my watch. Wait! I think I am in the mirror looking out! I think that's Wally's bedroom I see through the mirror. That would explain the stains on the other side of the glass. Well, it's almost morning, Wally will be getting up in a few hours. Maybe I can get him to smash the mirror and bring me back to the real world again! I never should have licked those magic Tattoos on my neck.

October 31, 1:12pm: Wally is finally waking up. He's tossing and turning. The sun has lit the room up brightly. OH MY GOD! Wally sleeps nekkid! I can't close my eyes, some mystical force is holding them open and forcing me to see this. Oh dear God! The pain, the pain! Damn, Wally has a huge one. His nuts looks like little sagging happy faces. Oh no, Wally, please put on some clothes, or a robe or something. No! Don't do calisthenics! No, if you're going to do toe touches, face the mirror. FACE THE MIRROR! Eeeeeewwww. He must be out of Preparation H, and toilet paper. Oh gross. Wally's morning wood keeps going into his mouth every time he bends over for a toe touch. Ok, finally, he's going to take a shower. That was horrible. I never should have licked those magic tattoos on my teeth.

October 31, 4:08pm: Wally is out of the shower, and still naked. Geez, that is scary. Oh no, not a post-shower spankin' session. Wally! Why are you staring at me? Stop looking at me when you do that! Faggot! Maybe he can't see or hear me. That would mean he's looking



Continued on Page 28

Biff's Story from Page 7

doesn't last long when they're rasslin' either. Which was funny, cuz I didn't think that Spanky rassled.

Now, a really weird thing started happening... people started chanting my name "Bi-iff! Bi-iff!" I didn't know what to do. No one has ever chanted a Waple's name before. Never. Do I stop rasslin' and take a bow? Do I rassle even worse to make them stop, or do I just get pinned and put it all behind me?

My heart was pounding! And it wasn't the good kind of pounding like after eating 19 pizzas and it feels like your heart is trying to find more room. This was bad pounding. I almost felt exhilarated. But I was scared, too. I really didn't know how to react.

Then it happened. As Daddy-O was about to procure "The Hold" on me, a fan through a wadded up issue of WAPLEworld into the ring, hitting my opponent on the ding dong. He fell over, clutching his wee wee, and gasping for air. I started to laugh at him, but then I realized what had just happened. I was left standing in the middle of the ring, with my opponent writhing on the ground with a broken pee pee, and people were chanting my name. Whoa.

Okay, I think this is getting waaaaay too intense for me. I was in a position to pin someone... and not just anyone... my opponent. Oh jeez. "Okay, catch your breath, Biff," I kept telling myself. "Settle down." "Just slowly walk over to the guy with the injured twinkie and put your foot on his chest and flex your muscles to really make the women go crazy."

So I walked over to Daddy-O, my heart pounding more than ever. THUMP! THUMP!! I lifted my foot. THUMP! THUMP!! "Bi-iff! Bi-iff!" the crowd continued. Oh my gosh. I'm going to win a match! THUMP! THU... KABOOM!!!!

My heart exploded! Pieces of me went flying everywhere and I fell lifeless into the middle of the ring. I had died.

And what's worse is that penis-head

opponent of mine, still retching on the ground, rolled onto a part of my shoulder blade and the ref counted me out for the loss! I couldn't believe it!

"So this is it?" I thought. "This is how the Waple legacy ends." And as I floated up to Heaven, I dropped invisible, little Biffy-poops on the heads of the tens of people that chanted my name and made me die.

{end}

Bill's Story from Page 27

at himself while he does that. Judging by the spooge on the mirror, he must do this all the time. This is the scariest Halloween ever. Uh-oh, he's starting to tighten up. No. No! NO! I never should have licked those magic tattoos on the backs of my knees.

October 31, 6:26pm: I can't believe he hasn't finished yet. It's been 2 hours. This is horrible. What evil force is keeping me here to have to witness this sin against all that is healthy and good? Why am I being punished and tortured like this? Why can't I turn my head or close my eyes? Well, at least he's just about done. It looks like he's going to put on an Elvis costume and go Trick-or-Treating. Wally! Wally please! Please hear me, let me out of this prison. I guess he can't hear me. I never should have licked those magic tattoos on my balls.

October 31, 7:12pm: Well, it looks like Wally is ready to go out for the night. Oh how I wish he knew I was in hear, then maybe he could get me out. Wally would rescue me from the horrible evil force that holds me here. That's odd. It's like he's looking right at me. He's walking over this way. Maybe he can hear me. Maybe he can save me! Wally! Over here! Help! Over here! What? What is Wally saying?

"Ok lil' Bill. You stay right there till I get back. When I come back from hangin' out with Larz, I'm gonna have another huge load to shoot, and I want you to sit there where you can see it. You be good." {end}

WALLY'S TRIVIAL MATTERS

More from Wally's
chamber of wisdom
and disembowment.



Question: Why do some people give out pennies instead of candy for Halloween?

Wally: Maybe they can't pay their rent.

Question: What's the scariest costume you've ever seen?

Wally: I seen Spaz before. He scares me. I'm not scared of Spaz.

Question: The witching hour is midnight. Does that mean midnight the morning of Halloween, or the night of Halloween?

Wally: Cosmic Bowling starts at midnight, but I have to wear my socks. I won't wear those shoes.

Question: What's worse, a ghost or a ghoul?

Wally: ghorreblommin Afyasneeber plorbuh sta milnuop u maying.

Question: Is that some sort of secret code language for poltergeists?

Wally: Never seen it.

Question: What does the Chief Beef Inspector do on Halloween?

Wally: I worked third shift last night

stocking shelves at Wal-Mart.

Question: How long has it been since last Halloween?

Wally: Since March.

Question: How is Spaz doing as the Waple manager this Halloween?

Wally: He ain't the manager. Imunna whup those wussies into shape.

Question: Don't you mean you're going to beatemintasape?

Wally: Yeah. Then we're gonna sing karao..kare ay oh...kaereyoa...Immunna sing Ramblin' Man.

Question: What are you gonna be for Halloween?

Wally: Nuthin'. I'm too old to dress up.

Question: So, you're too old to dress up, but you still live with your parents?

Wally: You know it!

Question: Don't you think Larz looks cute in his Halloween outfit?

Wally: Hey! Hey! Fatboy! Let me grab your nuts, you little faggot!

MechaDirxque's Story from Page 17

Sweat poured out of me so rapidly that Olaf had to put on goggles and a snorkel to stay behind me. My life flashed before my obese eyes with every step I took. The hill was about 100 yards long, and went up at a very steep angle. It took me six months, and I had to stop and rest for 4 hours after each step, but I made it to the top.

"Damn! Olaf is right behind me." It was ok though, because I thought for sure that I could start rolling down the hill and leave Olaf in my dust. However, cruel fate decided to mock me once more, for at the top of the hill was the frozen tundra of WAPLEworld Field. There was only one clear way to escape. At the top of the stadium was a door to the room where they kept all the hot

dogs and pretzels. If I could make it to that room, and lock Olaf out, I could live off stadium food long enough to get out of that stupid deal I made with Olaf. There was only one way to get to the top of the stadium.

I can't tell the rest. It's too horrible. It involves several thousand steps, even more heart attacks, and it doesn't even have a good ending.

In conclusion, Olaf caught me, but he worked it out so that I wouldn't have to diet. He figured out a way to make my body change from 50% hippo, to 100% hippo, and still get my mind into the droid. Now, I am MechaDirxque. Pretty scary, huh?

(end)



YOU HAVE REACHED THE POINT OF NO
RETURN. IF YOU CLOSE THE PAGES NOW,
YOU HAVE WASTED YOUR TIME... IF YOU
CONTINUE, YOU WILL WASTE MORE.
PLEASE REMEMBER TO FLUSH.







HARVEY WAPLEMAN



THE DAY I CAME OUT OF THE DRESSING ROOM

A fashionably queer story by
Harvey Wapleman.



It was an openly gay and perverted lifestyle that I was leading way back in the summer of 1984. I had been shopping on Rodeo Drive, listening to Thriller all afternoon. It was Halloween day, so I didn't mind listening to a little white girl sing about ghouls and monsters, especially when that obviously gay Vincent Price had his little poem. I mean, come on, his name is VINCENT, people. How gay is that?

I found the cutest little boutique around the corner and down an alley from all the trendy stores. I just knew I'd find something really queer there, so I plunged in as fast and as deep as I could. I was so thrilled to see all the rubber bracelets, and tank tops, and parachute pants, and neon hair spray, oh, it was just too much. I immediately stripped down and just grabbed an armful of clothes to take into the dressing rooms. I tried on some of those rubber bracelets, but not on my wrists, I can tell you that. It was faaaabulous.

After leaving my name and number in the pockets of everything I had brought into the dressing room, I tried to open the door so I could still make my date with Oliver. He and I were supposed to have a little snack together. The problem was that I couldn't open the door; I was stuck in there. The lights went out and I heard the shop door close and lock. I was trapped. I knew I had to pass the hours away till morning, so I did what any red-blooded American queen would do, but they told me I can't discuss it in this family magazine.

All night long, I heard this really strange sound, like a clock ticking, but much faster. So fast, that sometimes it was just a low pitched hum. I didn't know what was going on, so I just continued to put little gooey surprises in the pockets of all the pants I had grabbed. That sound got really loud...

almost too loud. I didn't know what was happening, but I knew it was bad. I was in that little dressing room for what seemed like 14 years. I soon found out how right I was.

I finally heard the door open, and saw the lights flicker on. I gasped and fell out of the room, hoping to fall into the arms of some shirtless fireman. I wasn't so lucky. In fact, when I got out, I noticed something horrible. Something so shocking that I screamed like a school girl. I had been trapped for 14 years! And that's not even the scary part.

The worst part was that while I was in there, disco came back into style!
Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh! (end)





LOU WAPLEMEYER



I NEED T.P. FOR MY PEE PEE

An unseffling haunt about some-thing that we don't understand by Lou Waplemeyer, somebody we still don't understand.



To our dear, dear readers...
We wish to take this opportunity to apologize in advance for the story you are about to read. The story below was submitted to us by the Waple's physical trainer and dietician, Lou Waplemeyer. We are aware of the fact that the story is largely incongruent, and we are also aware that the story seems to be infected with some sort of Beavis virus. Please understand that Lou hasn't been feeling well during the last year or so. You see, Lou has gone out and got himself tangled up in the dark, mysterious world of dating. While we do admire his abilities to score, we have noticed that his brain has become overloaded, and frazzled. We believe it may be from 18 months of serious overstimulation. To confirm our theory, we tested his thingy to find out if it too has been overstimulated, and become overloaded and frazzled. Indeed, it has. His thingy is frayed at the tip, like a rope that broke and started to unwind. So, in light of the pain, and pleasure that Lou has endured, we ask that you read his story with compassion, and that you not let this story mar your opinion of Lou's writing ability, or your opinion of the quality of literature contained in WAPLEworld. Thank you. With that said, please read on...

It was a really damn dark night and stuff and like everything was like spooky and scary and stuff. It was that dumb holiday where are the little kids dress up like stupid people and like beg for baby ruths (plop!) and O Henry's .. pull my butterfinger.. Poop!
so i decided i would try my luck and dress up like the GREAT LOUHOLIO and beg for tp for my bunghole... tp .. the bunghole is in great need of tp.. olio for my bunghole?.. Well at first people like were all like you're too old and stuff.. mostly only 12 year old

girls say that one... well sometimes.. most of them just kick me in my ass.. so like after a while i was just like.. this sux and stuff and kicked some little 4 year olds ass and stole his candy and stuff and it was cool.. i eat candy .. much candy... alkjdflla;jdflasdjf 4484848 I need TP TP TP TP for my bunghole!! I AM THE GREAT LOUHOLIO.. My regurgitation is in much need of more candy which means tp for my bunghole.. so then like some old lady like tried to scare me and it was like stupid and stuff and so i told the police she tried to touch my thingy and she got in trouble.. it was cool..ummm... oh yeah.. i forgot the scary part.. then i saw biff walking down the road all trying to be cool and stuff and he showed me his thingy... that was very scary...

H-A- double LL-O-W-Double EE N spells halloween :)

LOU RULES

Soon after this story was written, Lou peed his pants and passed out. {end}





All of those mysterious
Wally sightings you've been
having should be explained
after you read...

WALLY'S ADVENTURES IN ASEXUAL MASTURBATION

It was a nearly fatal blow to his head that left Biff with nightmares. The superior Gillberg dealt the awful thunder, and as Biff lay unconscious, naked in the locker room shower, he dreamt of a world without Waples. He envisioned not only his own death, but the mortality of each and every Waple. Biff had a startling revelation as he lay there twitching and bleeding, waiting for help as other rasslers, including Larz, stood laughing and pointing at his thingy. Biff realized that the Waples "ain't gittin' no younger".

Several weeks of intensive rehabilitative naps later, Biff approached Olaf, the resident mad scientist of the Waple organization. Biff asked if Olaf would develop a way of cloning Waples, so that they might live on forever. It was a daunting task, but having had recent success with his Mind Transfer System, which is explained in depth in Issue 1-4, and even includes plans on how to build one at home, Olaf knew he could do it.

Olaf spent his days working feverishly in his underground laboratory. He toiled mercilessly with the laws of nature and

physics. After going through countless bottles of ginger ale, Olaf developed his first prototype of the Waple Cloning Mechanism. It was time for testing, and Olaf needed a basic, simple life form, before he could work up to ever more complex creatures, such as lab rats and cute little, fuzzy bunnies. He decided to use the most basic of all life forms.

Wally "Walla" Wapleburger had nothing else better to do this late night, so he staggered several miles home from a sleazy bar where he claimed he had just done it with several waitresses in the men's room. Olaf drove up along side Wally and told him that he wouldn't have to walk home if he did a favor for his ol' pal Olaf. Wally had no idea who Olaf was, but he looked just like Dirxque back before Dirxque became a droid, so Wally hopped in. They rumbled off to the lab.

Upon arrival, Wally began crying like a schoolgirl. When asked why he was tearing and sobbing, Wally said that he had to pee and it was starting to hurt. Seizing the opportunity, Olaf told Wally to step into the cloning mechanism. He told Wally it was a



portable toilet, and Wally ran right in and closed the door. Without hesitation, Olaf threw the switch and the mechanism roared to life. Lights dimmed across the northern hemisphere as Wally was frozen with electricity inside the chamber. Everything seemed to be going just right.

Several minutes later, Olaf looked into the clone bin and noticed several clones had been produced. He turned off the mechanism and let Wally out. The electrical current had been so strong, that Wally had never had a chance to tinkle, so he ran out the door and into the woods to relieve himself. Olaf, meanwhile, stayed behind to examine the clones that had been generated. Indeed, something had gone horribly wrong after all.

The clones all had Wally's body, although many times smaller, and that was how Olaf had planned it. The horrifying confusion came when Olaf noticed that each of the clones had a different face -- one for each Waple. One clone was even "born" with a mask like Biff's, but on a miniature version of Wally's body! It was a gruesome sight, indeed. Olaf pondered how this could have happened. He went through all his calculations, his notes, his paperwork, and even his underdrawers. He determined that the only way this could have happened was if Wally somehow had DNA from each and every Waple in his system at

the time he went into the chamber. Olaf went into the woods to find Wally.

Wally was still taking a leak, and began to squirt out those final sprays of fluid as Olaf approached. Olaf asked Wally if he had ever had a blood transfusion from any of the Waples. Wally stood and stared at Olaf as though he had asked the question in some foreign language, like English. Olaf asked Wally if he had been rasslin' with the Waples earlier, wondering if maybe some skin cells had rubbed off onto Wally. Alas, Olaf found no way for DNA from Larz, Biff, Lou, or any other Waples to get onto, or into Wally. Unless...

Olaf caught up with Wally later the next day. He offered to take Wally out for a manicure. Olaf paid a little extra to the manicurist and asked that she save the stuff that she scrapes out from under Wally's fingernails. After rushing back to the lab and examining the samples, Olaf discovered the source of the extraneous DNA. Apparently, when Wally would fondle the nuts of his unsuspection fellow Waples, he would scratch off scrotum cells and they would get caught under his nails. They were under his nails when he entered the cloning mechanism, and now the world is stuck with a bunch of Waple-faced Wally clones.

{end}





JOHNNY COCKWAPLE



THE WRITER

A chain-raffling story by
Johnny Cockwaple.



Spanky stepped down onto the sidewalk, leaving the crowded, smelly bus behind him. He straightened his black, clip-on tie and adjusted his ugly Hawaiian shirt so that it almost covered the soup-stain on the ugly thing. He was a mess and he knew it, but it would have to do. His briefcase, which was tucked under his left arm due to it's lack of a handle, held a few dozen copies of his resume and various writing samples, ranging from college newspaper articles to the first chapter of his long-abandoned novel. He even had a copy of the anthology, which contained one of his better short stories.

The ad hadn't said to bring any resumes or samples, but Spanky wasn't about to be caught without them... again. Actually, the ad didn't say much of anything. He had come across it by accident while he was flipping the WAPLEworld Classifieds searching for the weekend's happenings... most of which he couldn't afford to attend.

'WRITERS WANTED' it said in tiny black letters. There was a phone number underneath, but no description or address. No requirements, no qualifications. Whoever they were, they'd left the applicant pool wide open. It took Spanky all of twenty-three minutes to make the call, but it would have been faster if he knew the difference between a phone and a waffle iron.

He got a recording that simply gave a street address. No company name. No hours. Just an address. The next day, Spanky dressed himself in his best Hawaiian shirt and caught the bus to the other side of town.

The bus dropped him off several blocks away, and Spanky spent the long walk gasping for air and practicing for the interview:

"Yes, sir... I am published. Would you like to see some samples?" he was using his 'interview voice,' which was a good two octaves higher than his normal one.

"Yes, ma'am, I DO have a resume."

"As you can see, I have a bachelor's

degree in journalism."

"My GPA?... uhhh..."

Spanky had managed to stump himself.

Hopefully the interviewer wouldn't notice his less than stellar grade point average. Not that it mattered, he had been out of school for almost a decade now. Experience was what counted, which meant he'd probably be returning home without the job.

Finally, he arrived. The place was in one of those ubiquitous cookie-cutter office buildings that sprouted up like mushrooms during the last commercial development boom. This one was a three-story rental. The sign out front was blank and the building looked deserted. It wasn't run-down or dilapidated, but it did have that indescribable *empty* feeling that buildings acquired after standing vacant for a time. There were no windows in the front, and the door had been covered with newspapers.

Spanky checked the address against the barely legible numbers painted on the edge of the sidewalk. It was a match.

"Damn." he said. He was immediately peeved that he had come all the way out here just for someone's practical joke. "Writers wanted... yeah, right."

Just to be sure, Spanky gave the door a good yank. It swung open and smacked him in the face.

"Whooooaaa!" Spanky twirled like a ballerina and stumbled into the building.

"Are you okay?"

"Uhhh..." Spanky looked into the eyes of the most... unique woman he had seen since his peeping days. She was seated behind a large receptionist's desk, and either her chair was elevated or her standing height had to be over six and a half feet tall. Her hair was too red to be real, and the deep tan of her face and neck told of a standing appointment at a tanning salon somewhere. She wore a

Continued on Page 40

The Writer from Page 39

conservative black business suit that displayed less cleavage than Spanky would have liked. She was beautiful in a strange sort of way. And she was smiling at him.

"Uhhh... I'm here about the ad?"

"Of course you are!" the receptionist's smile widened. Her voice was higher than he had expected. It was almost a little girl's voice, and it certainly didn't fit with her size.

"Umm... what company is this? I didn't see a sign..."

"Oh, were just getting set up and the sign people are giving us the run-around. So you want to write, huh?"

"Yeah. I'm a freelance writer, Spanky W-uh-Waple-spank... er, spunk!" He approached the desk with his hand extended.

"Have a seat." she said before he got halfway across the room. She waved him towards the waiting area. It was just a corner of the room that had been furnished with a glass-top table a set of those plush leather chairs that farted when people sat in them.

Spanky sat.

The chair farted.

"I hate those chairs." the secretary giggled from behind her desk.

"That wasn't the chair," Spanky managed.

Pretending not to have noticed, she continued, "So do you like to write?"

"Yeah. I'm freelance."

"So, that means you're the editor of a crappy rasslin' magazine."

"Huh? How'd you know I was-"

The secretary giggled. Spanky got the joke, but didn't like being the butt of it. He **was** a the editor of a crappy rasslin' magazine... but the fact that most wannabe writers ended up as editors of crappy rasslin' magazines was pure coincidence. He was a REAL writer...

"I- uhh- I'm published, too. I wrote for my college newspaper, and I've had some of my short stories printed. I've got some samples right here..." Spanky reached for his briefcase. He knew that he was only speaking to the receptionist, but he might as well consider this as more 'practice' for the interview.

He opened the case and everything fell out,

scattering across the wooden floor. He managed to find the tattered paperback that contained his story. He stood-

"Oh, I'll look at it later, have a seat and relax."

Spanky sat back down, causing the chair to fart loudly.

"Oh, MY!" The receptionist giggled.

Smiling sheepishly he said "Sorry".

"Sooo...you write fiction or non-fiction?"

"Well, like I said, I wrote for the college newspaper and I do short stories... so I guess it's both."

"You ever write a biography?"

"Nooo, but I interviewed Cactus Jack once. It went really well, and we got into some biographical stuff. Is that what you're needing? A biography for someone?"

"Well, more than one. It's sort of like a series."

"Oh... is this like a publishing house or something? I didn't catch the name-"

"Publishing? Well, yes in a way. Mostly for a very limited audience."

"Ohhhh..." said Spanky. 'Limited Audience' usually means 'little or no pay.' "So who am I interviewing with?"

"Me." said the receptionist.

"Huh? But you're just-" Spanky frowned and kicked himself for assuming that the woman behind the front desk was a secretary. But what *else* would she be?

"S-So could you tell me more about the position, then?"

"Position? Third row from the back, second desk from the end."

Spanky laughed.

"What?" said the woman.

"You just... I... is this a full time position or just a temporary?"

"Oh, it's permanent."

"Good benefits?"

"Besides learning all the dirty little secrets?"

"Biographies... right. But umm... medical and-"

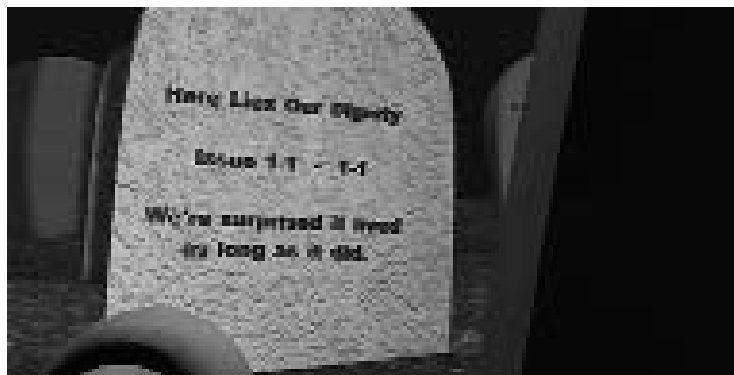
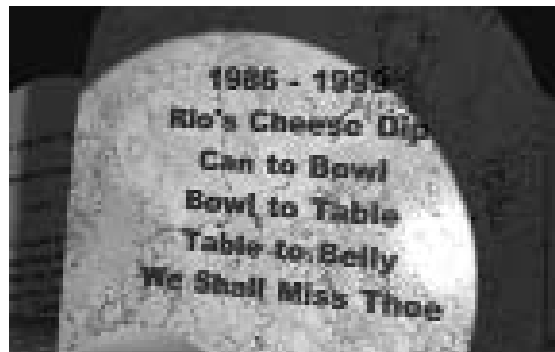
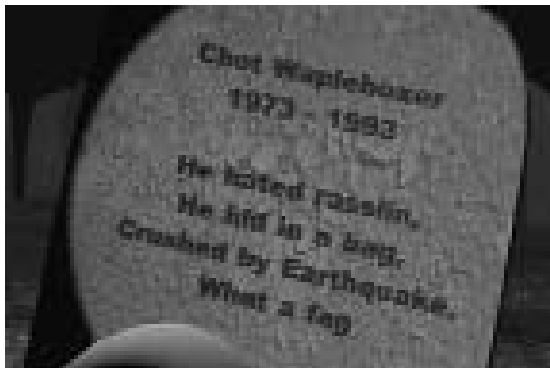
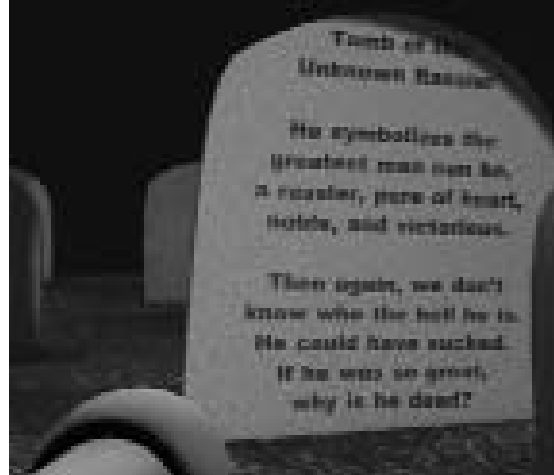
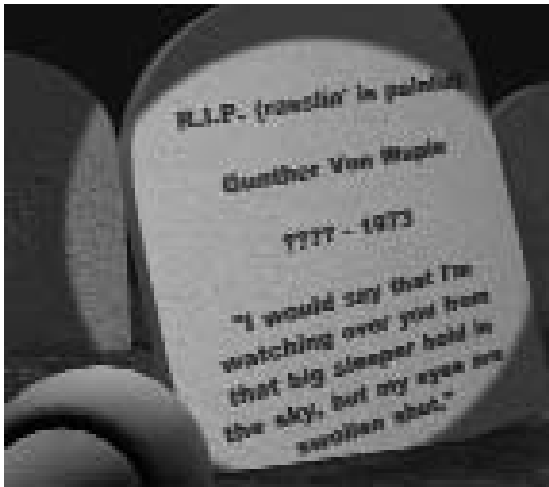
"Medical is covered."

"Cool! I mean, great! I mean...uhh... that's good."

"You like to write, don't you?"

MAY THEE REST IN PIECES

During a late-night spook-fest, we ventured out into an old cemetery. These are a few of the tombstones that we found before running away.





CHIC NOTTAWAPLE



THE WORLD IS ONE GIANT DALL...

A fire and brimstone kind of
yarn spun by Chic Nottawaple.



When we last saw our hero, Chic Nottawaple, he had moved to Tallahassee, Florida, in an effort to speed up his reproductive career with Mrs. Nottawaple. It wasn't long after moving to Florida that Chic, and his lone testicle, were able to impregnate Mrs. Chic. A wedding followed soon after. Then, another fetus formed mysteriously. It was a mystery to Chic, because he thought gnads were only good for one baby, then they were disposable. When he did some research, he read a book called "The Disposal Proposal". It mentioned that balls are capable of making many fetii. (more than one fetus), Chic felt relieved. Then, in a completely unrelated incident, everybody started melting.

It was hotter than a set of Mexican donkey nuts this fateful Halloween day. Chic had just left work and was heading home to take over diaper duty. He noticed something strange, but pleasant. There wasn't a single car on the streets, anywhere. There was no traffic at all. At first, it was great. Chic was running red lights and stop signs. He would drive on the wrong side of the road. He did doughnuts in the middle of the highway. Still, no cars, or people for that matter, were in sight. Chic got even more bold. He started driving backwards on the sidewalk. He cruised through a school zone at 31mph. He even stopped his car in the middle of a major intersection, got out, and whacked it for a while. He stopped "giving himself a ticket for speeding" (if you know what I mean) when his monstrous thingy slipped out of his hand and fell on the super-hot asphalt. It was at that moment that Chic finally noticed how hot it really was.

He got back in his car and started driving home again. He started getting worried about the lack of people around town. He felt alone, and yet, he also felt as

though he were standing in a spotlight. He felt vulnerable. He used to cuss at traffic, now he longed for the safety it brought. He just knew something bad had happened. Not far from home, Chic passed the Gunther Von Waple Memorial Ice-Skating and Snow Cone Emporium.

"Oh! I get it. It got too hot, so the whole town is ice skating and eating snow cones. I really want a snow cone too. In fact, I think I'll stop and get one in the drive through. Just as soon as I get out of the car in the middle of the road and slap it around for a few minutes."

After painting a new turning lane, (if you know what I mean) Chic drove up to the ice skating and snow cone facility. He sat at the drive-through for a few minutes, but no one asked him to order. He decided to walk in and see what was going on, and how everyone in Tallahassee managed to fit into one building.

"Damn it's hot. I'd better get inside quickly before my bald spot overheats."

Stepping through the doors, Chic could only stand and stare, and scream like a school girl. There, in front of him, were thousands of people, all of whom had been partially melted and then frozen, as if some giant 8 year old from outer space had melted them with a space-magnifying glass, then put them on ice when they got gooey. As it turns out, that's exactly what happened. A giant space-kid, obsessed with melting things, then cooling them off so he can display them on his giant space-bookshelf in his giant space-bedroom, we'll call him Lou, had just melted everyone.

As far as Chic could tell, everyone was dead. Of course, Chic was no doctor, so he couldn't be sure. He decided that only a real doctor could make such a diagnosis. He

Continued on Page 47



OLIVER P. WAPLEDINK



PEEPIN' AIN'T EASY!

A blood-letting tale of perversion
by Oliver P. Wapledink, and
Refold by Larz Wapleton.



Mail time was a joyous occasion around the Waple Training Center and Dehydration Plant. Especially when they actually received mail. On one such occasion, Larz called everybody into the mosuleum for a meeting.

"Okay everyone. I just got this letter from Oliver," Larz explained while holding a letter overhead.

"Who's Oliver?" asked Biff.

"He's you're ex-manager, duh!" He's the guy that Wally replaced after he decided to become a mormon."

"Who's Wally?"

"Wally's the ex-manager that Spaz replaced when Wally wanted to stock shelves in Wonnerobinz."

"Oh yeah. I remember her."

"Him, Biff." Larz continued. "He was a 'he'. So, anyway, Oliver sent this letter and I read it and thought the rest of yous may wanna hear it. So I'm gonna read it to you."

The Waple family gathered around Larz, sitting on the cold, damp floor with legs crossed and ears perked. Larz began.

"Oliver P. Wapledink sat in his tiny cubicle and stared at the bright computer screen. He couldn't believe how his luck had changed over the past few months and especially the night before.

When Oliver moved from Georgia to Utah in the early 90's, he was happy with the job he had traveled across the country to get. But after a few years he realized that the life of a Mormon Choir Director was not everything he was hoping for. After several odd jobs here and there, he was recently hired to answer customer service calls for a local mail-order company. The pay was awful and the work could be aggravating as hell, but the real benefit was something he had never had before... unlimited internet access.

At first he was excited to read about the latest news and sports scores from the previous night. He was able to read about the adventures of his friends, The Wonderful Waple Family, at WAPLEworld.com. It wasn't too long before he discovered chat rooms,

which were certainly a great place to meet new people. But then he discovered the "dark side" of the information superhighway: pornography. Oliver could not get over all of the filth, trash, and smut that was available online. He was delighted. Since he didn't have a girlfriend, Oliver loved to surf as many porn sites as he could during his eight hour workday, and would sometimes stay late to continue surfing after everyone had gone home for the day.

His favorite sites were the "Voyeur-Cam" sites, where he could watch live broadcasts of women taking their clothes, among other things. Oliver loved these sites because they were just like his night-time hobby, which was peeping into open bedroom windows. He loved the fact that he could watch someone undress, thinking that they were doing so in private. And even though he knew the Voyeur-Cams were staged, he still enjoyed it because they always showed so much. He especially liked Bondage-Cam.com, which featured men and women being "tortured" by leather clad dominatrixes. After all, it was fake. Oliver got to the point where he looked at nothing but Voyeur-Cam sites while on the internet.

The night before, Oliver had come home from work and ate his TV dinner. He flipped between Cartoon Network and the Sci-Fi Channel, waiting for it to get dark. As soon as it did, he dressed in dark clothes and headed outside.

He checked a few of the normal windows, but there was no activity yet. Down the street, he noticed that the For Sale sign on the old Thomas house was gone, and there was a red Corvette in the driveway. Curious, he headed down the street to the house. It caught his attention that the only light on in the house was where the downstairs bedroom should be.

He saw he was right when he peeked in the window. The drapes were open and there

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Since Halloween is known for its scary things, we've written our own list of the

TOP 10 SCARIEST THINGS

- 12: Getting a paycheck signed by a guy named "Moose".
- 69: Playing the part of "Bill Waple" in the made for Cinesnatch version of "Bill Waple Would Rather Be Dead"
- 0: The "Underdrawers" that Wally wears when he sits around watchin' rasslin'
- 4: There was an asteroid. It hit the Earth. Everybody died, ceptin' fur the Waples. You are the last bowl of cheese dip.
- 6 Godzilla Boo!
- 08: "It's the Great Pumpkin Charlie Brown"
- 08: Chet Wapleboxer
- 1: As of the date this column was written, ALL, I repeat, ALL the Waples have women.
- 2: Yes, even Wally "Walla" Wapleburger
- 70: Jar Jar Binks will be back for Episode II.
- 10: Dying before you find out what happens to that Folgers Crystals couple from the 8 year old commercials.
- 16: 3 words- Boogers, Boogers, Boogers.
- 09: Harvey and Mr. Roper getting it on.
- 07: Oh no! The "Time to make the doughnuts" guy retired! A world without doughnuts!
- 08: Dying. Going to hell. Satan forcing you to spend eternity trying to put a naked, sweaty Olaf Bjorgenwaple into a figure four.
- 11: Y'ever wake up in the middle of the night to find Mankind going through your unmentionables?
- 08: Imagine if Wally hadn't eaten in 6 whole hours and you are the last buffalo wing on Earth.
- 04: There's only 1 buffalo wing left on Earth!
- 00: David Letterman licking the inside of your bottom lip on national television.
- 08: Your copy of WAPLEworld gets lost in the mail.
- 00: Biff jumps out of an airplane using his underdrawers as a parachute. The weight of the burlap undies pulls him down at a thousand miles per hour, straight at your face.
- 10.7E12: Godzilla eats Wally and gets so full he leaves Tokyo alone. Then they make electronics faster and cheaper than this great nation of ours. The ever-increasing trade deficit forces the U.S. to stop importing T.V.s. That leaves us to use inferior American T.V.s and we have to watch Family Ties through the rabbit ears on UHF! AAAAHHHH!!!!
- And finally number 10: After a sweaty, bloody, drooly extreme match, you shower with the Waples and drop your soap.

Chic's Story from Page 43

thought to himself quietly.

"If I draw a picture of these people, and drive to another city and show the picture to a doctor, maybe he'll be able to confirm that these people are dead."

So, Chic started punching his monkey for a while. When he finished, he began drawing each person in sharp, crisp detail. Chic, as you all know, is the best artist in the Waple organization. The scene was horrific. Melted faces, melted arms, melted legs, and melted hooters were everywhere. Chic knew that he had to hurry so he could get out of there before Lou came back to get his newly melted figurines out of the freezer. Just as Chic was finishing his last drawing, there came a rumblin'.

"Aw crap."

Chic made a B-line for his car. Unfortunately, the "Furnace", as it was called by other Waples because Chic always had the heater on, and because the car was coal powered, wasn't too speedy. (One time, Organic Dirxque and Chic were cruising on the highway in the Furnace and they were passed by a Yugo.) The giant space-Lou started chasing Chic, who used a series of Duke-boy maneuvers to get away. After an exhausting car chase scene that I don't have time to write about in detail, but trust me, it was really cool and scary, Chic got away. He drove straight to the WAPLEworld-Wide Training Compound and School for

Wayward Girls Who Want to Be Cute Lesbian Doctors. When he arrived, he ran inside, pictures in one hand, ten-inch asparagus in the other, and showed the pictures he drew to Dr. Jack Kavorkiwaple.

Dr. Jack said that from the looks of the pictures, those people were either dead, or just a bunch of retards, but either way, he didn't care, because he was in a school full of cute lesbians.

(end)



Mail from Page 14

this new batch of groupies, or is it that vast fortune you have amassed by endorsing products?

M. Jordan

Dear M,

We have a fortune? We just did all those product endorsements because we actually like the products. We didn't know there was money involved. We've been living like paupers and you're telling us that all the while there has been bags of cash thrown at us, and we didn't even know it?

Where the hell is Harvey? He is our financial manager, he should know where our money is. Is he still on vacation in the Keys? I don't see how he can afford to be on vacation

for 5 straight years (not straight if Harvey has anything to do with them). Well, when he gets back, we have some questions for him.

Upsetfully Yours,
All the Waples Ceptin' Fur Harvey

Dear MechaDirxque-

So you are the first droid to have actual human emotions and thoughts, eh? Is it cool? Do you think you could act in a movie or two?

Curiously, G. Lucas

Subject: Lucas, G. -
Yes. Yes. Yes.

That is all,
MechaDirxque v3.14 <<End Transmission>



PLACENTA WAPLEONIA



101 Ways to
Pretend
You're
Wally's
Daughter

THE MIDNIGHT BELL TOLLED THE TRUTH

A horrific tale by Placenta



I stumbled into the big top as the Carney boys were tearing it down. The Halloween show was always a big money maker for the family. At the time I was living with my Mom and my Uncle Tentpole Waplonia. He had just finished put his bear "Cuddles" - an 850lb grizzly - back in his cage when I found him and bummed some money. I was sixteen at the time, kinda slutty and I had met some guy to pal around with after the show. At least that's what I told Uncle Tentpole. Really, I had met an old man. He was twenty-eight. He promised to take me away from the carnival and make me the most famous wrestler's girlfriend in the world. He told me I could be a valet for him. His name was Billy Lipsmacker.

I got the twenty-dollar bill in my hand and kissed Uncle Tentpole in his favorite special way and called off good-byes as I ran through the big top flaps. It struck me funny because he didn't slip me the tongue like usual, but I didn't care because I was living forever. My next move was to the trailer that the three of us shared. I walked in and tip toed to the back of the trailer that was my room. I dumped all my clothes and this one obnoxious bolo tie into a glad trash bag. I was ready to go off and see the world. I wanted to be the world's most famous Wrestler's girlfriend and valet! Besides I loved rasslin - it was in my blood. (I just didn't know how much) I was just finishing that thought when I saw a shadow... a big shadow. I headed for it. I was scared to death, but I thought that perhaps Cuddles had escaped. Cuddles could be a bit ornery when he didn't eat enough. I crept toward the darkness. I dropped my glad bag. I jumped up on the bed and did a flying leap into the darkness. I landed on my Uncle Tent.

We were on top of a squirmy blanket. I

whispered, "What's under that blanket?" "A big 'ole ghost," he whispered back. I shuddered. You see I never believed in ghosties so I was kinda shocked.

"Where's Mom" I said? Uncle Tent sighed and said, "out back." The ghosty under the blanket was making muffled cries for help.

I looked at Uncle Tent and asked him why Mom was out back? Suddenly the ghosty knocked Uncle tent and me off the blanket. Then, an unusual thing happened. The animal side of me kicked in to high gear. I sprung up and did a clean leg sweep. Down went the ghosty. I leapt on the bed and did a perfect Splash dive and pinned the ghost who was still under the blanket. Uncle Tent did the natural thing and gave me a three count. I got off the ghosty and shot out my first placenta. I whipped it up off the floor scarffed it down and lay across the ghosty. My bulk and strength had doubled. I picked up the ghost and demanded uncle Tent pull off the blanket. I was terrified. Uncle Tent didn't move. I looked over and Uncle Tent was... crying.

"Why are you crying Uncle Tent?" I whimpered. Just then the blanket ripped and siting there was Billy Lipsmacker. "That's not Tentpole Waplonia" he screamed. I was confused and I smelled real bad. I fell off Billy and looked in the direction of Uncle Tent. Billy stood up and yelled at me, "Run Placenta!"

I saw the bright gleam of the knife as the sobbing mass lunged toward Billy. I hopped up and ran out of the trailer. I kept running, until I tripped over my own feet and fell on my face. I think I was unconscious for a while, because when I came too, I heard a clock tolling the hour in the nearby town. I stood up dizzily and lumbered off toward the trailer. I had to know what was

Continued on Page 54



A BUNCH OF GROSSLY HORRIFIC TOP 3 LISTS

TOP 3 REASONS THE WAPLES SUSPECT HARVEY MAY BE GAY...

- 1: He wears stylish, trendy clothes, when no other Waple ever has.
- 2: He spends a lot of time in Key West, San Francisco, and France.
- 3: He is constantly um... visiting construction workers, cops, Indians, leather guys, and such.

TOP 3 REASONS WALLY PICKED SPAZ TO BE THE INTERIM MANAGER...

- 1: Spaz bribed Wally with several dozen buffalo wings.
- 2: Spaz bribed Wally with the old Spaz Mobile.
- 3: Spaz bribed Wally by holding Larz down so Wally could grab Larz's nuts.

TOP 3 WAYS SPANKY GETS HIS SHIRTS TO MATCH HIS PANTS...

- 1: Spinning the Big Wheel.
- 2: By dripping cheese dip all over both.
- 3: He doesn't.

TOP 3 NAMES FOR WALLY'S FIRST BORN SON...

- 1: Leroy Tyrone Shamika
- 2: Annabelle Lee
- 3: Wally "T." Ethridgeburger Jr. Grady

TOP 3 WAYS LARZ GOT SO TALL...

- 1: Spent his whole life trying to stick his head in the ceiling fan while he whacks it.
- 2: Wally was constantly pulling Larz up by the nuts.
- 3: During Waple picnics, he is always the odd man out, so he gets used as the rope.

TOP 3 MASTURBATION FANTASIES OF BIFF...

- 1: He fantasizes about leather clad gayfers in karaoke bars.
- 2: He fantasizes about going to a world where blinds are illegal.
- 3: He fantasizes about someday reaching orgasm from masturbation.

TOP 3 REASONS CHIC IS NEVER AROUND...

- 1: people keep trying to graffiti his bald spot.
- 2: He's busy using his one nut to make babies.

- 3: He's using his huge thingy to moor aircraft carriers to the dock.

TOP 3 REASONS CHET IS DEAD...

- 1: He was stillborn, but no one told him till after he died.
- 2: He chose a very poor hiding place.
- 3: We aren't making an accusation, but we saw Chic placing a lot of cash in the hand of Wapa Fett.

TOP 3 EUPHEMISMS FOR OLAF'S OBESITY...

- 1: Astronomers have just discovered planets orbiting around his ass.
- 2: Each ass cheek has it's own congressman.
- 3: He is the cause and cure for third world famine.

TOP 3 THINGS ORGANIC DIRXQUE DOES TO WHILE AWAY THE HOURS...

- 1: Keeps trying to mount a Chevette.
- 2: Trying to set the record for most saur kraut eaten in a single lifetime.
- 3: Wallowing in his own feces.

TOP 3 WAYS GUNTHER VON COULD HAVE AVOIDED DYING IN THAT PLANE CRASH...

- 1: He could have not gone on the trip.
- 2: He could have thrown the excess weight (Biff) out shortly after take-off.
- 3: he could have left the engines well enough alone.

TOP 3 REASONS OLIVER MOVED TO UTAH...

- 1: That Donnie Osmond is such a clean cut guy, and what a hunk!
- 2: He always wanted to be part of some guys harem.
- 3: He was scared to death of Wally, so he ran and hid.

Top 3 Reasons to Read WAPLEworld...

- 1: It's made of 100% recycled dung.
- 2: It makes you really appreciate the quality of other literature, such as receipts, pillow tags, lawn mower instructions, etc.
- 3: You're trying to go blind on purpose.

WAPLE ACTION FIGURES

After years of waiting,
the toys everyone has always
wanted are finally here!



Room mates Larz and Wally Two-Pack!
They Share the Same Bathroom!
Not the Same Bedroom... The Same Bathroom!





Have you ever pondered on just how Halloween came about? Neither have we... but here it is anyway.

THE LEGEND OF HALLOWEEN

As the sole surviving fruit of Gunther Von's loonial type areas, Biff recently decided to sort through some of his father's old possessions. Biff went through several large boxes of pornography before he finally found a report Gunther Von had written when he was in the 2nd grade; just before he dropped out. The report was titled "Famous People I'm Related To, by Gunther Von Waple, Rassler Esq.". In the report, Gunther Von told the tale of how one of his ancestors had created Halloween. (Editor's Note: Gunther Von received an "F-", but in his diary he said it was because the teacher didn't like him.)

The commonly accepted story as to the origin of Halloween is "All Hallows Eve". Ok, forget that you know that. In the great book, and by that I mean the Stealth Issue of WAPLEworld (Issue 1-4), the truth about the start of Halloween is written. Here now, is young Gunther's report.

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

Igor would often climb out of his little cave and perch on a branch that overlooked the local nudist colony, as any Waple would. Igor would hang on with one hand and strangle his squirrel with the other. He also had the ability to suck on his own chesticles, and would often suck himself while strangling. (Chesticles is the medical term for male nipples.) The sheer

excitement would leave Igor to howl up to the moon that lit up the nudists so well.

All the naked people were happy. Yet at each full moon, and there were a lot of them, they would be terrified by the howling the man-beast that lived in the cave high up in the tree tops. Their fears were realized on one late autumn night. Winter had teased the town with an ice storm that night, and Igor's perch had become treacherous and slippery. Still, a perv is a perv, and Igor skillfully took to his perch and began staring and strangling. At the height of his excitement, Igor lost grip and fell to the ground, right in the middle of the townspeople at the annual pumpkin seed roasting contest. Ultimate fright had fallen onto the town as a hairy, howling, mumbling Igor stumbled around with his arms outstretched in front of him in an uncoordinated attempt to gain his balance. Blood dripped from his mouth and his eyes were rolled up into his head. Folks was freakin', man.

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

{end}

Oliver's Story from Page 45

was a Madonna CD playing. Then he saw her.

A beautiful, voluptuous blonde walked out of the bathroom, and she wasn't wearing any clothes. Her skin was lightly tanned all over, and there were no bikini strap marks anywhere. She was the first naked woman that Oliver had ever seen without first having to pay a cover charge. The buxom blonde began to dance and sing to Madonna's "Vogue", and Oliver was in heaven. He couldn't believe that of all the houses that were For Sale across the country, this gorgeous lady moved in to the one down the street from him.

And now Oliver sat in his cubicle, replaying the events in his head over and over. Would there be a repeat performance tonight? How about tomorrow night... and the next night? He could hardly concentrate on surfing, and he only hit Bondage-Cam.com and a few more of his over 200 bookmarked Voyeur Cam sites.

That night he sat in his living room waiting for the sun to go down. The TV was on, but he wasn't really watching too intently. He was dressed in black and ready to go. He wanted to see his new lady friend.

Finally it was dark again, and Oliver crept out into the night. He told himself not to rush and appear anxious, so he half-heartedly checked out a few of his normal windows, and there was a surprising amount of activity. A woman was trying on clothes in her mirror at one house. A man and his wife were making out while watching TV in bed a few houses down. He could hear the low hum of a vibrator coming from a teenager girl's window at the house next door. Normally, this would be a great night for peeping, but Oliver could not wait to get down the street to see what the hot blonde babe was doing.

He finally gave in and headed down to the old Thomas house. All the lights were out. Damn!, he thought to himself. He went over to the bedroom window out of curiosity, and there was a tiny bit of light shining against the glass. As he looked in he could see that there were five or six candles lit, but that's not all he saw.

A very thin brunette with firm legs and a tight ass was laying face down on the bed, handcuffed to the headboard. She was

breathing very heavily. No music was playing, and Oliver wondered where the blonde beauty was. Just as he was thinking this, she entered the bedroom dressed in tight black leather that must have been painted on. Before he saw what was happening, she brought a leather whip out from behind her back and began whipping the chained-up brunette, who began to scream in ecstasy. This went on for ten minutes, and then the blonde blew out the candles and got into bed with the brunette. Oliver could only hear the occasional creaking of the mattress, and he slowly walked home.

The next day at work Oliver was a complete mess. He didn't shower or shave, and he still wore the black clothing from the night before. He went to a few Voyeur Cam sites, but they were too boring. He thought for sure Bondage-Cam.com would have something to interest him, but it was the same stuff as always. It was so fake looking, and what he had seen was very real. He answered no calls during the workday, he only leaned back in his chair and wondered what would happen when he went out later that evening.

When he got home, he couldn't sit still. He wasn't hungry, and he had no desire to watch cartoons. He just paced around the living room awaiting the darkness. Then he got an idea. He could videotape whatever he saw in the blonde's window. Then he could replay it over and over at home. Or better yet, he could start his on website with the footage. People would pay big bucks to see some real bondage action, Oliver thought to himself.

As soon as it was dark, Oliver hurried out into the night. He bypassed all of his normal windows and went straight down to the old Thomas house. He made a mental note to think of a different name for that place. It didn't matter now, because it seemed like all the lights were on inside the house. There were several cars in the driveway, and his hopes were dashed. He quietly made his way around to the bedroom window and peered inside. And he saw something he thought he would never see: a Bondage Orgy. Men and women dressed in leather, women

Continued on Page 54

Placenta's Story from Page 49

going on. I got to the trailer just in time to see Uncle Tent starting the trash fire.

Cuddles' cage was quiet as I passed. The grizzly was cooing and licking his paws. As I approached Uncle Tent he quickly turned - and to my shock and horror - IT WASN'T UNCLE TENT!! It was Mom in an Uncle Tentpole disguise. I fell back on my butt and just drooled in shock.

She said, "I know you're confused Placenta, but Cuddles ate Uncle Tent 3 years ago." "Billy Lipsmacker has been black mailing me ever since he discovered that I was actin and rasslin as Uncle Tent." I had to kill him. Don't you see? He knows everything including who your real father is." "He threatened to expose me and still you away, so I fed him to Cuddles." "I did it for you" she groveled.

I was stunned. All I could say was "who is my Father?" I also thought how odd it was that my mother was a transvestite, but it was not as shocking as what I was about to learn. Just then the twelfth bell tolled the midnight hour as my mother simultaneously told the truth of my heritage. I was scarred for life, but I sought out my family and hope for their acceptance. My mother was put in the nut house. Cuddles was killed and dissected... there were no human remains inside.

No one ever knew what really happened to Billy Lipsmacker or Tentpole Wapeloniam.
{end}

Oliver's Story from Page 53

running around naked with only a collar and chain around their necks, giant men wearing Biff Waple masks and carrying whips... it was sensory overload for Oliver. But he had his video camera, and he wasn't going to miss a moment. He began filming the festivities, and got a good twenty minutes of footage before he blacked out.

Oliver awoke with the back of his head throbbing. He was standing against what felt like a wall, but he couldn't move because of the restraints on his wrists and ankles. He

felt a slight chill in his ankles, calves, and thighs, and realized he was only wearing his boxers.

"Good morning, sunshine," the beautiful blonde said to him as she walked in from the other room. She was dressed in a big T-shirt and baggy shorts. "We found you taping us outside last night. We would have invited you inside to party with us, but that would defeat the purpose of bondage, wouldn't it?"

Oliver just stared at her with his eyes wide open. He noticed a computer on a desk across the room, and there was a WebCam on the monitor.

"You'd be perfect for my website, Bondage-Cam.com," she said as she rubbed her hand across his chest. "A lot of our customers have been complaining that lately things have looked a bit too... staged. Maybe a real screamer will keep them coming to the site."

"But I don't look like a porn star," Oliver countered. "I'm fat and ugly and hairy... who would want to see me?"

"The same people who want more realistic bondage. Walter, come in here please." A large Bill Goldberg look-a-like in black vinyl shorts came into the room with a thick leather strap. "Let's try a screen test. Walter will work you over, and you just have to react naturally."

Oliver began screaming at the top of his lungs and crying. "Nooooooooooooooooo!!!!!"

"Oh, that's really good. And feel free to scream as loud as you like... this room is soundproof."

Epilogue: After four weeks in bondage, Oliver was given two choices: he could have his freedom, as long as he signed a statement saying that he had asked to be there and would not pursue legal action; or, since he had performed so well and hits to Bondage-Cam.com had been at an all-time high, he could stay on as long as he wanted, go to all the parties, and get a nice share of the profits.

Oliver never realized how much money these porn sites made, the parties always great, and Walter was kind of cute... the end."

"Great story, Larz," Spaz chimed in, "but as you were telling it, I read the real letter over your shoulder and all it says is 'I'm having a great time in Utah. Wish you were here.'"
{real end}

TIS ALMOST THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY WITH YOUR PALS FROM WAPLEWORLD



Remember those holidays when your drunken uncle would pin you down and wipe his boogers on your forehead while your family pretended not to notice as they sat around the piano and sang Christmas carols every year? Well now you can bring back those chilling, blocked out memories when you listen to the WAPLEworld Christmas Carols CD! The CD has all your favorites, like "Wally Jolly Christmas", "Wally the Red-Nosed Drunkard", "Walking in a Winter Wonder Larzland", and of course, "I Saw Harvey Sodomizing Santa Claus". It's over 20 full minutes of cockle-jingling entertainment!

Act now, and we'll include a magnificent JEWEL CASE with each CD you order. The jewel case is made of a durable clear plastic, and is designed to allow the CD to fit snugly inside. You can listen to it now, and store it for future use! But that's not all, because if you are one of the first two people to order the WAPLEworld Christmas CD, we'll also include a hand-copied duplication of the ORIGINAL COVER ART! If you think that's all you get, then you're screwed in the head, because we guarantee that the cover art is in FULL COLOR!



How can you pass up a deal like this? You can't, that's how. Only \$29.95 for the first CD, \$29.96 for each additional CD you order, shipping will cost extra depending on how we decide to mail things that day, but rest assured, we'll gouge you for it.

CHECK PAGE 59 OF THIS ISSUE TO GET THE ADDRESS.
ACT NOW, BEFORE THE IMPULSE PASSES AND YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES!

The Writer from Page 40

"Yeah. Sure." How many times was she going to ask that question?

"That's good. We like giving writers work... no use letting all that talent go to waste. It's a sin, you know."

"Really?"

"Wasting talent. It's in the Bible somewhere... I believe it's somewhere towards the back."

"Guess I never read that part. So, tell me more about the position. What will I be writing?"

"Everything."

"I don't understand."

"Doesn't matter... you're hired."

"Huh?"

"You're hired, silly!"

"Oh, that's great! Uhhh... How much is the pay? How much money will I make?"

"How much do you WANT to make?"

"Well, I, uhhh...I mean I don't know."

"Maybe you'd like to get started. Take a little tour? Give the position a try?"

"Uhhh... sure."

The secretary pushed back from her desk and stood. She was indeed a "tall" woman. She walked over to the door opened it, revealing an undecorated hallway with white walls. She stood to one side and motioned for Spanky.

He stood and followed her into the hall. As he passed her, he caught a whiff of her perfume. He didn't recognize the fragrance... but it was strange and exotic.

"On down to the end of the hall and through that door," she said.

Spanky saw the door she was referring to. It seemed so far away. The building wasn't that big, was it? And the hallway... long and white with no other doors or decorations. It was surreal.

"Yeah," thought Spanky, "I like that word... 'Surreal'...I'm going to have to use it."

They walked for what seemed like an hour, but was most likely only a few minutes. The door grew large and imposing before them. When he stopped in front of it, the secretary reached around him and stuffed a thick iron key into the lock.

"What's the lock for?" asked Spanky.

"Security." The secretary turned the key. There was a solid "cli-CLUNK" from the lock.

"Security," he said. "Yeah."

<<That was a STUPID question...>>

The door swung open.

The smell of dusty old books wafted out into the hallway. Spanky turned away to cough, and when he looked back, his mouth dropped open...

"Gaahh...ahhhh...wha-what's this?"

The room at the end of the hall was packed with row upon row upon row of desks. Men and women were hunched over, scribbling furiously in the blank pages of large, leather-bound tomes. Spanky had entered the room from the rear, and all of the workers were facing away from him. There must have been hundreds of them, and there were quite a few empty desks as well.

"Follow me." The secretary pushed past him and began weaving her way through the rows of workers. He followed her. He was in a daze... what was this place? What were they writing? Why were there so MANY?

"This is just a satellite office," said the secretary. "The two main branches are upstairs and downstairs."

"What? I- I didn't see any sta-"

"We've got these little branches all over the world. Amazing, isn't it?"

"I'm not sure I understand."

"You will. This is your position."

The secretary had stopped beside small desk that was identical with the rest. Third row from the back. Second from the end. On it was a large, antique book. It was closed, and there was an ornate symbol embossed on the leather cover. No words. Just the symbol. He reached down to touch it-

"Have a seat."

Spanky sat down in the small hard-back chair. It was uncomfortable. Very uncomfy. It made his back hurt and his legs tingle.

"Hey," he said as he squirmed in the chair. "I don't like this one. Can I get another-"

"Here-" the secretary was holding out a pen. It was a large black fountain that seemed to have been made for a giant. The barrel had to have been an inch in diameter. "Take it," she said.

"A pen?" he said. "No word processors? No computers?"

"We're an old-fashioned shop, Mr. Waplespunk. We stick with what we know best. Here, take the pen."

Spanky reached out and grasped the odd pen. It throbbed in his hand. Over and over... like a pulse. His fingers twitched.

"Theeeeeere you go. Now here," The secretary reached down and opened the book to the first page. It was blank. Spanky put the pen to the page and it began to move of its own accord, drawing words across the glaring white surface. The handwriting wasn't his... it belonged to someone, or something else.

"What-?"

"You know there are more people alive today than have ever died in the history of mankind? Really puts a big hole in that reincarnation theory, doesn't it? But the population explosion really set us behind. All these people... all these lives. We didn't know what to do at first... we're on a deadline that just won't slide for anyone. We had to contract out... take on freelancers like yourself. Put some of that wasted talent to work."

Spanky listened to the words without actually hearing them. His hand... his arm... the words kept coming and coming. They wouldn't stop, even when his arm began to cramp. It just got faster...

He looked around at the other desks, where silent workers sat scribbling, hunched over in tortuous positions. He couldn't see their faces. Why couldn't he see their faces?

"Don't worry about them, Mr. Waplespunk. Everybody's got his or her own assignment. Let's see what you're working on..." She leaned down and looked at the words. "Oh yes, I forgot. You do your own first."

"My own?"

Spanky looked down at the open book. His rogue hand had already completed the first page and was now rapidly filling the second. He read the first few lines:

SPANKY WAPLESPUNK.

---CHILDHOOD---

BORN, MARCH 18, 1969 TO MR. ARNIE TITMOUSE (Spanky giggled when he saw that word) AND MRS. GUNTHER VON WAPLE.

AUG.12, 1974- 12:13:18PM - SPANKY LIED TO HIS MOTHER CONCERNING STAINS IN HIS SHEETS NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.

AUG.13, 1974- 8:18:56PM - SPANKY LIED TO HIS FATHER CONCERNING THE STICKY PAGES IN HIS FAVORITE PORN MAG.

It went on and on. Every lie he ever told. Every sin he'd ever committed (it took a really long time). It was a roll-call of all the things he had ever done wrong. Every profane word. Every lustful urge. Every envious or angry thought. He watched in horror as his hand traced them out in gruesome, crisp detail: The times he let his eyes... and then his hands... wander over his body. The time he threw firecrackers at the neighbors cat, chasing it out into the street. He never told the truth about how that dog died... until now. The time when he dropped some of his friend Lou's 'funny pills' into a girl's drink at the pool. The time he threatened to kill himself just to get Placenta in bed... and the lies he told people when she said "no". All of it. It was all there. It HAD to be... It was his book. The book of Spanky Waplespunk.

"What's going on!" Spanky tried to stand, tried to force his hand to stop the unwilling confessional, but his body would not respond. His limbs were no longer his own. He couldn't stand. He couldn't move. It was the chair... he couldn't get out of the damned chair!

"AAIIIIIGH!!!!!"

"Shhh..., Mr. Waplespunk! Don't disturb the other writers. We're behind enough as it is!"

Sure enough, the man at the neighboring desk lifted his head and turned toward Spanky. The man had no face. His eyes and mouth were stitched shut with wicked, black string, like some demonic rag-doll.

"Wha-Wha-Wha---"

"Oh, that's just to prevent eavesdropping, Mr. Waplespunk. Standard procedure. But don't worry... medical is covered with this position; you won't have to pay a thing."

"h-h-HELLLP!!! Let me OUT!!!"

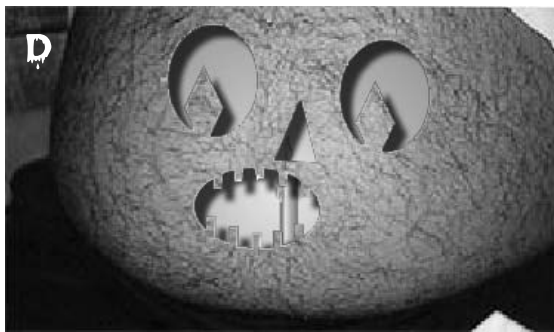
"Oh, Mr. Waplespunk... I thought you LIKED to write." **(end... finally)**



GUESS THAT GUT-O-LANTERN

Instead of the usual Jack-O-Lanterns that most other folks put out on this holiday, we decided to hollow out our own bellies,

carve faces into them, and swallow a lit candle. Can you guess who each Gut-O-Lantern belongs to?



SUBSCRIPTION AND WEB STUFF



By this time, it should be painfully obvious that you either really like WAPLEworld, or you have no life. Either way, you are craving more. Why? Perhaps a milk

deficiency, or maybe you just like to sit on the crapper, pick your nose, and have a good book to read.. in this case, crappy rasslin' zine. Whatever it is..

You Have No Life!
Of course, neither do we, or we wouldn't be wastin' our time makin' this.

WWW.WAPLEWORLD.COM

There's no spot hotter than Harvey's spot, but a close second would be the WAPLEworld-wide Website. Even this particular copy of the WAPLEworld 1999 Halloween Issue isn't as hot. That's right. the exact pieces of dead tree you are currently reading, this exact sheet of paper, right here, under all this toner, is not as hot as the website.

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*Issues will be current and successive within a one-year span. If we slack off and go for more than a few months without making a new issue, or decide to give up making new issues altogether, we will make it up to you in back issues. Old to us, but new to you.

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THEN GET A LIFE!

59

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

WAPLEworld.com



Do ya like whatcha see? Do you wanna have a Waple become the next president? Well, buy a t-shirt, or subscribe to our mailing list, or just give us money for no good reason.

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From our mouth to your eyes, it's

quote of the month

RasslnBiff: Your scary story needs to be done first. Make that you're first priority... after bowlin'.

Olafwise: Hey, at least Wally has already sent us half of his story.

Raven2001: With !?. *punctuation* and CAPITALIZATION?

bigum17(Wally): u r so fun w/that bowlin stuff, i haven't bowling at all. i don't believe in punt. and cap. any more u loud mouth. after that u can bite me ok

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Special Thanks to: The Wonderful Waple Family, the billions of fans that visit wapleworld.com every month and read WAPLEworld, our sponsors on wapleworld.com, and every rassler anywhere.



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

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PALS O' MINE

Once upon a time, a very scary time, there was a little boy named Chet. He was about nine years old and had two older brothers. They were Chic, who was ten years old, and Biffy who was twelve.

Chic and Chet lived in an apartment in New York City and Biffy lived in a separate place and worked as a museum archeologist. Across from Chic and Chet's apartment lived two really hot girls named Macabre and Roachel.

Chic and Chet were always hanging out with the girls and talking about relationships and friendships. In the meantime, the girls had another friend that they called Screemie. Screemie was a nice looking girl that had really long blonde hair and was kind of ditz.

One day, all six of the friends went to the coffee shop together. Biffy was commenting on how he was on a break when suddenly Screemie started to sing a song about some stinky rat. We didn't know what she was talking about, so we all just laughed and pretended to like this lame song. After her song, Chic started to talk about his acting job on some soap opera. It was cool because he started talking in a Transylvanian accent and I never knew that Chic could do that.

Just then, something so scary happened. Macabre, Roachel and Screemie all realized that they were in their late 20's and hanging around nine to twelve year old boy rasslers. At that point, each of the girls kicked the Waple boys' asses and got real men.

From that point on, none of the Waple boys have ever been able to get an erection, especially when they think of women.

BOO!

The Late Chet Wapleboxer