

The Spaz That  
Stole Christmas

# Waple

# WORLD™

an allix dog production

Made with recycled  
elf dung.



Volume 6 Issue 5

Wrestling = Rasslin'

Christmas 1999

## **The Beginning of an Epic... Kinda like Odysseus and Jason and the Argonauts Rolled Into One.**

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...

# PROLOGUE

...what happened last time that lead us to where we are now... kinda like a prologue.

In the beginning, there was comfort, security, and peace in WAPLEworld. Life was easy for the Waples, ceptin' fur when they were rasslin', but even then they were able to take comfort in the knowledge that they would lose. Wally was in charge, there were four brothers rasslin', there wasn't any mascot constantly telling them how much they suck, and they had only 4 pages to write. They had the old familiar friends, like Rios before it got lame, cheese dip back when it was called queso, a waitress named Lisa, and lil' Bill only had 40% of his body tattooed. It was the perfect, happy, little kingdom.

As with every story, something just had to go wrong. Over time, three of the four brothers were lost to alternative lifestyles, including a complete lack of a lifestyle in Chet's case. People that looked exactly like the team mascot started popping up once a month. The Legend of Gunther Von began to fade from the memories of all but the most dedicated Waples. The magazine became large and unwieldy, and went as much as three years between issues. Bill disappeared when he had third degree tattoos over 94% of his body. Chic began fathering children like a Catholic on Viagra.

Weights and waistlines increased geometrically. And the most fearful event imaginable came to pass when Wally, without warning, up and left for a magical land he called Wonnerobinz.

Wally left early in the morning, before the sun woke to paint the sky orange. He snuck quietly into each Waple's bedroom and kissed them on the forehead, we hope. Knowing there would be only one place that it would be found, Wally left this little note on the fridge....

*Guys-*

*Went to Wonnerobinz to stock shelves at Wal-Mart. People in crisis. Begged for my help. Gotta do what blah blah blah. It is my duty to blah blah blah. Be back when I'm done fixin' things. Spaz is in charge while I'm gone.*

*You Know It*

*Wally T Etheridgeburger*

Well, that should pretty much get you up to speed on where we are now. Enjoy!

# INGREDIENTS

This is all the festive garbage that^s in this stinky zine.

Just Who Are Those Waples?	3	Biff's Letter to Santa	12
Letters to Santa	4	An Errand	14
A Time for WAPLEkind to		Great Waples in History	16
Rejoice and Be Gay	6	Jan/Feb Events	17
All Bow and Pay Homage	7	A Letter from Wally	17
A Plot	8	It's a Wallyful Life!	18
More Letters to Santa	10		

# JUST WHO ARE THOSE WAPLES?

The jolliest, rag-tag 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 Bjorgenwaple... Mad Scientist** Develops neat gadgets and does scientific stuff.

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

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

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

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





All the Waples have been good little boys and girls... at least by Waple standards. And they all want something good this year! So here are our

## LETTERS TO SANTA

dear st. nick w/a big d\_\_\_k,  
 all my life.this is what i want for christmas is to be engaged tho the woman whom i'm in love with and will love all my life and give her my all then i want to see my friends more often then i want to be happy with my job then i wish that my friends and i will stay more in-touch and then i want too play a great father to tay-lor then last but not least more wrestling figures  
 your friend,  
 wally the great

Dear Santa:  
 I aint been to bad this year. So, I want to ask for some things. I want the Waples to experience victory once in our sorry pathetic existence. I want a new queso vat for my Daddy - Wally. Biffy needs a suck-pump 50,000. Larz needs new batteries for his pointy toys that buzz. Dirxque Starbuck needs to be put to sleep. Lou wants to dance. Spaz, the medicated one (who looks at me with disgust) needs the wedge-o-matic-reliever 4000 (even though he isn't a victim). Olaf needs a 12 foot summer sausage (xtra spicy). And finally, I would like just 2 things...1.) the chance to do a Power Bomb (stance only) with Jericho in my face, and 2.) a new Hawaiian shirt. Thanks Santa.  
 Luv,  
 Placenta

Dear Santa,  
**D**  
 Love,  
 Organic  
 Dirxque

Attention Santa:  
 10 Bring me a dollar  
 20 Goto 10  
 That is all.  
 Mecha-Dirxque

Chet's Christmas Wish list...

Dear Satan,  
 Since I have been here, I have missed some of the material items that I used to have when I was alive. Here is a short list of things I want this year for Christmas....

1. Instead on sleeping on fiery hot coals, I would love to have one of those Brittany Spears blowup love beds. You know, the one with the hole in the middle of it and pillows built in.
2. The demons keep poking me with their pitchforks, so I would like to get a Pokemon card that will save me from them.
3. Is there any way that I can get something cold to drink? That lava seems to keep everything so damn hot.
4. I would love it Satin if you let me make more visits to Earth and allow me to haunt all rasslers that I know and hate, especially the Waple Brothers. Even though they don't need any help losing, I want to do everything in power to humiliate them as much as possible.
5. Oh please Satin, if you can only give me one thing for Christmas, please let it be my brothers. I would love to see them die in a green bag and join me in rassler-loser hell forever. You can even let Sadam Husain have his way with the little sissy Waples too!

Thank you Satan and Merry Christmas,  
 Chet Wapleboxer

Dear Santa,

Before I start, I want you to know that you have been really great. During our time together I have come to rely on you, laugh with you, and enjoy life more because of you. So just keep in mind as you read this letter that it's not you, it's me.

I don't think it's going to work out between us. Lately I have been feeling like we're moving too fast. Just a few short weeks ago I was just an average guy. I had a new job as a mad scientist working for a lousy rasslin' operation. I bought a new pair of shoes. I even had free pay channels on my digital cable box. Then you came along. You had that long white beard, and those stunning black patent leather boots. We had so much in common. You liked milk and cookies just like me. We have both seen our fair share of reindeer butts. We both hated to work more than one day a year. I sometimes think we must have been twins separated at birth! We are definitely soul mates.

Then about a week ago, I started thinking about my old life. I remembered how much I used to love having my nights free, to do whatever I felt like doing at the time. Sometimes I would go out, and sometimes I would just sit at home. Since you came into my life, I've had loads of fun, but I don't get to just sit at home and channel surf anymore, or go out and run errands by myself. I guess I just feel like I don't have any "alone time" anymore, and that everywhere I go, you always seem to be with me.

Don't get me wrong, I've enjoyed the company, but sometimes I just want to go places by myself, and be alone with my thoughts. I can't do that if I'm with you twenty four hours a day. It's become rather stifling. Basically, you've started smothering me. You show up at my house unannounced, then you stay for several days. During the 2 minutes a week that we aren't together you keep calling me. You show up

at my office for a surprise lunch. Geez! Are you obsessed or something? Didn't your mom give you enough attention as a kid? Why do you feel so insecure? And what's up with the jealousy? I mean, I can't even talk to a chick in line at the grocery store without you butting in and making an ass of yourself by threatening her. What's your major malfunction?

Geez, you are such a friggin' prick. Listen, you don't own me. Ok? understand? I am my own man. You don't own me and I don't owe you anything! You don't have any right to just waltz into my life and start making demands. You don't even deserve me! Just look at yourself. You're out of shape. You've been working the same job for centuries and have never received a raise or a promotion. you wear the same stupid warm-up suit everywhere you go. you don't even own a car! You're such a loser. I can't believe I even talk to you. Why don't you just go home?

I want you out of my life for good. Got it? I want to get in that stupid sleigh of yours and fly your fat ass back to the pole. Ok? Get out of here. No one believes in you anymore! Everyone knows you're a washed-up has-been. They haven't made any claymation movies with your fat ass since 1962! You are such a loser. Get with the times. Take the Easter Bunny for example. His image was starting to get a little old, so he slicked his ears back, got a tattoo of a Harley on his nutsack, and now he delivers software to all the good boys and girls that join his website. And what do you do? You still bring fire trucks and dollies! What a geek!

This is it. I have no more patience for you. Get your crap out of my house. Go back to the pole. And drop the hell dead!

Piss Off Ass-Munch,

Olaf Bjorgenwapple



Iffin' you've never wanted  
to go to a Waple  
Christmas Party, you'll  
probably still never want  
to after you read...

## A TIME FOR WAPLEKIND TO REJOICE AND BE GAY

'Twas three weeks before Christmas  
And all through WAPLEworld  
There was love and friendship  
'Cuz it was three weeks before Christmas.

It was time for the party  
That we had every year,  
Where we'd eat lots of cheese  
And drink lots of beer (ceptin' fer Biff and  
Spanky cuz they're wussies).

Two by two they came  
The Waples filled the ballroom.  
They were all dressed their gayest  
To forget all their gloom.

There was Ivanna and Spanky,  
The hosts for the night.  
And Biff with his cardboard cutout  
of Danger Woman—what a sight!

Larz and his gal  
The newlyweds were there,  
Even Lou and Placenta,  
Now, that's an odd pair.

Olaf was there  
Toting big Dirxque around  
When they showed up together  
They nearly collapsed the ground!

And Spaz was around  
Spewing quotes from the Rock.  
At first it was funny.  
By 7, it was not.

And to round out the crowd,  
Just to brighten our souls,  
A life-sized Wally blow-up doll  
With two working holes!

More people were there  
Than any year before!  
Too many to count,  
Yet too ugly to score.

They all ate and ate  
Filled their gullets with cheese,  
And Frito Chili Pie,  
And Pergois, and cheese.

There was fudge and cookies  
and lots of hot wings.  
There was just so much food.  
Even Spaz's taco rings!

When the food was all gone,  
We sat with wide stares.  
Then someone yelled, "Presents!"  
And we all ran downstairs.

The moment arrived.  
The reason we all came.  
We would all open presents,  
no matter how lame.

So we gathered around  
The tree that was there.  
And we thought happy thoughts  
And were lost in our stares.

The Waple Christmas tree—  
We've had it for life.  
All our memories were were fond  
And they would be for life.

Then, it cut through the silence,  
A spoon dinging on a glass.  
Spaz wanted to toast before presents.  
What a pain in the ass!

## ALL BOW DOWN AND HAIL TO THE MEDICATED ONE

DING! DING! DING!

Spaz notified the rest of the family that he wanted to propose a toast by dinging on his glass of Ripple.

"Friends," he began, "and family. I would like for us all to raise a glass."

And they did.

"Although he was long scorned by his siblings..."

*"Great, he's talking in third person again" Biff thought to himself.*

"... The Medicated One has taken the Waples to heights unseen since he took over the Manager position formerly held by Fat Boy Wally.

The Medicated One promised that he would lead the Waples to victory, and so he did. There was no doubt at the Karaoke Smackdown that the hundred or so fans of The Medicated One were behind him all the way!

Spaz Pfitzwaple is even making his presence known in ECW. When Fonzie wanted help setting up a table for Sabu, who did he turn to? Biffy, Spanky, Louie, Ollie, Dirkie, Placentie? Nope — those wimps were all cowering in their beds at the Waple Compound. The Manager of Champions went straight to The Manager of Wussies and Johnny Cochwaple."

*"Johnny Cochwaple," Larz wondered. "Who is he?"*

"Who has the bumps and bruises from that night's card to show that he IS The Hardcore Learning Disabled Icon? Listen, they're chanting his name: Spaz! Spaz! Spaz! Spaz!"

The rest of the world is demonstrating beyond any shadow of a doubt that they now know their roles?

So why don't you roody-poops? You jabronis STILL want Wally to come back? Well, The Medicated One says that you can take Wally, take him on an all day shopping

spree to try and make him presentable, then take him to charm school to try and make him socially acceptable, and then turn him sideways and stick him straight up your collective candy asses!

Remember the prophecy: Strike me down and Spaz will come back more annoying that you can ever imagine!"

Then, like something out of a Freddy movie, flames engulfed Spaz's entire body as he stuck his butt toward the tree and shot a fiery blue-flame out of his tush. The tree shot up in flames, destroying all the presents underneath. And in an instant, Spaz let out a terrible laugh, covered himself with his cape, and disappeared into the night.

The Waples just sat there with their jaws practically on the floor.

After three hours of total shock, the silence was broken when Spanky said, "Um. What the heck just happened?"





...and the whole family thought that Spaz really liked them.

## A SICK, TWISTED, EVIL, HEINOUS YET LOVEABLE LITTLE PLOT TO DESTROY US....

Not long after the Waple Christmas party died down, Biff began to do the pee-pee dance, almost uncontrollably. Being his twin, Spanky sensed that something was wrong with Biff. Spanky ran over to Biff and gave him the Heimlich, causing his tinkle to spray around as though they were water skiing. Biff screamed in pain and asked Spanky why he had imposed the deadly Heimlich. Spanky replied that he knew something was wrong with Biff, and he figured the Heimlich cures just about everything.

Well, not quite everything. The bear hug applied by the Spanker led not only to Biff's potty pants, but also to Biff's now very runny nose. There was more snot running out of his nose than all the snot in the Boston Snot Marathon. As you may have guessed, Larz was quick with the mocking jokes....

Larz: Hey Biff! Your epidermis is showing!

Biff: It is not!

Larz: Ha! Your epidermis is snot? You're gross! Hey everybody, Biff's epidermis is snot. He just admitted it!

Biff broke into his standard fit of heavy sobbing and hid under the coffee table. Larz continued to giggle louder and deeper, till the giggle became a chortle, and the chortle became a heavy, wet, phlegm-filled cough. The big former bodyguard dropped to the floor like a vegetable from Lou's dinner plate. As he writhed miserably on the floor, coughing up dead fish skeletons, medical waste, CIA reports, and other garbage, Olaf started to put two and two together. He noticed that Biff and Larz each

exhibited symptoms of the dreaded "Common Cold".

Olaf: I think you two are sick.

Larz: (coughing, gasping for air between coughs) I'll say.... \*hack\* I just \*tchoorure\* coughed up a turd.

Olaf: No, I mean I think you guys have a cold.

Biff: It's too bad you can't dip tortillas in this stuff because I'm letting loose with a ton of it.

As he carefully narrated the situation to the people living through it, Olaf felt a warm, bubbly, oozing, yet familiar feeling in his lederhosen. At that point, Spaz came busting through the door, which was actually a beaded curtain. Spaz climbed up onto the television, swished his cape from around himself, and declared himself victorious.

Spaz: A Ha! I am the new master of your domain! Your precious Wally has deserted you, and he left me in charge. Placenta told me that you were planning to escape from WAPLEworld, so I tainted all your cheese dip with common cold germs. Now you'll be too sick to escape!

Lou: Yeah, that's bad for us. And you don't look so good either, sack-sucker.

Spanky: Yeah, you ate the cheese dip too. Now you'll get sick just like us!

Spaz: No I won't. \*cough\*

Olaf: Yes you will.

Spaz: No I won't. \*vomit\*

Biff: No you won't!

Spaz: Oh my crap! I'm sick! A minor oversight. you are all still my slaves. Now dance like hookers fighting over a two dollar tip!

The Waples that were able to stand began awkwardly gyrating like epileptics having seizures while climbing up an imaginary spiral staircase. Spaz sat high on his throne, laughing and hurling and blowing his nose all the while. One by one the Waples passed out from exhaustion until eventually only Spaz was left conscious. As the evening wore on, Spaz too, fell asleep. It was good that they were sleeping, for the Waples had a lot to do the next day in preparation for their dangerous mission. It was a dark and stormy night.





Here are even more...

## LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear you big fat jolly piece of crap with a corn cob pipe (in your ass) and buttocks nose and eyes made out of mold.

Ummmm, like this is Lou and stuff and for like Christmas I'd like some Boobs! Boobs! No not on me, I wanna like have some to like grab... well that might be cool if they were on me ... I could like... uhhh... feel myself up and stuff... that'd be cool... huuh huuh ... Umm... gimme knives, bats, guns, tanks, axes, swords, chainsaws, Halberds, spears, maces, and like umm other cool stuff so I can beat the crap out of people and like take their Christmas stuff so I can have more more more! I wanna have one of your elves that's a girl and stuff... and she can sit on my lap and touch my candy cane... suck my candy cane... Yes little girl that is a candy cane in my pocket!.. I want some chocolate salty balls... I want Christina Arugala and stuff.. and umm Brittany Spears and.. um... Sarah Michelle Gellar.. and get those damn goats in gear and pull that damn sleigh quicker this year you old fart... I need some cool stuff this year and not some damn ANTS IN THE PANTS!.. I'm tired of that crap....

Thanks in advance for the cash too santa.. Love Louholio!

On the First day of Christmas my true love gave to me.. he@d..  
On the Second day of christmas my true love gave to me.. a \$\*&@ job  
On the third day of christmas my true love gave to me.. sex  
On the fourth day of christmas my true love gave to me.. a butt  
On the fifth day of christmas my true love gave it to me.. doggie style  
On the sixth day of christmas my true love

gave to me... an enema  
On the seventh day of christmas my true love gave to me.. a snowball  
On the eight day of christmas my true love gave to me.. a midget with an old bald lady with no teeth and gerbils.  
On the ninth day of christmas my true love gave to me.. Bondage  
On the tenth day of christmas my true love gave to me.. S and M  
On the eleventh day of christmas my true love gave to me.. a Partridge in (well not in a friggin' pear tree)  
On the twelfth day of christmas my true love gave to me... some stuff to do with those swans a swimming, geese a geesing, some hens a laying, and some milkmaids a suckin and stuff, and then like pulling out whips and spanking my hairy buns...

Every time a christmas bell rings, an angel gets a stiffy!

Lou





Dearest darling Santa,

This Christmas, I'd like you to finally come to the WAPLEworld Training Compound and Fudge Packaging Plant. You always say you will, but you never do.

If you do come, I'll tell Ivanna to make some cheese dip for you. Then we can sit in our underdrawers and maybe watch some old rasslin' tapes or play cards.

And for presents, I want you to bring me all the past issues of WAPLEworld that I lost. And the stack of WWB trading cards that I gave to the Salvation Army last year. And I want you to teach Biff to beat-box so he'll stop asking me for lessons. And give me a bike like Pee-Wee Herman had in that movie. And if nothing else... bring me a Fudgesicle.

Love, Spanky

Dear Mr. Claus, Santa F.

Our records indicate that we have not yet received payment for your **Lifetime Membership** to WAPLEworld. We received your application on June 14, 1999. The application was approved on June 20, 1999, and your first copy of **WAPLEworld** was shipped to you on July 23, 1999.

If we do not receive payment by December 31, 1999, your **Lifetime Membership** will be cancelled, and any Past Due Balance will be forwarded to our collections department.

If you have already mailed your payment, please disregard this letter. If you have any questions, please contact our Customer Service Department at 10-10-867-5309-1313-2112-976-3825.

Sincerely,

Harvey Wapleman

Accounts Payable Administrator

Dear Santa Claus:

I really hope that you get this letter in time for Christmas. My extensive sessions with my proctologist have kept me from writing sooner. This year, I would like the following items, in no particular order:

- \* That kick-ass Indiana Jones figure from Japan that costs \$400
- \* A return interview with Mick Foley for WAPLEworld
- \* For Wally "Walla" Wapleburger to move back to Atlanta where he belongs
- \* The Princess of Kenross in a kilt and electrical tape on the cover of the Swimsuit Issue in April
- \* More live ECW shows like the last one at the Tabernacle
- \* A Green Card for Juventurd San Wapledor, the only living Waple luchador
- \* The bloody demise of Jar Jar Binks in the opening scene of Episode Two
- \* Some good men's clothing for Prince R to wear

I will be looking for all of these things under my tree on Christmas morning. Please don't let me down, or I'll have to show you naked pictures of Organic Dirxque, Olaf and Yodel cavorting in a tub of chocolate pudding.

laterz  
larz



Now things are starting to suck. Looks like only Santa can save the day. Les us hope he gets...

## BIFF'S LETTER

It was a dark and stormy night. The guys had just finished a keg of cheese dip and a couple trillion tortillas when Biff had a moment of realization, then terror.

"Hey! Where the hell ith Wally?" panicked Biffy.

Everyone just hunched their shoulders with no answer, too full of cheese to actually get up and look for Wally. Being the quitter he is, Biff immediately gave up and went back to belching and smelling the fumes that got trapped in his mask. Several months later, the thought crossed Biff's mind again.

"Hey! Where the hell ith Wally?" repeated the Biffster.

This time, he got a reaction from the guys. Olaf mentioned that he hadn't seen Wally in months, and that he vaguely remembers Wally hoofing it out the door with a bandanna tied to a stick. Lou said he hadn't seen hide nor hair of Wally. Actually, there were Wally hairs everywhere, Lou was just used to seeing them. Spanky placed a long distance call using 10 10 867 5309 314 976 3825. Harvey answered and said that he has been in Frisco for months, and neither one of them had seen Wally. More calls to all the Waples all over the universe yielded no answer. Larz decided to put on a pair of loose boxers, figuring that if his balls were swingin' freely, Wally may come a runnin'. Alas, even after several squat thrusts, there was no sign of Wally.

Everybody became very nervous. Everybody ceptin fur' Spaz, who sat on his new throne, giggling like a drunken school girl. Placenta stood at his side, nervously smiling. In a very rare display of brilliance, Biff realized there was only one person capable of finding Wally, but since Wapa

Fett was already being paid to locate the corpse of Chet, Biff opted to write a letter to Santa, asking him to bring Wally home for Christmas.

Several weeks later, at one of Santa's regional offices in Switzerland....

A very large man was sifting through Santa's mail, sorting out letters from the good kids and the naughty kids. He had managed to stash away quite a few letters from naughty little girls when he stumbled across a letter, written in urine, from a scared little boy in WAPLEworld. (In case you haven't guessed, it was Biff's letter.) The man began to defecate on the letter, as he had so many others, but something stopped him. He felt drawn to this particular letter. He sensed a disturbance in the Force. He hid the letter under a roll of fat and quickly motioned to his supervisor that he had to take a massive dump.

Once he was locked securely in his stall, and after an hour of dropping a turd the size of a human leg, the man read the letter.

*Dear Larry Santana Claus,  
My name is....my name is....my name is...Biff, Biff Waple. I have these friends, they're called the Waples and they include the following - me, Larz, Olaf, Spanky, Lou, um, Wally, no wait, not Wally, um MechaDirxque, Dirxque, yeah Dirxque. Oh, and some other guys too.*

*We lost Wally. We don't know where he is. Usually you can see him because he's real big and smelly, but we haven't seen him in a long time. We're starting to get worried. Maybe he got lost in the woods. Maybe he found an All-U-Can-Eat buffet and he hasn't finished yet. We don't know.*

*Larz told me that you are like a magic*

*genie, or something, and that if I rub Lou's butt till it shines, Larz says that you owe me one wish. So, I sat there rubbing Lou's bare ass for an hour, and Larz watched very closely. he said he was making sure I did it right, but he seemed to be enjoying the show, if you know what I mean. So, you owe me one wish, and I wish that you'd bring Wally back, you scruffy looking bastard.*

*Happy Chanukah,  
Biff*

After reading the letter, and using it to wipe off a klingon that was stuck to his sphincter, the man rose up off his terlet, put on a pair of skis the width of garage doors, and marched out of the building into the snow. Looking out from high upon the mountain top in Switzerland, the man knew that he must ski to WAPLEworld and meet with Biff and the other Waples. He felt a link that could not be denied. He felt strong. He felt destined. He fell down the mountain, rolling into a huge snowball that eventually crashed into the Atlantic ocean, drifted across to the good ol' U. S. of A., popped up over the shore, and flew through the air and landed on the front doorstep of the WAPLEworld-wide Headquarters and Tapioca Manufacturing Facility.

Hearing the tremendous thump, the guys ran and hid in fear, like the cowards they are. Once they ran out of food that was stashed in their respective hiding places, the guys emerged slowly, like mildly retarded bear cubs after a long winter's hibernation. Being the strong one, Larz opened the front door. For the first time ever, the Waples heard "Hi. My name is Yodel Waplehorne."





Something is happening in WAPLEworld. Looks like the boys may have to run...

## AN ERRAND

In the doorway stood Yodel Waplehorne. Biff, Larz, and the rest of the gang had no idea what to make of him. Lou mentioned that Yodel was like an iceberg, because he was cold, and huge, and they probably were only seeing ten percent of him. He was dressed in Bavarian-Hawaiian customary garb, and absolutely wreaked of cheese. Yodel was quite impressive, in a horrible nauseating kind of way.

"Which one of you is Biff?"

"Uh, muh, mmmm, me, mee. I am. I am the one they call.... Biff."

"You are the one that who calls Biff?"

"Them." Biff pointed to where the guys had been standing, but they had since disappeared into hiding.

"It's ok to come out guys. He looks pretty harmless, and you get used to the smell pretty quick. I only puked twice, but I re-ate it, so you can come out now!"

The Waples filed back into the room. Even Placenta had run to hide, but returned after the "all-clear" from Biff. Strangely, Spaz had remained on his throne the entire time, as if he had been expecting Yodel, yet he still had nothing to say, not even a peep. he just continued to sit high up on his throne, giggling. Yodel stared across the room at Spaz. Their eyes met and they each gave a good hard staring-at to the other. Yodel quietly asked Biff if there was a place where he and the Waples could speak, without the prying ears of Spaz.

"Why?" Larz shouted loudly. "Why don't you want Spaz to listen to you speak? Hey Spaz, why doesn't Yodel want you to hear him?"

Spaz remained silent, but his facade had turned to rage. Yodel bitch slapped Larz as Olaf led the group, sans the Spazster, to his underground laboratory and lavatory. Once they were sealed off from Spaz, Yodel began

to speak.

"I have dire news for all of you. I am...." Yodel paused, noticing Placenta and her stenograph. After whispering to Larz, Yodel fell silent. Larz jumped up and lured Placenta out of Olaf's chamber. Once Larz returned, Yodel began again.

"I am Yodel Waplehorne. Many years ago an ancestor of mine had run out of milk and could not make cheese. He climbed down his mountain in the Swiss Alps and traveled to the north shores of Europe. There, he was introduced to a beautiful female Viking, who then raped, plundered, and pillaged him. Olaf.... that Viking bitch was one of your ancestors. I am a descendant of that torrid affair, as are you, my fat cousin."

Shocked, the gang all inhaled in a gasp of horror. The decrease in pressure caused Spanky's tongue to swell, which made Lou giggle quietly. Olaf stood up and approached Yodel. He hugged Yodel and it looked as though he had known all along, but had never realized it.



"So if you are related to me, then you are a Waple as well." proclaimed Olaf.

"Indeed I am."

Biff farted loudly and Larz began trying to sniff it.

"I work for Santa Claus. Actually, I just quit, but I used to work for him in his Swiss Regional Mail Repository. I was sorting letters to Santa when I came across Biff's letter. And I mean that literally. I have always known that I was a Waple, but I never realized there were others. I always felt alone."

Larz replied "You mean like how I feel when I tag team with Biff?"

"Mmm, precisely. After reading your letter, Biff, things I had learned as a child began making sense to me. When I was young, my father gave me a copy of the Stealth Issue, issue 1-4. I read many things in there that made no sense at the time, but once I read your letter, things started falling into place."

Yodel went on to tell the story of what he had read. The issue had predicted that someday a child would be born, a child that would bring balance and victory to the Waples. He believed Wally was that child. Further, the issue had told the tale of one who would betray his friends, and seek to destroy them. He himself would pretend to be a Waple, but would eventually betray them.

"I believe that Spaz has tricked you into accepting him, and that he planned all along to conquer you, and make you his concubines. He must have known about the prophecy and he too must believe that Wally is the one. I think Spaz tricked Wally into leaving the kingdom of WAPLEworld. And with Wally gone, there will be no one to stop Spaz and his evil ways."

Spanky, his tongue back to normal size, spoke up. "Yeah, and that Placenta chick keeps standing by Spaz and she always takes his side and I don't like her because she's mean to Harvey and sometimes I scratch my nuts and get rolls of ball cheese under my fingernails and I like to sniff and

eat the cheese."

Olaf agreed. "Yes. Placenta must be siding with Spaz in order to rise to power, since Wally never claimed her as his rightful offspring. We can not allow this to go on. This must stop now! It must never happen again!"

Quote the Louster, "Nevermore!"

Biff quietly began to speak. "Wait guys. We can't just run up those stairs, get winded, take a nap, then run up the rest of them and burst into Spaz's throne room and kick his ass. He and Placenta will mess us up, and but good."

"He is right." said Olaf. "We must find another way."

Yodel was stern in his tone. "We must find Wally and tell him of Spaz's evil plan. Only Wally can defeat the ghastly Sarlac belches of Spaz. Biff. Larz. You two are the warriors. you two are the only Waples that can travel the universe in search of Wally. The rest of us will stay here and try to slow Spaz's control of WAPLEworld."

Larz pulled a sixteen inch kielbasa out of his throat and said "Yeah, but Spaz won't let us leave. Once we noticed that Wally was gone, Spaz called shotgun and he has been in charge. He said that Biff and I can't go out even for rasslin'. He said if we have a match, it has to be nearby, and Placenta must escort us."

"That sucks. It sucks!" spurted Lou, ever the poetic one.

Olaf joined in. "I think I have a way that we can pull this off. I have been developing a machine that can be worn on the wrist, like a watch. It has the ability to cloak it's wearer in a field of invisibility. I suppose with a few modifications, I could cause it to cloak the user into a disguise. Then, we can





So, the Waples of now-a-day happen to suck. But in the past, when things were different, there were lots of...

## GREAT WAPLES IN HISTORY

**Big Bang-** All the elements are created, including Wapleonium, which was by far the heaviest, most dense element. While it is very rare, a small deposit exists in each and every Waple.

**The Universe Cooled-** So formed the stars and planets, including WAPLEworld, in a galaxy far, far away.

**Life is Created-** The Waples started as a single celled plant that grew in the warm feces deposited by more evolved life forms.

**Lightning Strikes-** The Waple plant is mysteriously transformed into an animal. It evolves into a multi-celled creature.

**The First Humans-** You've heard of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden. Well, Felix Waple lived under a rotted stump just outside the gated community.

**Old Testament-** It was first believed that the Waples died in the Great Flood. However, some Waple sperm was secretly smuggled on board the ark, hidden inside a sheep's uterus.

**The Pyramids-** Great numbers of Waple slaves helped build the Sphinx, which explains the half-assed job done on the nose. One Waple survived a plague of locusts by eating them. He was known as Xciyach Tutenwaple.

**The Ming Dynasty-** The Great Failure, a samurai that never won a fight, was executed when the Emperor learned that his real name, Tao Sheng "The Mongolian Beef" Wapleson, had an "L" in it. "L" and "R" were both strictly forbidden at the time.

### An Errand - Continued

put one on our wrists, and pretend to be Larz and Biff when Spaz is around. That way, he won't know that Larz and Biff are out looking for Wally."

Yodel added, "I think it would be best if I went with Biff and Larz. Spanky, since you are Biff's twin, you can impersonate him. Harvey is the only one tall enough to impersonate Larz, so we need to contact him and bring him in on the plan. Olaf, can you make this work?"

"Yes. Yes I can."

"Very good then. I will go with Biff and Larz once Olaf has modified his cloak watches. Spanky will train and learn to act and rattle like Biff. Larz, you contact Harvey and have him return here immediately. Are we all clear on the plan?"

"Wait. What do you do?" Spanky asked Yodel.

"Me? Well, I did have that part time gig working for Santa, but my formal training is in narration. I am a narrator."

Biff added, "Yeah, I love Larry Santana Claus!"

The plan was set. Each of the Waples fell asleep where he stood, overwhelmed with fear, excitement, and a belly full of cheese that Yodel had brought with him from Switzerland as a gift. The next day, the Waples would begin their training and prepare for their mission. A new era was dawning in WAPLEworld, and the Waple's were sure that this new plot in their lives would increase readership of WAPLEworld the magazine. Only time will tell.

## JAN / FEB EVENTS

For those of you who have nothing better to do than sit on the terlet all day and read WAPLEworld, here are some things that you may like to celebrate.



Jan 1 — The world will end at 12:00 am. No lives will be spared. The universe shall be devoid of all life. Fortunately, WAPLEworld uses nothing that requires Y2K compliancy. Waples will be spared and will repopulate the earth.

There are no Waple birthdays in January

Jan 15 — This is the first January 15th of the year 2000.

Jan 27, 1492 — A Waple threw Columbus off course.

Feb 2 — Gunther von Waple's Birthday

Feb 5 — Gunther von Waple's Birthday (Observed)

Feb 14 — A guy's least favorite day cuz no matter how much flowers and candy he buys his chick... he still won't get any.

Feb 26 — Flag Day (Mexico) Eat a bean today!

Feb 28 — Spaz's Birthday

## A LETTER FROM WALLY

dear fat boys.

how r u doing? yes it was did u finish the rest of the wapleworld yet. no i haven't. when do u need it? ok do u want to write something? did u watch the ppv Sunday i don't know i will. ask here what she would like. i have no idea of a name. bulah pep-cid. I like Canker Wapleburger. bulah cankerburger within two weeks i think.

so what did we dacide? what r the rest of the women name in the world of waples? what about chet's and Larzes and olaf's too? she is crazy

were is olaf? how is the kitchen coming along? it was great and weird in some place.

did u here about hogan laying down for sting? no match at all, then sting lost the belt to goldberg and then they stripped goldberg of the belt on mon. then goldberg lost the us belt to bert on mon. hart. Ok

got to go talk with u later

ok

wally



What would the world be like if Wally had never been born? Much better? Could not be much worse. Find out in...

## IT'S A WALLY-FUL LIFE

For Wally "Walla" Wapleburger, the rasslin' world was already in shambles. Those damned writers from the WWF had just taken Ric Flair off of television, and he hadn't gotten a new issue of WAPLEworld, a magazine he contributed to regularly, in nearly two months. But to make matters worse, both Wonnarobbinz high school football teams were out of the state playoffs. This final bit of news sent Wally over the deep end. "I wish I had never been born," he loudly proclaimed, as he stormed out of his parents house and into the snowy night.

As he waited for the bus, a candy apple red 1974 Ford Pinto pulled up, and the driver turned out to be none other than the Spirit of Gunther von Waple.

Gunther: Now Wally, certainly you don't mean that... about never being born?

Wally: Oh, hey. Yes, I'm serious. I'm DEAD serious.

Gunther : I think you'll change your mind about that. Let's go on a little trip. And lets assume that you were never born.

Wally : Whatever you say... you're driving.

After a few minutes of driving, it was obvious that they had left the streets of Warner Robins (Wonnarobbinz) and were on the streets of Atlanta, a two hour drive away.

Wally : Hey, how did we get here so fast?

Gunther : I know a really good shortcut.

Wally : Oh. (Looks out the window for a few minutes.) Hey, there's Buffalo's. I love them wangs. Wait, uh... I thought that they closed down. Did they open up again?

Gunther : No, Wally, they never closed their doors. The whole reason they closed was because SOMEONE came in on All-You-Can-Eat night and ate 17 ½ baskets of chicken wings. They lost so much money that night they went out of business. That

someone was Wally "Walla" Wapleburger... who was never born.

Wally : Oh. (Looks down at his gut) I'm hungry. Can we go in and eat?

Gunther : I think that's a good idea.

(Once inside, Wally ordered a pitcher of Diet Coke and asks the bartender to turn on WCW Monday Nitro.)

Wally : Hey fat boy, turn on Nitro!

Bartender: Turn on what?

Wally : Nitro! WCW Nitro! With Sting and Flair and Goldberg and Nash and, umm....

Bartender : What are you talking about? That show was cancelled years ago! The only wrestling on tonight is WWF Raw.

Wally : Whaaa???? Nitro's supposed to have the reunion of the nWo Wolfpac tonight! I saw it in TV Guide!!

Gunther : Wally, the bartender is right. Nitro was cancelled years ago. The only reason it stayed on the air during the Dungeon of Doom days was because you watched it. Wally "Walla" Wapleburger was the only person who tuned in every week to Nitro and bought every Pay-Per-View. But he was never born, and Nitro got cancelled.

(Larz Wapleton walks by, and Wally gets excited.)

Wally : Hey, fat boy! Wassup??

Larz: Excuse me?

Wally : What's going on homey?

Larz : Do I know you?

Wally : Right.... Remember this? (Fakes a grab at Larz's balls. Larz doesn't flinch.) What's the matter? Why isn't he afraid?

Gunther : (Getting annoyed) Larz doesn't know you because you were never born, and you never had a 30th birthday party, and you never grabbed Larz's balls three times!

Larz : Who grabbed my balls??

Wally : Oh, I think I understand. (To

Larz) Hey, where's my WAPLEworld?

Larz : I'm leaving. This is gettin' too weird.

Wally : Okay, tell Biff that I said hey.

Gunther : Not very likely... they've never even met. That fateful day at Rio Bravo's where the three of you met never happened.

Wally : Why not?

Gunther : Because you were never born!

Wally : Oh yeah. (Not even paying attention since he's watching WWF Raw). Hey, is that Biff and Chic Waple with their shoulders to the mat?

Gunther : (Proudly) Yup.... I'm so proud of my boys. They got rid of that first manager they had and decided to manage themselves. They managed themselves all the way into WWF preliminary matches. They still haven't won yet, but I know they....

Wally : (Cuts him off) Why didn't they call me?? I could manage them to their first win! I would beatemindasape!

Gunther : (Getting very flustered) Well... first off, you were never born, so they can't call you! Second, they only got this far by managing themselves, so having you as their manager would mean that they would never make it that far!

Wally Wait a minute.... Are you saying that the Waples, and rasslin', and wing restaurants are better off without me ever being born?

Gunther : Well, umm, yes. Yes I am.

Wally : You lyin' dog! I

wanna be born again so I can put wing places outta business. And so I can continue to watch more great WCW shows. And so that I can go back to managing the Waples, who will never amount to nothin' except for writing my favorite magazine... WAPLEworld!! It really is a Wally-ful Life!!!

Gunther : Oh brother....



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



WAPLEworld  
P.O. Box 724914  
Atlanta, GA  
31139  
Or e-mail waple-  
world@allizdog.c  
om and tell us  
what you want.

### OLAF'S BACK PAGE EXPERIMENTS....

Here's one for all you junior chemists out there. Did you know that the energy in your finger is strong enough to solidify things? It's true. Try these experiments....

Mix a couple tablespoons of corn starch with a little bit of water. Get the mixture to a runny, syrupy consistency. Once you have the paste, spoon a glob onto your hand. Notice how the mixture runs and drips. Now, put your finger in the center of the goo, pressing slightly, as though you are trying to slide it off your hand. The spooge firms up like plaster! Remove your finger and it goes soft again. Amazing! (WARNING: Do not eat paste, as you forgot to wash your hands before you began, and you don't know where your hands have been.)

Here's another one....

Unzip your pants, or in Biff's case, pull up the adhesive tab on your Huggies. Get a good grip on your thingy. Notice how it firms right up. let go, and it soft-ens again. Cool eh? (WARNING: Could cause blindness, hairy palms, and messy sheets. If irritations occurs, consult a physician, not your mommy.)

Conclusion: Wieners are made out of corn starch.

### From our mouth to your eyes, it be quote of the month

Wally to his chick: Will you marry me?  
Girlfriend: I was afraid you were gonna ask that.

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

**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**

WAPLEworld is a periodic publication that is not affiliated with any particular wrestling organization. All written material, illustrations, the WAPLEworld name and all other Waple-related names and characters are property of the Wonderful Waple Boys and the Wonderful Waple Boys are property of Alliz Dog Productions. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any way without written consent of the publisher. All event names, rasslers, managers, etc. may be the property of their respective owners. Use of trademarked names in fictitious works are used for satire purposes and not meant to cause harm or humiliation. Don't sue us. © Copyright 1994-1999, Alliz Dog Productions. All rights reserved.

### BIFF'S GONNA GET HIM SOME

Spanky: Are you ever gonna date Biff?  
DangerWoman: Well, I need to schedule it in.  
Spanky : Would you really do it?  
DW: I would be honored.  
Spanky : A real date? Like with a kiss at the end of the night?  
DW : Yes.  
Spanky : With tongue?  
DW : I do not know. I never had that honor, Spanky. And, I have to be chaperoned.  
Spanky : Biff is still a virgin.  
DW : Poor Biff.  
Spanky : He needs a woman with experience. Or none at all.  
DW : I may be of assistance.  
Spanky : How is that?  
DW : I could even help Biff understand what Dragon Con is like and introduce him to Freddy Valentine.  
Spanky : But what about the sex?  
DW : Mr. Valentine is a rassler.  
Spanky : Biff doesn't want to do another guy!  
DW : I would lecture him about being safe than sorry.  
Spanky : So you wouldn't teach him the pleasures of the flesh?  
DW : I would educate him and I would teach him the importance of checking for lumps on the breast and that certain muscle. After all, cancer is a monster demon!  
Spanky : What does that have to do with getting it on?  
DW : I will tell you. It is an important, healthy part of showing one's grown-up feelings.  
Spanky : Would you let him check for lumps on you?  
DW : Yes. Besides, it could save our lives.  
Spanky : What certain muscle were you talking about?  
DW : There are certain things a lady can't say, because of the code of the comic book world.  
Spanky: So what do I tell Biff about a date? Biff sleeps in the nude. All he wears is his mask.  
DW : I have to close my eyes on that.  
Spanky: He and Larz are going on a trek to find Wally. We don't know when he'll be back. Is there anything that you would like to say to Biff as an inspirational message?  
DW: Yes. NEVER GIVE UP ON YOUR DREAMS! Use this quest to seek new horizons and learn about this great land!  
Spanky: And find Wally, right?  
DW: Yes!  
Spanky: Do you mind if Biff keeps in contact with you through his journey? He will have MechaDirxque to use as a laptop and be able to talk with you via AIM.  
DW : No, I do not mind. And, please make sure that WAPLEworld does a travel diary of this quest! And, promote is as "WAPLEworld: The Quest For Wally!"