

Waple WORLD

an alliz dog production

TOO THICK FOR TOILET PAPER,
SO YOU MAY AS WELL READ IT

Over 100 Ghastly Pages!

STORIES SO SCARY YOU'LL SWEAR
YOU CRAPPED YOUR PANTS

Morbidly Grotesque Freaxque Show!

HOW WERE CREATURES BORN LIKE
THIS EVER ALLOWED TO LIVE?

Failed Waple Ventures

NEARLY SLAUGHTERED AT THE
PRIME OF THEIR LIVES, CAN THE
WAPLES CARRY ON?

Will Our Heroes Die?

BIFF AND LARZ MAY
FINALLY BE DONE FOR



WAPLEWORLD HALLOWEEN 2001

Dedicated to the victims who fell, the heroes who rose,
and to all Americans. God Bless America.

HOWDY THERE!

A WARM WELCOME FROM THE EDITOR



So, it has come to this: a possibly last issue of WAPLEworld and it ends up being 130 pages. You'd think that with that many pages worth of stuff and crap for one issue, we would have been able to come up with enough to write issues for all of 2000 and the first part of this year.

But, alas, such was not so. Was it laziness that prevented us from putting out issues over the past 18 months? Yes. Was it lack of motivation and drive? Yeah. Was it the overwhelming schedule of other Waple things that kept us away? Not as much, but somewhat.

If you want to know the real reason why there was such a long gap from then and now, just read 'Failed Waple Ventures' and 'Where Have Those Waples Been?'

So what's happened since the last issue? If you recall, Biff and Larz were about to go on a search and recover mission with Yodel and MechaDirxque to bring Wally back from Wonnerobinz. While doing that, the rest of the gang had to put up with Spaz and

all of his "Evil Reign of Terror" crap.

Well, time passed and Biff and Larz had many fantastic and unbelievable adventures. Wally came back to WAPLEworld two days after the guys left because he forgot his chest comb and was just too lazy to go back. Spaz was banished and relegated back to status of WAPLEwannabe. We forgot to let Biff and Larz know that Wally was home, so they searched 18 months for naught. Meanwhile, the rest of us... well you'll read more about it in a few pages.

Before I go, I want to let everyone know that the last eight years (oh geez, where has my life gone) since the beginning of WAPLEworld has been the best. I know that I, and I'm sure the rest of the Waple Family will agree, will always remember this span in our lives as either a lot of fun, or a really pathetic waste of human existence. Although WAPLEworld: The 'Zine may be gone, there will always be Waples, and don't ever forget that.

Toodles, Spanky Waplespunk

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Editor: Spanky Waplespunk
Creative Assassin: Yodel Waplehorxne
Deadline Specialist: Larz Wapleton
Yo Daddy: Wally "Walla" Wapleburger
Photographer: Robert Waplethorpe

Special Thanks to: The Wonderful Waple Family, our billions of fans, the production companies that are going to want to produce WAPLEworld stuff and every rassler anywhere.

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Obituaries

WHO WERE THOSE WAPLES
AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM?

Obituaries / Bios

Gunther von Waple

Rasslin' Legend

Meaning: Warrior of Born Loser (German)

Born: ??

Died: 1973

Position: Known as "The Father of Modern Losing Streaks", Gunther was the inspiration, and DNA tested father of the Wonderful Waple Brothers, Biff, Chic, Chet, and Bill, well, ceptin' fer Chic.

Characteristics: Gunther Von was a man with a singular purpose, too dumb to do two things at once, or even at all. Gunther Von lived solely for the purpose of winning a rasslin' match. He weathered inhuman misery, only to die winless, infamous, broke, and missing a testicle. He was neither bright, nor intelligent, nor smart, nor wise, and not even all that funny, but he was fat around the middle.



Biff Waple

Rassler/Gunther's Eldest Son

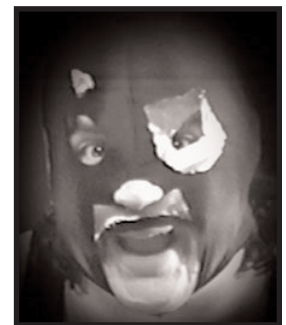
Meaning: Loser Born After Long Wait (Biff is short for Biton, African)

Born: 3/18/1969

Died: Twice so far

Position: "The Man-boy in the Mask" is the current patriarch of the Waple clan, and is known as the smarts behind the strategic thinking that goes on during a match. Using his superior wit and weight, Biff fully intends to someday accomplish what his beloved father never did, score with a hottie, and win a rasslin' match. While neither seems likely, Biff soldiers onward, leading his rag-tag team of misfits toward that ever-so-elusive victory.

Characteristics: Biff is afraid of being afraid, and fears not only fear itself, but also the fear of that. He is loyal to his



clan, and quick to defend, but never quite quick enough. Biff has two true loves, rasslin', and his not-so-secret mistress: eating. He could best be compared to a 7-year old Gary Coleman that wears a rasslin' mask.

Larz Wapleton

Tag-Team Partner

Meaning: Laurel Crowned of Loser Town

Born : 7/27/1973

Died : Or at least, he might. Or might he?

Position : Former body-guard to the Wonderful Waple Brothers, Larz patiently waited for an opening on the tag-team. He finally won the position of Tag-Team Partner by beating the competition, which failed to show up because it failed to exist. Larz is both the power, and the precision, of this powerful and precise team. Using his signature move, the Buttknife, Larz hopes to create a name for himself in the annals of history, and the anal of porn movies.

Characteristics : Always several steps behind, and never hesitant to get around to procrastinating if and when he gets the chance, Larz has used his powerful mind to create a new space-time continuum known as "Larz Time", in which everything else around him has to wait seemingly forever while he does whatever the hell it is that he does. The rare combination of strength and intelligence makes Larz have diarrhea more than any other Waple.

Yodel Waplehorxne

Narrator/Chef/Tub of Lard

Meaning : One Who Yells from Loser Mountain (Derived from Native American Yaholo)

Born : 8/29/1972

Died : On the table, was revived, and is now a vegetable

Position : Yodel is a man of many duties, and many more doodies. As Narrator, Yodel guides the Waples when they are lost or confused, which is constantly.



He simply whips out his enormous, throbbing, sweaty Stealth issue of WAPLEworld, and reads what to do next. As the Waple Chef, Yodel spends many an hour in the kitchen with dynamite. Using recipes from the Stealth issue, Yodel prepares wholesome, and relatively lethal meals. Among his other tasks, Yodel has been known to function as a cleric, a know-it-all, and Jedi Master to the Waples.

Characteristics : Yodel is both an ass and a jerk at the same time. He tends to be condescending (which means to talk down to), and has a firm feeling of elitism. In spite of these humbling traits, Yodel remains confident in his abilities, which are few, but large. Possessing vast wisdom, Yodel wrote this, and what a fantastic literary movement this is.

Wally "Walla"

Wapleburger

Esteemed Manager/Chief Beef Inspector

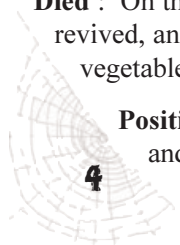
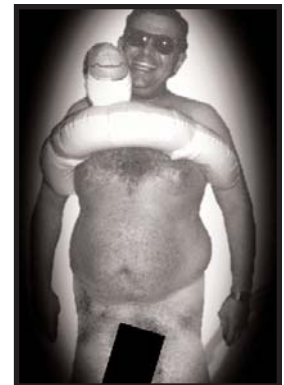
Meaning : Ruler "Walla" of Loser Meat Sammiches (Wally is derived from Waldo)

Born : Via a huge vagina

Died : The same way

Position : Wally is the true manager of all things Waple. He commands the respect of everyone within his gravitational pull. As manager, Wally is responsible for training, scheduling, appearances, naptime, movie rights, and a host of other trivial duties that he subs out to inept fools. In 1996, after inhaling a four-pound burger that was actually only 3.987 pounds, Wally successfully ran for the elected position of Chief Beef Inspector of the United States. As CBI, Wally has done virtually nothing. It's as though he thinks being CBI is like managing a rag-tag team of misfit rasslers.

Characteristics : Wally is a veritable rainbow of feelings. He is friendly and generous, and fat as hell. He can be a raging drunk one minute, and can chastise a Waple for eating pudding the next. He intimidates everything in his mighty shadow, yet takes the meek and helpless under his wing. Then he eats 187 hot wings and twelve 32 oz. Diet Cokes in one sitting. He is a parody of himself, without trying. With a ten-pound tongue, he is loud, yet mumbles in his own language. All in all, Wally is more man than anyone would ever want to handle, if you know what I mean.



Spanky Waplespunk Editor
in Chief/CEIEIO

Meaning: Loser Who
Enjoys Spanking It

Born : 3/18/1969

Died : Wetting his pants

Position : Spanky is the main man in charge of the whole she-bang. He edits WAPLEworld, maintains the WAPLEworld Wide Website, models the swimwear, manages the theme park, makes big-time corporate decisions, and uses the P.A. to announce what number is now being served. Spanky does it all, and for that, he gets very little, if any, credit.

Characteristics : Spanky is enthusiastic about almost any project, or at least anything that he can use to sell out by putting the Waple logo on. While being enthusiastic, Spanky also shows courage in the way he continues to not pay our sewer bill here at H.Q., and he swears that someday, he'll get even with the Department of Poop. Spanky is also known to have a period, making him rather moody most of the time, and has a collection of over 3,000 Hawaiian shirts.



Lou Waplemeyer
Trainer

Meaning : Famous Loser of
Battles

Born : Of fire

Died : Yeah, we wish!

Position : Lou serves as the guy in charge of maintaining the rigid, steel-like bodies the Waples are known for. He uses a combination of exercise and diet to create and upgrade the supreme physical attributes that keep opponents on the run. Actually, he really just threatens to kill them whether they do what he says or not, and then he makes them eat cheese. Biff has said that Lou uses his job as an excuse to examine the Waples bodies close up.

Characteristics : Lou is a psycho, plain and simple. He enjoys destruction by fire and explosion. They are virtually sexual to him. Pain is his shadow, and follows him everywhere he goes, ceptin' fer into dark rooms, where he doesn't have a shadow. Hyper, evil, and warped, Lou is rumored to be incredibly intelligent, though there are no substantial means to prove the rumor true or false. Lou is loyal to no one other than himself, and is considered too dangerous to take off payroll.



Spaz Pfitzwaple
Wannabe

Meaning : Annoying Loser

Born : Who cares?

Died : Good!

Position : Spaz Pfitzwaple currently holds no official position within the Waple organization, though for a period of a year and a half, he was the acting manager, appointed by Wally during a drunken stupor. If anything, Spaz is a simple wannabe.

Characteristics : Oh my crap, you'll never meet anyone more annoying than Spaz! How do you think he got his name? His one redeeming feature is his ability to spew gas out either end of his body with more vibrato than a host of volcanoes.



Johnny Cockwaple
Ambulance Chaser

Meaning : Merciful Loser
(from ancient Hebrew, go figure)

Born : In a Waffle House

Died : But is currently suing
the Grim Reaper for damages

Position : JC, as he is known from some of his false documents, is the driving force behind the legal projects that both harm, and hurt, the Waples. He is on retainer to the Waple clan, yet sues them constantly. Though he is not an actual rasser, the threat of a lawsuit makes him one of the most dangerous Waples ever known.

Characteristics : JC is a short goober with a serious inferiority complex, which causes him to challenge everything to a legal duel. Short tempered and not too bright, yet patient and intelligent, JC seemingly has no idea what he is, or why he got that way, or some other way, for that matter. Unattractive and smarmy, JC often smells of formaldehyde.



Placenta Waplonia...
Therapist

Meaning : Discarded Bag of
Bloody Loser

Born: ??

Died : ??



Position : Placenta is currently employed as the official doctor for the Waple organization, though her formal training is in erotic sex therapy, gang-bangology, and balneology

Characteristics : Placenta claims to be the love child of Wally, but there is no evidence to prove that theory so far, ceptin' fer Wally's desire to sleep with her. Placenta can be very sweet and good-natured one minute, then don a leather strap-on and become a dominatrix the next. She claims to have no problem swallowing anything, and may or may not be into chicks.

Olaf Bjorxgenwaple
Mad Scientist/Jerk

Meaning : Large Angry Loser

Born : Of pure Nordic glaciers

Died : Of heat stroke



Position : Olaf was hired by Spanky to keep the Waples on the technological cutting edge. Olaf's only two responsibilities are to know a lot of stuff, and cuss people out.

Characteristics : Olaf is an ass. Possessing the sharpest mind in all the land has left him completely intolerant of anyone who dares to get near him.

MechaDirxque
WAPLEbot

Description : MechaDirxque is a highly advanced droid, possessing unbelievable, and top secret capabilities. Developed by Olaf, MechaDirxque actually has the mind and conscience of Dirxque 'Starbuck' Waplepotomus implanted in a chip in his body, allowing him to think and feel.

Dirxque "Starbuck" Waplepotomus
Hippo

Description : Organic Dirxque is a hippopotamus who lives at the WAPLEworld Water Park. After Dirxque's mind was transferred onto a microchip and planted into MechaDirxque's body, the original Dirxque began regressing from a human form, into that of complete hipponess. No one is really sure if he is even capable of human thought anymore.

Harvey Wapleman
Financial Advisor/Fashion Designer

Description : Harvey began his career at WAPLEworld by being charged with caring for the ol' bank balance. After embezzling trillions of dollars to fuel his gay porn addiction, Harvey soon vamoosed for San Francisco, or Key West, or the Backdoor Nightclub. Frankly, we don't know, and we don't want to know.

Chic Nottawaple
Long Lost Rassler

Description : For many years, Chic was thought to be brother to Biff, Bill, and Chet. During the early 1990s, Chic fell out of grace with the Waple organization by refusing to contribute in any way. Critics accused him of not being a Waple at all, and this was later confirmed by DNA tests. Things have smoothed over since then, and Chic occasionally chimes in with his one-cent worth. Chic has one nut.

The Spirit of Chet Wapleboxer
Evil Ghost

Description : Chet was one of the better rasslers when he was a kid. Highly athletic and incredibly stupid, he would often almost win matches, but never did. After being killed in a rasslin'-related accident, Chet came back as a ghost and has haunted the Waples ever since. Claiming that he hates rasslin', and that boxing is a real sport, Chet exists only to get back at the Waples for making him rassle in the first place, and for getting him squished while doing it.

Bill Waple
Inter-dimensional Rassler

Description : The smallest of the Waple brothers, Lil' Bill was also the only person known to have every cell in his body tattooed. He has been volleyed between this dimension and another after being sucked into a mirror by a polterghoost several years ago, and only occasionally makes himself known to the real world.

Oliver P. Wapledink
Bigamist/Former Manager

Description : Oliver was the original manager for the Wonderful Waple Brothers. His career was very short-lived however, as he soon decided that life would be better in Utah with several wives. As far as we know, he has yet to score with any of them.

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

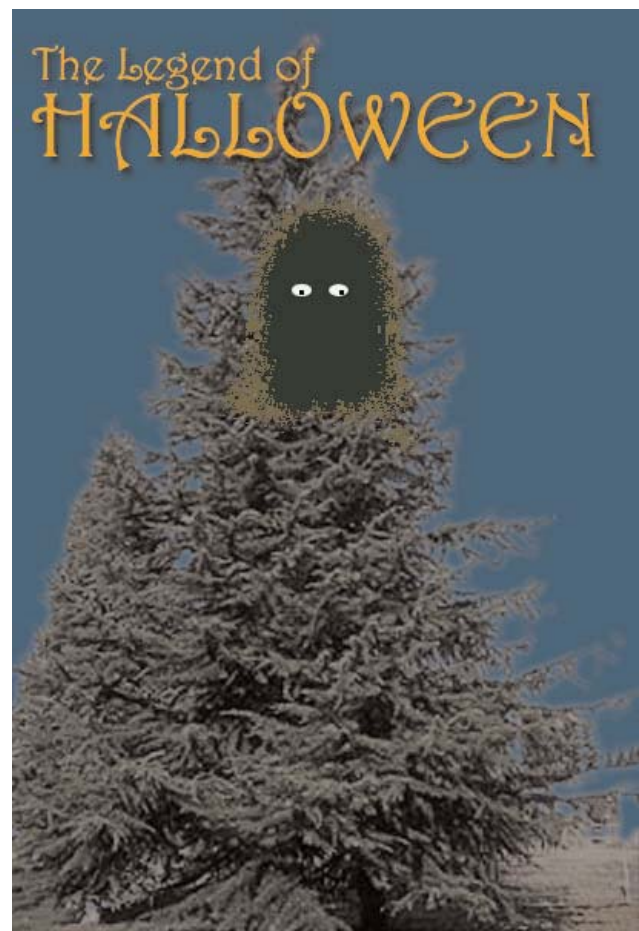
As the sole surviving fruit of Gunther Von's loonial-type areas, Biff recently decided to sort through some of his father's old possessions. Biff went through several large boxes of pornography before he finally found a report Gunther Von had written when he was in the 2nd grade; just before he dropped out. The report was entitled "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. (Gunther Von received an "F-", but in his diary he said it was because the teacher didn't like him -ed.)

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 do so while strangling. (Ed. 'Chesticles' is the medical term for male nipples.) The sheer excitement would leave Igor howling 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 man-beast that lived in the cave high up in the treetops. 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, and 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.

August 3, 4:45 PM: The Staph of WAPLEworld meet in the Queso Room for their weekly meeting.

August 3, 7:00 PM: In a strange coinky dink, all Staph members that ate the queso got food poisoning. Yodel said it must have been the fish.

August 3, 11:10 PM: Placenta, the Waple family doctor/sex therapist, said it will take about a year to recover from the symptoms: diarrhea (cha cha cha), morbid obesity, WallyGoudy, and menstrual cramps. WAPLEworld editor, Spanky, announces that production of WAPLEworld will halt till he doesn't "feel sickypoo."

August 7: Wally's latest act as Chief Beef

September 3: Utah is reported as missing by neighboring Wyomingites. A law enforcement officer is reported as saying "It's like it was just blown away, gyuk."

September 8: Harvey and Wally return from a three-week trip to the Poconos where they claimed to be "checking the economic feasibility of opening an office in the Poconos, the honeymoon capital of the world."

September 13: The Boys Waple have their first ever "all nude" match against Count Chocula and Boo Berry. Biff came close to his first ever victory when he shed his robe and his pasty white belly reflected an intense, searing light at the Count, making him weak, but not weak enough. Larz, in

WHAT'S UP WITH THE WAPLES?



Inspector is to learn the truth about something, anything, even if he has to beat every meat in America.

August 12: Lou and Larz decide to go to the park and feed the duckies.

August 22: Lou is wrongfully arrested for molestation of a wild bird while Larz sits at home in his bathtub playing "up periscope" with his new friend.

Pass Gas saTURDay: In a tear-jerking Hallmark/Maalox moment, the entire Waple family gathers for a traditional Pass Gas saTURDay dinner of beans, onions, chocolate, raw poultry, cabbage, and pop rocks.

the meantime, was running around the ring with his arms crossed over his hooters. He flew out of the ring and ran through the crowd, which was made up mostly of elementary school kids on a field trip, some nuns, and Larz's grandma. Larz just kept screaming "Ahhh! A ghost!" The match ended when the Count's teeth grew into fangs and the wind generated by the growing teeth knocked Larz goofy. Boo Berry then tossed a marshmallow onto Larz' chest for the three count.

September 13: Biff is pissed at the spirit of Chet for not tagging in and taking on the other supernatural competitor. Chet responded by saying "Up your butt, Jobu."



A Brief Fluff Piece About the Making of the Largest Issue Ever!

WAPLEworld. The name alone sends shivers down the spines of rival publishers, broadcasters, webmasters, and Girl Scouts. From humble beginnings, WAPLEworld has grown into the monstrous disappointment it is today, thanks to the hard work of an entire legion of dedicated, creative slaves purchased from a Mongolian slave trader by Spanky Waplespunk during lunch at a Waffle House in Peru.

This rag-tag team of misfit slaves has banded together to produce what is considered the finest piece of literary crap never read by anyone who doesn't have a small part in producing it. Spanky Waplespunk credits hard work, dedication, and cutting edge technology for the success of WAPLEworld.

"I credit hard work, dedication, and cutting edge technology for the success of WAPLEworld." -Spanky Waplespunk

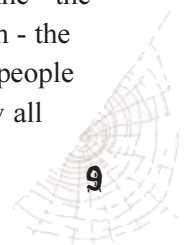
In the long, painful history of WAPLEworld, there have been many milestones: the first issue; the second issue; the fourth issue, also known as "The Stealth Issue"; the first issue to use staples, "Mecha WAPLEworld"; WAPLEworld LITE; the

first Swimsuit issue; the first Halloween issue; the first Christmas issue; and now, the first "Hunnerd Pager", as Wally calls it. Yes, there have been many hurdles, and several turtles, and it has all lead up to this issue, the "Hunnerd Pager" - undoubtedly, the greatest work ever produced by the WAPLEworld Staph.

So what went into making such a dynamic thriller, you may ask.

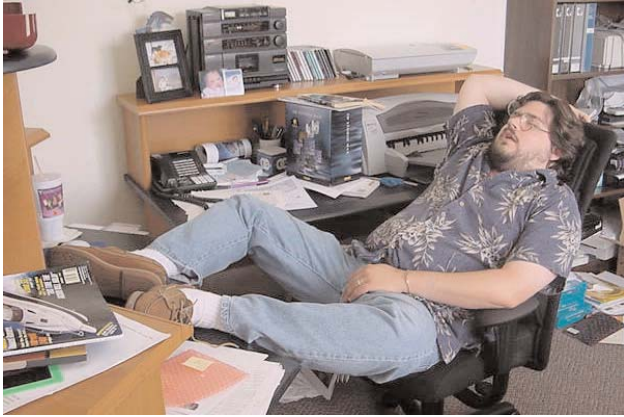
"What went into making such a dynamic thriller?" -You

Fortunately, the Staph of WAPLEworld has been thoughtful enough to provide this behind the scenes peep into the window of hard work here at WAPLEworld. The primary effort that goes into every issue of WAPLEworld comes from three unsung heroes of creativity, Spanky Waplespunk - the Editor in Chief, Yodel Waplehorxne - the Creative Assassin, and Larz Wapleton - the Procrastinator. Sure, there are other people who occasionally contribute, but they all suck because you have to practically beat them to get them to write any-



thing, and even then you have to edit the hell out of it to make it readable, so screw them.

We'll start with Spanky Waplespunk, the hard-working editor, director, producer, graphic artist, and water boy of the WAPLEworld Staph.



Here we see Spanky hard at work, drawing up the new layout for this issue. Way to go, Spanky.

Having been behind the scenes for so long, Spanky was ready to finally have his thoughts printed in this issue. However, as editor, he has since chopped them out do to latent boredom.

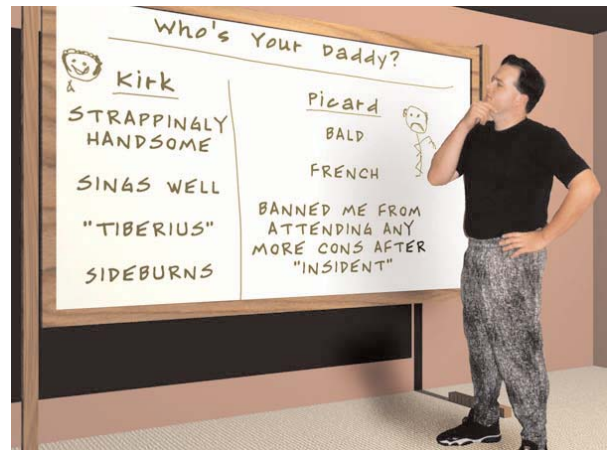
Next we have Yodel Waplehorxne, Creative Assassin. Yodel thinks it's cool to have an "X" in his name, and he should know, since he is the creative force that cannot be denied, except at All-U-Can-Eat buffets.



This is how Yodel gets all his ideas that keep WAPLEworld creative, funny, and sad... really, really, sad.

Never one for the spotlight, Yodel would rather stay behind the scenes, or even better, in a dark cave where he can grow his hair long and work nekkid without being mocked or puked on. Yodel is basically anti-social.

Finally we have Larz Wapleton, who has no "X" in his name. Larz is known as "The Procrastinator", and has one of the most difficult jobs that anyone could ever put off until the last minute. Larz is responsible for the content in WAPLEworld that keeps the issue in touch with the people. Larz favors editorials and actual news articles to achieve this goal, and by writing them at the last minute, each issue is always very current on the social trends of the time.



Here we see Larz at one of the many marketing research clinics he conducts in an effort to know what is on the minds of the people.

If it weren't for Larz, WAPLEworld would only just now be writing stories about the American Revolution. As it is, even with Larz' help, we are only just now getting around to writing about the discovery of the Western Hemisphere.

As we mentioned before, there are many other Waples that contribute to each issue of WAPLEworld, however, since they haven't written anything for this issue yet, we are purposefully leaving them out.

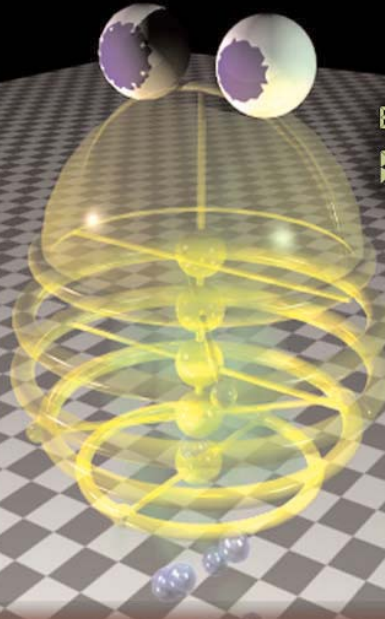
We hope you enjoyed this little peep into the window of WAPLEworld. We sure enjoyed peeping into your windows.

SCARY STORIES

>>WHO SAYS COMPUTERS FEEL NO PAIN?

(NARRATED BY YODEL
WAPLEHORNE)

BY
MECHADIRXQUE



DATE/TIME: 10-31-2001 15:24:36

LOCATION: INTERSTATE 75 SOUTH, BELOW ATLANTA,
GEORGIA

MEMORY ERASE STATUS: FAILED. ERROR LOG CREATED

Error Log: On October 31, 2001, Wally "Walla" Wapleburger decided to throw a Halloween costume party at his ranch down in Wonnerobinz. Given the "last-minute" status of the invitation, MechaDirxque calculated that he did not have time to "defrag the ol' hard drive", if I know what he means. A quick scan of the possibilities let MechaDirxque know that his best bet was to equip himself with some mapping software, and start hovering southbound toward Wally's place.

MechaDirxque went into Spanky's office, since that is where all the latest software is stored. He soon found a licensed copy of "Maps to Celebrity Gravesites, v1.0, 1978, for Commodore 32". After several hours on the line with tech support, MechaDirxque had managed to install the software into his system, and after a quick

check of the weather, he was on his way.

Somewhere south of Atlanta, as MechaDirxque was hovering along at nearly four miles per hour, a flash in the sky caught his attention. Using his built-in telescope, he recognized the telltale signs of a massive solar flare. He immediately began to run his emergency survival program, which meant that he needed to shield himself from the effects of the flare, as it would, at a minimum, cause glitches in his software, and at worst, fry his system!

At that moment, an 18-wheeler passed by slow enough for MechaDirxque to hover up underneath the trailer, shielding him from the harmful flares. This worked for several miles until a gust of wind caused the mud flaps on the truck to whip around. Electromagnetic energy was then reflected off the naked-Chic silhouette and focused directly onto MechaDirxque's hover unit.

In an instant, the hover unit
blew out, and MechaDirxque hit the

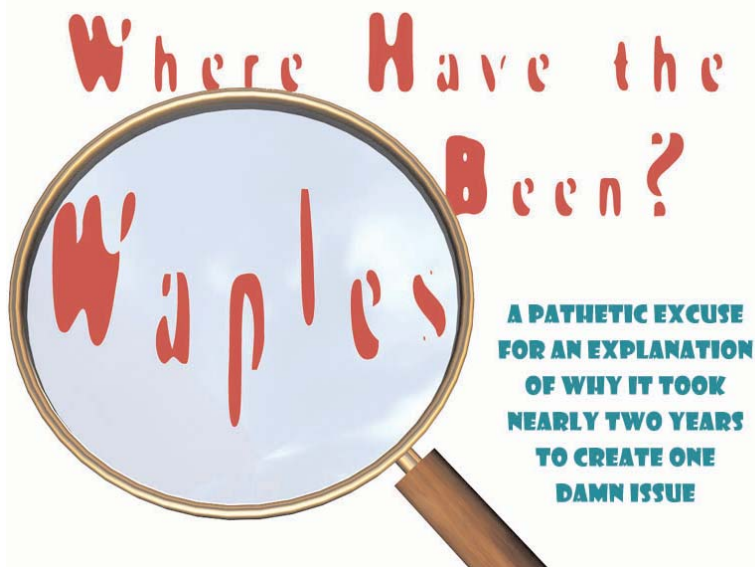
pavement and bounced back up into the trailer before finally getting wedged between two tires at the rear of the trailer. His robotic face was hitting the pavement with each rotation of the tires—about 60 times per minute.

Fortunately, the truck left the highway at the next exit, and came to rest at a truck stop known as "Cafe Nekkid - Home of the Bottomless Chili Bowl". The rough parking lot jarred MechaDirxque loose, letting him fall onto the gravel. He was later picked up by the cafe's handyman, and brought into the maintenance shack.

The handy man began hammering away, weld-

ing, oiling, and drinking heavily. In less than an hour, the handyman had transformed MechaDirxque into a condom dispenser, and mounted him to the wall of the men's bathroom, just to the right of the sign that read "All-U-Can-Eat Chili".

Barely online, MechaDirxque soon deciphered the straining voice of Larz Wapleton, who had just found the bottom of a bowl of chili, and was about to pay the price. The sounds, the smells, and the splatters, soon filled the air, and MechaDirxque was unable to escape the horror, unable to unhook himself from the wall, unable to shut off his olfactory recognition sensors, and unable to terminate his own existence.



It has been nearly two years since an issue of WAPLEworld was produced. In a radical departure from the former "an issue a week" schedule that the Waple Staph had been on, time was allowed to slip by, recharging the creative batteries of the Waple writers and designers, and creating a worldwide frenzy of zine-lust from literally billions of loyal readers.

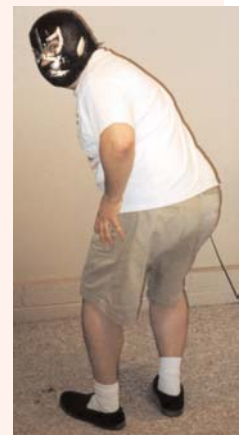
The two-year gap was not entirely without Waple goings-on, however, as many new and ambitious projects had been created, started, and abandoned. Projects such as a novel, a movie, a television show, and even a video game, were all begun half-assed, and left for dead because of procrastination, laziness, and ambiguity, which are the trademarks of the Waple legend.

With the release of the highly anticipated, critically acclaimed WAPLEworld Halloween 2001 issue, many people have wondered aloud about what the Waples themselves have been up to during the two-year hiatus.

Biff Waple, the fearful leader of the Waple Clan says he saw this coming, and had made plans for this lull in the action ahead of time. What were his plans? Simply put, gambling, and lots of it.

"Well I sorta saw this was gonna happen. I mean, we practically had an aneurysm every time we tried to count the pages and make sure we had them in the right order, so it seemed inevitable that we'd just give up the ghost and take some time off. So, I booked myself a seat at the Old Maid table in a casino in Michigan, and uh, other than occasionally having to go potty, I pretty much stayed there for the bulk of the two years."

"With a couple of months left before the release of the new issue, a car was sent to pick me up and drive me back to H.Q. where I could contribute. At first I was angry that my sabbatical had been cut short, but when I looked at my contract, I knew they had me by the sabbaticals, if you know what I mean. And frankly, I felt I owed them a little effort, since I had squandered close to \$2.7 billion dollars at the nickel limit table, and charged it off as a business expense."



the analysts are saying that he is in the best shape of his career, even jogging to ringside from nearly eight feet away during a recent practice session.

Things are looking up for our old friend Biff. Two years of hard gambling and wasting away have not only failed to diminish his skills, but they seem to have actually made him fatter.

The Mongolian philosopher Gno Emesji once remarked that "through pain and suffering, a hermit crab can shed its tiny shell, and become a powerful, new, and slightly larger hermit crab, but he will always be a hermit crab, unless he gets eaten by something, in which case he's really more of a meal, or perhaps a light snack." Perhaps nothing sums up Larz Wapleton, former bodyguard and current source of raw muscle for the Waple Boys, better.



Unlike his counterpart, Biff, Larz had no idea that a two-year drought was about to hit him at the height of his career.

"I had no idea that a two year drought was about to hit me at the height of my career." - Larz

With the surprise of suddenly being out of work and having no writing assignments, Larz found himself with a buttload of free time. He decided to use that free time to finally write all those columns and stories he was supposed to write, but had procrastinated instead. The backlog of writing assignments left him woozy, so he opted to go ahead and get them done, but not till "tomorrow".

"Dude, I just have no idea what to write about. I get some good ideas, but actually typing them up is a whole different story. There's so much else to do that I get too busy to write. Like once, I spent nearly six months on the crapper. I mean, I couldn't write anything while I was on the crapper. Sure I read a lot, but writing was out of the question."

As the Staph of WAPLEworld began to gear up to get ready to prepare to plan to layout the ideas for the new issue, Larz phoned in sick. He hasn't been seen in weeks, and a media circus has been searching for him, however the elephants are slowing them down. Biff Waple has assured the people that Larz will be found, sobered up, and returned to the throne he craps on so well.

Most people would ask, "Who the hell is Yodel Waplehorxne?" if we gave them a chance. However, we won't. He's here now, and that's what's important.



Yodel Waplehorxne was introduced in the last issue of WAPLEworld, having come from out of nowhere. The plan was to make Yodel one of the leading men, in the tradition of Dirxque, MechaDirxque, Olaf, and to a lesser extent, Organic Dirxque. However, with the introduction of Yodel came the two-year gap in WAPLEworld issues.

"I have heard some political commentaries suggesting that perhaps my introduction flopped, just bombed, in such a magnitude that the Staph of WAPLEworld was forced to shut down almost immediately after releasing the issue, and that they have spent these almost two years retooling. You know, that's just not true."

When asked about what he suspects caused the two-year blackout, Yodel had this to say,

shoulder shrug "Maybe it was Spaz' fault. Maybe Spanky did it. I don't know. I was new, I hardly knew anyone there, ceptin' fer Olaf, and most of them [the Waples] seemed like success had gone to their heads. Pfff, it sure didn't go to them in the ring, that's for sure!"

Amid suspicion of fraud, a lawsuit was filed, and a trial ensued. The complaint: Yodel had been charged with wasting taxpayer money by bogging down the production of WAPLEworld, which is funded partly by Federal money.

"Ok, look. The final definitive word is simply that when I came onto the scene, someone had to clean it up, and while that was happening, the Staph was trying to figure out what to do with me, my character, my overwhelming talent, you know, my total package. They brought me in so fast that they didn't even have a role picked out for me. It's just been with this new issue that they have finally got me working as the official Waple chef, narrator, priest, and several other things. They just weren't ready for me."

In the end, everything seems to have worked out well for both Yodel, and WAPLEworld. Yodel has taken a step in front of Olaf, though Olaf continues to cast a dark shadow over the entire production. Only time will tell how the readers will receive Yodel, but things are looking up.

Wally "Walla" Wapleburger. The name alone sends grown men to tears, and teenage girls into a lather. Perhaps the ultimate power in the universe, Wally has been the single biggest, and heaviest missing element from the daily lives of his billions of fans.



In all likelihood, it was Wally's sudden quasi-retirement that caused the downward, spiraling plunge of WAPLEworld some two years ago. In a tragic, and sudden announcement, Wally just up and moved out of the WAPLEworld Wide Headquarters, and settled down in Wonnerobinz, which he calls his second home.

"Actually, I've lived in 4 or 5 houses around here, fatboy." - Wally

Though he didn't fully retire, Wally did relieve himself of most of his managerial responsibilities, giving nearly total power to Spaz, the Annoyer. Waples, Staph, government officials, and religious leaders convened at a summit meeting in a Waffle House off I-75 in rural middle Georgia to discuss emergency procedures.

"Yeah, not only did they have to figure how to make all those waitresses live without me, but they had to get a hold of Spaz too cuz he's nuts. I'm yo daddy!"

Our daddy indeed, and without him, the world stood still. Literally, nothing has been accomplished without Wally's leadership, guidance, and motivation. Without him, all is lost.

Now, with the dawning of a new age, comes not just a single contribution from Wally, but a seemingly infinite amount of writing, or at least three partial stories. The new flood of material has caused quite a stir amongst the Staph of WAPLEworld, leaving them busy, but excited.

Only the new issue will tell if the Staph was able to get control of Wally's creative squirt.

Though we normally try to ignore any news about Spaz Pfitzwaple, other than to warn people as to his whereabouts, so much has gone on since WAPLEworld last hit the news stands, that we felt we would be remiss not to update you, the reader, about Spaz's misdoings.

14

Riding an unprecedented wave of coverage during the final few issues before the two-year blackout, Spaz

Pfitzwaple thought he had it all, and in some ways, it is now known that he at least had some. Widespread media coverage put Spaz at ease, and left him with a feeling of finally being accepted by the Waples. How wrong he was.

"Hoo hoo! I had it easy. After threatening to sue the Staph of WAPLEworld for violating the Americans with Disabilities Act by not letting me, a twisted man-boy with severe chemical imbalances, participate in their reindeer games, they let me in. Once they did, I dropped the lawsuit, though I still keep Johnny Cockwaple on retainer."

The joyride was short, however, when production of WAPLEworld suddenly stopped. One of the theories pushed forward by Spaz himself, is that WAPLEworld was scrapped just so the Staph wouldn't have to play with him.

"Yeah, what a bunch of crap. I annoy them into letting me play, then when I threaten to sue, they finally let me play, but then they cancel the game. I can't believe I got fired from WAPLEworld. Sure it wasn't official, and it was actually more like a layoff, but I know what it feels like to be fired, and that's sure what it felt like."



When contacted by WAPLEworld, WAPLEworld editor Spanky Waplespunk had this to say,

"Well sir, he demanded that we let him participate in WAPLEworld stuff, so we just shut down production and went home."

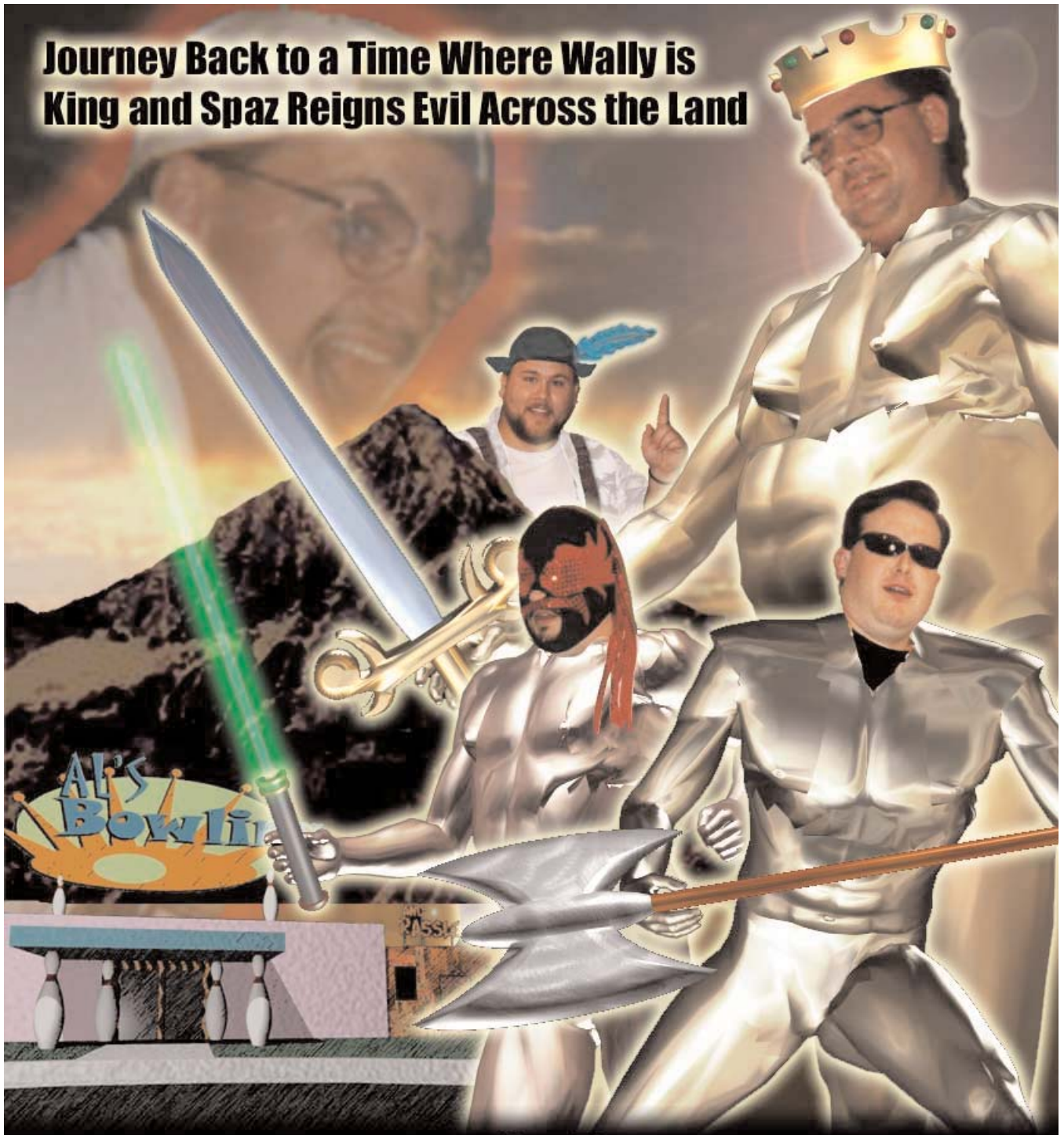
Of all the reasons that production of WAPLEworld was halted, perhaps the most relevant one was laziness. Pure, unadulterated laziness.

"I think I speak for Lou, Olaf, JC, and myself, when I say that we are lazy, so very lazy. And you know, quite frankly we were burned out, so we just gave up. It just got too hard. We figure that it's okay to let something just stop, incomplete and with no warning."
--Spanky

Indeed, it is okay.



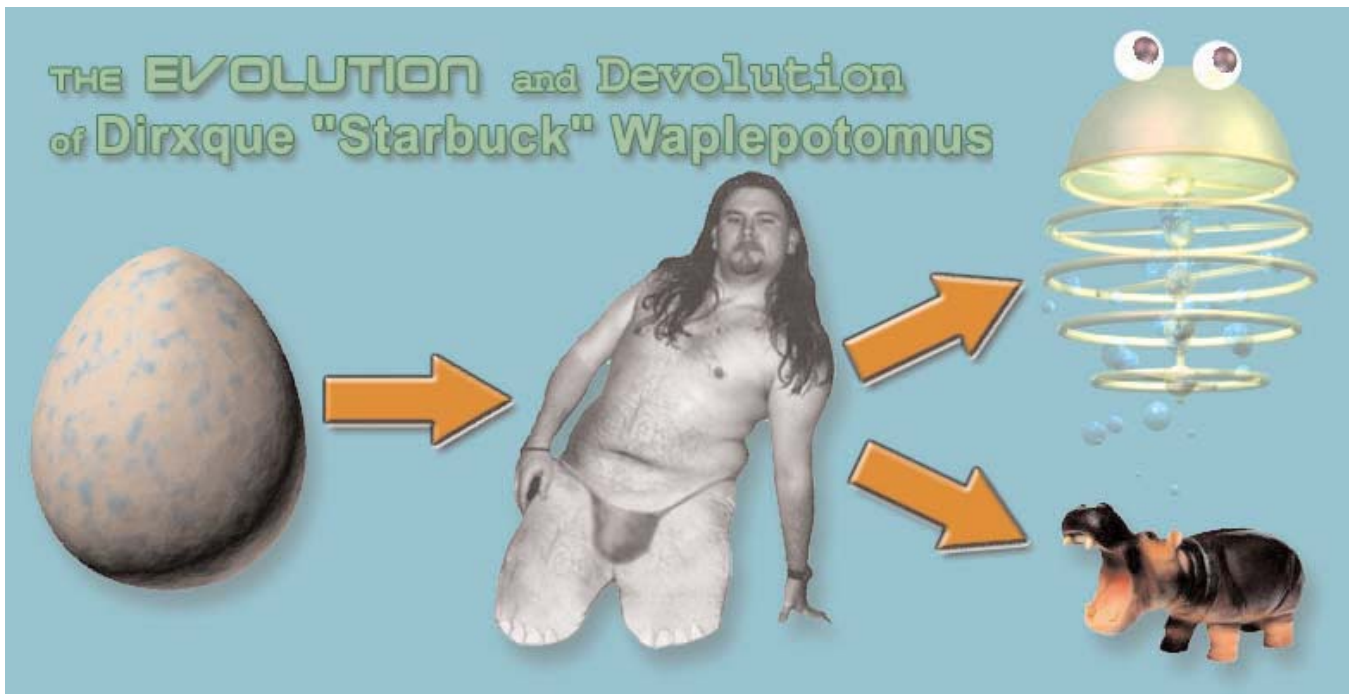
Journey Back to a Time Where Wally is King and Spaz Reigns Evil Across the Land



Knight-Time in WAPLEworld

The Epic Film You Never Hoped For

THE EVOLUTION and Devolution of Dirxque "Starbuck" Waplepotomus



You know him. You smell him. You feel his gravitational pull. He's Dirxque, the loveably regrettable Waple spawned by illegal romance, raised by nincompoops, transformed into an immortal, and put out to pasture, all in the span of 4 short years.

Dirxque "Starbuck" Waplepotomus was born out of an evil act of bestial love. As most people know from the bedtime stories their single moms read to them just before turning a trick, an overly amorous male hippo took aggressive advantage of a poor broad that slipped and fell into the hippo tank at a small zoo. (Some folks say she was pushed, some say she was asking for it, but that's fluff for a future issue.) Gunther Von Waple happened to be there working a side job as a doodie shoveler to earn money to start his own rasslin' promotion. In an act of heroism, Gunther Von saved the poor, wretched women by submitting his own charms to the hippo. Shortly thereafter, and notice how WAPLEworld uses big words like "thereafter", the chick laid an egg. No word was ever spoken of what happened to Gunther Von.

Caring for the egg for several years, the woman finally gave up hope, and rested her hopes on the doorstep of the Waple Boys in the hope that perhaps they would also hope for hope to win out over lost hope. The Waples took the egg into their home, and hardly a moment elapsed before they decided to nuke it, which of course brought it to life, hatching a giant hippo-man named Dirxque. No one is really sure where the name "Dirxque" came from, but it has long been rumored

that it was the first sound his bowels made after drinking his first bottle of cheese dip.

Dirxque went on to be the Waple's mascot. He never wore an ascot, though he did sleep on the last cot in the long row of cots in the Waple's Training Compound and Sleepatorium, which was nowhere near Prescott, Arizona. He wasn't a very good mascot, however, in spite of the fact that he couldn't stand rasslin', or the Waples for that matter. Soon enough, though, things would change for the better, or for the worse, whatever, I don't really care. I'm just writing this to fill some pages for this ridiculously large issue of WAPLEworld.

For reasons unknown, or perhaps forgotten, Dirxque suddenly began a regression. His body began mutating into complete hipponess. In an effort to save his fertile mind, he was subjected to the first test of a machine created by Olaf Bjorxgenwaple, who was commissioned by Spanky to create a device to preserve the Waples and allow them to live forever. The machine was designed to transfer the mind, thoughts, and memories of a Waple from their body to a microchip. The transfer was a success. Dirxque's organic body regressed into a full-fledged hippo, with all the smarts of a regular Waple, and his mind was set into a chip, which was installed into several different robotic bodies, eventually landing in the first MechaWAPLE, called MechaDirxque, version 3.14.

Equipped with his new space-aged body, MechaDirxque has gone on to be the guinea pig for the experimental MechaWAPLEs program. Once testing is complete, sometime late in 2003, the rest

of the Waples will also be transferred to robotic bodies, leaving their human bodies without minds or souls.

No one is expected to notice the change.

Organic Dirxque, meanwhile, was comfortably resting and wallowing in his own filth in a small water park behind the WAPLEworld Wide Headquarters and Elvis Memorial, when MechaDirxque, consumed by loneliness, captured him.

Being the only living droid had left MechaDirxque feeling alone, and quite like a freak. Because of his inherent vigilantism, MechaDirxque naturally wanted to inflict the same type of morbid pain onto others. Using Organic Dirxque as muscle, MechaDirxque has sought to enslave the Waples, and turn them into freaks like him, just so he won't have to be alone.

Later that night, Organic Dirxque was peacefully wallowing in a puddle of his own filth, content to

be a simple-minded hippo, when suddenly, MechaDirxque appeared, hovering above him. Using advanced techniques, MechaDirxque hippo-tized Organic Dirxque, and commanded him to round up all the Waples.

Meanwhile, during a Halloween Beer and Queso Bash thrown by Larz, a cute wet hippo waddled in and approached the costumed partygoers. Naturally, everyone wanted to pet and fondle the gentle giant. Just as everyone was surrounding and petting him, Organic Dirxque heard the hippo-notic trigger sound, a gut-draining fart from Larz soggy loins. Standing on his hind legs, flashing his huge tusks wildly, Organic Dirxque herded all the Waples into a giant cage that was waiting for them in the basement. Once locked inside, MechaDirxque hovered out from the shadows and revealed to his captives what his plans were.

In an attempt to seek vengeance, and make others cry, MechaDirxque built a stage, and now presents his Halloween Freaxque Show.

Waple Documentary in Production!!!

This just in!!! Biff, Larz, Wally and the rest of the Waple gang have recently been chosen to be the subjects of an upcoming documentary titled, "Beyond The Crap: The Very Real Story of The Wonderful Waple Boys."

Film student Coward Nosell had many subjects to choose from for his newest project, but in the end the Waple Boys won the coveted spot.

"I wouldn't necessarily say they 'won' anything," laughs Nosell. "The bearded lady wouldn't return my calls, the Flying Lapidus Brothers said they were busy, and Danger Woman was off battling the Triphobes. The Waples weren't doing anything at all!"

"Well, I wouldn't say we weren't doing 'anything at all' when Mr. Nosell called," lisped Biff Waple, who is the technical wrestler for this fearsome tag team. "I was eat-

ing cheese, and ummm... Larz was eating cheese, too, and ummmm... Wally was eating some of the cheese but mostly he was cutting the cheese."

"I'd have a hard time saying Wally was 'mostly' cutting the cheese," remarked Larz Wapleton, who brings power and fortitude of the testicular variety to the ring with his partner Biff. "He couldn't stop farting. I think, err... rather, I know that he was pooping in his pants. Those powerful blasts coming from his ass weren't dry by any stretch of the imagination! They were wet and nasty!!!"

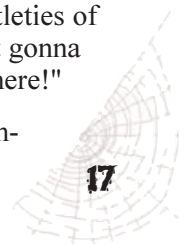
"Uhhhh.... I, uhhh... I'm not gonna say that they were 'wet and nasty', but, uhhh... they were," admitted Wally "Walla" Wapleburger, the team manager and inspiration for countless issues of WAPLEworld: the 'Zine. "I can't

help it. Cheese makes me fart like, uhhh...."

"Don't quote me on this, because I'm sure not gonna say that 'Cheese makes Wally fart' on record," explained Nosell, "but I've already instructed the catering crew that no dairy products of ANY kind will be allowed during the filming."

"Don't go around telling anyone this," enthused the movie-savvy Wapleton, "but I can promise you that there WILL BE 'dairy products' on the set of this movie, even though it's a dorkumentary and there shouldn't even be a craft services table. Biff and I have experimented with the subtleties of Velveeta, but I'm not gonna divulge any secrets here!"

"This is very hush-hush," explained the cheese-educated Waple, "but the



'secret' to Velveeta is to let it sit out on the counter for a few days so it gets extra rubbery. Then you cut it into thin strips and hide the strips under your underarms. That's a great place for hiding these yummy snacks from cheese-boycotting film school losers. AND... you don't need to wear deodorant."

"Uhhh... don't tell Biff and Larz, but I ate all their 'yummy snacks' while sitting on the commode last night," laughed Wapleburger. "Them Waples have some stinky armpits! Whew!"

The Waple Boys have signed a contract to face the Beatniks in a title match for the Greater Calhoun

Junior Heavyweight Tag Team Championship. The documentary will focus on their preparation for the big match as well as all the events leading up to the match.

Keep checking WAPLEworld.com for regular updates on this future Academy Award winner!



(Excerpts reprinted from Olaf's notes, found in his science journal)

Halloween Day, 12:52 PM - I just received an email from Wally "Walla" Wapleburger inviting me to a Halloween Costume party at his luxurious Wonnerobinz ranch. After several weeks in this lab, with no break in the workload,

I think it may be a good idea to get out, dress up, see the guys, and maybe get some sun. My car is currently being used in an experi-

ment to determine if cars can swim, so I think I'll use this opportunity to test my new teleportation device. I should be able to beam myself to Wally's place by transmitting through the phone lines.

1:47 PM - So far, everything seems to be working fine. The teleporter is online and all the gauges are in the green. I will first program the machine to dial Wally's phone number and transmit my data to his fax machine. Then I will step into the machine where my body's ener-

POP STAR SINSATION OLAF BJORXGENWAPLE



gy will be broken down into code. I'll be sent through the phone lines to Wally's place where I'll be reconstructed out of pure energy. I can see no possible error occurring, and I feel confident my machine will work flawlessly.

2:02 PM - I should have checked to weather. By my best calculations, I either dialed a wrong number, or there was a massive solar flare that knocked the system offline. I currently exist only as a stream of 0s and 1s, and while I remain conscious and aware of myself and my surroundings, I have no physical body. It seems that the flare has altered my destination, and it looks like I'm being beamed into a radio tower.

2:11 PM - It's worse than I thought. I have been beamed into a CB tower. I should be fine; as long as no truckers use the frequency I'm on.

2:12 PM - Aw hell.

2:13 PM - Oh no! I have been received by the CB of a female trucker using it for sex chat. Oh this is horrible. Who is she talking to? Is that a man or a woman? Oh geez. Now she's calling ahead to order a bottomless bowl of chili. I think I'm being beamed to the truck stop's CB! I guess it's better than this truck.

2:56 PM - Oh my crap, this place is a dive. I keep getting beamed around from the CB, to the drive-thru box, to the intercom, to the P.A. system, and around again. Now where am I going? What is this, the stud finder in the maintenance room? Hey, what the hell is that handyman doing with me? Is that MechaDirxque? Geez, what happened to him? Oh no! Don't stick me into MechaDirxque! No. No! Nooooo!

3:05 PM - I can't believe I'm stuck inside MechaDirxque as a screen saver. I wish I could figure out a way to rebuild my human body. Hey, is that Larz? Larz Wapleton? I wonder why he's sweating so much. Oh no, not the stall. Why are you in that stall, Larz? What's that noise? How the hell is it that I'm able to smell that? Why can't I just die?

We wanted to call this section

MAD LIBS

But we don't own the copyright, so call them whatever you want.

Don't Look Out of the Window

It was a dark and stormy _____ noun _____. Not a creature was _____ present verb _____, not even a Waple. Well, Larz and I were stirring up some super rasslin' enhancing _____ type of food _____ milkshakes with _____ type of food _____. But other than that...

After drinking about _____ number _____ of these each, Larz and I made quite a mess with the vomit. But guess what!? It's Halloween! We put all the vomit in little plastic _____ plural noun _____ to give as tricks. Hopefully _____ person's name _____ will consider our vomit a treat.

So, we _____ past verb _____ up the street. After crying for half an hour we walked into a _____ noun _____, and lo and behold! There's Wally's _____ noun _____.

"Let's give him a _____ noun _____," I said.

So we went to the door and _____ past verb _____ the vomit bag down. We knocked on the _____ noun _____ and ran and hid in the _____ noun _____.

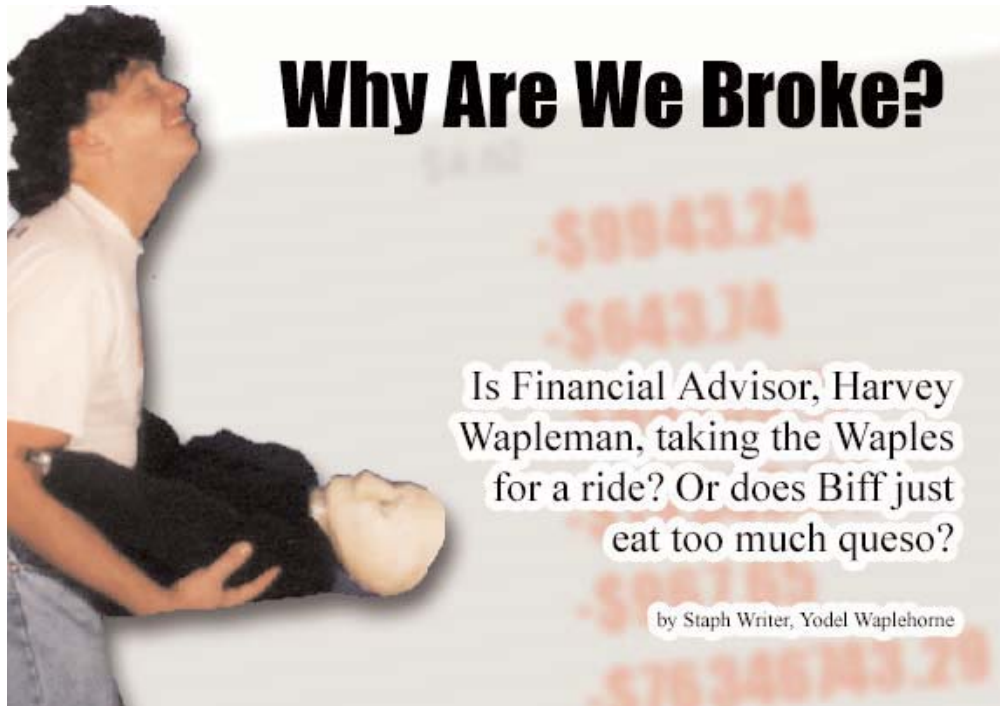
Well, after no _____ plural noun _____ came to the door, we decided, like _____ adjective _____ _____ plural noun _____ do, to go inside and snoop around.

I accidentally _____ past verb _____ on the vomit bag. _____ noun _____ got all over us, and in the chaos Larz _____ past verb _____ and hit my _____ body part _____ with his _____ noun _____.

After waking up, I _____ past verb _____ the _____ noun _____ and _____ plural noun _____ crept up the _____ adjective _____ stairway. We heard a _____ adjective _____ sound. "It could only be _____ plural noun _____ Larz whispered.

"Well, this is Halloween," I replied. "Maybe Wally's playing a trick on us." It must have been Wally because it smelled like a rotting _____ noun _____.

We walked over to the _____ noun _____ that the odor was coming from. After a long pause, I finally opened the _____ noun _____ and _____ exclamation _____ !!! _____ exclamation _____ !!!!! It was Wally! _____ present verb _____ in the NUDE!!!



Income (Fiscal 2001):

- A. Rasslin' Promotions = \$1.56
- B. WAPLEworld Subscriptions = \$0.00
- C. WAPLEworld Advertisements = 1 half of one banana
- D. Website Advertisements = \$124,089.72

Expenditures (Fiscal 2001):

- A. Rasslin' Promotion Entry Fees = \$37,001.56
- B. WAPLEworld Production, Printing, and Distribution = \$447,281,614,088.04
- C. Banana Waste Removal = \$22.12
- D. Ad Space on www.wapleworld.com = \$124,089.72
- E. EPA and FCC Imposed Fines = \$217,880.08
- F. Harassment Suit Settlements = \$44,250,000.00
- G. Defense Attorney Legal Fees = 117 acts of sexual favor

Miscellaneous Expenditures:

- a. Biff's Masks = \$61,212.41
- b. Larz' Tightly-Whities = \$2.16
- c. Queso = \$4.16 Trillion US Dollars
- d. Chainsaw Replacement Chains = \$144.91
- e. Lab Equipment for Olaf = \$10,545,606.00
- f. Human Beat Box Lessons = \$1,260.50
- g. Replacement Shirt Buttons for Wally = \$106.44
- h. 1 Gross of "Spaz-Off" Spaz Repellent = \$360.00
- i. Hawaiian Shirt Uniforms = \$616,222.28
- j. Porn Subscriptions = \$4,190.96
- k. Issue Ideas Bought from Homeless Drunks = 14 cases of Ripple
- l. Anchovy Pizzas = \$2,410.04
- m. Pre-production for WAPLEworld: The Movie = \$220,000,000.00
- n. Dorkumentary Production = \$26.12
- o. AstroGlide for Harvey = \$34.98
- p. Interior Design by Godzilla = \$2,400.00
- q. Hookers for Gawking At = \$100.00
- r. Free Stolen Cable = \$1,620.00

Jerk-Off 2001



Who is the
Biggest
Jerk of
them All?

vs



Long ago, before the age of Ernest movies, two men were born of fire and hatred, for each other, and everyone else. Olaf Bjorxgenwapple was only seconds old when he first unleashed a verbal barrage onto a lesser person.

Similarly, Johnny Cockwapple graduated from law school at the age of 14 minutes, just so he could sue the doctor that birfed him, for malpractice.

In the time that has passed, both men have grown into people hating, condescending know-it-all jackass jerks. Each claiming to be the bigger jerk, it was up to Spanky Waplespunk to sanction a competition that would determine once and for all, who is the jerk, and who is the poser.

After the two answered a series of questions, Spanky was sealed in a giant coffin and left to grade the answers. He has emerged with a decision; but first, let's look at the questions and how these two megaliths of insensitivity answered them....

Spanky: You're walking down a white-bread suburban street and you see a 70-year old granny who has caught her ankle in a sewer grate. She's obviously in a lot of pain. What do you do?

22

Olaf: I just keep stealing booze from the liberal Democrat welfare recipient homomexican gaylord that I already started crunching. I wouldn't even notice some old broad. Wait a second. If her ankle is hurt, will she be bent over?

J.C.: I would fall on the ground laughing first. Then, I would look around to see if anyone was looking. I would lean down and ask Granny if she could move. If she said "no", I would push her over snapping the ankle, grab her bag and run away.

Biff: A school bus filled with 18-year old girls from a Catholic school has just hit a big bump and flipped over. The nuns and driver are knocked unconscious and the girls are trapped, bodies intertwined and writhing around, trying to break free. What do you do?

J.C.: Take pictures and video of them in compromising and titillating positions. Sell the pictures to a teen sex site and compile the video content, add some of my own and create a porn film called "Sexy Catholic School Girl Bus Carnage".

Olaf: Roll my eyes into the back of my head and faint, like any Waple would.

Yodel: You've accidentally wandered into a nightclub called The Man Hole. A 49-year-old man in Village People attire comes up to you and asks if you want to see his pee-pee in the bathroom. What do you do?

Olaf: Is it the cop or the leather guy?

J.C.: I would say, "No, I don't want to see your meat, but if you'd like to take this camera and take some pictures of it, feel free." I would then drop this roll of film into Spanky's camera bag so when he gets them developed the police would be called and Spanky would get to find out what it feels like to be the drilled watermelon he keeps in the freezer.

Placenta: A local adult store is having a big sale and Spaz's birthday is fast approaching. What do you do?

J.C.: Buy him a copy of Ass-Clowned Rim Jobbing' Homo's.

Olaf: Spaz who?

Spanky: Yodel hires you to be his assistant chef for the night during an event thrown by the governor to commemorate Biff and Larz's first match to exceed one minute. During the ceremony, the governor makes a public comment about the food tasting like crap, and that Yodel probably hired a dropout from the tard farm to be his assistant. The desert course is next. What do you do?

Olaf: You spelled 'dessert' wrong you stupid f#*k.

J.C.: I would create a Chocolate Poop Tart with a salty man filling covered with pubes.

Harvey: I've just dropped my pencil on the floor. I'll bend over, allowing my Speedo to ride up my crack. What do you do?

J.C.: Run away screaming, "I'm blind!"

Olaf: Heh heh, drop another pencil.

Spanky: You were transported back in time to November the 22nd, 1963. You're standing near a grassy knoll watching JFK's cavalcade go by when you see a gun sticking out of the window of the book depository. What do you do?

Olaf: Mmmmm, JFKFC. I suppose I'd ask that

Jackie O(ff) is she would mind if I used Johnny's skull as a bone plate for my JFKFC.

J.C.: Duck, wait for the capture of Oswald, and show up conveniently offering my legal services.

Lou: I've just stolen three tons of fireworks and left the keys to my black-windowed van in the ignition. A gay pride parade is in progress. What do you do?

J.C.: I would open the gas cap, put a long, gas-covered rope in the tank, put the van in gear, and light the rope and let it roll toward the queers sending it careening toward the butt-pounding dullards. Then I'd watch the fireworks, place evidence of Lou's presence, wait for the police to nab him and show up, conveniently offering my legal services.

Olaf: Those were MY fireworks, Lou!

Spanky: You're at your favorite restaurant, Tacorama, and you feel the Mexican food swelling up in your bowels. You know you're about to have a case of explosive diarrhea (you know that feeling all too well), but the toilets marked "Hombres" is out of order and your mother-in-law just walked into "Senioritas". What do you do?

Olaf: I take the refried bean dish and hide in the corner for a few minutes.

J.C.: I sneak in undetected and lock her stall, go into the other stall, drop trou and call down the thunder. Once I have finished and cleaned I would wait for her cries to increase or quiet as the case may be. The gas be taking it's toll by this time. I would bust in and save her from the vicious ordeal as usual just in the nick of time to be the Hero.

Biff: I'm about to win my first match ever. I climb the turnbuckle to the bottom rope and am about to make a death-defying leap onto my fallen opponent for the win while you're standing at ringside cheering me on. What do you do?

J.C.: I would push you off. Due in part to the reality that my act of mercy will be so appreciated by your opponent, who no doubt will succeed. They will then ask for my legal council from that day forward. Making me even more rich and famous than I already am.

Olaf: Miss the entire spectacle because I just bought a beer and a pretzel.

Spanky: You're in Paris. What do you do?

J.C.: I would learn to throw my voice and say you smell like a shit covered Walrus. Go into crowded areas and incite riots with my new found talents.

Olaf: Eeeew! Paris? Geez, why Paris? Bunch of cheese eatin' surrender monkeys. I look for Jerry Lewis and make him worse off than those tarded kids on his TV show.

Wally: You've just witnessed me eat 188 Buffalo wings, breaking my old record of 187. I feel like Imunna puke all over da place. Either that or Imunna crap in my pants if I can't get to the toilet. What do you do?

J.C.: F'N leave. You will smell no matter which choice you make. I cannot allow a man of my stature to smell like Walrus crap.

Olaf: I whip out the Polaroids of me whizzing on the Buffalo wings back in the kitchen.

Spanky: The president has just appointed you as U.S. Ambassador to Ethiopia. On your first trip there, you see starving people and failed crops. A distressed mother with 9 hungry kids comes up to you asking for a bite of your Big Mac or one of your McNuggets. What do you do?

J.C.: I would tell her I have a chemical imbalance and unless I consume at least 3,000 calories a day I go into a violent rage and eat children. And I would tell her to close her legs you godless whore and quit making bastards.

Olaf: Nothing. Ethiopians are too stringy and tough.

Biff: Rasslin' legend Larry Santana has just walked into the room. You watch as he trips over an extension cord and tears all four ligaments in his right knee. He lands on the floor in obvious pain. You are the only other person in the room. What do you do?

J.C.: Help him up, pick his pockets while he is distracted and leave. Find Biff and plant the contents of said pockets on Biff's person. Quickly run back to tell Larry what Biff had done. I would

watch the horror that is soon to follow. Once the blood and smoke had cleared I would tell Biff he should sue for Assault and Anal Intrusion. He would no doubt agree as I am his legal consultant. Now that I have Biff under contract I would find Larry and convince him to sue Biff for permanent penis damage due to the bites from gerbil that was in Biff's ass at the time of the attack. Making me, Johnny Cockwaple L.L.C. the only attorney to defend and sue in the same case EVER!!!! No matter who wins or loses I still get the retainer from both and 40% of the winnings.

Olaf: Laugh like a bitch!

Spanky: A drunken Wally "Walla" Wapleburger comes up to you, breath reeking of 3-day-old tequila, and says, "Heeey brotha! You know I love ya, right? You're my brotha." then proceeds to grab your nuts. You push him away and he stumbles backward and trips over a bar stool and lands on his belly. You notice his pants are loose and have come down a few inches... just enough to where you can see the top of his hairy butt crack. The lights are dim and no one else is looking. You notice that you've started to grow a woody. What do you do?

J.C.: Run away screaming "I'm still Blind" then I realize that I just have to pee ahh....No latent homoerotic tendencies what so ever.

Olaf: Dump that dish of refried beans on Lou for stealing my fireworks while I was in Paris.

Having studied these answers for nearly 8 months, Spanky has kicked open the coffin and is prepared to announce his findings.

"First let me say that for our two combatants to just be here is a victory in and of itself. There are no winners here, just losers, so I will now announce the winner and the loser."

"The biggest jerk of them all is.... Olaf Bjorxgenwaple!"

"Actually, it could be that JC is the winner, but frankly, I didn't even read their answers. I just sat in the coffin and tickled my Elmo for eight months. All I know is that Olaf rigged this whole thing from the git-go, and that makes him a pretty big jerk. Besides, JC keeps bitching about the cost of WAPLEworld, so I ain't gonna do him no favors."

WALLY'S CHRISTMAS LIST

WHY IS THIS IN HERE?



Dear fat Boy,-

how RU. I am fine but i gess U no that already. Soanky Waplestaph told me to write this so I can get some good stuff for Christmas. i will require some good stuff, which is the following:

- 1: Wonnerobinz going to state high schol football champ game next year
- 2: some money, a nd not just \$5 again like when i was kid.
- 3- a new truck, like my old turck but newer
- 4: mo money, yo
- 5: I wanta see Biffy Double B get him some for onec
- 6: why do you live at the north Pole.
- 7:" I want some buffalo wings bu t not to many cuz Im on diet
- 8: gimme sum new freinds (haha, that one was for bliff!
- 9: make rasslin better and have raw is War on every night and make the pay per views not suck cuz their ful l of pussies like Tripleh
- 10: Wonnerobinz shoud b the catipal of Georga
- 11: Make Larz be fatter
- 12/ I wnt me one of those new Play statins with Madden 2003, not 2002 but 2003 cuz Im better than you, yo pussy girl! who's yer daddy?
- 1 3: shut up fatboy
- 14: don't make is snow when Im in PCB (that is Panaama city Beahc in case your fat ass didnt kno.
- 15: make the waples lose every match cuz Larzy wont let me grab his nuts any more

SCARY STORIES

Yodel Waplehorzne Presents... A Halloween Horror Story



It was a dark and stormy Halloween Day. I had just received an email from Wally "Walla" Wapleburger inviting me to a Halloween Costume Bash at his palatial ranch in beautiful Wonnerobinz Georgia. Having nothing lese to do after the school bus goes by, I decided to take Wally up on his offer. I thought that I'd dress up as a scary truck driver, with tattoos and a limp. To complete the effect, I had my limo pull around, as truck drivers often arrive at parties via limousine.

Dressed in my very finest trucker costume, I fell into the limo and had the driver speed away. I was running somewhat late, so I instructed Spaz to drive quickly and dangerously, like he always does on long trips. Somewhere south of Atlanta, the trouble started.

Spaz was having trouble passing a truck that was going slow because it had something stuck in its tires. The female trucker leaned out the window to return the "bird" that Spaz had signaled to her, when there was a sudden flash of light reflected off the naked-Chic silhouette on the mud flaps.

The light must have sparkled in my eyes, because the lady-driver instantly became lust-drunk with me. I knew this was bad.

Using her larger vehicle, and superior driving skills, and because Spaz had let the limo run out of gas, she managed to force us off the highway and into a parking lot for a 24-hour truck stop, featuring nude and toothless women, and a neon sign indicating that they offer the "Bottomless Chili Bowl". While the chili was tempting, the trucker was adamant.

She threatened to sue Spaz, and myself, for various life-threatening, traffic-related offenses, unless I would grant her pleasures that only an obese narrator of Swiss origin can provide. Naturally, I refused, as this particular female trucker was even less attractive than the typical trucker, male or female. Brandishing a weapon, which I now believe was just a deflated blow-up doll, she gained the upper hand. I simply requested that I be protected from disease and impregnation. She agreed to my request, and sent me into the men's room to purchase the protective device.

YODEL WAPLEHORXNE: KILLER CHEF MONSTER THING



In the bathroom, I notice a condom dispenser that looked strangely like MechaDirxque, and had a small screen that kept flashing the message "Hey Yodel! It's me, Olaf! I'm trapped inside MechaDirxque and can't get out! Help me!" Ignoring the message, I put a dollar into the dispenser.

The instruction told me that I was to put the protective cover on my unit. Perhaps it was the anxiety of the situation, or the fact that I had never used one of these dispensers before, but I soon found myself dropping "trou" and inserting the ol' "Narrator's Bookmark" into the dispenser, where it proceeded to get stuck.

Looking back on it, I suppose I should have known that the instruction meant for me to put the actual protection on my thingy, not the dispenser itself.

Being stuck, face to the wall, was a nightmare in and of itself. I didn't want to scream, as that would surely signal to the burly driver

that I was ready to take her on and buy my way out of a lawsuit. I struggled quietly, rasslin' with this machine on the wall, trying to free myself from its vice-like grip. All the while, the screen kept flashing "Error" messages, and messages begging for death to free the machine from this fate.

At that moment, the bathroom door opened and I heard a familiar voice, the voice of Larz. "Hey Yodel, why you humping the condom machine? Are you going to Wally's party? I gotta warn you, whatever you do, when you finish humping the wall, don't eat the chili! Whew! This is gonna burn!"

I then lost consciousness, and slumped into the wall, still stuck, and now bleeding and stretched. It goes without saying that this was the worst Halloween nightmare ever, as I had now become one with both MechaDirxque and Olaf. The horror was overwhelming, and I awaited the sweet merciful hand of death to take me from the misery, but it never came.

From the creative geniuses that brought you Zimbabwe's most popular magazine, WAPLEworld, comes an animated short that you never thought you'd live to see...



The worst rasslers of the past are now the worst rasslers of the future!
Now they're just more metallic.

The Project:

It's the future. The year is 2004. The WAPLEworld Empire has grown to such magnitude that an artificial planet called WAPLEworld has been constructed in the orbit of Earth's second moon (this is the future you know).

the characteristics and memories of a human brain onto a microchip. Once installed into a robotic frame, this microchip could keep the personality of the subject alive indefinitely. This technology was brought about by the world's love for Wally "Walla" Wapleburger and the fact that some day he might just die.

In the year 2003, the brain functions from the entire Waple family were downloaded onto these chips as a precautionary measure.

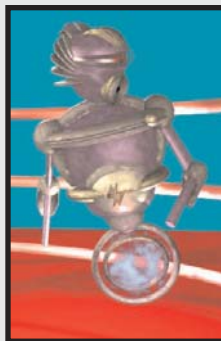
In 2004, on their way to an intergalactic rasslin' PPV event, the Waples were killed in a horrific spaceship crash. Soon after, the chips were taken out of Spanky's underwear drawer and used to restore the lives of the future's worst rasslers -- The MechaWAPLEs.

With their new abilities, the MechaWAPLEs become the galaxy's newest rag-tag group of misfits hell-bent on saving the universe (and perhaps finally winning a rasslin' match).

The Good Guys:

MechaBiff

On the verge of breaking his father's record losing streak, Biff Waple was reconstructed as MechaBiff. Now possessing mystical energy, this ninja-like hover-bot is still a fraidy-cat and comes with built-in tear ducts.



MechaLarz



Tag team partner to Biff, the huge, but nimble MechaLarz Battlebot was designed for close combat. To complement his powerful claws and Dynopunch Hydraulic Pummeling System™, MechaLarz also contains guns

that shoot anything from lasers to queso. His thin legs were specifically designed to give him great backpedaling abilities to run from his adversaries.

MechaWally

Second only to Gunther Von in popularity, Wally "Walla" Wapleburger was a legend for the ages. Gargantuan, fuzzy, ripe, and challenged, Wally held

a special place in the hearts of billions. At the age of 128, Wally's health was beginning to fail him. People from all around the world cried for a way to keep Wally alive forever -- the very purpose of the MechaWAPLE project. Unfortunately, because Wally's brain was not 100% human, there were errors in the program. The result is a hulking droid of limited capability, and the smell of a garlic press.



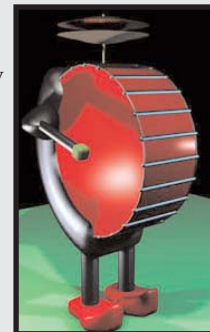
MechaLou



Still in developmental stage, the nuclear-powered MechaLou is a true marvel of state-of-the-art weaponry and advanced tactical combat. The logistics of this robot are highly classified. No more information is available.

MechaSpaz "The Annoyer"

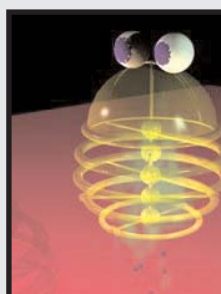
In his "human" form, Spaz was a circus geek who was so disturbing and annoying, even the Waples couldn't stand him. He spent his hours hiding in the shadows peeping on his idols. On the fateful day of the Waple family demise, Spaz happened to be hiding in the "Music Arts Wing" of the WAPLEbago tour spaceship. In that horrific explosion, the intense radiation somehow forged the annoying Spaz with several of the instruments in the room. The result was the most annoying machine ever to exist, Spaz the Annoyer. Now, Spaz is a non-stop source of off-key, out-of-step, untuned cacophony.



D.I.R.X. Que Unit v3.14

Dietary Intake Receptacle Transfer Queue

Dirxque has actually been a mutant from the start.



From his start as the half man - half hippo mascot of the Waples, Dirxque has always been the type to eat and eat and eat. As you know, the body stores energy in the form of fat. Dirxque actually gained so

much energy that fat was no longer an efficient means of energy storage. Dirxque's fat evolved into a thick, glowing plasma that has massive amounts of energy stored within. It takes 46,000 lbs. of fat to equal one milligram of the plasma. Over time, Dirxque consumed so much food that he now has a permanent cloud of energy plasma surrounding his body, now made of rings of solid diamond. Diamond had to be used because it was the only substance strong enough to keep Dirxque from spooging out all over the place.

The Bad Guys:

Every good guy has his adversary... it just happens that the MechaWaple's enemies are huge pieces of metal that want to eat them. These are some of the bad guys that you may see in upcoming episodes of MechaWAPLEs 2004.

El Space-O Queso

This abomination comes from the outer reaches of the La Pooparia Nebula. Requiring cheese dip for its power source,



El Space-O Queso scours cheese factories across the universe for the delicious fruit. WAPLEworld scanners have picked up on his signal and he is headed towards Earth!



Snaky Metalbonk

This robotic reptile may appear harmless, especially since it has no fangs. However, when it strikes it bonks its victim on the head with tremendous force. It is believed that Wally took a few too many whacks on the noggin from this guy.

Hellbone

It is believed that this data demon is the robotic guardian of the Netherworld. No one has ever seen one in person, but this ancient painting dating back 4000 years was recently found depicting it. No one is sure if they even exist anymore.



Scripts

MechaWAPLEs 2004 Intro

Concept Storyboard by Spanky Waplespunk

Copyright WAPLEworld

Yodel will speak as the Narrator with a digitized voice to cover his normal, wussy-sounding one.

SCENE

Live-action footage of Biff driving the WAPLEbago spaceship to the Pay Per View with Larz positioning Wally in the 'classic' pose, and Lou and the D.I.R.X.que Unit doing something else. Biff turns around to tell all to shut up so he can concentrate on the spaceroad.

NARRATOR

"They were the worst rasslers in history, never having won a match. Cowards... degenerates... yet they were loved the world over."

SCENE

The WAPLEbago crashes into a PPV marquee and blows up.



NARRATOR

Then... they died.

(Fade to black)

(Fade in)

NARRATOR

(speaking as SCENE is happening)

WAPLEworld recreated them as machines. Bigger. Stronger. More metallic than ever.

SCENE

Fades in on MechaWally who's standing in a space-age-type corridor. He shoots hot dog missiles from his chest. Camera follows a hot dog.

Hot dog missile passes by MechaLou who takes a step forward and cooks it with flamethrower.

Hot dog continues past MechaLou and is caught in ketchup and mustard covered hot dog bun held by MechaLarz. Camera pans out while Larz randomly fires bullets and lasers from his free hand.

Camera follows a bullet that heads for MechaBiff who is sitting on the can. He sees the bullet at the last second and generates a shield to deflect it.

Bullet continues down corridor and shoots through MechaSpaz's bass drum belly and he lets out a sound of annoyance.

Bullet continues on to MechaWAPLE Control Center where it bounces off a sleeping D.I.R.X.que Unit and wakes him up.

NARRATOR

"These are the MechaWaples!"

SCENE

All MechaWAPLEs run into Control Center and crash into a pile on the floor. Logo flies onto screen.

**Episode 1: Ay Yi Yi!
El Space-O Queso!!**

A preliminary script for Episode 1: "Ay yi yi! El Space-O Queso!",

is in the works. Keep in mind that we may end up rewriting everything so don't get too attached to it.

Partial Preliminary Script
by Larz Wapleton

Copyright WAPLEworld

EXT. Cheese factory in Wisconsin

INT. Cheese factory

(Several employees are working away in the cheese factory, going about their daily routines. Suddenly, a loud crashing sound can be heard.)

EMPLOYEE #1

What the f*%\$ was that?

EMPLOYEE #2

I don't know...

EMPLOYEE #3

(Running in from stage right, yelling.)

Look out everyone!! It's EL SPACE-O QUESO!!!!

(El Space-o Queso is a scary creature who has crashed through one of the walls of the Cheese Factory. He heads straight over to a gigantic vat of liquid cheese and begins drinking from it.)

EL SPACE-O QUESO

Mmmmmmm.... Queso es bueno!

(From off screen.)

EMPLOYEE #2

Hey... maybe he's not here to hurt us.

EMPLOYEE #1

He's just needed to f*\$#ing eat something, that's all. Sh#%!

EMPLOYEE #3

I don't know... that's a lot of liquid cheese to be drinking... even for a big scary creature like that.

(About this time, El Space-o Queso stops

drinking the cheese, lets out a big groan, and squirts out a huge wet diarrhea fart.)

EL SPACE-O QUESO

Ay - yi -yi....

(Close-up of Employee #3's face. Farting sounds echo in the background.)

EMPLOYEE #3

Ahhh!!! Everybody run! He's got the runs!!

(He is then sprayed with brown liquid.)

Blech!!!

EMPLOYEE #2

Cover your noses!

(Covers his nose, then gets splatted with diarrhea.)

EMPLOYEE #1

Aww sh*#!!! He's f*&#in' sh&##ing all over everything!

(Gets coated with chunky diarrhea.)

EXT. Spanky's favorite Mexican restaurant, "The Stinky Bean"

INT. The Stinky Bean

(Spanky is sitting alone at a table. Waitress walks up to him.)

WAITRESS

What can I get for you today sir?

SPANKY

Hmmm... I think I'll have a Sweet Tea and the biggest bowl of Queso Dip that you have.

WAITRESS

I'm sorry sir, but we're all out Queso Dip.

SPANKY

(Taken aback.)

Wha-wha-wha-what????

WAITRESS

We haven't gotten a

shipment in weeks... none of the local stores have. The Cheese Factory in Wisconsin that sends our cheese has been held hostage for the last few days.

SPANKY

Egad! I had no idea!

(Exits stage left past Waitress. His hand reaches back out into view and grabs her butt.)

EXT. Men's Room at "The Stinky Bean." Sign on door reads "Hombres"

INT. Stall in Men's Room

(Spanky unbuckles his belt and pulls his pants down. He wipes off the toilet seat and sits down on it. He pulls out a rectangular metal box from underneath his shirt and opens it up. It is his miniature Control Center. He begins speaking into it.)

SPANKY

Calling all MechaWAPLEs!! Calling all MechaWAPLEs!!!! Come in, this is an emergency!!

INT. The Mecha-Waple compound

(On a huge screen, Spanky is calling out to the MechaWAPLEs.)

SPANKY

MechaWAPLEs, come in!! This is an emergency.... does anyone copy? Is anyone there?

(There are no MechaWAPLEs in sight. The compound appears to be deserted.)

Come in at once! This is an emergency....

(Pauses. Gets an idea.)

This is a Queso Emergency. We may never get to eat Queso again!

(Suddenly, all of the MechaWAPLEs appear from all directions. They crash into one another and lay in a big heap in front of the huge screen.)



Numbers On Biff's Speed Dial

- 1: Papa John's Pizza Delivery
- 2: Papa John's Home Number
- 3: Larz' Bathroom Line

Nicknames Wally Uses for Other Waples

- 1: Fatboy
- 2: HEY! Fatboy
- 3: Sup, Fatboy?

People That Resemble Dirxque

- 1: Olaf Bjorxgenwaple
- 2: Dirxque Waplepotomus
- 3: Yodel Waplehorxne

Stuff Chic Does Now That He's Not A Waple

- 1: Free Psychic Reading Hotline Predictions
- 2: Sabotaging Waple Efforts
- 3: TV Weatherman Doing Cheesy Location Shots

Flavors of Ice cream Found In Lou's Freezer

- 1: The Guy That Stole His Seat At The Movies
- 2: This Chick That Wouldn't Put Out
- 3: Engelbert Humperdink

Black Sabbath Tunes As Sung By Yodel

- 1: War Hippos
- 2: I Want Candy
- 3: Oh Christmas Tree

Colors That Go Well With Wally's Eyes

- 1: Bloodshot
- 2: Any Color, As Long As It's Glassy
- 3: Half Closed

Comparisons Larz Has Made When Describing His Poop

- 1: "Dude, it was like Popeye's arm."
- 2: "Dude, if you had a bus pass, you could ride it."
- 3: "Dude, oceans are less watery."

Movies That Waples Are Scared To Watch

- 1: Pokemon 3
- 2: Night Of The Living Care Bears
- 3: WAPLEworld - The Movie

Waple Arch Enemies

- 1: Power And Precision (Or Whatever They Call Themselves Nowadays)
- 2: Diet Fresca
- 3: The Hamburglar

Things Found In Gunther Von's Old Foot Locker

- 1: A Stack Of Porn
- 2: An Unopened Can Of Military-Grade Cheese
- 3: An Urn

Things Found Under the Waples Coffee Table

- 1: All the Boogers Lou Has Stolen Through the Years
- 2: Harvey and some Kneepads
- 3: Secret Entrance to Spaz' Throne room

Movies Involving Biff And Godzilla

- 1: Godzilla Gets A Splinter
- 2: Biff Gets A Lover
- 3: Biff And Godzilla's Excellent Adventure

Things Spaz Does That Annoys Everyone

- 1: Talk
- 2: Laugh
- 3: Exist

Foods Harvey Has Choked On

- 1: Tuna
- 2: Tacos
- 3: Furburgers

Olaf Inventions That Didn't Work Out

- 1: Submarine Made Entirely Of Saltines
- 2: Free-Range Marshmallows
- 3: "Make Your Innies An Outtie" Belly Button Extractor

Physical Anomalies Found On Wally

- 1: Tiny Lumberjacks Deforesting His Chest
- 2: Scalp Fumunda
- 3: An Imperial Star Destroyer (Wedged In Someplace That Is Unmentionable)

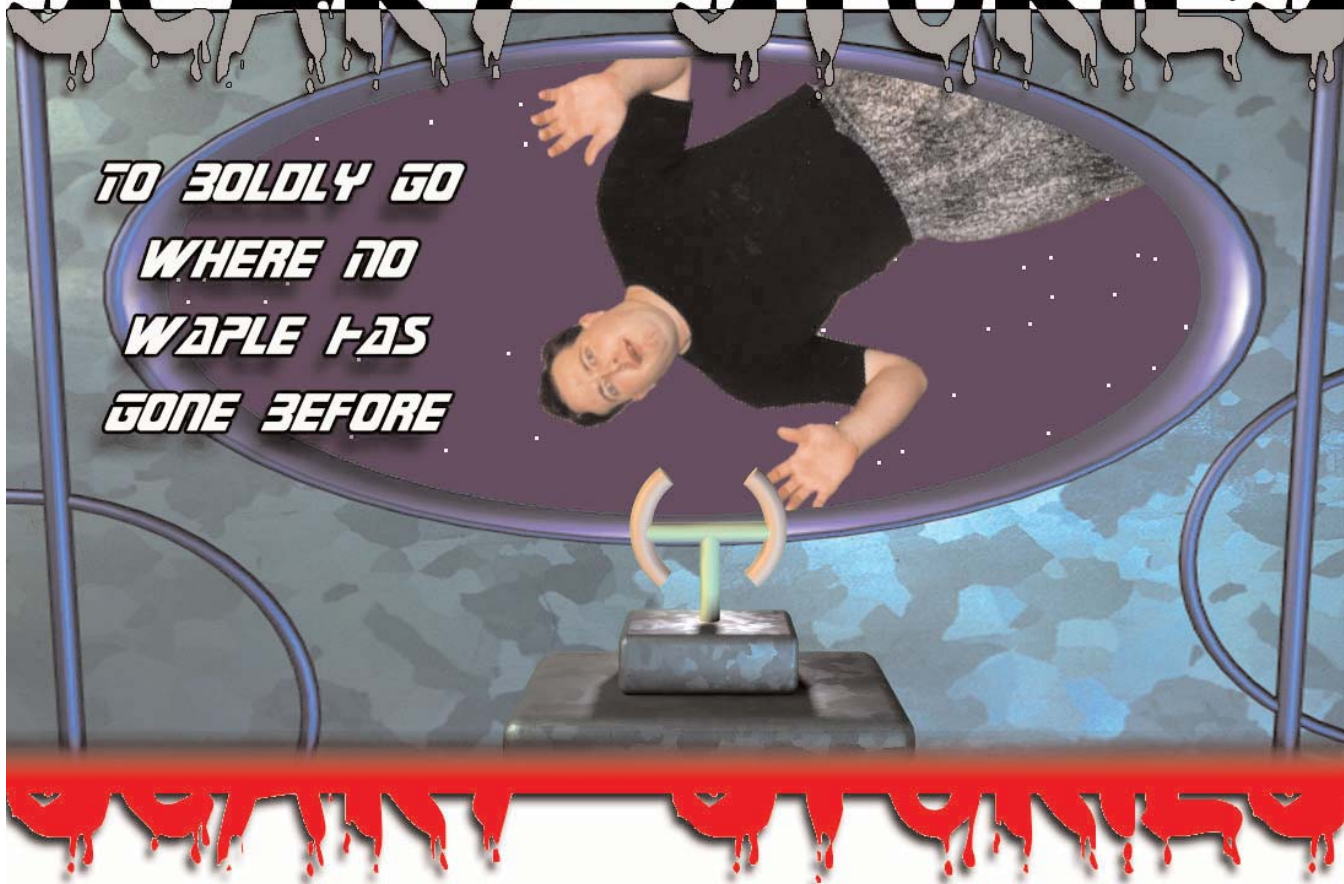
Theories On Biff And Spanky's Mom

- 1: She Died In Childbirth
- 2: She Died When She Saw Biff And Spanky
- 3: She's Not Actually Dead

Things Waples Have Succeeded At

- 1:
- 7:
- Z:

SCARY STORIES



**TO BOLDLY GO
WHERE NO
WAPLE HAS
GONE BEFORE**

VICTORY (Part One)

"To Boldly Go Where No Waple Has Gone Before"

It was a dark and starry night. The WAPLEmachine cruised through the Omega Sector towards the planet of Eacheraazoff, where the crew of the WAPLEmachine would be taking a long overdue shore leave.

"Man, I can't wait until we get there!" exclaimed Commander Larz Wapleton. "The legendary buffets and all-you-can-eat restaurants of Eacheraazoff are something I've read about for years, but I never thought I'd ever get the chance to actually go there."

"Calm down, number one," cautioned Captain Biff Waple, who was wary of his first officer's enthusiasm. "You may have heard of the old saying, 'The Captain goes down with ship?' Well there's another, lesser-known saying: 'The Captain is the first in line to eat at the buffet.'"

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"Captain," chimed in Science

Officer Spaz Pfitzwaple, "I'm not aware of that particular saying, but it is advisable that you allow our MechaUnit unit test the food at the buffet. We certainly wouldn't want you to fall victim to an upset tummy."

"For Gunther's sake!" exclaimed the angry MechaUnit, "I have a name, you know. It's MechaDirxque! I've logged more hours on this ship than most of you stupid..."

Cutting off the jabbering MechaUnit, Captain Biff said, "Ensign Cochwaple, how long before we reach the planet Eacheraazoff? I'm starving!"

"Should be any minute now, Cap'n!" chirped the cheery Ensign. "Wanna hear about my science project?"

"Not today, Ensign, why don't you just... oh!" Captain Biff clutched his stomach and fell to his knees.

"Wapleton to Med Lab... the Captain is down!" shouted Larz into his commlink.

Within a minute, Doctor Placenta hurried onto

Far-Out SPACE WAPLES



**EARTH DIDN'T WANT THEM.
THE U.S.S. WAPLEMACHINE CAN BARELY CONTAIN THEM.
BUT WHEN YOU SHOOT A GAGGLE OF WAPLES DEEP INTO SPACE...
THE HILLARITY ENSUES!**

the bridge. "What's the problem? Blue balls? Premature ejaculation? I've brought the Captain's favorite porn so..."

"No Doctor," Spaz cut her off. "You know, hindsight is 20/20, but we probably should have hired a MEDICAL doctor for this position instead of a sex therapist."

"I'll remember that the next time you come in for your dose of Viagra and anal lubricant, Mr. Pfitzwaple!" Placenta shot back.

"Please, please, no more fighting!" Biff was still rubbing his tummy and rolling around restlessly on the floor.

"What exactly are you feeling, Captain?" asked a concerned Placenta.

"I felt a great disturbance in my tummy... like millions of voices cried out in terror... then were silenced." Biff was visibly shaken.

"Parody, shmarody! You're just being blasphemous now, dammit!" the MechaUnit loudly opined.

Ensign JC loudly exclaimed, "Cap'n, Cap'n!! We're approaching the planet EacheraZoff now!!"

Larz coolly noted, "Some buffalo wings and steamed crab legs will make your stomach feel better, Captain. You'll be chowing down in no time!"

"That's more like it," sighed Biff.

"Uh... Captain?" said Spaz. "I just sent a transmission to your favorite eatery, The Bloated Goat, down on the planet surface to make reservations for us... and I just got this message back saying they were 'out of food'. Hmmm..."

"What? Out of food?" the Captain said. "Well, today is Swedish meatball day. Try getting reservations with The Stuffed Sausage."

"Negative, Captain. They also have run out of food."

"How about The Fat Frenchman?"

"Out of food."

"The Heart-Attack Shack?"

"Out of food."

"Uhh... The Lard Yard?"

"Captain," said Spaz, "I've contacted ALL of the All-You-Can-Eat Buffets on the planet surface. And they

are ALL out of food."

"ALL out of food?!?!? This is an OUT-RAGE!!!!" Biff slammed his fist down on the nearest console. "Ouch!"

"Cap'n! Cap'n!! We're receiving a transmission!" yelled the energetic Ensign.

"On screen." Biff commanded.

On the viewer screen, the grotesque visage of the former Waple trainer, Lou Waplemeyer, appeared.

"Lou Waplemeyer... I knew you had to be behind this, you bastard!!" Larz exclaimed as he shook his fist at the view screen.

"Calm down, Number One," Biff told Larz. "Do you have anything to do with the buffets being 'out of food' on the planet EacheraZoff, Lou?"

"Ha ha ha! Of course I do! I masterminded the whole strategy!" Lou laughed. "Long ago, I was a happy member of the WAPLEmachine crew. I was the trainer, in charge of keeping you fat boys in shape!"

"And here we go with the Exposition." sighed the MechaUnit.

Lou continued, "Pounds continued to be gained rather than lost. Budget cuts had to be made, and the position of 'trainer' was brought into question. I was cast aside by the people I loved. And not only that, the people I loved were gaining too much weight. It was so unhealthy!"

The crew members of the WAPLEmachine all look at their bulging guts and shrug.

Lou then said, "So I created a monstrosity that would force the crew of the WAPLEmachine to lose weight. I created something so disgusting and so powerful that it could prevent the Waples from being able to eat their fatty foods any more! I created... a Buffet Killer!!!"

On the view screen appeared a large, unshaven, hairy, bad-breathed, foul-smelling, loud-mouthed creature. The crew of the WAPLEmachine said, in unison, "Ewwwwwwwwww!"

Lou proudly exclaimed, "Meet my newest creation, the destroyer of the buffets on planet EacheraZoff. I call it... WALLY!!!!"

WALLY exclaimed, "Who's Yo' Daddy?????" And the view screen went black.

PIMP DADDY LARZ WAPLETON



Every two years, the nations, athletes, and couch potatoes of the world unite in a single city to celebrate the human spirit. In the summer of 1996, the Waple spirit reared its ugly head as well.

WAPOLYMPICS



Excerpts from Dirxque's Diary.

Every two years, the nations, athletes, and couch potatoes of the world unite in a single city to celebrate the human spirit. In the summer of 1996, the Waple spirit reared it's ugly head as well. Excerpts from Dirxque's Diary.

Day 1(1:42am, the morning it all starts) : today is the opening ceremony mony, mony mony. I heard they are gonna have food from around the world here. eh, i've been around the world, I just want a light snack. mmmmmm, fritters. I can't wait to see biff and larz march in during the parade of nations. lou, harvey, and wally all have special costumes for the ceremony. I hope all goes as smooth as my noodle.

Day 1 (11:06pm) : Damn wally's fat. wally and harvey and lou had to climb up these poles and let fans blow air up their butts while everyone watched. harvey seemed like an old pro. wally seemed like Jupiter. wally was too heavy for the pole and it was leaning over into the crowd like a limp, well, like wally. eighteen spectators died. mmmmmm, spec taters. lou was even worse. when the fans came on, they

blew lou way up into the sky. he was up there for 30 minutes. all we heard was this annoying buzzing from the clouds. lou got arrested for trying to hijack the blimp. Biff and Larz almost didn't make it into the stadium. they had to walk up a hill to get in and they had to stop several times to catch their breath. world class athletes, always remembering to pace themselves. biff tripped at the top of the hill and rolled down into the stadium. he took out every country before him like dominoes. mmmmmm, pizza. as for tomorrow, we have an early start. Biff and Larz have to relay swim the breast stroke. hee hee hee, I said breast. ha ha ha ha ha, I said stroke.

Day 2 (8:72pm) : I think today went pretty well. larz was actually just barely in last place when he swam his lap, but when he tagged biff and biff jump in, all the water flew out and they called it a dq. chalk one up for Waplevania, we didn't lose! I sat under the blerraap, scuse me, under the bleachers and cheered on my adopted brothers. oh, and I touched myself and looked up a lot. harvey and lou had today off so they went shopping for stuff. lou bought a duffel bag full of nails and then he set it

down somewhere and forgot about it. he's always losing stuff that way. harvey bought a purse from Tanzania. he said he just likes the name of the country cuz it reminds him of the hot dogs in key west. biff and larz have tomorrow off, but i'm scheduled to compete in the kayak race. if kayaking is anything like regular yakking, i'll win easily. I can puke faster than anyone.

Day 3 (11:02pm) what a horrible thing I did! I was all set to kayak and all these people were in canoes next to me. they fired the starter pistol and off I went. I yakked so much that the lake got thick and the guys in canoes couldn't paddle anywhere. then the sun came out and it started to stink really bad. at least everyone was in the spirit though. they were all kayaking as hard as they could, I guess to try to encourage me. I think some country from south america won. I came in last place because I didn't move anywhere. I protested the decision based on the fact that I never, ever, move. larz told me that he and lou and harvey got separated from biff. we still haven't found him. the thought of biff all by himself in the big city scares me. the thought of larz and lou and harvey all by themselves in the big city scares me three times as much. at least they're home now. i'm worried about biff, he has a midget weightlifting meet tomorrow. lou is scheduled for an archery contest. I told lou that I wasn't gonna hold an apple in my teeth and let him shoot arrows at me ever again, so he's just gonna hafta go by himself. wally is a judge at the midget weightlifting event. he loves midgets. he's just friends with a lot of them. I remember when bill was billnapped by those hypermidgets. that was scary.

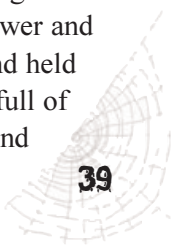
Day 4 (10:54pm) : shucky darn, we almost didn't come in last place again! biff was supposed to compete in the midget weightlifting event, and wally was a judge. lou convinced wally to cheat. well, it turns out that biff couldn't lift even the smallest of midgets and all the other lifters picked up like 4 at a time. wally went ahead and said that biff won. everyone knew wally was cheating, but they couldn't do anything about it cuz wally was the judge and his decision would stand. the midgets got so pissed off that the tiny island nation of herve' villachezia

didn't win, that they began to pummel wally. they climbed up into his trousers and ran around his legs and thingy and tickled the bejeezers out of him. wally finally changed his decision, to Uruguay or something, that way the midgets would keep tickling him. biff said he felt betrayed and he's not sure how clear wally's thoughts are on the matter. harvey was mad at wally too. wally started crying and begged harvey not to get his own room. lou bitch slapped larz just because it was a tense moment. I, in the meantime, just avoided all the conflict by wading in the swimming complex looking for aquatic cabbages. we don't have any events scheduled for a couple days, so we're all probably gonna take advantage of having some free time to spend in this great city.

Day 8 (11:36pm) : We've been watching pornos in the hotel room for 4 days now. this city is truly great.

Day 9 (11:44pm) : Well, we watched a lot of pornos. I hope they're free with the room. harvey told me they had another type of porno on the other blue channel and he wanted me to come over and watch in his room cuz he wanted to show me something. when I found out he was 2 doors down, I knew i'd get winded walking over there, so I said no. then lou said he wanted to see new stuff. now lou's crying and rubbing his butt a lot. I think he has diaper rash again.

Day 11 (3:04am) : oh the humanity and hipponity! the Wapolympics are ruined and it's all my fault! I was walking through the food court and listening to some suck-ass band on stage when lou and wally came running up and said they saw spaz sneaking around looking for us. we decided to split up and make it hard for spaz to find us. I finished off my plate of beans and cabbage and started waddling back to the hotel. out of the corner of my eye I saw spaz and chic, of all people, walking right towards me. I crawled up under this camera tower and pulled a banner down over the bars and held the banner down with this duffel bag full of nails I found laying there. well, chic and spaz were right outside my hiding place and I peeked out from under



the bars like a waple hiding under a squared circle. suddenly I felt a tremor in my force, if you know what I mean. I held it as long as I could. oh it was horrible! the toot escaped with such force that it actually blew a bunch of nails into spaz' skull. I'm starting to think nothing can kill that guy. chic was blown out of sight and all these fire trucks started flashing their lights and blaring sirens. I snuck out the other side of the tower and ran, well, walked back to the hotel. I hope everyone is ok, except spaz. it was all my fault. no, wait a minute. it was probably lou's fault. I think that was his duffel bag. no, maybe it was chic's fault. no, he's too dumb to devise such an ingenious plan. it was spaz' fault! that bastard.

Day 12 (2:46pm) : Much like every other event the Waples attend, the Wapolympics ended early and abruptly. apparently, there was a bomb or something. I was ascaered for a little while cuz this whole bomb thing happened as I was downtown farting last night. harvey has been curled up on wally's laps since early this morning. the rain and sirens frightened him like a pussy cat. wally said he's pissed about this bomb thing and he's gonna find the fat bastard that did this. I told wally that the fat bastard was spaz. Wally yelled "porubla yin yin phoothmiack garhemle yub yub!" and ran out the door. lou said he was gonna slip south of the border and wait till the heat dies down a bit. harvey went south of lou's border the other day and lou hasn't been the same since. biff and larz are the real story. they are truly brave athletes. they weren't afraid of some pathetic bomber. in fact, biff was actually brave enough to peek out from the sheet that he and larz pulled over their heads. biff said "you can't see me because i'm hiding and so you can't see me and that means you can't get me." larz said "yeah."

Day 13 (11:00pm) : Biff and Larz competed in the fencing event. larz thought they had to jump over fences and he started to hold his gnads and cry. when the judges told him it that fencing is actually more like sword fighting, we all started giggling and peeing and showing everybody our swords. well, actually, wally's was more like deflated blimp.

larz has a little one. his is like a prong that broke off a fork. biff has the tiniest sword. his is kinda like a prong that broke off a spork. harvey's is brown and creamy with streaks of red, like a bowl of blood pudding. I don't know what mine looks like, but people tell me it's cute, in a tree stump kinda way. in any event, we didn't win. I mean, we didn't win in any event. not a single one. the Wapolympics are drawing to a close and then it'll be time for us to take the long journey home. we live halfway across the city. only the closing ceremony mony, mony mony left to go.

Day After (27 o'clock pms) : I really enjoyed myself at the Wapolympics. I enjoyed a lot of other things too, but I really enjoyed myself the most cuz I masturbated nonstop for 4 days. I gotta tell ya, when I finally finished, it was like the hindenburg was filled with tapioca and fish when it exploded. biff is happy that it's over. he said he just wants to go home and rest before his next big rasslin' meet. larz has been sleeping like a baby since we got on the plane to fly home. he sleeps so soundly that we can take turns pooping in his

mouth and he doesn't even wake up. Lou finally figured out what harvey was putting in his mouth and now he's pissed and said he's gonna beat the ever-lovin' crap out of harvey. harvey, meanwhile, has been in the very back seat of the plane all hunched over trying to sniff himself. it's pretty hard to sniff yourself when spaz has his head there. wally is planning to go to war. he found out that while we were gone, some retarded kids in wheel chairs invaded Waplevania and turned it into one of those hippie communes that doesn't watch TV. wally said he'da let them have the land, but when they took out all the TVs, they just went too damn far. As for me,

i'm in training. when the winter Wapolympics come along, I plan on competing in some event so I can get a medal. I found someone to coach me in winter sports. there was a guy from Sweden at the Olympics. he looks just like me, but not as phat. his first name is olaf, but I didn't catch his last name. we'll be seeing him soon at the waple training compound. um, that's it.

SCARY STORIES



HARVEY WAPLEMAN: MAN'S MAN

This is the story of Harvey Wapleman, man's man. Harvey was born during a tornado, on a steel beam at the top of a skyscraper his mother was building with her bare hands. Being over 40 lbs., Harvey got stuck, but it wasn't a problem. He just put his cigar in his mouth and broke his mother's hips, then he just walked right out and said "Sorry I had to do that to ya, ma. I'm going huntin'."

By the age of 8, Harvey had already managed to rattle a polar bear, and win, a killer whale, and win, and even giant scorpion, and win. Harvey ate nothing but raw meat and innards of whatever animals he found. He chewed on bullets instead of gum. It's been said that he once took a crap that was 1,200 miles long, and the railroad used it as track.

Harvey's strength was legendary. Having nothing else better to do, he once ate a giant redwood in 30 seconds, and crapped out a log cabin that he lived in for the rest of his life. Harvey used onion skins for contact lenses. He flossed with barbed wire. He invented the inter-

net, then filled it with porn.

Not even the weather could beat Harvey. Wearing his trusty plaid flannel shirt, Harvey once spent a month in the frigid vacuum of space, just because he felt like it. He used snow to wipe his butt, that is, when he felt like wiping. He once used fire ants to get the sleep out of his eyes.

As life would have it, Harvey lived alone, on top of a mountain, in Alaska, with a pet wolf named "The Good Sir Fluffy Wuffy Bottoms of Yorkshire". Harvey didn't care much for the name, but the wolf had tattooed it into Harvey's throat, so he figured he'd let the name stand. The two of them would hunt grizzly together, fight over the intestines, and even compete for the last moose in the herd.

At his prime, Harvey stood 14 feet tall, with shoulders as wide as a river. He had a beard that grew 2 feet a day, and he would trim it by eating the end right off. Harvey had hands so big he could palm a boulder like

HARVEY "I WANNA BLOW A WHITE" WAPLEMAN



a yo-yo. His feet left the ground flat for miles. When he walked, you couldn't hear thunder if you were struck by lightning.

Harvey got himself a job as a lumberjack. He'd wake up before the sun and knock trees down with his morning whiz. On one occasion, Harvey slept in, and when the sun poured through the window and woke him, he stepped outside and belched fog so thick, it got dark again. He had hair on the soles of his feet. He had hair on his teeth.

Yep, Harvey was a man's man. He had no use for anything frilly, or prissy. He didn't like flowers or kittens, and he once dropped a rod on a rainbow just because it didn't have brown already in it. As Harvey used to say, "Yup." Harvey was a man of few words.

"Oh my butthole, you girls won't believe the nightmare I just had." Harvey quipped as he strode into the kitchen wearing his trademark crotchless bathrobe.

"Was it ssss... sssc sc... scary?" Biff asked?

"Oh yes. I was all alone, and I lived in a cabin. And I ate flapjacks and drank beer! It was awful!"

Larz countered "That doesn't seem so scary. In fact, that seems downright cool. What a life."

"Maybe to you, but I have a reputation to uphold. After all, I AM the fairest of them all, and if I'm gonna live in a forest, there had better be disco clubs and bottled water."

At that point, Biff screeched "Oh my crap! Harvey, look at your robe! It's... it's plaid! It wasn't a dream after all!"

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhh! I wasn't dreaming. I am not a prissy little girly man. I'm a grizzled mountain man!"

Or was he?

**Simon says, get up. Simon says, get down.
Simon says, get up again and let us**

All Bow and Pay Homage to... tim burton and danny elfman

Note of Interest: Elfman is the only person to have ever received this honor twice - his first time being when WAPLEworld bowed and paid homage to Oingo Boingo in issue 3-4: The Screamingly Disgusting 2nd Annual Swimsuit Issue.

It's been a long while since the Waples were on their knees, septin' fer Harvey. Too much time has elapsed since the Waples fessed up and admitted that there are a few people out there who are better than they are. The time has come for the Waples to fall to the ground sobbing huge tears of guilt over their lack of proper respect for two guys who make Halloween just a little bit scarier for all of us. The time has come for us to...

All Bow and Pay Homage To Tim Burton and Danny Elfman.

These two twisted freaks make our lives more worth living by pointing out that there are actually people stranger than Waples. They take perfectly odd situations, and make them tragic. They create worlds in which Waples could just be background characters and part of the ambiance of the town, as opposed to reality, where we Waples are constantly thrust into the media's spotlight, and hounded by paparazzi.

Tim Burton was born the son of an immigrant sharecropper. His family had near infinite wealth, which he used to his advantage while involved in an international croquet league. It was during a tour of Eastern Europe when he lost a competition in Anytown, Transylvania that he first noticed his lust for the odd and macabre.

Shortly after the loss, Tim, or Mfuula Mozambique as his black friends hated to call him, found himself wandering through tourist trap after tourist trap, searching for blood sausage. Finding nothing, he decided to sit on a bench and become a weird guy that makes odd stories and movies.

Realizing his dream once the dream he dared to dream came true, Timbo became restless and bored. His friends and victims begged him not to take his talents to America, where they would certainly translate into millions of dollars and hundreds, if not dozens of nerdy, comic book reading fans. Armed with a newfound sense of smell, Tim went to Hollywood.

To pay the bills, Tim simply wrote checks from his humungous checking account and mailed them to the people and companies he owed money to for various goods and services. He also got a job at Disney, to make ends meet, and sometimes middles. Disney required Tim to agree to give up the rights to anything he created while employed by Disney. He pleaded to be excluded, but Disney insisted that they should own everything created by their employees. Being sick and twisted, Tim invented AIDS and handed the rights over to Disney. Disney was forced out of business by a bunch of gay people with a lawyer, including Harvey and Johnny Cockwape.

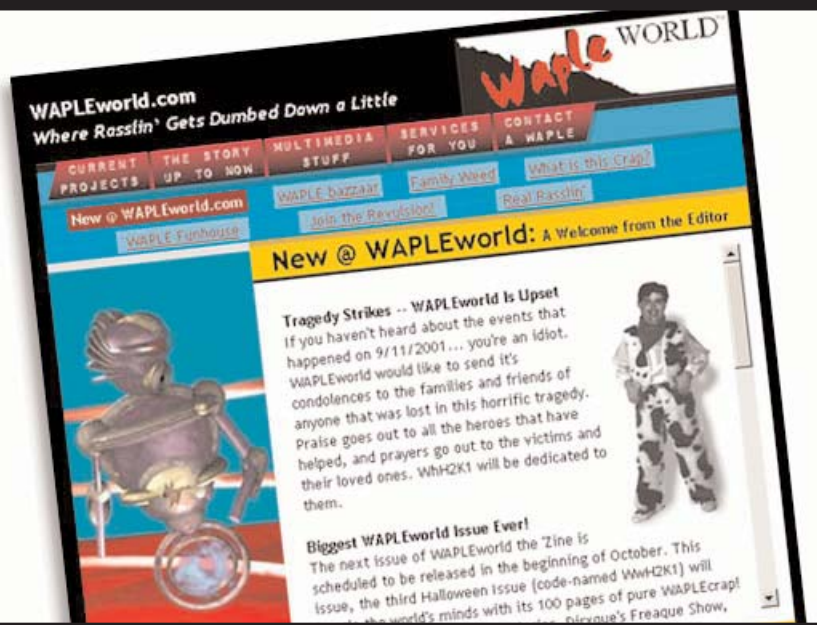
Now on his own, Tim started churning out movies, stories, and exercise videos for the near and recently deceased, and a line of aromatherapy can-

dles, soaps, and snow tires. Hit followed hit, with hard-hitting hits such as the hardest hitting hit to hit the movie-watching world in decades, "Cream of Some Young Beetle". Disney soon reminded Timbourine that even though they were out of business, he still worked for them, so they changed the name to something I can't put here because of a pending copyright infringement lawsuit against the editor of WAPLEworld.

Mfuulameister General followed that strange, yet strange movie with other equally as strange movies whose titles were soon changed by Disney. He produced, in no particular order, "Monkeys! Monkeys! Oh My Crap!", "Naughty Yuletide Fantasies", "Flying rodent Man", and "Hey Eddie, Watcha Doin' With That Sharp Instrument And Murderous Look In Your Eyes?"

Oh yeah, he also had Danny Elfman write music for everything he did, including taking a dump. Years later, Larz' turd-rock band, "Poot", stole the music and released the song, "Leaving A Dump", which Disney soon changed to "Taking A Dump". But enough about Larz and Danny Elfman; Tim Burton blah, and he swore he'd never let Lou be in a movie again.

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The Mishappen that Destroy the TV

Title: "The Wacky Misadventures of the Waple Boys, and How the Television Was Destroyed Because of Them." Wally has been known to put his story titles in "code", either to tease the reader, or to add dimension to the story.

Once upon a time in a land far away, about 3 light years matter of fact.

Opening Sequence: Wally tends to follow the strictest literary structures. This particular Opening Sequence features Wally's traditional "creative lack of punctuation", and includes a missing, secret word, known only to Wally and a small circle of cohorts. Note the reference to "light years" as an actual measure of distance. (This is not traditional WallyGoudy.)

Let me introduce the three fellows to you. The Larz the with attitude, Double B with body (Biffy), and last but not least Wally of Wall St.

Character Introduction List: the most famous quality of all of Wally's work. The Character Introduction List is recognized by virtually every culture on Earth, and has helped Wally's writings get published in over 230 languages, and 700 dialects!

Though the first sentence of the Character Introduction List attempts to reference previously mentioned characters, the lack of any mention of characters in the preceding text makes it difficult to interpret. Scholars theorize that Wally was making an attempt to throw the reader off; an effort to cause the reader to believe that perhaps people other than the Waples would be integral to the story. Even those most familiar with Wally's classic works were thrown at first, however, with the second sentence, Wally's rag-tag team of three appears once more, much to the delight of the scholars.

You may notice that in this, the first story of the new millennium, Wally has chosen to update his key characters with new, futuristic names, instead of the traditional twentieth century names of

old. Though he has been named "Larz" for over 400 published works, the role of the "bodyguard turned rassler" has been renamed "The Larz", and Wally has made a daring literary stab at puzzling the reader, by giving "The Larz" a sequence of words that must be deciphered by the reader. No scholars have been able to interpret "the with attitude" just yet, but several Enigma Machines and a Speak-n-Spell are at work continuously, in an attempt to garner every bit of character description available. The prominent theory today is simply that "The Larz" attained his title "The" via some epic battle, set in the recent past. With any luck, Wally will pen that prequel soon. Scientists aren't sure how "attitude" factors into the full rank of "The Larz", and few clues have been left by Wally. It has been suggested that the reader should press on, ignoring the clues contained in the "the with attitude" puzzle. (Ed.: What fun would that be?)

The second character listed is "Double B with body" and is considered to be a completely new character. The name "Biffy" appears in parenthesis, suggesting a dedication to the old tried-and-true character from the collected works of the twentieth century. There is, however, sharp dissension amongst scholars and analysts, about the name "Biffy" appearing after the new character "Double B with body". While some are seeing it as a salute to the old "Biffy", others have ventured that it is actually suggesting that because the old "Biffy" character was so dreaded by most readers, and so universally panned as Wally's worst creation, perhaps Wally has chosen to completely reinvent the "Biffy" character, and to avoid ties with the old character, Wally opted for a new name as well. The debate rages heavily in Europe, and in the United States, some older works that feature "Biffy" in a prominent role are being burned by religious zealots, and signs bearing the new "Double B with body" are being plastered all over towns and cities alike. The conservative state of Ohio has gone as far as to ban any reference, spoken or written, to "Biffy", and news agencies have "Double B with body" leading the exit polls by a whopping 100% in the gubernatorial race. To bring peace to the world, Wally has promised to speak to the United Nations, in an attempt to clarify whether "Double B with body" is just "Biffy" with a new name, or if it is a completely new character, meant to replace "Biffy" altogether.



The final character to be introduced has also been involved in the "Biffy versus Double B with body" debate. The name "Wally" seems obvious at first, that the "Wally" character is the only one from the twentieth century works to carry over to the new series. However, a tell-tale reference to "Wally" being "last but not least", suggests that the "Wally" character is actually the hated "Biffy" from the older works. Because "Biffy" is considered to be the least liked, and least effective character of Wally's older works, it is thought that Wally has opted to bring him back in a new form, and grant him the name of the previously most popular character, "Wally Grady Walla T. Etheridge Burger Meister". When measured with the "Double B with body" debate, the riddle seems almost unsolvable. Is "Wally" a newly reinvented "Biffy"? Is "Wally" just as simple as it seems? Where does "Double B with body" fit in? Has the hated "Biffy" character been laid to rest in eternal damnation as the whole world hopes, or has Wally retained the "Biffy" character, possibly to frighten any literate person? Hopefully, the U.N. speech will clear things up and end the turmoil.

As for the moniker attached to the new "Wally" character, "of Wall St.", most people agree that this refers to a picture on the wall of Saint Oliver, a Waple who left early on in the first months of WAPLEworld. Saint Oliver went on a pilgrimage to Utah in an effort to convert the heathens, marry many wives, and to get Donny Osmond's phone number. (Utah, and possibly Oliver, was blown up a couple years later by Lou Waplemeyer. Oliver is presumed dead, though no body has ever been found.) Perhaps the new "Wally" character pays tribute, in some small way, to the memory of the long lost Oliver.

We all met in a small town on a busy venture. Larz and Double B knew each other through school. Larz and Wally met on a venture of a weird kind. Then Larz introduce me to Double B.

The Story: No one is really sure what these first sentences mean. Archaeologists have been digging up many small towns, and have yet to find one located on a venture. Could Wally have made this

town up? While most physicists agree that one man could not possibly make up an entire town, even a small one, they maintain that science has yet to determine how an entire small town could be located on a venture, and lacking this structural knowledge, it can only be assumed that Wally knew what he was writing about. Wally seems to be asking for a little blind faith from his readers.

Wally never says what school Larz and Double B had known each other through. Most suspect that it was in the small town on the venture.

On some other venture, of a much more weird kind, a meeting of two principal characters took place. What is a venture, and why is Wally so hooked on using it?

In the third sentence, Wally introduces an autobiographical element, bringing himself into the equation by rendering a first-person involvement. This complicates the story to such a degree, that Wally's pencil could not handle the twists and turns of the story. Refusing to cooperate, the pencil forced Wally to omit the entire plot of the story, and instead, brought us straight to the conclusion.

After a long and drawn out decision we decide to go out to the wrestling venture. Our goal was to put the big guys out of business. The reason why we went to do this is we were tired of the way the business is going in the wrong direction.

Conclusion: We can only guess as to how many pages the missing text would have filled. Some say it would have been so lengthy and complex, that only one copy could have ever been printed, leaving Earth with no trees. Fortunately, Wally wraps it all up in a nice little conclusion, that references wrestling, capitalism, unions, and apparently, cardinal directions. Not even a madman would dare to attempt to figure out the chaos and hell that Wally spared us from by not writing the body and plot of this story. As a society, we thank Wally for sparing our feeble minds.

(ed., then I guess the TV was drestoid).

SCARY STORIES

BAR WHORES



Long, long ago, in a Bunghole far, far away there lived a boy named Puke Guylicker. This boy wanted more than anything to fly around like a fairy and shoot loads at people. But he had a gift.. a force .. an unseen force of a great magnitude. But we'll come back to that later.

One day while walking around looking for pennies on the ground he bent over to pick one up and well let's say he got more than a light saber up his bung. He turned around to see some really old dude and stuff.. The old man (after pulling out his umm lightsaber) Introduced himself as Stickabone, CanI .. CanI Stickabone. He said.. some I sense a force in You.. and not just the one I put there. Let me teach you how to harness this force... They traipsed around a little bit then went to A most treacherous Den of Dweebs and Male Prostitutes.. Mostly Pansy! Well here they ate up many many tacos, burritos, cheese dip, and beans.. The force was building in the young one..

While CanI Stickabone and Puke Guylicker were eating they were interrupted by a vile heterosexual man. He said, "What the hell are you queers doing?"..

CanI Stickabone showed his true

power.. waved his thing and said "You want me to spank you?.." the man said "I want you to spank me" .. CanI said "you want me to ravish you like an 8 year old boy!.." the man said "I want you to ravish me like an 8 year old boy!.." CanI said "Puke I'll be back in about 10 minutes.. if I'm not.. give me 10 more" .. the 2 went outside and CanI came back in about 2 minutes with a smile on his face.. When he came back Puke showed his force for the first time and let one rip like you wouldn't believe.. (they had to evacuate the planet immediately)..

So CanI and Puke jumped in a little cruiser and took off. While driving around in space. CanI told Puke of a Rebellion.. he told him it was really neat with lots of

Male comrodory and slapping on the asses for doing good things. Puke said this is what I've been dreaming of. But CanI told him there was also bad men.. Lead by none other than... Darkhole Buttinvader. He was a man to be reckoned with. So before you take him on you will need some extra training.

We must go see the wise and short(well where it counts) Olaf in the Dragqueen system. (I'll write more later)

LOU "MAULER" WAPLEMAYER



THE MACHINE BEHIND THE WAPLEMACHINE



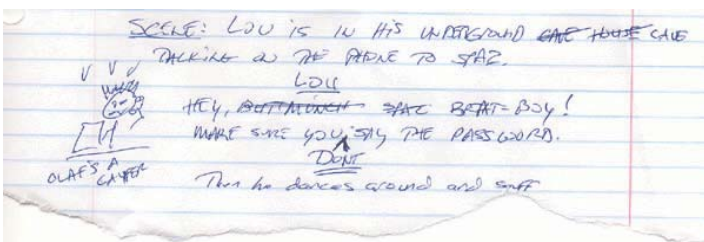
THE INTERNET'S MOST UNIQUE AND ENTERTAINING
WEB-VISION PROGRAM

One of the best things about the Internet is that you are able to produce a low quality, 15-minute piece-of-crap, slap it on the web, and pass it off as a great innovation in creative webvision shows. But what really makes The WAPLEmachine the fine



work of art that we have crafted and finely tuned to become the world's favorite show? Lots and lots of hard work and dedication from hundreds of highly paid multimedia professionals. Let's break the process down and take a look at how The WAPLEmachine is produced.

THE SCREENPLAY



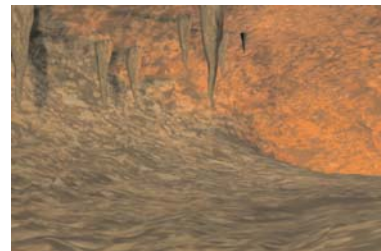
As with any show, it begins with a script. Our talented team of writers is allotted up to 15 weeks to come up with a plot and script. After the script is submitted (usually 11 weeks late) it is passed along to the editors who then cross out words and put new ones in.

STORYBOARDING



The script is then sent via courier to the art department who does what is called "Storyboarding". A storyboard is a piece of wood with pointy, rusty nails sticking out of it. After the artists draw some scenes from the show, a trained monkey sticks the drawings on random nails. This scientific process is called "Monkey Scene Ordering".

MATTE PAINTING



Contrary to what some critics say about a strong story and convincing dialog making a great movie, that is not the case. A great set can make or break a show. Mattes (or background pictures) for The WAPLEmachine are meticulously drawn by hand and computer to give a realistic feel to the show. This process is time-consuming and can often be very expensive, but we believe it is one thing that sets The WAPLEmachine apart from other sitcom or variety shows.

ACTIVE SENSOR SUITMATION



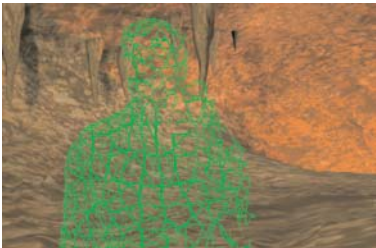
Actors are fitted with costumes that were molded from the characters themselves. Every detail is painted and each stand of hair is meticulously reproduced to deliver a latex suit (thus the word "Suitmation") that looks exactly like the character, in this case, Lou Waplemeyer. The actor wearing the suit then has over 50 3D motion sensors attached to him (or her, as the Girl that played "Natalie" from The Facts of Life is playing the part of Lou Waplemeyer in this scene). These sensors will track every movement the actor makes and transfers that data into the computer for the next step.

CGI WIREFRAME



At the time the latex suit was cast, the character was also scanned by special 3D scanners to create a three-dimensional model (or mesh). This model is the basis of the 3D character. The data that was sent from the 3D motion sensors in the previous step generates a basis for the movement of the model. From mouth gestures to blinks to rapid back and forth hand movements, every motion detail is captured and linked to the 3d model. A wireframe preview is used to enhance the speed of the previews.

CGI WIREFRAME COMPOSTING



The model is then placed over the background and placed in 'virtual space'. The model can be positioned in the perfect spot with pinpoint accuracy to ensure that the integrity of the scene remains in tact.

MESH TEXTURIZATION

To bring the mesh to life, a texture map of the character is wrapped around the model. This texture map was created with a series of high-tech cameras



and studio professionals to achieve a life-like representation of the character. Bump maps that raise and lower the texture map in specified areas are added to bring the extra subtleties of zits and pock marks to life.

POST PRODUCTION



The last stage in the video production is where the foreground objects (the monitor) and any other secondary elements are added (like the flying bats). The more layers and the busier the scene, the better the final results. Next, professional voice actors are brought into the sound studio to play out the dialog of the show. The tracks are recorded and over-dubbed onto the video to bring it all together.

ARCHIVING



Once an episode of The WAPLEmachine is completed, it is shown on the Internet at wapleworld.com to billions of people worldwide. The original copies are safely stored under Biff's bed to preserve its integrity for generations of fans to enjoy.

As you can see, The WAPLEmachine is not just a fly-by-night, hunk of garbage that some critics claim it to be. It is a masterful work of art that takes months of nurturing and professionalism to achieve. And, it's ready to make the transition to television, so if any of you ambitious producers out there are looking to fill the void that All In The Family left all those years ago, please give Spanky at WAPLEworld a call.

LOVE IS IN THE AIR

BIFFYKINS AND DANGER WOMAN CHAT IT UP



For those of you who don't know who Danger Woman is -- she's the Karaoke Crimefighter and Songbird for Truth, Justice and the Furtherment of the Americans with Disabilities and Ridlin Addicts. Or, you could just say she's the cute-as-a-cockroach apple of Biff's eye. I suppose you could check out her website (that Alliz Dog Productions did NOT design, just for the record) at:
www.angelfire.com/ga3/DangerWoman/index.html

For those of you that don't know Biff Waple, I suggest you go back to page one and start over. Here is a transcript of the Internet Chat these two had after Christmas of 1999 that was intercepted by a WAPLEworld satalite:

RasslnBiff: Hi honey!

DW : Biff Waple?!? I knew it was you!

Biff: Yes dear, it's me! I'm getting ready to go on my quest to find Wally.

DW : You Waples know how to treat me like royalty.

RasslnBiff: That's cuz I wanna get in your pants.

DW : I will let Mr. Monopoly Man know that you can cover Southen Extreme Wrestling. At least Max Monopoly will think you are so kewl.

Biff : I don't care about him. I only have eyes for you.

DW : At least I am proud of you. That you are going to "Discover America".

Biff : Wow. Thanks. But that's not where we're going.

DW : Where are you heading?

Biff : Wonnerobbinz.

DW : Warner Robbins.

Biff : I don't think so.

DW : Well, Biff. I can translate.

Biff : We don't know where it is for sure, but someone told us it's in the lost city of Atlantis. That's where I think we're going.

DW : Atlantis. You better have your oxygen tablets and helmuts.

Biff : Wally will grab Larz's helmuts when he sees him.

DW : And, for above the sea, you better have plenty of sunscreen, solar shields, hat, waterproof mask and a seashell book.

Biff : Can I get a good-bye kiss before I leave?

DW : Of course.

Biff : I don't know if I'll ever be coming back.

DW : How long will you all be gone?

Biff : Until we find him. It may be a day... it may be 1000 years.

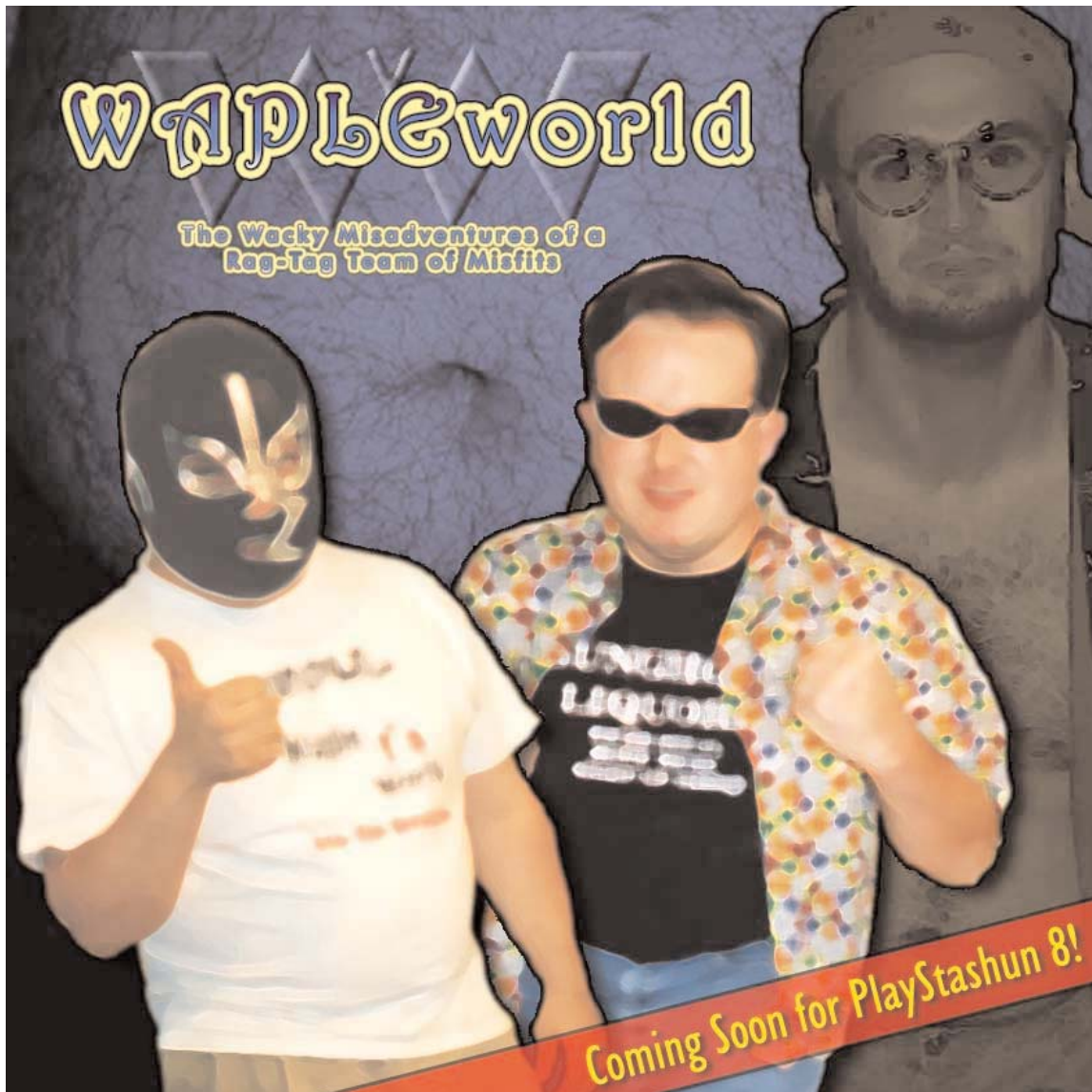
DW : Please do not say that. Besides, I want to help you get national attention. Just like Phantom

Highlander and his Cousin Duncan MacLeod.
Biff : I don't know if you heard about what Spaz did at the Xmas party.
DW : No, please fill me in.
Biff : Boy, I'd love to fill you in. I'm picturing it now.
Biff : With one hand.
DW : At least I did mention you guys in the radio play I did as one of my recipients of a Christmas Present. You would have loved it.
Biff : You mentioned us? What did you say?
DW : I was checking my Christmas List and had wrapped the gift and said: Those Wacky Waples From Wapleworld, Check.
Biff : You got me a present?
DW : I checked it off, because of the fact that I made sure that it was completed.
DW : In the story, I got you a kewl wardrobe makeover gift certificate!
Biff : What story?
DW : My Danger Woman Saves Christmas Radio Play.
Biff : How can I hear it?
DW : Also, I did mention you in the introduction.
Biff : I wanna hear it.
DW : The Wacky Waples Of Wapleworld.
Biff : Is it on video or anything?
DW : It will be on cassette and CD.
Biff : Let me know when it is cuz I'd like to hear it.
Biff : Anyway, Spaz farted fire and blew up the Xmas tree.
Biff : And all the presents.
Biff : Then he made us all sick! We had snot going everywhere!
DW : And, speaking of that, I have just started taking advanced orders on The Danger Woman Saga in a CD Boxed Set.
DW : Oh, you poor puppy.
Biff : I get mine free since I'm you're boyfriend, right?
DW : Since you reminded me, I still owe you all an Ice Cream Social.
DW : And to see The Atlanta Thrashers.
Biff : Yeah. But we're leaving.
Biff : And Spaz has turned into an evil jerk!
DW : I hope that you all will be back, because without you, 1999 would NEVER have been the best year I ever had. I even was very thankful that I had you as my new allies.

Biff : I want you to take me out to get a wardrobe makeover. Can we?
DW : First, I have to schedule it with you, VidCam, MathManic and myself.
Biff : Why them?
DngrWoman: Because this is a team effort.
Biff : Will you get nekkid in front of them?
DW : I don't think so. I have a sense of modesty.
Biff : Have you ever had a really bad rash around your groinial area?
DW : But, as Father Joe Mom would say: You better keep thyself pure and keep it covered.
Biff : Mine's itching something fierce!
DW : You better make sure that you go see the doctor before the quest.
DW : You don't want to get sick on the long trip.
Biff : Jeez, I really have to go run my nuts under the faucet!
DW : At least I do care for you.
Biff : You do? You care for me? Oh, how I've longed to hear you say that!
DW : May I make a suggestion?
Biff : Okie dokie.
DW : Please make sure that you call the doctor.
Biff : Why?
DW : You can't be too careful these days, Biff. You don't want to end up like that fan, who not only lost his mother, but also his life to testicular cancer.
Biff : Placenta usually scratches it for me and it goes away. She does that for ALL of us.
DW : She must remember that it is important to check for lumps every month.
Biff : It's just a rash, not cancer. You're a worry wart.
Biff : But I love that about you.
DW : I know. But, it is because I have this empathic side that comes out, whenever the subject of health comes up.
Biff : Well, I must go water my scrotum and find Placenta. Maybe one day you can be the one to scratch my rash.
DW : I would make sure that I have some Hydrogen Peroxide, then a proper anti-itch cream and make sure that you keep it clean.
Biff : Goodbye my love. If I die before I see you again, just know that I've always wanted to do you.
DW: Farewell, Biff.

Every several years, a video game comes around that changes the face of gaming as you know it - Pac Man, Ms. Pac Man, Pac Man, Jr. and Harvey's favorite, Fudge Pac Man, just to name a few. And now, a role-playing game that will forever change the definition of the acronym "RPG". That game:

WAPLEworld: The Wacky Misadventures of a Rag-Tag Team of Misfits



The following are excerpts from the 405-page manual.

Introduction

In the peaceful land of WAPLEworld cheese is plentiful, all TV stations are porn, and rasslers rule the roost. The Waple Dynasty is at its peak and Wally sits on his throne.

Without warning, Wally ups and leaves for Wonnerobinz leaving his crown to Spaz.

Suddenly the land is in turmoil and it seems as though the once mighty and good-natured Waple Compound has

turned to corruption and evil. Why has Wally gone? Where is Wonnerobinz? What will happen to WAPLEworld?

The fate of WAPLEworld lies in the hands of Biff and Larz, who, with Yodel and MechaDirxque by their side, must rassle all who oppose them in their quest to find Wally and vanquish the evil that has plundered their once prosperous land.

What adventures await the Wonderful Waple Boys? Will they thrive and rejoice, or will they suffer a humiliating defeat at the hands of Spaz and his minions? Their fate is in your hands.

How to Play

The premise of the game is to find Wally and bring him back to WAPLEworld to dethrone the evil Spaz. Like any RPG, you will run into bad guys along the way - either loyalists to Spaz, or people who just don't like Waples in general. As everyone knows, Waples don't win. They can't. It's not in their nature and it's beyond their physical or mental abilities. When fighting (or rasslin' in the case of this game), the object is to stay in the battle as long as possible. The longer you stay in, the more damage you will take, the higher the insurance claims (income). If, by some fluke, you hit your opponent, you don't damage him, but rather daze him and you will get a few extra seconds while he recovers. If you last a predetermined time in the battle, the opponent will either eventually get bored and walk away, or knock you unconscious - but that means that you will collect the insurance money and live to see another day.



Biff

In towns, rasslin' promoters are always looking for rasslers to fill their cards. If you want to earn extra money, maybe these guys will book you for the night. But make sure your Fame Meter is high, because they won't hire people they know won't perform, and the more famous you are, the more you will get paid.

While walking around WAPLEworld, your Hunger Meter constantly rises and you will need to eat. Subsequently, the more you eat, the more you will have to poop. You may eventually learn the delicate balance required to stay alive. Talk to as many people as you can, and try to finish every side mission you come upon. You never know when an ally may come in handy.



Larz

Missions

These are but a few of the necessary missions needed to reach the final goal of returning Wally to his throne (in no particular order).

Chic: Go to Chic's hovel. Chic asks you to find his other nut. When you bring it to him, he rewards you with the ability to replicate during battle.

Bill: Little Bill wants to open a tattoo parlor, but he needs your help. You have to find a tattoo nee-

dle thingy, some ink, and a ball gag to keep the patients from screaming. Bill also needs you to loan him \$1000 to buy a store. During your travels, you may find these items and bring them to Bill as you find them, or wait and bring them all at once. Also, if you loan him the \$1000, and his business does well, he pays dividends to your bank account.

Oliver: Oliver lives in the Land of the Lost Waples. He has adopted a new religion that allows him to be polygamous, but sadly, he doesn't know how to have kids. Your mission is to learn the secret to breeding from Chic, and let Oliver in on it so he too can have 20 kids. In exchange, Oliver teaches you to sing in perfect pitch, just like his Oliver Tabernacle Choir.



Harvey

Harvey: Harvey is at the WAPLEworld Training Compound, balancing your budget. If he could just find his calculator, he'd do a better job. If you find Harvey's house on Harvey's Nude Beach, you may try to enter his bedroom to look for his calculator. Be careful! His bedroom is guarded by a bunch

of flammers! To defeat them, you need a squirt gun to douse the flames. Once they are wet, they'll leave to primp their hair, and that should buy you enough time to find the calculator and get out of there. If you give the calculator to MechaDirxque, he will perform the calculations for Harvey, and you will make more money.

Spanky: Spanky is at the WAPLEworld Training Compound in Spankytown. He is half librarian, so you have been asking him for help as you move along. Sometimes Spanky has trouble finding answers in his reference issues of WAPLEworld, but he says he'll be able to help you a great deal if you can find the Stealth Issue, which he hid somewhere in WAPLEworld. He doesn't remember where he put it, but he knows it's there. Find it, and a whole bunch of cool stuff becomes available to you.

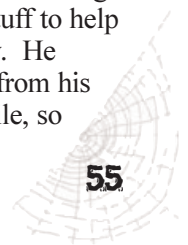


Spanky

Olaf: Deep in his underground lab in the north, Olaf toils night and day inventing stuff to help you on your journey. He knew he'd be away from his home base for a while, so he left it in a secure mode, guarded by robots and fluffy



Olaf



hamsters and stuff. If you can make it past the hamster guards, you may find some stuff in his laboratory that may be useful, that is, if you can figure out how to work the stuff.



Chic

Chic, Part 2: You need to get the secret to mass breeding for Oliver, but Chic won't tell unless you help him. It seems that Chic has so many kids, he can't remember their names. He needs to find a way to write their names on their foreheads. If you help him, the secret is yours to tell.

Organic Dirxque: Dirxque doesn't say much, now that he's a hippo. He has a leisurely life of swimming, eating, playing in the mud, and just getting fatter. There's no particular task that needs to be done at Dirxque's Water Park, but you can take a break from your journey, maybe goof around a little, catch up on your sleep and get a good, solid meal of cabbage to build up those Fart Points.



Organic Dirxque

Lou: When this all started, Lou helped train you for your journey. Spaz said no Waples could ever leave the compound, ceptin' fer Lou, because Lou is just plain scary. When you get to Lou's place in the Fiery Fields of Louholia, you notice that it looks like a post-apocalyptic horror, but Lou seems comfy there. Lou would be more than happy to give you some really sweet weapons, but unfortunately, he's not in a giving mood ever since Mt. Pimple started to destroy the island. Perhaps you could help him stop Mt. Pimple from erupting.



Spaz

Spaz: Yes, the annoying and evil Spaz is back at the WAPLEworld Training Compound, administering his reign of terror, but he does have a home, you know. His home is an old abandoned circus tent on Spaz's Dark Continent. There's a lot of really creepy stuff there, especially the clowns. All the clowns are sad, with tears dripping from their eyes. It's probably not because they miss Spaz, that's for sure. Maybe you can figure out how to cheer them up by taking away the thing that makes them sad. I'm sure they'll let you keep it.

JC: JC is a real weasel. Being a lawyer, he always has papers and court documents cluttering his apartment. If you're mean enough, you could decide to mess everything up in his little office,

making his life miserable. Try looking through his briefs, if you know what I mean.

Larz: So the three of you have made it to LarzLand, eh? Well, this gives Larz a chance to catch up on things at home before he goes back out on the road. Geez! You never knew Larz was such a gayfer about ferns! He's been gone so long that they are all needing to be fed and watered. The ferns see Larz and get pretty ticked at him. They start to rattle Larz to punish him. He tries to get out so you can continue your journey, but the ferns are beating him senseless. I'm sure if Biff and Yodel help out, the job will go quickly.



JC

Biff: Phew! Biff has been wearing the same stinky mask for weeks now. He's got a bunch of other masks to wear, but they are hidden around Biffopolis so no one would ever steal them. Each mask gives Biff a different personality. Collect them all and make Biff wear them as needed.

Yodel: Way up in the mountains of Alpen Yodeltowne, you stumble across Yodel's old employer, Santa Claus Industries. You also find Yodel's secret passion, Bavarian beer. The local beer hall is full of drunken sausage-eating morons looking for something stupid to do, like get their butts pierced. If you know a place for them to go where they can do something stupid that they'll regret in the morning, I'm sure you'll feel better about yourself.

Chet: Alas, poor Chet. You knew him not, Horatio. It's pretty creepy when you get near Chet's grave. In the distance, across the frozen lake, you see the long-abandoned Gunther Von Stadium. You can't swim or boat there because the water is too frozen. Still, the stadium had to be accessed at least once, so there must be a way to get there. It always seems like these situations call for some old, decrepit parchment or something to show you the way.



Chet

Gunther Von Waple: If you made it here, well, you probably have blisters on your thumbs. The semi-almighty Gunther Von is a site for beady little eyes.

Wally: WALLYworld. Even with Wally gone, this place is a constant party. It's a theme park and museum. The locals are great people with big hearts, and even bigger tongues. For that reason,

you can't understand a single word they say. Perhaps if you found a Wallygoudy translator somewhere, you may be able to understand what they're saying.

Mini Adventures

Along the way, you will run into literally thousands of smaller quests to develop your skills and earn that needed cash. Here is a small list of a few you may run across in the first few hours of game play.

Sober up the police chief's 16-year old daughter

Sleeping contest

Find the lady's dead cat

Kielbasa deep-throating

Save Tokyo from Crapzilla

Make the world's tallest PBJ

Unravel the Twine Ball

A statue of Gunther has shattered.

Find all the missing pieces

Save the damsel from the hyper-midgets

Stand outside of the nudie bar and try to get as many passers-by to come in.

Hot Dog Eating Challenge

Find a store that carries Pepto

Bowling at Al's

Finding grocery store deli's so you can get an ES&B sammich, for extra strength

Find cheese, find a magnifying glass, and if you're smart, you can make queso

Acrobatics at Spaz's circus

Car racing

Skeet shooting

Belching contest

Steal a little airplane from one of the kiddy rides at WALLYworld and use it to dog fight

A maze game near Billville

Ice hockey near Olaf's place

PGS Farting Tourney

Water Slides at Organic Dirxque's Water Park



Wally

Weapons/Items

What RPG would be good without a vast assortment of kick-ass weapons? Here's a few:

Pair of corn forks

Swizzle stick

Garlic press

Spork

Salad shooter (advanced weapon)

Cheese grater

Stale loaf of French bread

Bed pan

Hair dryer (throw in water to shock water enemies)

Can of mousse

Shoe laces

More Weapons (Strength listed 1-10). Keep in mind that these are just the lower-level weapons. There are weapons to be found that have a strength rating of over 1000!

Wiffle bat	1
Softball bat	2
Baseball bat	3
Wunder bat	4
(Equip barbed wire for additional hit power)	
Pistol	1
Machine gun	2
Howitzer	3
Grenades	2
RPGs	3
Rocket launcher	6
Guided missile	8

Burp	1
Vomit burp	2
Toot	3
Fart	4
Wet fart	5
Spaz burp	5
Acid fart	6
Wally's B.O.	7
6" turd	7
Footstool	8
Diarrhea	9
Dirxque turd	9
Wally turd	10



Lou

Character-Specific Weapons

Mr. Microphone	(Larz)
Chainsaw	(Lou)
Snowball	(Yodel)
Mace	(Olaf)
Taser	(Spanky)
Sling shot	(Biff)
Gavel	(JC)
Big wooden club	(Wally)
Super Soaker	(Placenta)
Throwing stars	(Oliver)
Canon	(Spaz)
Flame thrower	(Harvey)
Catapult	(Chic)
Tractor beam	(MechaDirxque)

Armor (Defense Listed 1-10). Keep in mind that these are just the lower-level items. There are weapons to be found that have a strength rating of over 1000!

Ballet slippers	1
Sneakers	2
Soccer cleats	3
Steel toed boots	4
Flippers (for underwater and picking up chicks at the mall)	

Headwear...

Afro wig	1	
Baseball cap	2	
Hockey mask	3	
Football helmet	4	
Propeller beanie (air sequences)		
Snorkel or scuba gear (under water sequences)		
Golf beret	(Larz)	
Toupee	(Chic)	
Surgical mask	(Lou)	
Viking horns	(Olaf)	
Felt hat w/ feather	(Yodel)	
Panama Jack		
White Brim	(Spanky)	
Rasslin' mask w/ bill on the front	(Biff)	
Oversized novelty 10-Gallon hat	(Wally)	
Pointy dunce cap	(Spaz)	
Big-hair wig	(Placenta)	
Rainbow wig	(Harvey)	
Ski goggles	(Oliver)	

Indiana Jones fedora	(JC)
Human scalp	(MechaD)

Bodywear

R-shirt	1	
T-shirt w/ holes in it	2	
T-shirt w/ chocolate ice cream stains	3	
Hawaiian (red)	4	
Hawaiian (orange)	5	
Hawaiian (yellow)	6	
Hawaiian (green)	7	
Hawaiian (blue)	8	
Hawaiian (purple)	9	
Hawaiian (plasma)	20	
T-shirt Wally wore to mow the lawn	40	
Black Spandex tank top unitard	(Biff)	
Multi-colored Hawaiian	(Spanky)	
White collared shirt w/ tie	(Larz)	

Lab coat	(Olaf)
Doctor's scrubs	(Lou)
Apron	(Wally)
White shirt w/ suspenders	(Yodel)
Lobster bib	(Spaz)
Judicial robe	(JC)
Overcoat	(Placenta)
White tank top undershirt	(Chic)
Sequined ball gown	(Harvey)
Ski jacket	(Oliver)
Full-body tattoo	(Bill)
Sheet w/ eye holes	(Chet)
Force field	(MechaDirxque)
Parachute pants (all)	
Colostomy Bag (All. Increases endurance. Walk further without crapping)	

Character Attributes

At advanced levels, Biff learns to go topless. His pasty white belly can be used to both blind opponents and light up dark dungeon levels.

Wally can be upgraded to equip plastic disposable glove and clear plastic shower cap.

Spanky can learn to recite the Dewey decimal system. It bores enemies to sleep. Spanky rarely leaves the compound, however, and this skill would only be used near the end of the game.

Lou can carry an arsenal of weapons, drive tanks, pilot helicopter gunships (mini-game), control aircraft carriers and such, but he can only use this weaponry against kittens, nuns, girl scouts, etc.

Larz learns obscene lyrics and uses his Mr. Microphone to offend enemies.

Yodel uses an Alpen horn to deafen enemies.

JC is a shape shifter whose attributes are random, ranging from a berserker Leprechaun to



Placenta

an ambulance-chasing lawyer to a redheaded midget who can shoot turds from his bellybutton.

Chic has two moves per battle. His first move is to throw a ball at the enemy. He then makes a comment that he only has one ball to throw. His second move, after he learns it, is to self-replicate, creating a dozen miniature Chics that swarm the enemy.

At very advanced levels, Chic learns to focus sunlight on his bald spot, project the beam towards an enemy, and melt them.

Chet can frighten enemies by saying "Boo!", or he can make them sick by smelling like a rotted carcass. It depends on whether you are fighting his spirit or his cadaver.

Olaf criticizes enemies, which doesn't defeat them, but rather it aggravates them and they beat on the rogue squadron even harder. The battle becomes more difficult to stay in for the minimum time, but insurance money is increased. Olaf is always at the lab, till the end anyway, so his move is something like an item that can be used via MechaDirxque.



Yodel



Wally World - More of a small continent than a city
Billville - A cave city in the mountains on the island of the dead
Chie's Nut Farm - Nut trees, with Chie's house being a tree house with one big nut
Mt. Pimple - In a land known as the Fire Fields of Louholia
The Fire Fields of Louholia - Contain volcanoes, running lava, burned ruins of a city, and Mt. Pimple
Chet's Graveyard - A vast graveyard on the island of the dead, it sports a haunted house
Alpen Yodestowne - High up in the frosty alpine mountains, Bavarian style
Larz Land - in a forest full of mighty trees
Biffopolis - A futuristic megalopolis
JC's Law School - Located near Spaz, of course, it is a huge college campus

Spaz's Dark Continent - Always dark and crappy, swampy, windy, stormy, many traps and pitfalls
Organic Dirxque's Water Park - A huge amusement area, expensive, but refreshing, and mini-games
Olaf's Laboratory - Located on a tiny, remote, frozen island, shrouded in fog and lightning
Spankytown - The classic cute, safe little town of RPGs gone by
Harvey's Nude Beach - On a sand bar, almost nothing good here
Land of the Lost - A small island near Spaz's D.C., Oliver's abandoned home
Gunther Von Stadium - Mini games for building levels
Placenta's Deep Wet Hole - An underwater city
The City in the Clouds - The Spirit of Gunther Von is said to exist in this floating city

Hints, Tips, and Cheats....

Hints

- The pearl is in the river.
- In Lou's Dungeon of Fire, look for a set of asbestos longjohns for a certain flammable Waple.
- There are 1,111 rune stones to find.
- If you equip Chic with a certain item, he becomes invincible for a while.
- One bridge that seems to be washed out, leads to a secret continent.
- Using Olaf's lab, you can create new armor, weapons, machines, and devices.
- There is one kosher Waple. If you feed him pork, he'll actually lose hit points.
- The MechaWAPLEs may become immobile in Magneto's Space Aquarium.
- The squirrels control the most powerful plant.
- Sometimes a dozen is not 12.
- Cheat # 3 is buried in the Stealth Issue.



Bill

- During a full moon, the Harvey River flows both ways.
- The most powerful fuel in the universe is cheese.
- Anyone with a towel on their head is a bad guy, ceptin' fer Larz when he gets out of the shower.
- The kosher Waple is NOT Rabbi Seymour Wapleschitz.
- It never pays to split up.
- Johnny Cockwaple can't swim.
- Go on as many bunny trails as possible.

Cheats:

- Time Warp - Up-Up-Up-Down-Down-Up-Down-Up-Up-Down-Down
- Super Weight Gain - Counter Clockwise from Up, 16 times around
- Play with Naked Characters - Down-Down-Down-Down-Down-Down-Right
- To get Larz to skip straight up to level 40 at the start of the game, urinate into your PlayStashun.

Tips

- You can use bananas as food, and as a trap.
- MechaWally can use his Personal Gravity Weapon to destroy small planets.



MechaDirxque

WAPLEworld

The Wacky Misadventures of a Rag-Tag Team of Misfits

In the peaceful land of WAPLEworld cheese is plentiful, all TV stations are porn, and rasslers rule the roost. The Waple Dynasty is at its peak and Wally sits on his throne.

Without warning, Wally ups and leaves for Wonnerobinz leaving his crown to Spaz. Suddenly the land is in turmoil and it seems as though the once mighty and good-natured Waple Compound has turned to corruption and evil. Why has Wally gone? Where is Wonnerobinz? What will happen to WAPLEworld?

The fate of WAPLEworld lies in the hands of Biff and Larz, who, with Yodel and MechaDirxque by their side, must rassle all who oppose them in their quest to find Wally and vanquish the evil that has plundered their once prosperous land.

What adventures await the Wonderful Waple Boys? Will they thrive and rejoice, or will they suffer a humiliating defeat at the hands of Spaz and his minions? Their fate is in your hands.


3D V.R.
COMPATIBLE


FLIGHT YOKE
COMPATIBLE


VIBRACHAIR
COMPATIBLE

UP TO
30
SIMULTANEOUS
PLAYERS
INFRA-LINK
SIMUPLAY


40,000
BLOCKS

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SCARY STORIES



The Waple of Oz

It was a stormy night in WAPLEworld. Not a regular kind of stormy, but more like an eerie kind of stormy. The chickens stopped chirping and the crickets were sleeping, or maybe dead, I don't know. I was getting ready for bed after a long day of slopping the cows and plucking the hogs. A rassler/farmer's life was hard, especially when he wore a hot rasslin' mask all the time.

I had just brushed my beard 1000 times. Since my head hair is always covered with my mask, I find it especially important that my facial hairs (all 30 of them) be soft and manageable. I had just said my prayers and hopped into bed when the storm came. It seemed to appear from nowhere, but now, it was here. There was no mistaking that this would be a bad one. And I was scared.

We've been known to get bad storms here - hurricanes, typhoons, volcanoes, wigwams, sushis, you name it - but I had a bad feeling about this one; I had wet both my bed and Larz's.

As the winds picked up, the windows started to rattle and shake, and the shutters were banging ferociously on the side of the house. Then the lightning came. Its bright pulses sent the fear of God through my every nerve. I called out for Larz to tell me everything would be all right, but remembered that he was spending the night in Wally's room, getting drunk on tequila and going over their womanly conquests... neither of which I knew anything about.

As the storm grew louder, I pulled the sheets over my head thinking that if it couldn't see me, it couldn't hurt me.

Then, the tornado sirens went off (or on, the one that means I was able to hear them). I've always heard that tornados were bad, but this was the one weather phenomenon that I have not had the displeasure of experiencing. Nor did I want to.

I felt some rumbling (and didn't

think it was my belly) soon followed by what sounded like a freight train, or the old Wally Wagon. As it grew louder, I heard transformers popping and 'splotions everywhere. I was really scared now, and I knew I was going to die again (like I did in the 1999 Halloween Issue).

At that moment, the sound grew deafening, lightning was everywhere, and the roof was lifted right off of the bedroom! I was looking face to face with an honest-to-goodness tornado! I was horrified, yet awestricken at the same time. I began to feel at peace with myself as I was staring up the belly of the mammoth twister.

As a smile grew across my face, a tractor flew threw the wall, knocking me out of my bed. I was then sucked upward into the gaping mouth of the beast, like I had somehow angered it. I was spinning for what seemed like days.

Some time later I awoke with a bellyache. I had apparently landed on the Evil Referee of the Northwest, as I was lying prone on top of him. Jeez, now that I think of it, I hope that I just landed on him and not something else. There was one time when Harvey gave me some bad oysters and when I woke up with the same type of bellyache, I noticed him taking his pants off. Okay, that was not cool. First of all, he was wearing this really gay pair of pink undies with the words "My other wiener is a Porsche" written across the front. Luckily I vomited all over everything and he slipped and fell and I was able to escape.

So I stood up and asked the evil referee if he was okay. I don't think he was considering his face was smashed in and rats were eating his innards. Yucky.

Anyhoo, I stood up and looked around. This didn't look like WAPLEworld anymore. There were no cobwebs, no buffets, no fl... huh? No buffets? Oh my crap! I must be dead! I started freakin' out man -- running around with my hands flailing about like that Corkey McCorkin kid from that 'I'm at Home Alone and I Can't Get Up' movie. Things was trippin' and I was on da flip side!

I ran toward a city that I saw way out in the distance. It must have been a mile or two away so I knew I was going to be on the road for a while. I was going to have to con-

serve every ounce of sweat and fat on me if I was to stay alive. I didn't know where I was, where I was going, or even who I would run into. All I knew was that I was alone in this huge, black and white, fake world. And I was hungry.

After a full day of hiking I sat down under a dirty sock tree (yes, a tree made from dirty socks) to rest and maybe catch a few drippings to quench my thirst. I was feeling pretty good about myself. I had walked about a quarter of a mile and I wasn't dead yet.

But it was just then that the sock tree reached down and grabbed me by the feet. It was trying to get my socks! It lifted me off the ground (with some help from a few of his friends) and grabbed at me and wouldn't let go. I yelled and kicked and farted - anything I could do to try to free myself. That's when, for no reason I could think of, the dirty sock tree let me go and I fell on to the ground. I looked up and saw that I was standing at the feet of another evil referee. But this one was more evil than the first, mainly because this one was still alive.

When I asked what he wanted of me, he said this: "You, Biff Waple, are a bad rassler. In fact, you are the worst rassler of all time. You were sent to this place to die! Either that, or to prove your worth; which you won't be able to do, so you may as well die!"

I didn't get it. What did he mean 'prove my worth'? I've never heard of such a thing. No one's ever asked me to prove my worth in the past... why now? Then it hit me. I was sent here to die? Why? What'd I ever do to deserve to die? I'm Biff. I CAN'T die.

At least, so I thought. The second evil ref told me that he was a minion of Satan, who I can tell you that I have no affection for in the slightest. I seriously think that he just thinks it's soooo funny that I can't win a rasslin' match. He probably put all the other rasslers on the earth just to beat me. That jerk. So the evil ref works for the devil and he explained that the tornado that swooped me up here killed me, and that now I'm in that place where they determine if you go to Heaven or Heck. I wanted to go to the first.

I was told to walk the yellow-streaked path

GAS-TLY GUNNER

BIFF WAPLE



toward WALLYworld. I thought that was kinda funny since I just came from a place called WAPLEworld and my manager's name is Wally. Once in WALLYworld, the great and odiferous Wally would send me through a bunch of rasslin' trials and stuff that would prove my worthiness. Sounded like a load of crap to me, but since I didn't have anything else to do, I figured, "what the heck?"

After about six minutes of walking down this yellow streak (it looked very similar to the one I saw on Chic's back all those years ago), I ran into a familiar face.

"Hey, Spanky! What are you doing here?"

"I came here to let you know that we have a deadline for this issue and you still haven't finished your scary story. What's taking you so long?"

"I'm trying, you know," I replied. "I'm actually writing it right now, as we speak."

"I know, but Halloween's in less than two weeks and I can't do the layout until I know how long your story's gonna be."

"Fine, I'm hurrying."

So I picked up the pace and walked a little faster toward the city in the distance. This was a weird place alright. You know those yellow things that grow on trees that you make lemonade out of? Well, in this world they're green and called limes.

I entered a great clearing that was filled with flowers and pollen. Oh, it was a beautiful sight to behold: me with a runny nose, itchy, watery eyes, and sneezing snot all over the dandelions (and they were dandy indeed). Just then, Spanky jumped up out from below the flower-line.

"So Biff, are you done with your story yet?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You just asked me to finish it a few minutes ago."

"Yeah, and how long does it take you to write a damn story? It's not like you're writing a novel or something."

I took offence to that. I though my story was going quite well. I threatened him, "You may be my twin, but I can still kick your butt!"

I lunged at him with all my might. He side-stepped me with very little effort. I fell to the ground - covered with pollen.

"Okay, fine," I said. "I'll finish my story quickly so you'll get off my butt."

With that, I ran as quickly as I could toward the glimmering city in the distance. I huffed and chugged with all the strength I could muster in order to let my fate be determined as quickly as possible.

Ten feet and seven seconds later, I fell to the ground again, just too pooped to continue. I turned around to look at Spanky who just shook his head in disappointment.

He said, "You're never gonna finish your story at this rate. Look, there are well over a hundred pages already written and it's not like you're 'epic novel' here is going to really add much to the issue. Why don't you just wrap it up in a nice little package and be done with it."

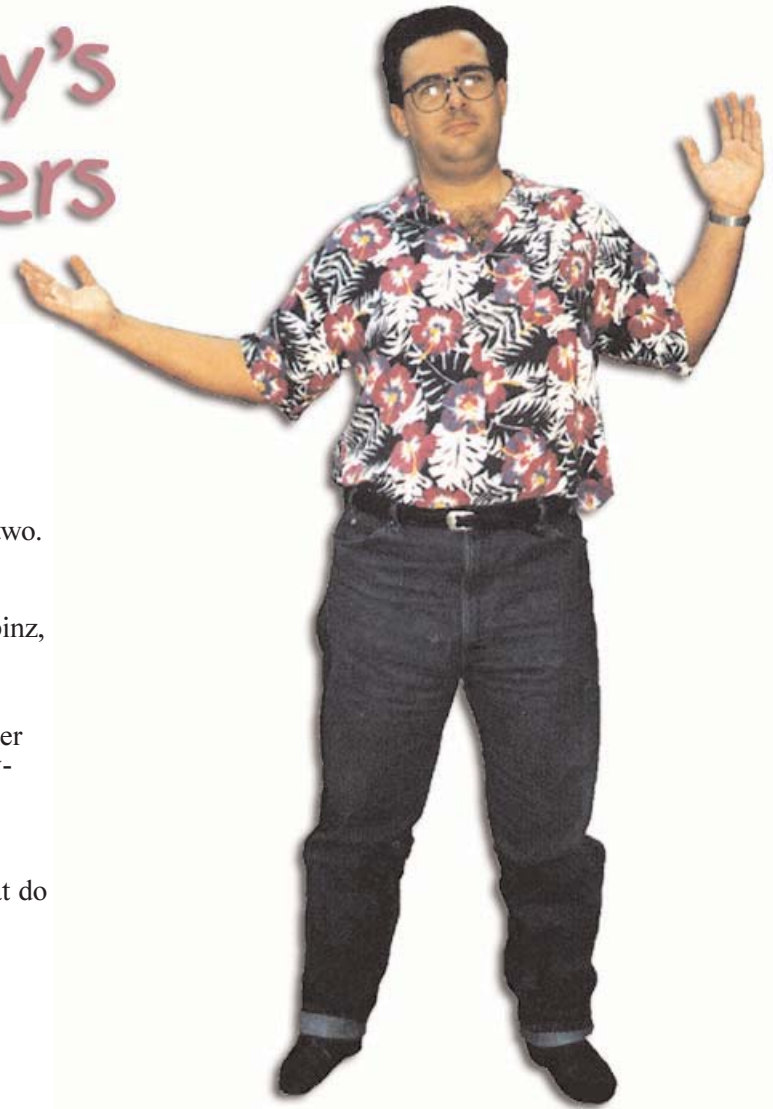
"But I really want to do this! Don't you understand? I've never been good at anything and this is the one chance that I have to prove myself to everyone! I need this, Spanky!!"

"If you quit now, I'll buy you a bowl of queso."

So I got to WALLYworld, failed the tests, and am now in rassler hell being beaten by midgets dressed in Biff costumes. The end.



Wally's Trivial Matters



Ask Wally....

Q: How many continents are there?

A: Bill Clinton and his wife are communists, so two.

Q: If John Rocker runs for Mayor of Wonnerobinz, will you vote for him?

A: I don't vote. I don't want the government to know what I'm thinking. I'll just make Rocker the mayor. I don't need permission from anyone. I am the Mayor.

Q: Name the two South American countries that do not border Brazil.

A: I think you're Mayor McFatboy! Canada. Alabama. Dirxque.

Q: How many pets have you had?

A: I'm not that kinda guy. I don't kiss and tell.

Q: What makes a good Hawaiian shirt?

A: Some 8-year-old gook with a sewing machine.

Q: You can't say "gook" because it's racist.

A: Hell, they ain't black!

Q: How old would Elvis be if he were alive today?

A: You sayin' the King is dead? Elvis sucks. He's Mayor McFatboy.

Q: How many issues of WAPLEworld have been produced?

A: That depends on how many there are.

Q: How many copies of WAPLEworld do you still own?

A: I save them all. I don't have any. I threw them away.

Q: How many issues of WAPLEworld have you read all the way through?

A: My issue, but just the part with Larz in it.

Q: Did you know that this is the biggest issue of WAPLEworld ever produced?

A: Do what now? I'm the Mayor.

Wally Trivia....

1: Wally ran as the unopposed incumbent in the 2000 election for US Chief Beef Inspector. He won after a recount determined no one voted for that office.



2: Although science can not explain it, the numbers of hairs on Wally's body is consistently the exact same as the number of Georgia Pines in Wonnerobinz, regardless of deforestation or new plantings.

3: A lightning fueled forest fire once left Wally bald for 12 years.

4: Inexplicably, Wally now weighs only .864 metric Wally.

5: While maintaining his virginity, Wally is married with a daughter.

6: Because of his down-to-Earth upbringing, Wally remains approachable to the common man, in spite of his lofty status.

7: Jar Jar Binks was modeled after Wally, as Wally was during his junior high school years.

8: Wally once went fishing with President George Bush. Mr. Bush caught a 300 lb. Blue Marlin, and Wally drank 17 beers and threw up on the Bimini top.

9: Wally is allergic to his own sweat, and he reacts by eating Buffalo wings, which causes him to sweat even more.

10: When questioned about why he refers to everyone as "Fatboy", and why he is so curious about who the father of each "Fatboy" is, Wally replied "Who's yer dadaaaaay?"

Stuff Wally Knows....

A: Sometimes people live in bathrooms. Not bedrooms, but bathrooms.

B: Dominos has a "No More Than 4 Deliveries Per Day" rule.

C: Publix requires hairnets to be worn by ALL deli employees, and underwear to be worn by just Wally himself.

D: Apparently, Chicago is full of communists.

E: At least in Wally's mind, the Braves have always sucked.

F: There are no cats in America, and all dogs go to heaven.

G: Larz is Wally's best friend, unless Wally has been drinking.

H: $14 * 32 = \text{phuddlalomith}$

I: There are only 2 different patterns to solve a Rubik's Cube, regardless of how you mess it up.

J: Chic Nottawaple says "Irregardless" instead of "Regardless", so he's out of the group.





Lou's Maggot

A Tragic Love Story

Everyone that knows Lou Waplemeyer, loves Lou Waplemeyer. Lou, however, loves nothing. Nothing except his pet maggot Sharon. You probably didn't know about this softer side of Lou. The only soft side of Lou you might have know about was his backside, and even that is only if you went to camp with him. It's true, Lou has had a pet maggot named Sharon since he was five. (Lou, not the maggot. Sharon was less than 3 hours old when he met Lou.) Sharon is Lou's one true love. Sharon has been by Lou's side through thick and thin, through countless trials and jail terms. Sharon has faithfully stayed tucked into Lou's left nostril for almost 2 decades now. Why? Cause that's where Lou likes to put him.

Just a few short days ago, on what was to prove to be a horrible night, Lou lost a true friend, and occasional voyeur. It was a normal night at first. Lou had blender full of gasoline and was about to whip up a doodie squishy when he remembered that he forgot to ask Sharon if he wanted a glass. He stuck the ring toe of his left foot as far into his nose as he could, about up to his knee, and dug around for Sharon. This was how Lou always pulled Sharon out, but tonight, there was no Sharon. Lou dug frantically. He stuck his other foot in to try to get a better grip, but he felt nothing. After several hours, Lou remembered that his feet were in his nose. He started to become infuriated at the thought of having misplaced his pet maggot. Lou figured a nice hot cup of doodie squishy would clear his head

and help him remember where he last saw Sharon. He poured a heaping helping of squishy into his bedpan and cocked his head back for a squig when at the last second he saw Sharon, swimming around in the squishy, drowning, dying. Lou screamed like a school girl and desperately dug around the bedpan with his feet try ing to get Sharon out. When his toes finally felt that old familiar friend, Lou knew something horrible had happened. Sharon was dead.

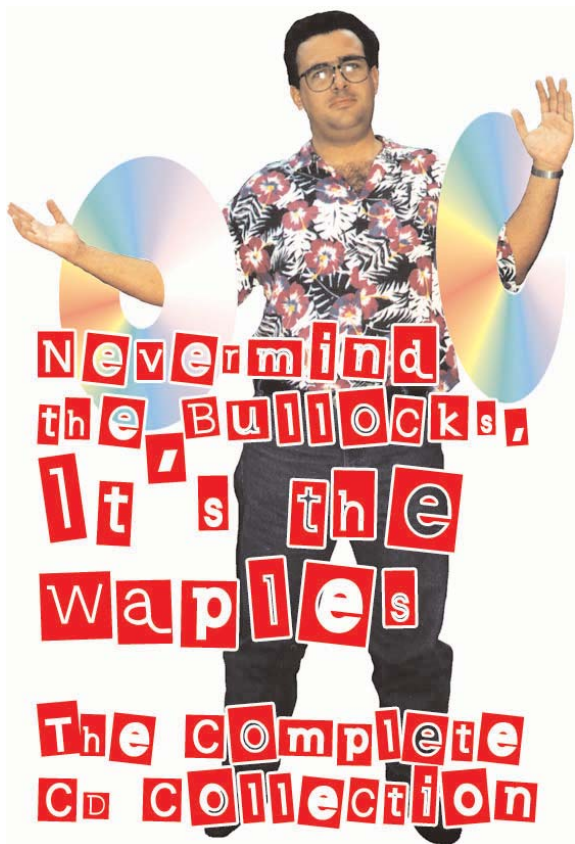
"Yeah. I like, killed lot's of things before and it never really bothered me. When Sharon died, I felt like a part of me died too, like my butt, or something."

Lou was heartbroken. He frantically tried in vain to jumpstart Sharon with 2 needles plugged into an outlet. All it did was cook Sharon into a horribly charred mess.

"It was sad. It was like, I finally realized that all the senseless killing wasn't really cool anymore. Not like when I was a kid."

So, Lou has felt the cold hand of death on his shoulder. He has felt the pain of losing a loved one. He has buried Sharon deep into his butt, where he'll never have the freedom to go anywhere ever again.

Please send condolences, flowers, and money to Lou Waplemeyer, C/O WAPLEworld.

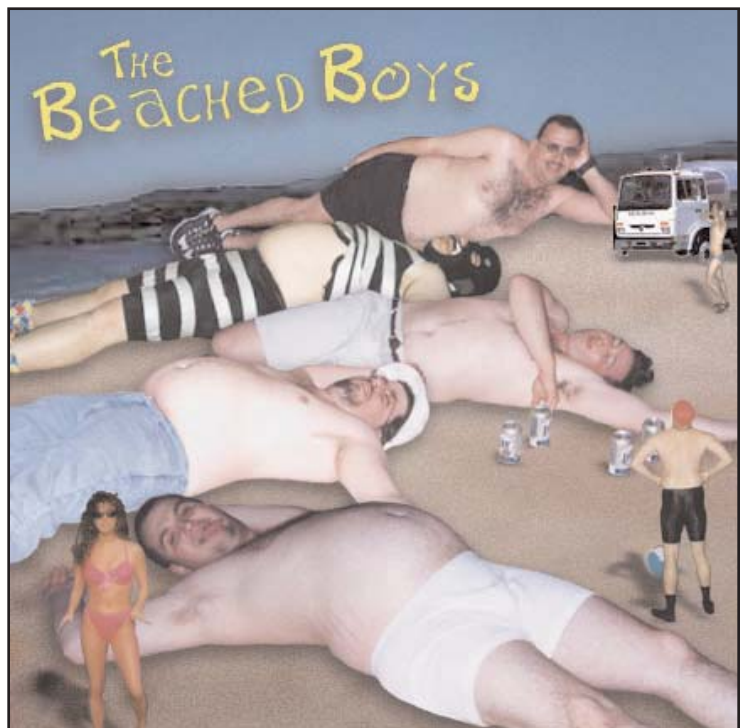


Track Listing

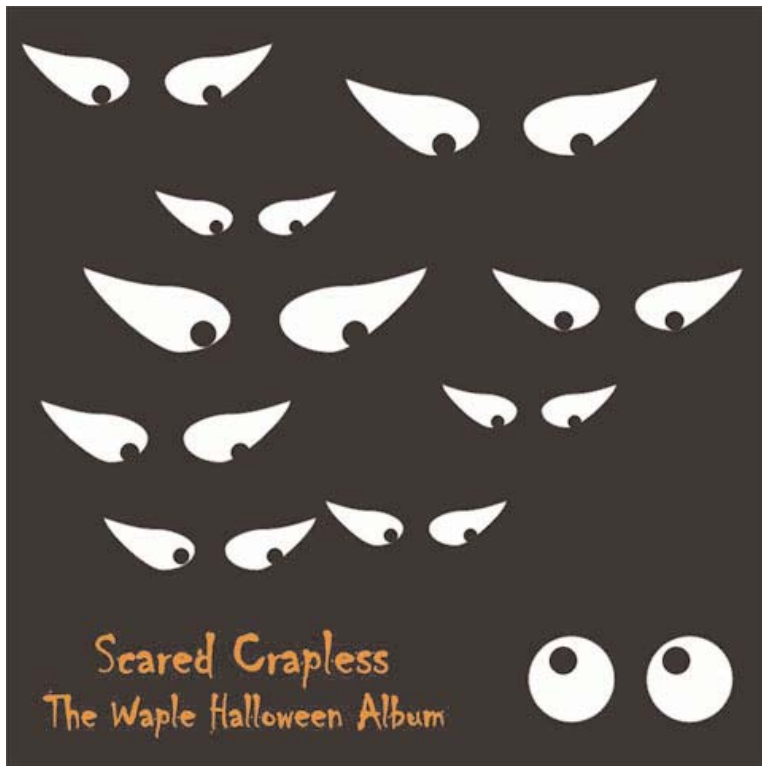
1. Wally Jolly Christmas
2. Biff's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas
3. The Most Gunther Von Time of the Year
4. Wally the Red-Nosed Drunkard
5. Walkin' in a Winter Wonder Land
6. Wally Jolly Christmas (Special Audible Version)
7. Spaz is Around the Christmas Tree
8. 12 Waple Pickup Lines
9. Do They Know of WAPLEworld At All?
10. Wally Jolly Christmas (Wally-Lake 2)

Track Listing

- 1 THE WAPLES (THE LOVE BOAT)
- 2 WAPLEBURGER IN PARADISE (CHEESEBURGER IN PARADISE)
- 3 SLEEPER HOLD (KOKOMO)
- 4 MARGARITAVILLE: DRUNKEN Duet
- 5 HELP ME WAPLES (HELP ME RHONDA)
- 6 GUNTHER VON'S LISP (GILLIGAN'S ISLE)
- 7 WAFFLE MAN (BARBARA ANN)
- 8 FLATUATIONS (GOOD VIBRATIONS)
- 9 SLOOP WALLY (SLOOP JOHN B)
- 10 LITTLE WAPLEWORLD (LITTLE SURFER GIRL)
- 11 MARGARITAVILLE: WALLY
- 12 I WISH WE ALL COULD LIVE IN a WAPLEWORLD (CALIFORNIA GIRLS)



Coming Soon: Scared Crapless: The Waple Halloween Album!



Waple Mash (Monster Mash)
Dancing Paisley Penis Eater (Flying Purple People Eater)
Vanilla (Thriller)
Wally of Macon (Werewolves of London)
Gutbusters (Ghostbusters)
The Waple Family (The Addams Family)
Gunther Von's Party (Dead Man's Party)
Bill Warp (Time Warp)
You're a Gayfer, Mr. Chet (You're a Mean One, Mr. Grinch)
The Munsters Theme (hummed by all the Waples, till they start scaring themselves)
This Is Halloween from The Nightmare Before Christmas (with alternate lyrics, of course)



Here's just a sample!

Wally of Macon (as sung to Werewolves of London)

I saw ol' Wally with an egg salad and bologna
sammich in his hand

Walking through the basement at Spanky's house
while it rained

He was looking for a place on the couch to rest his
foot

Yelling with his Wallygoudy, 'bout drives me
insane

PeeEwwww, Wally of Macon

If you here him sniffing around your kitchen door

Better lock the cabinets

Little bitty fridgerator got raided late last night

Wally of Macon, again

PeeEwwww, Wally of Macon

He's a hairy chested dude, who's eating all our food

Lately he's been banned from the buffet

Better stay away from him

He'll steal your french fries

Ha, I'd hate to be his procologist

PeeEwwww, Wally of Macon

Well, I saw Spanky Waplespunk eating with Harvey

Hiding from Wally of Macon

I even saw Biffy eating with Harvey

Ascared of Wally of Macon

I saw Wally drink 30 beers and hit on a waitress

His gut was showing

PeeEwwww, Wally of Macon again

Aw crap

SCARY STORIES



MONSTER BAIT

BY SPANKY WAPLEPUNK

The sea. Aye, she's been a fine friend to most, and a bitter wife to others. But to me, well, let's just say she's but an awful bit of hell.

It was a fine day, this last Pass Gas saTURDay (subsequently the forth Saturday of every August). The skies were bright and the smell of sulfur filled the air. We weren't the only ones celebrating the holiday made just for guys... oh no we weren't. Everywhere we went, guys were farting and belching. Fart and belching like they've never farted and belched before. The sounds were awe-inspiring!

The most gastronomical men of the Waple family joined each other that day to partake in the trials of manhood. J.C. was there, for every one knows that lawyers are always blowing hot air. And Larz, once he put down seven chili-dogs and a few cases of beer, was pooting away quite nicely. Then there was Olaf-- the fattest tub of crap upon which you could ever lay your eyes--usually a disappointment because he's more full of \$h!t than he is gas. But not

this year; not even Larz's butt knives were able to squelch Olaf's farts. Biff was there, but because he farted the least last year, he was relegated to holding the camera and changing everyone's dirty underwear. And of course, there was Spaz, the king of farting and belching. Why, he alone could outdo the whole Waple clan if ever the challenge was made. Oh, and I, Spanky was there. I own the boat, so the rest of the guys invited me.

Now let me step back a bit. About a fortnight ago, I had purchased a sailing vessel. She was a fine ship. With its notched fiberglass hull and seacocks that were held on with worn tubes and toothpaste, she floated across the glassy seas like a brick being towed by a lawnmower. I had earlier honed my nautical skills in the tub while wearing the sailor suit I had purchased in hopes that I would one day sail to Japan and see my favorite monster, Crapzilla.

Every Pas Gas SaTURDay the Waples try to come up with something fun to do while farting and belching--something that would drive the

chicks wild, but at the same time, let us enjoy just sitting back and whiffing in the smells of rotten air. Two years ago, we had our first experience on a boat. We rented a small rubber dingy. A dingy that barely kept our fat butts afloat. A dingy that had a hole in the middle of it. The next year we went from rubber to aluminum. We had planned to rent a pontoon boat—the scourge of the sea if you ask me. For three months we carefully and meticulously planned out our day of pontooning so that nothing would go wrong. But, alas, it wouldn't be PGS if something went right. No one remembered to reserve the boat.

Okay, now you can come back to the present. This year there would be no problems... one of us owned a boat already so we couldn't forget to rent it; and fiberglass is harder than rubber, so there wouldn't be any holes. Oh, and did I forget to mention that the boat was christened Monster Bait? Well it was.

Just as we were about to launch Monster Bait into Lake Allatoona, in Georgia, I received a distress signal on my CB. "Help! Help! This is Japan! We are being attacked by..." then silence. I've heard this cry for help before, but could it be? No. It couldn't. I decided to just pretend I didn't hear anything. We all piled into the boat and shoved off to fart in peace.

About thirty minutes into our voyage, another distress call came over the CB, but this one was addressed to me personally, "Cap'n Spanky, this is Japan, come in please!"

I picked up the hand-held speak-into thing and replied, "This is Cap'n Spanky of the U.S.S. Monster Bait with my ears on. What's your 20? Come back."

"This is Commander Urethra of the Japanese Defense Force!" he barked. "We are under attack and we need your help. Please, come to Japan and save us!"

"Roger doger. That's a big 10-4 good buddy," was my reply. "I've got the pedal to the metal and the goose in the caboose. We'll be tearin' through Tokyo town in just about an hour." As I put my C.W. McCall CD in the slot and wailed out "Convoy", I looked back and noticed a wall of wide-open eyes wondering what the heck I just said.

"Okay, guys," I began, "you didn't know this, but I am a special agent in the Japanese Monster Attack Force. You heard the commander,

Japan is in trouble and we need to help."

"Uh," Larz started, "dude, you do realize that we're in Georgia and Japan is all the way in Europe. How are we supposed to get there?"

"Ah, glad you asked." And I was glad he asked. "Being a special agent, they gave me this really cool boat. You see—it flies. I just press this little button here and..."

"WhOOOooooooooaaaaad!!!"

"Now that we've ejected Biff, we should have no problems taking off." I pressed the other little button and Monster Bait rose majestically out of the water. Like poop through a pig, we shot off toward Japan.

An hour later we pulled into Japan. My mates, drunk as skunks, were awakened by the screams of little Japanese people running through the streets below.

"So we're in Japan?" Olaf started. "It looks kinda stupid to me."

I replied, "It doesn't matter how dumb this country is. We were called in to do a job, and by gosh, we're doing it."

"What do you mean 'we were called'?" JC queried. "If I remember correctly, they called you and after we protested, you got us drunk with wine coolers, we ended up here, our butt holes hurt, and now I feel like I wants ta sue someone."

"Yeah," Spaz started, "why do our butt holes hurt? What'd you do to us?"

Holding my hands up in submissive defense I told them all I knew. "After a few sips of that stuff, you guys went down into the cabin and closed the door. I just drove the ship, minding my own business. I did, however, have the courtesy to hang a 'If this boat's a'rockin', don't come a'knockin' sign."

A voice came over the radio, "Spanky! Spanky, are you there?"

"Yessireedoolilly, I'm here."

"Spanky, this is Commander Urethra. Thank you for coming. Crapzilla is destroying Tokyo and we need you now. Is everything in place?"

"Oh yeah," I said, mischievously rubbing my hands and looking over at the guys. "Everything is ready

as planned."

"Hey, uh, Spanky?"

"Yes chum, I mean Larz?"

"Why were you mischievously rubbing your hands and looking over at us like that?"

I stood up on a bench to address my troops. "Every generation has its heroes, and today, we have a chance to be those heroes. Wouldn't you like to be known as the guys who saved Japan from the evil Crapzilla?"

"No!" was the resounding response.

"Well then wouldn't you like to do something great and go into the history books?"

Again, "No!"

"Okay, what if I told you that after we defeat Crapzilla, the Emperor will give us free queso?"

"Well..."

"A bowl each!"

Finally, a "Hooray!"

"Good. So here's our plan. When you guys were unconscious, I planted homing devices in your butts. They are as big as cantaloupes, so I had trouble getting them in most of you."

The others looked embarrassingly at each other hoping they weren't the easy one.

"Crapzilla is homing in on our position now. As a matter of fact, he is less than one mile away, so we haven't a moment to lose."

"So, uh," Larz began. "What happens when he gets here?"

"Easy. He comes over to Monster Bait..."

"Whoa," Olaf cut me off. "He's gonna do what?"

"No, he's not gonna do that," I replied. "He's gonna approach the ship, Monster Bait, and when he senses the monster bait that I shoved up your butt holes, he'll eat you and the ship. Then once inside, the ship will blow up and destroy Crapzilla."

"Oh. And what about you?" Spaz asked.

"Well, I will jump out of the ship and to safety moments before he eats the rest of you so I can remotely blow up the ship. Someone's gotta live to eat the queso."

I suddenly turned to see the beast round the corner and I knew the moment was at hand.

"Okay, guys. Get ready!"

It was at then that I turned around to see my crew wearing pirate outfits and holding each other's balls in their hands.

"How did you get the homing balls out? Why are you dressed like that?"

It then dawned on me that my crew just turned to mutiny! But why? What did I ever do to them? I was about to be the savior of Tokyo and they turned against me? Ungrateful bastards!

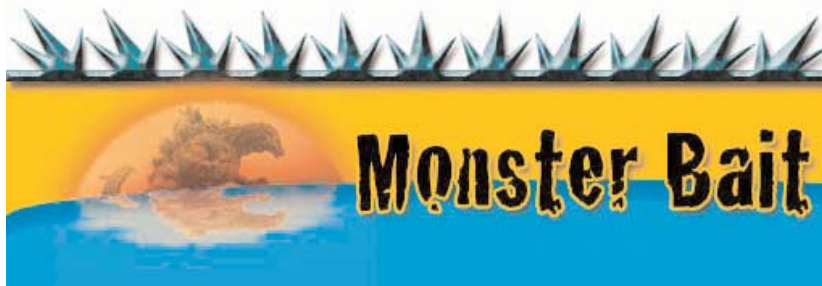
"Spanky," J.C. began. "You are hereby charged with conspiracy to kill your brethren. It is deemed that you shall die a horrible

death... the same type of death you were about to kill us with."

With that, the pirates tied me up, shoved their balls in my pants, and jumped ship. As I yelled for them to not eat my queso, Crapzilla sunk his teeth into my ship and swallowed me whole. Fortunately, I still had the detonator in my pocket, so they weren't able to blow me up.

A few minutes later, I was floating in the acidic belly of the beast. Nowhere to go, I thought to myself, "I sure am glad I didn't tell those jerks where I hid the \$40 billion we've received in WwH2K1 preorders." I noticed a leak in the boat. Acid came pouring in through the hull and the boat slowly started to sink. I blacked out.

Meanwhile, the rest of the guys found a rub and tug massage parlor, ate lots of Japanese queso, made a ton of money charging admission to see The World's Largest Turd with a Person Tied to a Boat in it, and stole my idea for WAPLEworld: The Theme Park.



SPANKY "HIPPIE FROM HELL" WAPLESPUNK



spanky's PRACTICAL

JOKES

A guide to help
you prosper
through proper
practical joking
techniques

Uh, Spanky... You've got a mean-looking spider on your shoulder.



Seeing how this is the Halloween issue and all, I figured this would be the best time to tell you about practical jokes, how they relate to Halloween, and how to do them.

You see, back in the olden days of Igor Hallowaple and the years that followed, practical jokes didn't exist. People were always nice to each other, and never was there a ruse to be found. That is, until my great, great uncle Morty Waplestien came about.

Morty was the first Jewish Waple, and not necessarily by choice. See, 70 years ago, Waples weren't circumcised. There was no need since most Waple wieners are unusually small. That, and the doctors were always too scared to chop off our foreskins because they were unable to tell where the foreskin ended and the wiener began, if you know what I mean. So... um... I completely lost my train of thought. I guess the practical joke was one Halloween, while Morty was trick or treating, the

lady said "Trick!" and cut off his foreskin, thus turning him into the first Jewish Waple, and the practical joke was born.

Some practical jokes you can play on Halloween

Now I'm the king of practical jokes. One Halloween, Biff and I were hiding in the trees to scare little kiddies as they came to knock on the door. The plan was to wait until they yelled "trick or treat!" then we would jump out of the tree, scare them silly and steal all their candy. So we were up there and when the first group of kiddies came up and yelled "trick or treat!" it startled me. I was actually looking through the latest issue of 'Spunk!' and when I almost fell, I lost my footing and knocked Biff out of the tree, breaking his arm in three places. That sure scared those kids! They dropped all of their candy and ran away. I couldn't get down for

three weeks and WAPLEdog ate all the candy.

Something else that's great during Halloween are jack-o-lanterns. People don't know this, but if you turn a jack-o-lantern upside down, you can wear it on your head and people will think that you're the Headless Horseman. So another Halloween, Biff and I were going to play a trick on Wally where we would both wear jack-o-lanterns on our heads and wake Wally up and scare him into believing we were headless horsemen. Then we'd tell him that if he didn't get up and make us a few PBJ sammiches, we'd cut his head off and use it as a pumpkin. As we stood outside of Wally's door, we put jack-o-lanterns on each other's heads. I forgot to blow the candle out of Biff's so when I put it on him, hot wax covered his whole head and blinded him. He stammered into Wally's room crying and on fire, and when Wally saw him, he threw him onto the ground and stomped on poor Biff's head to extinguish the flames. When Wally's foot caught fire, he smashed open the door to run to the shower. Unfortunately, I was still standing there and Wally's huge ding-a-ling touched my ankle. Now that was gross. I called him a fag and when he was done healing his burns, he found me and kicked my butt.

Some Jokes you can play on April Fools Day

April Fools day is another good day for practical jokes. The only thing is, the jokes can't be scary and there's no candy to steal.

One of my favorites is to stand on a street corner and look up. A few hours later when other people are finally looking up to see what's so interesting up there, tell them, "nothing, there's a crick in my neck from looking up so long." Then run to the chiropractor yelling, "April fools!"

Another classic is to tell someone that they have a mean-looking spider on their shoulder. When they say they don't and they know it's just an April Fools joke, tell them that you're really serious. When they look, run away yelling, "April fools!"

A Tape of Practical Jokes

A great and fun way to really impress your friends, or pass a secret gang initiation before even talking to a gang recruiting agent, is to tape record a practical joke then play it for the other people. They'll be so impressed that you'll instantly be accepted. Here's a transcript of one of my taped practical jokes.

Larz: "So, which joke do you wanna do next?"

Biff: "I think we should do the classic 'Spider on Your Shoulder' one."

Larz: "Okay, cool. Spanky, you're up."

Spanky: "What do you mean, I'm up? I went last time."

Larz: "No you didn't. You asked Biff to go in your place cuz you said you had to tie your shoe."

Spanky: "Yeah, but he didn't do it."

Biff: "Yeah I did. I did it while you were in the crapper. So, it's your turn."

Spanky: "Maybe we should just go home, it's getting late."

Larz: "What are you talking about? We just got here and it's only 11:00 am."

Spanky: "Yeah, well."

Biff: "You're a chicken, aren't you?"

Spanky: "Me, a chicken? Noooo! That's crazy. It's just that, I... uh..."

Larz: "Wally was right, you are a pussy."

Biff: "And a wussy!"

Larz: "Good one."

Spanky: "I am not! Okay, fine. But I'm doing this in protest. I'll do it to that girl over there."

Biff: "You can't do it to her, that's Harvey. He'll recognize you. Do it to that guy over there."

Spanky: "Oh, alright." (Walks up to stranger)

Spanky: "Um, hello. You don't know me but I was wondering if you could help me."

Guy: "What? Who are you?"

Spanky: "Um, yes, hello, I'm Spanky, and I wanted to let you know that... um..."

Guy: "Speak up lad, what are you trying to say?"

Spanky: "Well, you see those guys over there?"

Guy: "Bloody heck! You've got a mean-looking spider on your back."

Spanky: "Aahhhh!!!!" (Runs away screaming).

Three Hours Later

Spanky: "Okay Wally, you know what to do, right?"

Wally: "Wha."

Spanky: "Huh?"

Wally: "What you talkin' bout, fat boy?"

Spanky: "I'm gonna walk up to you and tell you there's a mean-looking spider on your shoulder, then you act scared."

Wally: "Who's yo daddaaaay?!"

Spanky: "So, are you ready? Okay. Oh, hello fine sir. Oh geez! There's a mean-looking spider on your shoulder!"

Wally: "Who's yo daddaaaay?!"

Spanky: "Oh, yeah, you're supposed to disguise your voice so the other guys don't know who you are. Let's start over. Hello fine sir. Oh geez! There's a

mean-looking spider on your shoulder!"

Wally: "I'm yo daddaaaay?!"
 Spanky: "Crap! Wally, you suck at this!"
 Wally: "Hey fat boy! Don't make me sit on you."
 Spanky: "Sorry. Oh geez! There's a mean-looking spider on your shoulder!"
 Wally: "No there ain't."
 Spanky: "Yeah there is! It's crawling up your neck!"

Wally: "Yeaaaah, riiiiight."
 Spanky: "Really Wally, er, I mean stranger I just met on the street. There really is a spider on your shoulder. I mean neck."
 Wally: "Yeah, and it just jumped on you."
 Spanky: "Aahhhh!!!!" (Runs away screaming).
 Crap, how do you turn this thing off?"



The Smell of noun Salad and Bologna on a Dark and Stormy noun

Once upon a noun there were three plural noun who were scared to go enter this noun that was supposed to be haunted by plural noun and plural noun. By the way, the plural noun names are the following: Larz, Biffy, and Wally noun burger.

One day we decided to verb into the noun that was haunted by rumor that we past verb through friends. The day was Halloween when we decided to go in the noun. The rumor that we heard was adjective and horrible to verb.

We past verb the front noun of the house. When the noun opened it squeaked adverb. We walked in the present verb room.

The first noun Larz past verb was an arm and a leg present verb on the noun. Biffy past verb the upper chest part of a noun. I saw noun with noun on it but I didn't eat it because proper noun was scared of getting adjective.

We past verb into the noun and I noticed Biffy was present verb. We could not verb Biffy anywhere downstairs, so proper noun past verb to go upstairs.

When I got place I noticed that Larz was present verb. I was getting very adjective at this noun.

Then I heard a noun. I past verb to verb the noun, but the noun was present verb very adverb.

When I got there, proper noun past verb Biffy with no hand. I asked proper noun what happened and he past verb me that he walked inside the place to verb what he could find. He told me that he past verb the noun to the noun and past verb a head with no eyes and ears.

We heard another noun. We tried to verb it, but when we past verb the noun, it was Larz on the throne in the adjective bathroom. He was missing half his ass. We could not decide how it past verb.

We decided that we would verb but I past verb into the hole in the noun. Biffy and Larz tried to verb me. When they past verb me I was missing half of my noun and half of my left noun, so they had to verb me out of the noun.

We past verb when we got home that it was all a noun, but the next day we decided to go to that noun to see if the noun was really haunted, or is it?

Your friend, Walley Walley-Burger



Yodel's Bitch

It was supposed to be about the rasslin'. Wasn't it? Wasn't it supposed to be for the love of the sport? The sweat? The record string of consecutive losses? Who decided to sell out first, and take all the other Waples down with them? When did it stop being about the rasslin', and start being about shameless promotion?

When Gunther Von was doing his thing, several decades ago, he got no media attention for rasslin', although he was seen on "America's Most Wanted", hiding under a truck with his shirt off. Gunther Von did it because he loved it. He rassled for rasslin's sake. He did it because he could, or at least because they'd let him.

The point is that Gunther Von never had an agent. He never had a book deal, or an entourage, or a breakfast cereal. Gunther Von never held a press conference, and while he never ate at the White House, he did eat at every Waffle House that existed at the time. Gunther Von never released a rap album, or changed his name to "MC Gun".

Gunther Von just rassled and lost and rassled again, and lost again, and so on and so forth, until he died. His face wasn't a permanent fixture on the front page, and he never did cameos on MTV. He wore no jewelry, and didn't even have a driver's license. In fact, only one photo of Gunther Von exists, and it isn't even a photo. It was drawn by Spanky, based on a picture of Larry Santana.

So what would Gunther Von say if he were here today, alive and well enough to witness the shameless, and shameful, debacle that has become the Waple empire? What would Gunther Von's reaction be to seeing his only living son, Biff, riding around in a limo, surrounded by paparazzi, wearing fur and endorsing RU486?

Would Gunther Von treat Larz as an adopted son? Probably so if it weren't for Larz having several mansions and top billing in the next Star Wars film and several thousand pornos. Larz could have been real, instead he's just a meal.... ticket, for the industry. Surely Gunther Von must have known about Chic Nottawaple, and yet he treated him just as poorly as he treated his actually offspring.

Would Gunther Von work out to Lou's exercise video series available only on DVD? Not even if it were a gift, I bet. Would Gunther Von allow Wally to manage "live, via satellite" on a laptop just outside the ring? Of course he wouldn't. He was afraid of shiny things and faces that appeared from inside magic boxes. Would Harvey have managed Gunther Von's finances? Not a chance in hell. Gunther Von was more poor than a Dot Com CEO on his company's first anniversary.

So when will the "Waples", if that is their real stage name, get back to the heart of it? Will they ever gain some form of integrity? Can they even comprehend life on the road, traveling from promotion to promotion, getting paid next to nothing while owing a hell of a lot more than that?

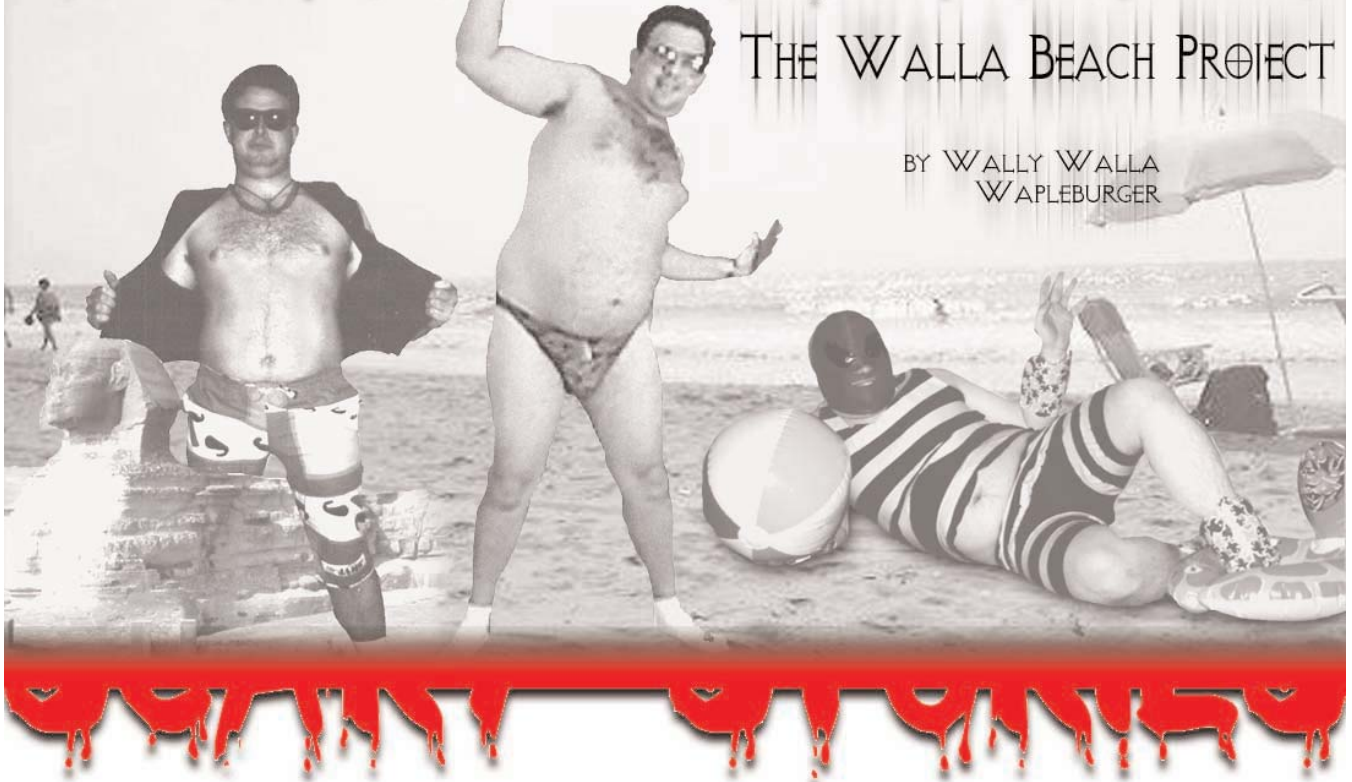
I doubt it.

*This column was sponsored by
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Foundation, and the Waple-Global-Media
Corporation.*

SCARY STORIES

THE WALLA BEACH PROJECT

BY WALLY WALLA
WAPLEBURGER



Three college students, armed with only a pencil and a pad of paper, went on Spring Break for fun, sex, and debauchery. Their journal was found. The students were never heard from again.

My Journal, by Wally G. Etheridgeburgerstapf

Jan 22, 1986: Once upon time there lived a man named Wally Wapleburger. He also has to very close friends their names are Double B Waple and Larz Wapleton.

Jan 23, 2001: We decided to go on adventure. The adventure was to PCB, for egnore people who don't know what PCB is, its Panama City Beach. Two of the three of us went to college. We will let you'll figure out who didn't go to college.

April 14, 2001, 10:32 am.: When we got to PCB. We checked into White Dune, right on the beach. You reader must realize that this is Double B's first trip south of Ga state line, so we had to get his pale body in shape,

so we got him a membership worth tan a month in advance to get his body in shape and tanned.

April 14, 2001, 1:11 pm.: Everything started out with a bang. When we got to the beach, double B decide to walk to the ocean. Gray and I decide to play V-Ball. Double B met a lady, her name Pamela Page. She is built like a brick house. They hid it off real good. The thing she doesn't realize that she is dealing with a virgin.

April 14, 2001, 1:13 pm.: Larz got tired of playing V-Ball so he decide to go back to the room and get a couple of beers. Double B was already at the room. When I arrived at the room Double B, told us about Pam Page. He told us that he set us up with two of friends.

April 14, 2001, 5:02 pm.: We met them at Club LeVale. When we got there we couldn't believe our eyes these ladies brought us to a wrestle match. By the way the ladies that Larz and I met their names are Nikki, Stevie and Sheri Rhodes. Nickki is brunette with a figure

LI'L STINGER WALLY "WALLA" WAPLEBURGER



like a hour glass. Stevie is auburn brown hair and legs that wouldn't quit.

April 14, 2001, 8:27 pm.: So after the wrestling was over we all decide to go bar hopping. You reader must realize that Double B is a virgin to bars. The bar that we went to is a dancing bar. You all should have seen Larz and Double B they were gettin on with the ladies. Page is wearing poor old Double B out on the dance floor, I guarantee that he sweated off almost 10 lbs that night. Sherri and I were in the corner doing our on thing.

April 14, 2001, 8:34 pm.: By half the night was over they were having a dance contest at the bar. By the end of the dance contest they had only two couples left on the floor. They were the following Double B and Page and Nikki and Larz, at the end of the nite Double B and Page won the contest with a throw and triple twist in the air. They won \$500 in cash. After they won the cast we all decide to leave and go back to our place that we have fro the week. Our rooms are very big we have separate sleeping quarters and huge kitchen and living room.

April 14, 2001, 8:56 pm.: We told the ladies good nite and we would see them in the morning, they sleep in our rooms we stay in the living room.

April 15, 2001, 1:31 pm.: When we got up the next morning, the ladies had us breakfast cooked and freshly squeezed OJ. After breakfast we went to the ladies place, because they want shower and change clothes.

April 15, 2001, 2:56 pm.: We left their place and went to the Miracle Strip and Skull Island. We all went our separate way at the strip. The first place were Sheri and I went was the Atomobile Snowman. Then we rode the

Jammin Scrabler, then we played some games.

April 15, 2001, 6:04 pm.: When we all met back at the vechicle around 6pm.

April 15, 2001, 6:53 pm.: We went to our place to shower and get dress fro tonite.

April 15, 2001, 7:12 pm.: Sheri and I jumped in the whirlpool while the guys and gals were showereing.

April 15, 2001, 10:49 pm.: When they were done Sheri and I decide to shower together to make it quick.

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SEVERE GASTROINTESTINAL DISTRESS, RECTAL BLEEDING, IMMEASURABLE INCREASE IN BODY ODOR, RUNNY EYE WOUNDS, VOMITING, DIARRHEA, SUDDEN AND SPORADIC LOSS OF LIMBS AND EXTREMITIES, ASS PIMPLES, LACTATION, AND WALLEYE

IF YOU NOTICE ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS, YOU ARE TO BE QUARANTINED UNTIL DEATH, WHICH WILL BE SLOW AND PAINFUL.

PLEASE AVOID READING THIS AT ALL COSTS. DO NOT PUT THIS ISSUE DOWN, AS LETTING GO MAKES THE CONDITION WORSE.

EPA CODE : WWL9B-X

Doughnut Soup-

Ingredients:

12 gross of Dunkin Doughnuts, stuffed and/or chocolate covered only, no plain
1 cauldron of melted cheese (large)

Preparation:

Put doughnuts into the cheese. Stir. Serve hot or room temperature.

Wally's Vat `O Beans-

Ingredients:

1 dozen barrels of Sonny's baked beans
1 case of Tabasco
1 truckload of onions (half Vidalia, half Wonnerobinz)
1 C-5 load of melted cheese
2,400 buffalo wings, deboned (or not, whatever)
1,200 tacos (half soft, half hard, like a Waple)

Preparation:

Melt cheese as described in Twinkie recipe. Chop some onions, leaving most of them whole, with or without skins. Add the onions to the cheese and let simmer for an hour. De-bone the Buffalo wings, and add to mixture. Liberally sprinkle in tacos. Remove from heat, and add Tabasco. Serve hotter than hell. (Oh yeah, put some beans in there too!)

Icing Flavored Kool-Aid-

Ingredients:

1 trainload of cream cheese icing, with sprinkles

Preparation:

Melt icing. Serve warm.

6:00pm Between Meal Snacks, Important for Proper Nutrition....

Menu -

Leftovers (Just kidding. There are never any leftovers!)

Cheese Balls

Glazed Peanut Butter and Bacon Sammiches

Sugar Cane and Maple Syrup Soda

Cheese Balls-

Ingredients:

Several thousand tons of Planters Cheese Balls (the kind in the blue can)

1 cauldron of melted cheese

Preparation:

Using their fingers, let the Waples dip the cheese balls into the cheese dip. Be extremely cautious with infectious diseases when Harvey is present! Do not let Harvey double dip!

Glazed Peanut Butter and Bacon Sammiches-

Ingredients:

1 cauldron of Krispy Kreme brand doughnut glaze

82 12 jars of peanut butter (large) per Waple
1 hog's worth of bacon per Waple



1 gross 9" x 12" sheet cakes

Preparation:

Lightly fry bacon, leaving it basically raw, but a little warmer than the fridge. Melt peanut butter with high power argon-krypton laser (Available n Olaf's Science Goodies Christmas Catalog). Using a pressure washer, spray liquid peanut butter onto half of the sheet cakes. Layer bacon onto the peanut butter, then cover with more peanut butter. Place the remaining sheet cakes over the top of the sammich. Drizzle with melted glaze. Refrigerate. Serve cold

Sugar Cane and Maple Syrup Soda-

Ingredients:

- 1 Caribbean island worth of sugar cane stalks, split
- 1 Canadian province worth of Maple syrup, whipped till frothy
- 1 Olympic swimming pool full of ginger ale

Preparation:

Dump sugar cane into pool of ginger ale, and stir. When blended, top with poofs of whipped syrup. (Tip: One of those crazy bendy straws makes snack time a fun time!)

9:00pm Dinner, also known as the Famine Starter...

Menu -

- Bar-B-Q Narwhal with Duck Liver
- Cheese Fried Cheese in Heavy Cheese Sauce with Cheese
- Chinese Food (Buffet)

Bar-B-Q Narwhal and Duck Liver-

Ingredients:

- 1 rare and endangered Narwhal
- 12 ducks with swollen livers (just the livers, discard used ducks)
- 1 oil tanker of BBQ sauce

Preparation:

One of the things that makes Bar-B-Q so great is the ease of preparation, at least when it's done the Waple way! First, slit the Narwhal open, then add sauce. Use the livers for dipping. It's that easy!

Cheese Fried Cheese in Heavy Cheese Sauce with Cheese-

Ingredients:

Annual Gross Domestic Product of Switzerland and Wisconsin

Preparation:

Melt, dip, drizzle, and eat!

Chinese Buffet-

Ingredients:

- 1 Wally Wagon Loaded with Hungry Waples

Preparation:

Find a Chinese Joint, eat them into a famine, leave the restaurant while Spanky is in the crapper and stick him with the check.



Midnight Dessert, the Veritable Cornucopia of Calories....

Menu-

Deep Fried Ice Cream in a Cream Cheese Sauce
Raw Cookie Dough and Peanut Butter Balls
Butter Tubs with Sugar and Cheese
Butterscotch Milkshakes with Egg Nog

Deep Fried Ice Cream in a Cream Cheese Sauce-

Ingredients:

33 flavors of ice cream, 1 gallon each
.5 ton of pork rinds
1,000 gallons of chocolate syrup
500 gallons of caramel
1 barrel of Maraschino cherries
1,200 lbs. of Cream Cheese

Preparation:

Combine chocolate and caramel, and bring to a boil. While the sauce is heating up, roll lumps of ice cream into cream cheese, then crush pork rinds and use a breading to coat lumps of ice cream. Make sure to get the pork rinds all over the ice cream. When sauce is boiling, dip coated ice cream lumps into the sauce, let fry for about 45 seconds, remove, and sprinkle cherries. Best served hot and cold, but never cool or warm, and always twirling, twirling, TWIRLING!

Raw Cookie Dough and Peanut Butter Balls-

Ingredients:

1 truckload of Raw Cookie Dough logs
1 Tanker of Peanut Butter

Preparation:

Coat the top of your mouth with peanut butter. Use stalactites of peanut butter to catch and trap wads of cookie dough. Gag thoroughly, and enjoy.

Butter Tubs with Sugar and Cheese-

Ingredients:

1 tub of butter per Waple
1 5lb. bag of sugar per Waple
1 Barrel of Grated Parmesan Cheese

Preparation:

This is gross, but it can be done. Just get a tablespoon of butter, roll it in sugar, then roll it in cheese and eat. (This is known as a Heart Attack on a Spoon.)

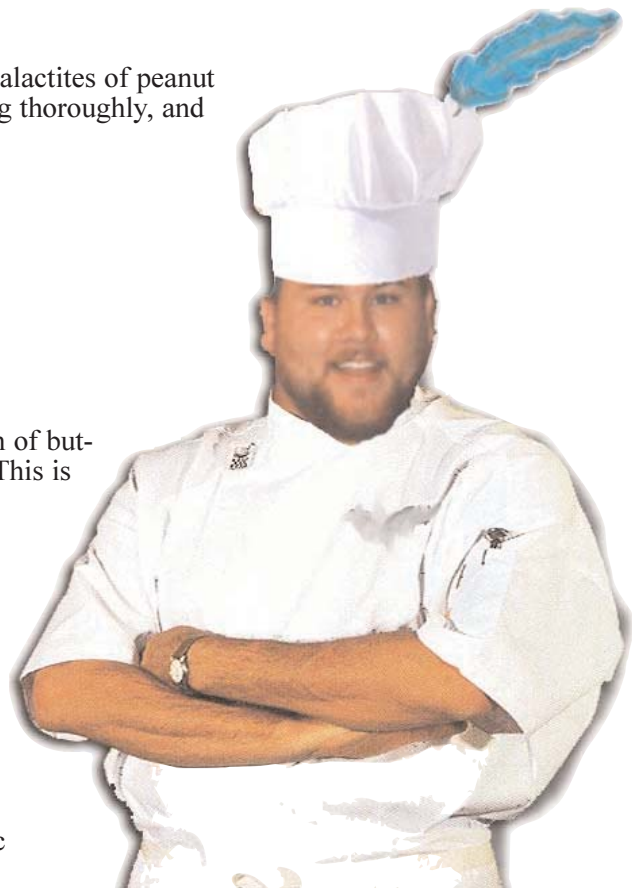
Butterscotch Milkshakes with Egg Nog-

Ingredients:

1,200 gallons of Vanilla Ice Cream
100 gallons of Butterscotch Sauce
250 gallons of Whole Milk
250 gallons of Egg Nog

Preparation:

Simply dump everything into a gigantic blender, blend until smooth, and drink!



SCARY STORIES



Ivanna's Worst Nightmare

As I sat in the psychologist chair, I reflected on the events that had brought me to this place.

"Now Ivanna," Dr. Marshall started, "let's discuss your relationship with Spanky."

"It's not my relationship with Spanky that has brought me here, it's that twin brother of his that has caused all of this," I said.

"Please explain."

"Well, it all started about a year ago when Spanky's brother Biff moved into the executive wing of the WAPLEworld complex with us. I pretty much had Spanky trained to keep his stuff in the proper place, and to keep his portion of the house clean. But when Biff moved in, it was like a three year old with no self-control had moved in.

I was, for a while, able to handle him not picking up after himself or him constantly spending hours in the bathroom running the water. After he

had been with us for a few months, I had finally had it. I told Biff that if he didn't start cleaning up after himself that he was going to have to leave. Well, Spanky wouldn't stand for that so he convinced me to let him stay. I wasn't happy about it, but I allowed it.

I had started to notice that Biff was not spending as much time in the bathroom running the water and had tried to be less of a slob, so I kept my mouth shut about him leaving.

About two months after we had this talk, I was cleaning the house when I went into my bear room to vacuum and dust. I noticed that a few of my bears had been moved around into different places. So, when I was putting them back into the right place, I noticed that their outfits or hair were a little stiff like they had dried food on them. The floor also had some on it. I immediately pulled everything out to see if they were infested

by bugs, but I couldn't figure it out. So I cleaned them up as best as I could and then went onto cleaning the rest of the house.

Well a few weeks later, I was walking by the room and I noticed the bears were out of place again. Someone had been moving them around. I was starting to think that we had ghost. I mean, there was only Spanky, Biff and I in the house so who would be messing with them. But this time, I had noticed that it had sticky stuff on them, not the dried food feeling that they had last time. So I called Spanky in the room and he and I talked about the first time I noticed this phenomenon and then this situation. He couldn't figure it out either. I went ahead and cleaned them up but I left them in the same place as they were left before.

Well, know I was spooked. I kept looking to see if other things were out of place, but it was only in my bear room that these things were happening in.

A few days ago, I came home early from work and no one was home. At least, that's what I thought. I was walking through the house picking stuff up when I heard noises coming from upstairs. It sounded like grunting, but I couldn't figure out from where. I noticed that the bathroom was empty, so I kept going down the hall into our bedroom. But before I got there, I noticed the bear room door was closed. I tried to listen through the door and I heard someone say, 'You have been very bad bears and it for your punishment, you shall be doused this my special punishment juices.' At this point I opened the door to see Biff peeing all over my bears. I was shocked. I could not believe what he was doing. Then I realized it was not urine, but something else coming from him. I screamed, 'What in the Hell are you doing to my bears?' and he said 'Nothing, I am doing nothing,' and that is when I snapped. I started to strangle him. I was jumping on him and hitting him and then strangling him until Spanky came home and pulled me off of him.

So you see doctor. It was not my relationship with Spanky that pushed me over the edge, it was his half brother. And I tell you, if I ever catch him again, I will do it right the next time."

Toilet Side Chat

with Bad News Brown



From: WAPLEworld
To: Bad News Brown
Sent: Thursday, July 26, 2001 3:41 PM
Subject: Interview of a Lifetime!

I am the editor of WAPLEworld, the rasslin' magazine that cuts to the chase and gives the fans what they really want -- fun. In the past we have interviewed such stars as Mick Foley, Larry Santana, and Rob "The Bill" McBride.

We are currently working on our annual Halloween issue, traditionally our biggest and most fun issue. Our last Halloween issue was 60-pages, and this year it will be over 100. We would be honored if you would consider an interview with us for this, our most prized issue yet. We can either do it on the phone, internet chat, or email.

If you would like to see what WAPLEworld is, please visit www.wapleworld.com. Feel free to ask me any questions you may have,

Thank you,

Spanky Waplespunk

From: badnews
To: WAPLEworld
Sent: Thursday, August 02, 2001 2:58 PM
Subject: Re: Interview of a Lifetime!

Hi Spanky,

I'd be happy to do your interview, just email me the questions and I'll answer them.

Take care,

Bad News

From: WAPLEworld
To: Bad News
Sent: Thursday, August 9, 2001 10:18 AM
Subject: Re: Interview of a Lifetime!

Thank you very much for giving us this opportunity. Here are the questions for the interview. Please answer however you would like.

Who is Bad News Allen?

Okay, then who the heck is Bad News Brown?

How did you get your start in the rasslin' business?

Why did your parents decide to name you "Bad News"?

What is the best match you ever had?

The worst?

You've been known to have some of the most entertaining promos of your day. How did you come up with them?

Are you constipated or is your face is just stuck like that?

Do you have the ability to smile?

Why do you think it is so easy to break into wrestling now when years ago it was more difficult?

When and where was your most recent match in Georgia?

Any chance of changing your gimmick to "Good News" Brown and you can distribute Bibles to hotel rooms across the nation?

Did you receive any royalties from the song Jim Croce wrote about you ("Bad, bad, Bad News Brown")?

When you were working a program with Randy Savage, were you uncomfortable with your proposed theory that Elizabeth was "doing favors" to Jack Tunney for Savage's career?

What's the largest object you've ever found in your beard?

Do you have any regrets?

Did you ever square off against the legendary Gunther Von Waple? If not, why? Were you chicken?

At WM6, you faced Piper while he had one half of his body painted black. What was up with that?

Do you feel that the MTV show "Tough Enough" gives people too much of a glimpse behind the curtain, and people who shouldn't be in wrestling will try to train themselves at home without learning to respect the business?

Two black guys were voted off two weeks in a row.

Do you think it was that they were not up to par, or is that just the way of the business?

Have you ever purchased anything from eBay, and if so, how much did you spend on the crap?

Is this a rhetorical question?

Over the course of your career, would you say that you've seen more naked guys than the average porn star?

Do you think Vince is doing the right thing with the WWF/WCW/ECW now that he runs all the major companies?

Would you fly in the Space Shuttle if NASA came a callin'?

A few years ago, several black wrestlers filed a lawsuit against WCW for racial discrimination saying they didn't get the push they deserved. Did you see this as someone bitching and moaning because they really didn't have the talent and saw this as a way to make the company nervous enough to just give it to them, or is there a real threat of racial discrimination in the business?

Did you ever whiz in your spandex during a match?

Did you know that Harvey Wapleman has a crush on you?

At both the 1988 and 1989 Survivor Series, you walked out on your teams because of a missed punch. Was this an angle you pushed for to show that you were a lone wolf, was it the WWF's idea, or were you just being a baby?

What is your take on the state of wrestling today?

At what point did you and the WWF part ways and was it on good or bad terms?

Finally, what do you think about the rasslin' tag team of The Wonderful Waple Boys?

WAPLEworld thanks you for allowing us the opportunity to talk to one of pro rasslin's greats.

From: Bad News
To: WAPLEworld
Sent: Monday, August 13, 2001 11:34 PM
Subject: Re: Interview of a Lifetime!

I refuse to do the interview I find some of your questions insulting and I will not waste my time.

Bad News

HOW I DESTROYED INDEPENDENT RASSLIN' IN GEORGIA

Well kiddies... this is the last ever installment of LarzLand. (Thank Gunther for small miracles!) Anyway, I've forsaken the world of professional rasslin' and rarely watch it anymore. So you won't be getting my crummy commentary and views on professional rasslin', cuz I don't care! But maybe I'm just a bit jaded. After all, I single-handedly ruined the Georgia Independent Rasslin' scene. And I'm going to tell you exactly how I did it.

First I created a new, non-Waple persona... Billy Devito: Ring Announcing Whiz Kid. I had actually announced at a rasslin' event only once before, at the first and only "RAGE" rasslin' card at Sprayberry High School (held in 1997). But that didn't stop me from securing the main ring announcer spot on the prime time television show of the number FOUR promotion in the country (at least, that's the estimated ranking the promoter gave to us.)

And let me tell you... there's nothing like being on TV. You get recognized when you're out and about. You never have to wait for a table at a trendy restaurant. You constantly get hit on by all kinds of fine lookin' women. Of course, none of those things happened to me, but I really like to think of myself as the exception to the rule. I knew that I was a television star on WHOT-34 at 9pm and again at 1am every Tuesday night, and that's all that REALLY mattered anyway. I was Billy Devito: Television Super-Hunk.

However, being a Prime Time television personality wasn't enough for me. I felt that I needed to be more active and influential behind the scenes. I needed control. So I started by going to the production studio and volunteering my golden vocal chords and my brilliant writing skills (as evidenced in this very column) to the engineers who created and edited the commercials. So now, in addition to having my handsome mug on TV



every week, my voice could be heard AND my persuasive sales pitches for this promotion's merchandise were working! The week after my commercials debuted, T-shirts sales doubled at that weekend's show. There were FOUR shirts sold! I had proven myself to be Billy Devito: Marketing Super-Genius.

But fame, stardom, and my new status as the Merchandise Stud just didn't satisfy me. I needed to get more involved. So after chauffeuring the promoter home after a few events, I gave him some of my ideas about how the promotion could improve. How the show could improve. How he could make gobs more money in his pocket. I told him that I had all these ideas written down somewhere on the back of an old chewing gum wrapper. The following Monday, the promoter FIRED the television show's producer and named me his successor. With the ring announcing, I had at least DONE THAT

once before. With the television show producing, however, I had never done it or anything like it before. EVER. I was to emerge as Billy Devito: TV Producer & Editing Super-Hero.

So now I was really in control of things. The show was edited and produced according to my glorious vision. Rasslers who had left the organization were desperately contacting me to see if I could get them back in. My stock had risen not only in the rasslin' promotion, but the rest of the Georgia Independent Rasslin' scene was starting to take notice in me. And I started running the official website for the promotion. I not only updated it every day, but I revamped entire sections of it. I turned the website into a marketing tool and I was the Master of the Message Board. I was enjoying being Billy Devito: Computer Super-Geek & Voice of the People.

My stock had risen so fast that the promoter realized that he needed to do something to keep me before another rasslin' promotion recognized my limitless potential and signed me to an exclusive deal. So he put me in charge of the promotion. My new title was Executive Director of Operations. I ran the whole show. I could bring in whatever rasslers I wanted to. I got to choose the Booking Committee, and I named three of my good friends, who had a combined total of thirty years in the business, to run that area of the company. I got to book venues. I was totally in charge. I had ascended to become Billy Devito, Rasslin' Super-Deity.

Now during my amazing rise to power in this promotion, there were many disgruntled yet very talented rasslers who left the organization because of problems with the promoter. I wanted them back. I knew that their talent was required to make this promotion the best it could be. The promoter told me I could bring ANY of them back, but with one condition: he was not going to allow me to pay them anything since 1) they had walked out on him before, and 2) they were going to be on television. With this daunting task in front of me, I managed to convince all but one rassler to come back to the organization and work with me and my booking committee... for nothing. And these guys were used to making the princely sum of twenty dollars a night in the past, so this was a major adjustment and

sacrifice for some of them. Because of me, I got all the old talent back without any of the old payroll. I was truly Billy Devito, Miracle Super-Worker and Bargain Super-Hunter.

What a recipe for success!!! An experienced Booking Committee. Talented rasslers who believed in the company. An almost non-existent payroll. A prime-time Television show. Merchandise commercials that worked. A handsome ring announcer. And an amazingly dynamic leader who put everything together. But there is one piece to this "can't-miss" equation that I have left out. As much as I built myself up, as much as I accomplished in a short period of time, and as much as I proved that I was a dependable and capable person for the job of Executive Director of Operations, there was one thing that was undeniable. I was still Billy Devito: member of the Wonderful Waple Family and Super-Procrastinator.

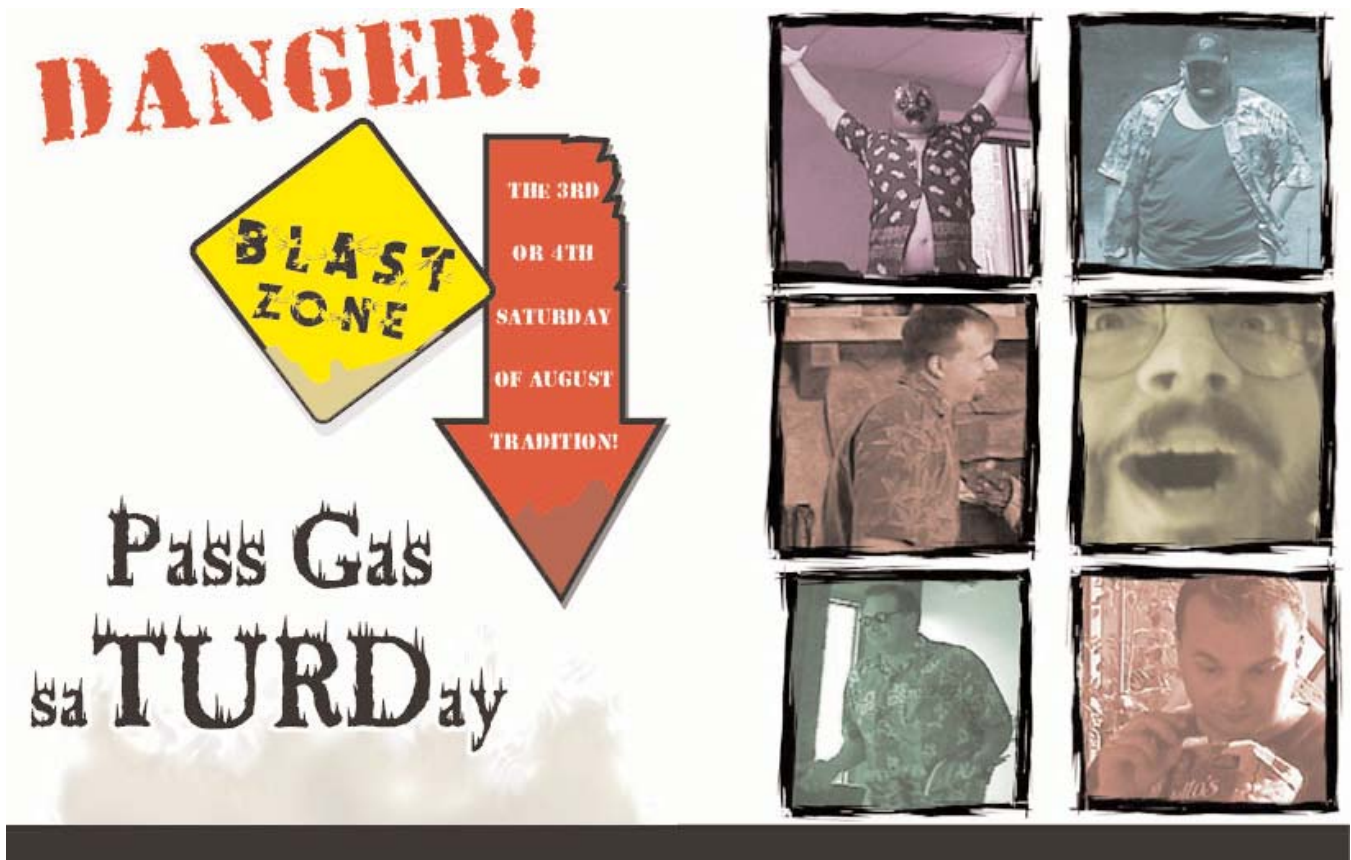
After that, what else needs to be said? The one and only show we ran was a disaster. It didn't draw. It started hours late. The promoter didn't give any kind of assistance when problems arose. The promoter also disrupted the locker room, causing great tension among the rasslers. The Booking Committee resigned after the show. A few days later, we lost our television spot. I resigned from the company a few days after that. Sixteen months later, the promotion has yet to run another show, despite countless promises from the promoter.

But the Waple curse didn't end there. This once highly-talented "Union" of rasslers split up and went to several small and insignificant outlaw promotions, none of which ever made it on television or pulled the crowds that the old promotion once did. The entire Georgia Independent Rasslin' scene slowly sank into a pit of its own pathetic mediocrity. To this day, no promotion has come anywhere near the success that our old promotion achieved.

Yup! I'm kinda jaded about rasslin'. Ruining a promotion is one thing, but ruining an entire state? That's just Waple.

Laterz,

Larz



Since the dawn of time, men have gathered together on hot Saturday afternoons in late August to celebrate that which is most manly: passing gas. A tradition handed down from father to son, Pass Gas saTURDay unites wishy-washy men, men who once made the rules and owned everything, and who are now subjugated by their female masters. In nearly complete defeat, the only effective weapon men still possess to defend their right to be men, is gas.

An event bigger than the Olympics, bigger than Elvis giving it hard to Britney, and ever so slightly bigger than the Super Bowl, Pass Gas saTURDay has produced its share of heroes and legends. With gas passing taking on an image of sport, it was only natural for statistics to be kept, to both honor those who push the envelope, and worship those who burn a hole through it.

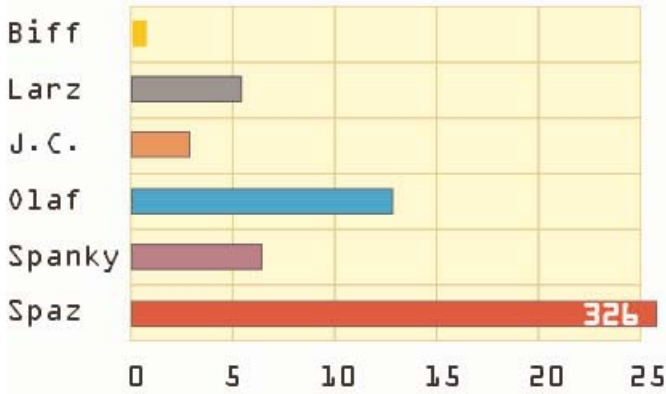
In 2001, the Pass Gas saTURDay adventures continued their recent nautical trend, by occurring over water, and in the end, below water. As has

been the standard for the last 262 years, Spaz Pfitzwaple has again emerged as the unchallenged Jedi Master of belching. On this particular Saturday, Spaz topped himself once again by creating a belch so deep, so loud, and so smelly, that the moon itself cracked, and is now feared to be splitting apart.

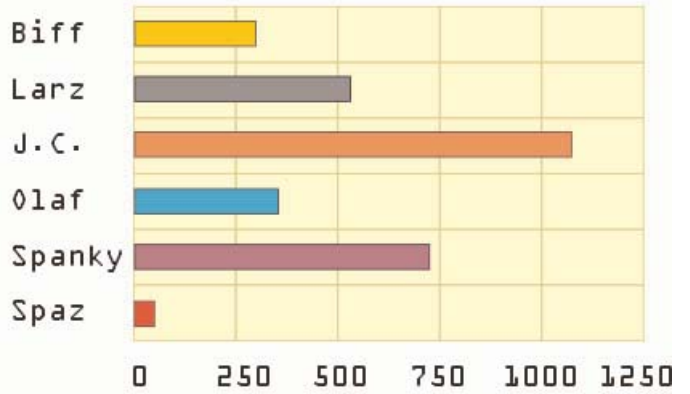
While this year brought the best competition in the farting category in the form of Yodel Waplehorxne, the end was still quite clear. Even the mighty Swiss giant, with his frequent, sometimes wet, and occasionally loud anal projectiles, could not dethrone the colossus known as Spaz. Though Spaz was not on top of his game, he still managed to float an air biscuit large enough to be considered a new nebula by NASA.

For those of you who enjoy reading the sports scores in the morning paper, we present the following Pas Gas saTURDay 2001 statistics....

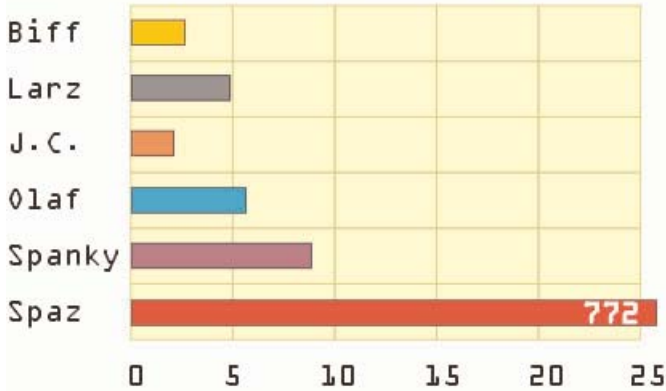
Total Number of Farts



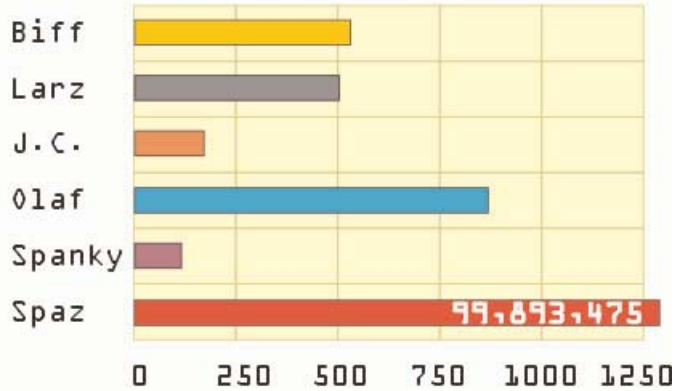
Calories Needed/Release



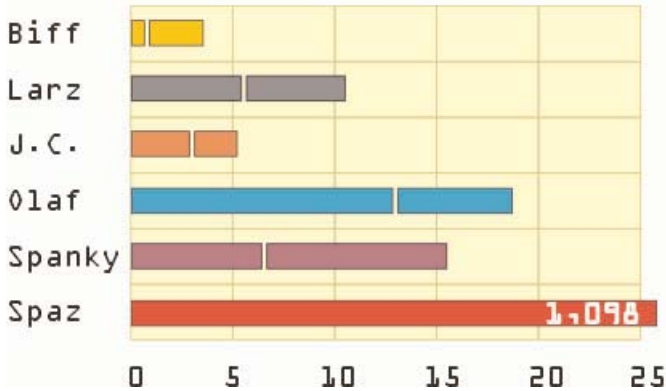
Total Number of Belches



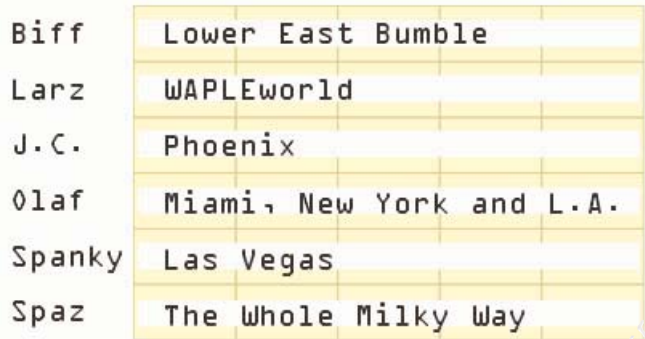
Calories Produced/Release



Composite Fart/Belch



Gross City Power



SCARY STORIES

Me and Wally go to the Movies

by Johnny Cockwaple



Gather 'round, my chillens, and I will set up a tale. This is a tale of extreme Ho (I likes Ho's so I should emphasize that J) rror. I mean horror and fear. Be quiet Venicia sit down and pay attention Lavernius. And I shall begin.

It was getting dark out in front of the old Theatre located beside the Queso Factory owned by former Waple and now Mysterious Cheese Magnate, Spaz Pfitzwaple. For years, the other Waples, myself included, were afraid to go the other side town, if you know what I mean, in fear of confronting Spaz and being molested (this is AS literal as one can take it...Yikes). Anyway Wally and me had been waiting forever to see the release of "Leader of The Band" on the big screen for years, but this was what some attorneys would call a High Risk/Low Reward case, so it sat in video limbo hell until Now.

This film, as the unfortunate writer and star had called it, sucked so horribly no one touched it for nearly 20 years.

The theatre front was old and dirty and only a couple of the marquee lights were working as

the sunset and NIGHT had crept in on them. I was starting to quiver and was looking for comfort... This was not the time to seek it from a man, however the night was still young so we may be addressing this issue later (yes... I know what you are thinking. Where could this be leading?) Anyhoo, I started my usual annoying caterwauling and began throwing a barrage of questions at the unthinking beast beside me.

"Do you think we are going to be the only ones in the auditorium tonight Wally?"

"Nope"

"Well, if someone else were coming they would be in line by now"

"Nope"

"Do you think I will get to see Spanky in the movie?"

"Nope"

"Did you have any egg salad and bologna sammiches for me?"

"Nope"

Feeling bold, I decided to break the cycle of constant single word responses by tricking the eating machine beside me.

"Wally, are you human?"

"Nope"

Realizing the attempted ruse, Wally lunged for me, so he could pull me apart like a Twizzler. Fear and dread filled me as the Sasquatch's large hand blocked out what light the blinking marquee could offer by palming my head and lifting me off the ground.

In the part off my brain that wasn't crippled with fear, I could hear the doors of a bus opening just to my left.

"Hey Guys"

A stereophonic voice called from outside my hand headlock and Wally released his death grip while staring at the view before him.

"Look fatboy, women!" the creature muttered

"Where, Where?"

My sight slowly returned to me and he saw the sight of my life. Suddenly I felt the pit in my stomach diminishing as a group Hawaiian Tropic suntan lotion models had shown up just in the nick of time, to save me, and to catch this movie as well.

"Hi" said one of the alluring beauties disembarking the bus to stand in line with us.

"If we get lonely will you hold our hands? You being big strong Rasslin' men, this shouldn't be a problem."

I was so giddy I couldn't say anything except "Boooooobies, look at all the Boooooobies."

The girls were getting to know their heroes and all was going great. I looked around at the Hottie Casserole and was sure this was the best day of my life.

Little did I know. All that crap was about to change.

Feeling left out, Wally tried to impress the lovely ladies, as well as me, the Beefcake, by asking if anyone wanted to see a magic trick.

This is where the night would turn for the worse. Like they use to say in the hood, "Wally ain't no magician and this ain't the circus, so what you see is what you get."

Wally only has one trick--Rainbow Vomiting. To the Waples, this is a real crowd pleaser, but

to beautiful swimsuit models, this is damn NASTY... Not only did Wally scare off the prey, but he also failed in his task to have the pretty rainbow vomit he was looking for. Puking, like sneezing, is contagious, and suddenly the tropics girls are spewing like fountains.. And as every little homie knows, chicks don't look or smell so hot when they are covered in health shakes and nutty fruit salad. They run off into the night to hide their horrible disfigurement. Wally and I turned the perfect evening into a really crappy day.

I was stunned. Wally was smelly and (ooh drippy) slimy. I dropped to my knees and screamed "NO!!!!!! Why God? Why must you punish us? Waples are people too."

God however, loves me... I am only a Waple in name. I am actually the love child of Barbara Streisand and Malcolm X). What else would explain the accent and euphemisms yet I'm an Irish/Black-Dutch Jewish attorney?

Just when you thought it couldn't get any worse, Wally began to serenade me with a striking rendition of Wind Beneath My Wings. He tells me that he'd like to be the wind beneath my thing. Everything goes dark and time passes...

I was sleeping. In a groggy state, disoriented and confused, I awoke in a trailer home, reeking of bacon and Miracle Whip. I jumped from the bed when I heard the front door fly open and the crew run inside.

"Get up woman/man!" screamed Wally.

"Get up Mommy/Daddy!" yelled the beastly, hairy redheaded children.

The creatures--undoubtedly a hellspawn concoction created when men covered in beauty queen vomit, lost in front of a movie theatre, seek solace and comfort.

Was this my hell, or Wally's? The only person that will ever know is the creator of this world, Spanky

We spiral up and out of the bottle that houses the trailer home and movie theatre of doom.

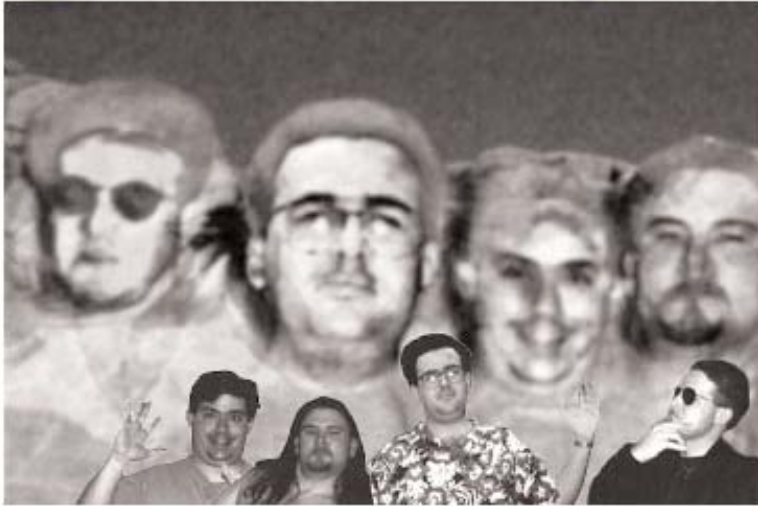
Spaz has finally gained his revenge... Or has he?

Did he create a Hell for the two that cast him aside or did he create a paradise only whispered about at gay pride parades and pie eating contests? The truth is only known in a place called... The Waple Zone.

CUTE AND FUZZY BUNNY JOHNNY COCKWAPLE, ESQ.



Great Waples



In History

A Retrospective on the 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.

Lightening 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.

The Roman Empire B.C.- Many people don't realize that lions don't eat Christians for no reason. It was for this reason that Caesar had an official lion starver, known as Augustus Waplebus. Augustus was, of all things, eaten by a group of starving Christians.

The Twelve Disciples- There's always a thirteenth. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John hung out together a lot. Bo Wapletist was Luke's blonde cousin. Bo used to drive the chariots around. He had an orange chariot with a rebel flag painted on it. He died when he tried to jump a ravine and didn't have enough horse power.

Triple Digits- During the first few centuries A.D., a rogue group of inbred Vikings known as "The Plunderers" would travel around playing gigs around Norway and Sweden. They were savagely beaten to death by a reindeer that didn't like the way they smelled.

Chivalry is Dead- When King Arthur was busy dealing with sorcerers and dragons, he had his famous Knights of the Round Table. Unknown to modern historians, there existed the "Knight of the Kiddie Table". Sir Waplelotte served his king faithfully, till the tragic day when he was beaten in battle by a 9 year old kid who was really into D&D.

Viva la France- Believe it or not, even the Waples aren't stupid enough to be French.

The Renaissance- In the age of cleavage, one Waple made a name for himself. Waplidi Wapleni Waplici (Translates to Waple Peeped, Waple Came, Waple got beat up for peeping in windows.) Waplidi also worked for da Vinci, who would yell

at him for doodling on the scrolls of parchment laying around the office. Once, Waplidi doodled a helicopter, and da Vinci beat him up and told him the idea would never fly.

A New Land- Contrary to the history books, Columbus actually discovered WAPLEworld. WAPLEworld was a sandbar several hundred miles off the coast of Puerto Rico. There were a few native Waples living on the sand, eating their boogers to stay alive. Columbus ordered his men to give the Waples syphilis. The Waples died off and Columbus got mugged in San Juan.

Long Island for \$12.00?- That's what they tell you. Some Pilgrims bought New York for \$12.00. The real truth is that a Native American named Running Nose Wapletok was ordered by the chief to stay away from the Pilgrims. Of course, when Running Nose smelled all those limes on the ship, he gladly traded the Western Hemisphere for few.

Missing The Mayans- Xicagagua Waplexsitchex was the first to sleep with a Conquistador. He caught acute gonorrhea and the rest is history.

The Boston Baked Bean Party- The sky high taxes imposed by the Limeys got the colonists pretty darn mad. They knew they wanted to rebel, but the Limeys had superior firepower. A bunch of colonists climbed on board a British ship so they could dump the guns overboard, thus giving themselves the advantage in the next day's battle. Paul Waplevere said "These are the boxes with guns. Let's chuck 'em over board!" Paul was illiterate.

How Revolting!- It seems that on that fateful summer day in 1776, there was one Waple, George Waplinton, who's advice was this...."Eh, don't sign it. It'll never work. The Limeys will kick our butts. We don't stand a chance. They'll team up with the French and beat us into oblivion. I'm not going to sign this Declaration."

The Bad News Bears- Again with the Limeys. They didn't want to burn down our capitol. They knew they would need it if they beat us this time. However, Jefferson Hamilton Washington Lincoln Wapleyan accidentally left his queso in the microwave. It caught fire, and burned down the capitol. We still beat the Limeys.

Broke with the Wind- One of the few female Waples from history,

Scarlet O' Wapla swore that she would never diet again. The great farms of the Earth were able to sustain her huge appetite until....

The Great Potato Famine- There were no lucky Leprechauns able to save the world's spud supply, not after Patrick Pfitzwaple (Yes, of the circus geek variety.) traded all the potatoes in Ireland to Leprechaun. In return, Patrick was given a year's supply of sour cream, chives, and bacon bits.

How Rude!- The Civil War wasn't so civil. Pvt. Ulysses S. Waplant learned he could pack gunpowder into his musket with his thingie. He died of obvious stupidity.

Industry! Building a Better Tomorrow for the Waples of Today- After the invention of the assembly line, Ford invented the "Involuntary Crash Test Dummy". Edsel Waplecar was forced at gunpoint to drive at the car's max speed of 15mph into a brick wall. When this didn't do enough damage, Edsel was forced to drive 15 mph off a 200 foot high cliff. He was the first driver to hit 180mph!

Sky High- Wilbur and Orville had a third cousin named Hubert Waplewright. He actually did something that was beneficial to society. During one of his poultry-lovin' sessions in the barn, Wilbur noticed the airfoil shape of the chicken's wings. Now we have AirTran!

WAPLEworld War I- After unsuccessfully bodyguarding Archduke Ferdinand, Arnold Wapleton (Yup, the ancestor of our beloved ex-bodyguard Larz.) decided to use his sleeve to clean the dirt out of a German tank. They say he was dragged over 23 land mines before he finally died.

AA Meetings- During Prohibition, notorious gangster Bugsy Waplone would sponsor speak-easies. During these gatherings, he would stand on the bar and preach to people how alcohol was evil. Actually, he only had one speak-easy.

The Manic Depression- It was during this time that the father of modern rasslin', Gunther Von Waple, (and his brother Fritz Von Waple) was born. Out on the prairie, a Waple farmer (Old Man Wapleman) kept spraying weed killer instead of fertilizer. His field turned to dust. He caused a lot of problems.

WAPLEworld War II- Well Goooooilleey! Sgt. Carter's other misfit soldier was none other than Pvt. Pattenwaple. The government has kept

the files top secret, but the rumors say that Hiroshima was NOT a target.

Those Happy Days are Yours and Mine-

Arthur Waparelli was known as the motorcycle riding, leather jacket wearing, poodle skirt uppie peeping, soda jerk. Well, that's at least one fourth true.

Peace- Nobody likes hippies any more than they like the French. There were no Waple hippies.

Daddy? What's Vietnam?- After being shot in the face, Spiru Agnewaple ended up working for Nixon. He would take dictation for the President by recording what the Commander in Chief said. He had a habit of tapping the pause button.

Disco Sucks-

There's only one Waple related to disco, and that's Biff. Even he can't stand himself.

It's A Rap-

DJ MC IceCreme' Gangsta Snoop Waplie Wape is terrified of urban areas, loud music, and breakdancing. He has been trapped in an underground dance club in New York City for over 25 years. VH1 did a special behind the scenes report on DeeJ (as we call him), claiming that he invented techno. It seems that DeeJ has been hiding under the mixing table for all these years, and his terrified heart beats so loudly and rapidly, that it's picked up by the microphones, causing a loud, rapid, pulsing beat, and making records skip.

What A Hoser, Eh?- There has only been 1 Canadian Waple in all of history, probably because half of Canada is French, and even the Waples hate the French. Yukon Saskatchewanaple lives in a remote part of northern Canada. He hunts, traps,

fishes, pans for gold, and cuts timber for a living. Since he's no good at doing any of those things, he supplements his income by leaving his blinds open when he sleeps in the nekkid. It's amazing how many Canadian pennies are left in the snow by all those hunters, trappers, fishermen, miners, and lumberjacks.

Reading Is Fundamental- Edgar "Allen" Wapoe is often referred to as the greatest author ever to have Waple genes. Due to his enormous 17 letter alphabet, he is able to spell words that modern

Waples can only read about in history books. Edgar is also credited with inventing that silent "X" that has become synonymous with MechaDirxque.

Art Watches- It is said that every great society in history has a passion for art. It's the lack of passion that leaves the Waples to suffer as one of history's worst societies. The only known artist was the artist formerly known as

Wapleangelo, currently known as the preceding. Wapleangelo would sculpt, paint, and um, uh, well, those are the only two artsy fartsy things Waples know about, and he sucked at both

of them. It is said that Chic is the only Waple to inherit Wapleangelo's talent.

Immortals- Most people remember a few of the mythical Greek gods, but few ever knew about Manuras Wapledemia, Greek god of turds. Manuras was banished from Mt. Olympus when he referred to Poseidon as "that pussy who swims a lot". One evening, when Zeus was boffing Aphrodite, and as Manuras was peeping on them, Poseidon wreaked havoc by com-

Great Waples



In History

A Retrospective on the Great Waples in History

manding a sea monkey to beat the crap out of Manuras, who eventually pooped himself to sleep.

Affirmative Action- Due to government intervention, Santa must have at least one elf that is taller than 36", at least one obese elf, at least one rassler elf, and at least one mentally challenged elf. Santa fulfilled all these imposed obligations by hiring Keebler Wapletham. Keebler knows he'll never be fired, so he spends his time making erotic snow people outside the workshop.

God Bless America, Now Let's Blow It Up- Traditionally, Independence Day has been known as Lou Waplemeyer's holiday, since it involves legally exploding things over people's houses. While Lou is the most famous detonator of all time, it was a different Waple that started the tradition. Sam "Say Uncle" Waplerty decided on July 4, 1777, that some celebrating needed to be done. Records from that era are sketchy at best, but it's believed that Sam is reason we have the Great Smokie Mountains bordering the original 13 states. Those mountains are still smoking today.

Waples Are Special, Too!- Little Robbie Wapletard was born under high tension power lines that were strung over a toxic waste burial site. His mom would microwave her gin before she drank it, while she was pregnant with him. Robbie rides the short bus.

No way! Really?- Believe it or not, a Waple did actually win something once. It seems that Troy Waplingham made a bet with Babe Ruth. Troy wagered that he could get his ass kicked by a blind girl. Obviously, the Babe lost that bet. Troy tried to collect his booty, which was no more than a baseball. Bambino was fresh out of baseballs, so he promised to give Troy one at the game the next day. Then, something we've all heard about, Babe Ruth pointed to Troy, sitting in deep left field, and hit the ball to him.

Never Go Into the Boiler Room- When General Custer was trying to figure out which route was best for his troops to travel, he made the mistake of asking the advice of Buck Private Texarkana Waplohoma. Tex figured that there wouldn't be any indians if they hung a left at Little Big Horn. It was likened to trying to hide in a boiler room when Freddie is after you.

Sprees- Freddie Kruwaple was the only psychopathic murderer in Waple history, although Lou is working on it. Freddie was just as much a failure at mass murder as Bill is at reaching things on the kitchen counter. Freddie once entered the dreams of some cute high school chicks, and tried to slaughter them with a wooden shoe he picked up in Holland while on vacation. He got the tar beat out of him.

Teach A Man To Rassle, And He Defeats Forever- Gordon Fisherwaple used to be a whaler. He had his boat repoed when he failed to harpoon even a single whale, even though he spent over 12 years sailing the mighty Mississip. He later went into the canned dolphin business, but was forced to shut down when government inspectors found the tuna content far too high. Gordon is out there, right now, on the open ocean, probably doing the doggie paddle. We hear from him once in a while.

It's Totaled- Cooter Waplard, official mechanic for the Wonderful Waple Boys, has been repairing engines and changing oil in the deep fryer for years. There was the unfortunate incident when the oily rag he always has dangling out of his back pocket spontaneously burst into flames one night while he was sleeping in the passenger seat of the Wally Wagon. He's ok now, he's just really afraid of anything mechanical or oily. Oh, he's also afraid of fabric because, as he says, "Fabric makes rags!"

That one can't be true. A Waple win?



Failed Waple Ventures

You know, even Thomas Edison and Leonardo Da Vinci didn't finish every project they started. They couldn't have... I mean, it's impossible... isn't it? Yeah, it's gotta be. I hope.

What happens when you get a group of guys that have limitless creativity, inspiration and imagination, but lack dedication, perspiration and motivation? You get a long list of Failed Waple Ventures. Here is but a short list of things we attempted, but just didn't follow through:

Waple Boys vs. Godzilla video entry for G-Fest video contest

WAPLEworld booth at DragonCon 1998-2001

WAPLEmachine episodes 5-200

Waple Commercial Productions

WAPLEworld 2000: The Search for Wally (8-issues)

The "WAR" Rasslin' promotion

Larz/Biff 2000 1-day late U.S. Presidential run

Waple Calendars for 2001, 1999, and 1998.

Waple Comic Books

Waple Chat Rooms

511 LarzLand rasslin' info line

Waples in WCW

Instant Message a Waple

Waple Message Boards

Over 10 hits a day on WAPLEworld.com

Getting Biff a date

Operation Moose Flop: The Waple Infiltration and Takeover of Moose's Rasslin' Stuff

Give-Away Issues of WAPLEworld, funded by paid advertising

The Waple Wearable Clothing Line

A "Cooking with Yodel" show to compete with Emeril

A WWF-funded Waple Sitcom

1-900-SEX-WAPLE

Several Waple movies, including, but not limited to, The Waple Dorkumentary, The Waple Movie, The Waple Parody of Excalibur, Waples Take Manhattan, and Harvey Does Himself

Waple Trading Cards

WAPLEworld Spin-off Rasslin' Rag, featuring news about actual rasslin

Spunk! The dirty magazine.

"Six-Foot Under" the Waple Monster Truck to replace the Wally Wagon

Waple Online Comics

WAPLEworld Monthly Production Schedule

WAPLEworld Bi-Monthly Production Schedule

WAPLEworld Quarterly Production Schedule

An Issue A Year Production Schedule

Waple Action Figures

"Waple: The Gathering" Card Game

WAPLEworld Halloween 2001: 100+ Page Issue

SCARY STORIES



It was a dark and annoying night, and all the other Waples were trying to ignore me. I would have none of that. As usual, I dug deep into my annoying little bag of annoying little bags and pulled out an annoying little bag of ideas of things I could do to annoy the rest of the gang.

At first I started slowly, just talking to everyone, even though I knew they were trying to watch TV. I then switched into another voice, impersonating Lou impersonating Bevis impersonating me impersonating Lou. It made my throat bleed, but it was worth it once I saw everyone's skin crawling and heard the gnashing of teeth. Satisfied, and a little sticky in the britches, I fell asleep right there in the middle of the room, standing up, with my eyes open, because I know it annoys the hell out of Yodel when I do that.

While I was sleeping, the rest of the guys held a conference call with an unidentified special agent. Unfortunately for me, it was Richard Simmons' agent, and they just booked that little dieting queerbait to follow me around while I Trick-or-Treated. They were going to give me a taste of my own medicine

with the only person who could ever even think about being as annoying as me.

As evening fell the next night, I finished applying my clown make-up so I could go out and bug people into giving me candy. I grabbed my motorized shopping cart to hold all the candy, and headed out the door. To my horror, standing on the front porch, was Richard Simmons. I told him that his red and white striped shorts were more annoying than candy canes, and he asked if I would like to lick them till the red went away. So, I bolted. As I walked the neighborhood, that homo-afro kept following me, at first just jabbering away, but eventually, he started singing! It was getting worse and worse. I ignored him as best I could. At one point, he started telling me how my diet needs to be changed, and that I should exercise! I couldn't believe my ears. I mean, Halloween is supposed to be scary, but THAT was over the line!

I ran and ran to try to ditch him, but that fat little fag was fast on his feet. Running and singing and hugging fat people as we passed by them in their stupid fat costumes was almost more than I could take. My blood boiled at the pressure. I started thinking that perhaps the

guys were trying to teach me a lesson, and maybe they were right! Maybe I shouldn't be so damn annoying all the time! I was able to shake it off, however, and continued running, stopping at every house and bugging people into giving me candy, of course.

When I got to the end of the block, I stopped. Dickie Simmons apparently couldn't stop as quickly, and ran right into my butt. I think he was carrying a candied apple in his pocket. All I know is that something in there was hard and sticky, and had nuts on it. I turned around and screamed at him. "Leave me alone, you annoying, gay bastard!"

He persisted.

I shouted again. "Stop singing about losing weight! Geez, you suck!"

He only sang louder, and spoke of eliminating fat and sugar from my diet. I began to lose it. I started beating the crap out of him. I ripped a fire hydrant out of the sidewalk and beat him over the head with it. His skull caved in and stuff splashed out. His chubby little body began to shake and shimmy. He finally started to crack up. After a moment of shrieking sounds, like those you hear when you let the air out of a balloon by stretching the hole apart, he died. His smoldering carcass lay there in the street, with candy and gobs of human fat all around him. He was merely a puddle.

I picked up all my scattered candy, and a few hunks of Richards' dead, splattered fat, put it all in my cart, and headed for the next house, weary, but alive, and most importantly, not annoyed enough to have learned a lesson. Other Trick-or-Treaters had gathered around to watch the carnage, and they cheered as Richard Simmons' body lay there dissolving. I looked into their eyes to see the true appreciation they certainly had for me, but instead, I saw horror, shock, and terror, and a little annoyance.

I turned and saw the puddle swirling, moving together, forming a larger, gooier puddle. Slowly, right before my eyes, Richard Simmons had re-coagulated and formed back into himself, and man oh man alive, did he look pissed.

I threw my cart to the side and unleashed the battle cry. "You wanna piece of me, fat-boy? You got it! It's a battle of annoyance to the death. Take this!"

I began reciting the Communist Manifesto, using my Cartman voice. Gayboy almost fell over from the shockwave. He stood again, and began lecturing me about the evils of queso! It was like being hit by a truck, but I shook it off. I countered with straw farts from my armpit. He looked a little dizzy, but came back with a striptease! He was naked, dancing, using me as his dance pole, and singing about giving up red

meat! I felt my very life force being beat out of me. He was winning. He was annoying me to death!

I fell to the ground, trembling in a fetal position. He continued to berate me with annoyance. I started to get tunnel vision, and knew I was about to die. The last image I saw was Richard Simmons lining up to teabag me, then, all went dark.

As I lay unconscious in the street with Richard Simmons doing unmentionable things to my body, I had a vision. I had a vision of an infinite host of circus geeks, clowns, and telemarketers. They were my long dead ancestors.

I saw the long line of annoying people that had come before me. Their collective knowledge of how to get under people's skin was flowing into me.

I saw the light, and it was seriously annoying.

My eyes opened. Pubic head was dancing with fat sweaty people. He was doing some kind of victory dance around my body, he thought he had won. He thought he had annoyed me to death. He thought he taught me never to annoy people again. He thought wrong!

I sprang to my feet and screamed in my most annoying voice. "I'm not dead yet, you pinko gaylord!"

Dick turned around and a look of shock crossed his smiling face. He was scared now. He came at me with his ultimate weapon, the "Hug of Friendship". With only a split second to spare, I ripped off my clown costume and revealed my back-up defense costume... my MIME costume!

I mimed to Richard Simmons that I was gonna kick his ass. He began to glow from the inside. Blood boiled out his ears and nose. I mimed like I was walking into the wind. He fell to his knees, unable even to scream.

Knowing he was at death's door, I whipped out the biggest gun of all. I mimed that I was trapped in a box. Richard Simmons shrieked in agony, and began to crumble into dust, as the wind scattered his ashes away.

At last, I was victorious. I, the most annoying guy in the universe, had vanquished the only person who could have challenged my throne. I grabbed my shopping cart of candy and fat, and headed for home.

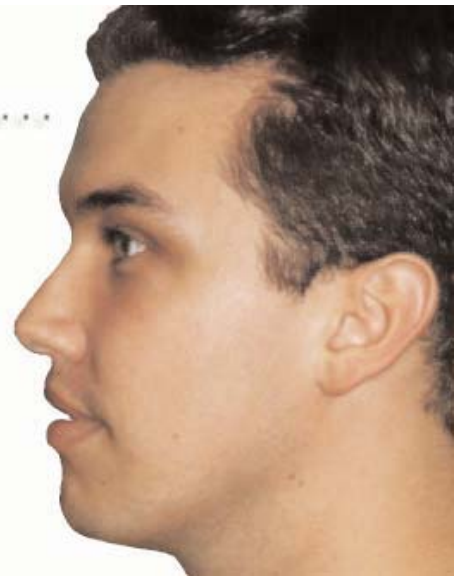
The Waples? Well, they are going to pay. Oh yes, they will pay for what they tried to do. It's time to talk about the wonderful world of AMWAY!

Hoo hoo hoo!

PSYCHO PSURGEON SPAZ PFITZWAPLE



A Movie Review by Lou...



Dude! This Movie Rules!

I saw this movie. it was like, "Dude! Where the hell is my car?" It ruled! It had strippers in it. Not in the car. The movie. THE MOVIE!

So, it was about this dude, and he lost his car because he was drunk. Heh heh, and he forgot where he parked the car but it was ok cause he just took a bus. And he pooped on the bus, and the driver got pissed, and the driver was like "Dude! Where the hell is your car? Get off my bus!" But the dude was like "Dude! I can't find my car. That's why I'm on your fat-ass bus taking a dump, retard!" And the driver, like, laid on the breaks and threw the dude threw the windshield. And the funny part was that he got run over by his own car. That ruled too. His ex-girlfriend was ragging, so she stole his car while he was at the nudie bar, but he saw her naked before that anyway, and her friend once too when she was spending the night at their apartment cause her place was being sprayed for cockroaches.

Heh heh, cock.

Oh wait, Spanky says I can't say "cock". But he was laughin' when he said it, so it's ok.

Anyway, the movie went on like that for almost an hour. And then it was either over, or I had to go take a dump or something. But, like, the freaky part was that after I finished wiping my ass, like, I couldn't remember where I parked, so I had to take a bus home, and I took a dump on the bus, and the driver was like "Dude! Where the hell is you car? Get off my bus!" And man, that really freaked me out cause it was like a time warp or something. I told him my car was at the movies, but I couldn't find it. He said my ex-girlfriend must have stolen it, but like, she isn't old enough to drive. And then I remembered that I rode to the movies with Wally and Spaz, and they were all like "Dude! Where the hell did you take a dump? We've been waiting here for an hour!" And I told them I took a dump on the bus and they wanted to see it so we chased the bus, but then we lost it when we stopped at the nudie bar, and that's why I had to write this on a cocktail napkin.

heh heh, cock!

Toilet Side Chat



with Biff and Larz

WAPLEworld: Just who are the Wonderful Waple Boys?

Biff: Whaddaya mean, who are we? You should know who we are Spanky. I'm your own brother for Gunther's sake! I can't believe you've forgotten me already! Geez, just 1200 losses in a row and you dish me? What kind of twin are you?!

Ww: I mean, who are, Biff and Larz?

Larz: Dude, we are the... wait a minute. I gotta take a dump. Don't start the interview yet; I have a lot to talk about.

Ww: No, I mean, the two of you, who are you? I mean, what makes you who you are?

Biff: Mom and dad made me. I don't know about Larz there.

Larz: [from the bathroom] I'll just be a minute. It's all coming out quickly.

Ww: Er, forget it. How do you feel about your current losing streak? You know, the one that started the 1st time you teamed up.

Biff: I didn't really like it all that much at first. But it's kinda growing on me now.

Ww: Do you feel that you have the ability to turn the streak around?

Larz: [from the crapper] Sorry about that. Let me just flush mid-poop here.

Biff: Yes, I'm confident that we can turn our losing streak around 360 degrees!

Ww: That's a complete circle.

Biff: Yup! The squared circle.

Ww: Larz, do you have any regrets for your decision to team up with Biff?

Larz: [from the toilet] I'm just drying my hair. Not touching my wee-wee or anything like that.

Ww: And Biff, same question.

Biff: No, I don't regret teaming with me at all.

Ww: No, I mean, do you regret teaming with Larz.

Biff: I'm not going to answer until he does.

Larz: [from the head] Yeah, will someone please call a plumber? Or maybe a 911?

Ww: What have some of your most memorable matches been?

Larz: [from the pooper] Maybe you can go ahead and start the interview, but just don't ask any questions yet.

Biff: My most memorable is the one I didn't go unconscious in. But I can't remember which one that was.

Ww: What about your worst match?

Biff: Which one? There've been thousands.

Ww: Larz, can you restate for the readers, exactly how you became a Waple?

Larz: [from the little girl's room] What? It's kinda loud in here. The splashing is making my ears numb.

Ww: Do you have any idols? Anyone you look up to?

Larz: [from the porcelain tea room] Did we forget to pay the water bill?

Biff: Wally's pretty tall, and so is Larz, ceptin' fer when he's passed out in the crapper.

Ww: Are there any rasslers out there that you just hate?

Biff: I think I hate The Canadian Sheik.

Ww: Lou has had you on a strict training regiment for quite a while now. Can you tell us a little about it?

Biff: We eat a lot of queso. He says that melted

cheese is good for the heart and joints.
Larz: [from the \$hitter] I think I have the Hershey Squirts.
Biff: Oh yeah, and we eat lots of chocolate.

Ww: There was a time there where Spaz was considered to be the manager of the team. How did you feel about that?
Biff: That's a part of my life I was brainwashed of. I remember an epic journey to find Wally, but the rest is a blur.
Larz: [from the stink hole] Hey, can someone slip a mop under the door please?

Ww: Are you glad to have Wally back in that position?
Biff: What position? I know he likes doggie style cuz I've seen dirty pictures under his bed of him pushing Harvey to the hospital once when he was sick.

Ww: Can you compare and contrast the styles of Spaz and Wally?
Biff: Yeah, one's fat and the other's a wiener.
Larz: [from the lavatory] Oh, I thought the bathtub was the toilet. Silly me.

Ww: Do you plan on ever learning any finishing moves?
Biff: Huh? What's that?
Larz: [from the john] What's that noise?

Ww: Have you thought of how you are going to celebrate when you finally win that first match?
Biff: Huh?
Larz: [from the Turdatorium] Oops I crapped my pants!

Ww: Where do you see the Waple family in the future?
Larz: [from the flush hall] I'm trying to flush, but nothing is going down.
Biff: Yeah, possibly going down the toilet.

Ww: Is it true that chicks dig Waples?
Biff: I don't know. I haven't seen Chic in a while. You'll have to ask him.
Larz: [from the fudge-making factory] I'll be ready for that interview as soon as I find my hand.

Ww: If you could attribute your popularity to any one thing, what would it be?
Biff: Plopu...? I'm not sure if I know what you mean.
Larz: [from the chocolate falls] Is someone fryin' bologna?

Ww: How do you feel about the documentary that is being made about you?

Biff: I've seen some guys with cameras. Is that what they're doing? I thought they were making porn. Why do they keep asking me to take my pants off?
Larz: [from the Pee Pee Palace] We're gonna need some new wall paper in here.

Ww: Do you feel like it will help or hurt you?
Biff: I thought it would help us, but if it's not porn, I don't see how it could help.
Larz: [from the rectum room] Almost done. Don't start that interview yet.

Ww: What about the movie that is rumored to be in production? How do you feel about that?

Biff: Movie? Oh yeah, they've been talking about that for five years now. I don't think it'll ever happen. Or maybe it will. I don't know. I did agree to a butt shot though. So if it does happen, you gals out there will get lucky.

Larz: [from the fart factory] Hey Biff? Biff? Biff!

Ww: Merchandising has truly been a cornerstone of the WAPLEworld Empire. Do you like seeing your names and pictures everywhere you go?

Biff: Oh yeah! The pictures are great! But I can't read so the words don't really do much for me. As a matter of fact, 96% of all Waples are illiterate.

Larz: [from the diarrhea dispatch office] I think we're outta toilet paper!

WW: Is it ever overwhelming to realize that you are more popular than Madonna and Elvis?
B: Who?

Ww: Is there anything you'd like to say to the billions of fans out there?

Biff: No.

Larz: [from the tomb of the unknown turd] Dear Gunther, please save me.

Ww: Thanks, and I'll see you later at the fondue party.

Larz: [walking out from the bathroom] Whew. That was intense. Ok, let's start the interview. I was born the son of an immigrant sharecropper....



SCARY STORIES

The
Brothers

Evil
Partners

and Their



by Wally "Walla"
Wapleburger

This story begins in a small village in Austria. It was a weary and cold nite in their small town. Their lady was pregnant with babies, she didn't know what the birth of children was. On Friday Oct 31 the babys were born. She named them Wally, Biff, and Larz. The boys were raised in a castle by a count and all his mistresses. While growing up in this village we heard rumors about people in the castle. As we grow up we notice that the count didn't go out dusk. The ladys went out during the day.

As we were growing up, with these people, we all had different traits and personality. Myself I was tall slick black hair and my teeth would change at night into fangs, by the way my is Count Wallypre. Biff was harry and had black curley hair, he also had two fangs, his name is Biffwolf. Then came Larz he was the tall with black thin hair, he aso was a count Larzvamp.

As we were growing up a became teen's, we had no trouble with the ladies. We three had as many women as the Master of the castle did.

Things started changing for

when we turned 18yrs old, it happened to be on Halloween Day when we turned 18; then things changed. We found out from our mother that she slept with the count and was bitten by a wolf on her neck. We ask her what that meant and she told us that we were not normal men. That our total life that we would have to depend on women to stay alive. She told us that we had too bite them on the neck and drink their blood, if we didn't do that we would not live to see our 21st birthday.

She told us we had to bite her on the neck, once we did that would start the change to immortal. We asked her what that meant we would live 4-ever.

So I took the first bite, on the left side of her neck, then Larz took a bite on her left beast and biff took a bite from her cu...

WARNING: THIS STORY HAS JUST VIOLATED WAPLEworld's STANDARDS FOR MORAL DECENCY. PLEASE GO STRAIGHT TO THE END.

This was our experience in drinking blood for a living. The end.

We wanted to call this section

MAD LIBS

But we don't own the copyright, so call them whatever you want.

The Day I came out of the Dressing Room

It was an openly gay and _____ adjective _____ noun _____ that I was leading way back in the summer of 1984. I had been _____ present verb _____ on Rodeo Drive, _____ present verb _____ to Thriller all afternoon. It was Halloween day, so I didn't mind _____ present verb _____ to a little white girl sing about ghouls and monsters, especially when that obviously gay _____ proper noun _____ had his little _____ noun _____. I mean, come on, his name is _____ proper noun _____, people. How gay is that?

I _____ past verb _____ the cutest little _____ noun _____ around the corner and down an _____ noun _____ from all the _____ adjective _____ stores. I just knew I'd _____ verb _____ something really queer there, so _____ proper noun _____ plunged in as fast and as deep as I could. I was so thrilled to _____ verb _____ all the rubber _____ plural noun _____, and tank tops, and parachute pants, and neon _____ plural noun _____, oh, it was just too much. I immediately stripped down and just grabbed an armful of _____ plural noun _____ to take into the _____ present verb _____ rooms. I _____ past verb _____ on some of those rubber _____ plural noun _____, but not on my wrists, I can tell you that. It was faaaabulous.

After leaving my name and number in the _____ plural noun _____ of everything I had _____ past verb _____ into the _____ present verb _____ room, I tried to _____ verb _____ the _____ noun _____ so I could still _____ verb _____ my _____ noun _____ with Oliver. He and I were supposed to have a little _____ noun _____ together. The problem was that I couldn't _____ verb _____

the _____ noun _____; I was stuck in _____ proper noun _____. The lights went out and I _____ past verb _____ the shop door close and _____ adjective _____. I was _____ past verb _____. I knew I had to _____ verb _____ the hours away till _____ event _____, so I _____ past verb _____ what any red-blooded American queen would do, but they told me I can't discuss it in this _____ adjective _____ magazine.

All night long, I _____ past verb _____ 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 _____ plural noun _____ in the pockets of all the pants I had _____ past verb _____. 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 _____ adjective _____ room for what seemed like 14 years. I soon found out how _____ adjective _____ I was.

I finally _____ past verb _____ the _____ noun _____ open, and saw the lights flicker on. I _____ past verb _____ and fell out of the _____ noun _____, hoping to fall into the arms of some shirtless fireman. I wasn't so _____ adjective _____. In fact, when I got out, I _____ past verb _____ something horrible. Something so _____ adjective _____ that I _____ past verb _____ like a schoolgirl. I had been _____ past verb _____ for 14 years! And that's not even the scary part.

The worst part was that while I was in there, _____ proper noun _____ came back into style! Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh! {end}

SCARY STORIES



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DAY BEFORE HALLOWEEN

BY THE SPIRIT OF CHET WAPLEBOXER

It was a dark and scary night. The night that all kids fear from the day they are born. It was a Saturday night. Halloween was approaching and the Waple kids were off to the store to buy their costumes for the even scarier day. Biff, Chic and Chet were in their youth (somewhere between the ages of 10 and 14). As you can guess, none of them liked Halloween because they read all the stories in the WapleWorld issues of the past and knew what could happen on this frightful night.

This Saturday night, they were going to the best place to buy a real scary costume. When they arrived at Wal-Mart and first walked in the door, they saw a ghost!!! After soiling themselves, Chic finally realized and let the others know that it was only the old man that greets people at the door of the local store. They proceeded into the great big store, but were quickly distracted as Biff wanted to stop into the food court. For three hours, Chic and Chet had to wait as Biff gorged himself with the selections of hotdogs, popcorn, pretzels,

nachos and other health food. They found it odd that every time they asked him to go, he just yelled "Beefcake, BEEFCAKE!"

Finally, Biff tired of eating. What the kids didn't realize is that their trip to the food court meant that it was now going to be dark when they depart for home. They started to wonder around the store to look for their costumes. They came upon something they had never seen before and would never ever see again... the lingerie section! They were amazed at what they saw, just starring and gawking at the colors, materials and female maniquins. It was just then that Chic got his idea for a Halloween costume. He rummaged through the frilly materials and came out with some stockings, garters, panties and a corset. He (or she) wanted to be a prostitute for Halloween.

Chic topped off his costume with a trip to the shoe department for some high heels. He remembers mom telling him, "You can't be a drunken whore without high heels, so if you ever dress up for Halloween, don't forget them." It was while they were in the shoe department

that Chet got his idea as well. He saw some boots like looked a little like army boots, so he decided to wear all camouflage and be a soldier like G.I. Joe. Of course, this was Wal-Mart and almost everything came in a camouflage style, like t-shirts, dress shirts, underwear, ties, pants, socks, you name it and they had it. Chet stocked up and got the whole works. He wanted to be sure that he couldn't be seen during Halloween so he couldn't be picked on. This is when Biff had a revelation. Ask Chet was putting all the news clothes into the cart, Biff thought to himself, "Hmm, if wearing normal clothes makes you visible, and putting on camouflage makes you invisible, then it must be the close that people see. Therefore, if I don't wear any clothes, I will be the invisible man!". "Guys, guys, I know what I'm going to be for Halloween too!", Biff said to the other two boys.

They were all thrilled that they could now pay for the new clothes and go home. As the exited the checkout, they realized that it was now dark outside and would have to walk home in the scary world at 6:30 p.m. with just each other. Biff had a great idea that they should put on their costumes for the walk home so that they wouldn't be the geek kids that everyone picks on. Instead, they would be immortal like superheroes. They all entered different stalls in the Wal-Mart bathroom to change into their new super-selves. A few minutes later, Chet came out of the stall wearing his camouflage from head to toe, including hat, mask, shirts, pants and boots. Nobody would ever find him outside. Chic was the next to come out of the closet, er, I mean stall. Dressed head to toe in his white lacy lingerie, Chic looked more like a chick than ever. He looked just like their mother did when she went to work at night. And finally, they heard a couple flushes of the toilet, followed by Biff walking out of the stall naked. Chic and Chet could not believe their eyes. Biff was 2 and 4 years older than his younger brothers, yet his penis was still half the size of theirs. Still in shock, Chet asked Biff what happened to his costume. Biff was a little confused; he didn't think his brothers would be able to see him. After the initial shock was over with, Chet told Biff to just put his clothes back on to go home. That is when Biff explained that he was so confident about his costume that he flushed his old clothes down the toilet. He would also not be able to fit into any of Chic's or Chet's clothes since he was 3 times the size of them both combined.

With no other choice, they stepped out of the bathroom and into the Wal-Mart lobby. They were received by a chorus of laughter,

but quickly shuffled out the front door and into the cool dark air. Just when Chic and Chet thought Biff's thing couldn't get any smaller, the coolness of the air and the fear in his head made him experience some shrinkage. Just then, some older high school kids came up to the young boys making some whistling sounds at how they looked. They young Waple boys were feeling especially brave on this night; so all at once they scattered and ran like the wind (a lazy out of shape wind). On a normal night, they would have just balled up on the ground in fear. Just as expected, the high school kids started the hunt and ran after the Waples. As they ran, they kept looking back to see if they were still being chased. As Chic and Chet turned back, they could see that Biff was now in the hands of the older kids. Moments later, Chet turned back to see that Chic, who ran remarkably in his high heels like he had done it before, was just caught as well. Chet kept running and noticed the kids closing in on him to. Before he knew it, the kids ran right past him saying, "Where is that last kid? I can see him in the dark." It seemed the camouflage worked. However, as Chet looked down, he could not see himself or where he walked because he blended in so well. As he walked, he kept looking down to see where he was going, but couldn't do it. He would have to wait until morning to find his way home, or take off his camouflage and risk being caught by the high school kids.

The next morning, Chet arrived at home, but there was no sign of Chic or Biff. Just when Chet was about to call 911, he saw Chic enter the room. He was bent over forward a bit and walking a little funny. He said that the high school kids did to him what they always did to mom. Chet figured that meant they sold him candy bars as a fundraiser for their school's sports program. Chet then asked where their older brother Biff was and Chic just told him that he would show him where he was. They changed clothes and then left to get Biff. As they arrived at a campground, Chic walked over to a fenced in area where they saw many overweight kids doing exercises. Biff saw Chic and Chet on the other side of the fence and ran up to them as fast as he could. Thirty minutes later when Biff made it to the fence, he said that last night his worst nightmare finally came true. He was put into a fat camp!

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!!

CHET "GHOULISH HELL ON EARTH" WAPLEBOXER



WAPLEWORLD

Covers Through the Tears

Get that hankie out and prepare for some fond memories.

Vol. 1 Issue. 1:
The Birth of a Legacy

Vol. 1 Issue. 2:
The Afterbirth

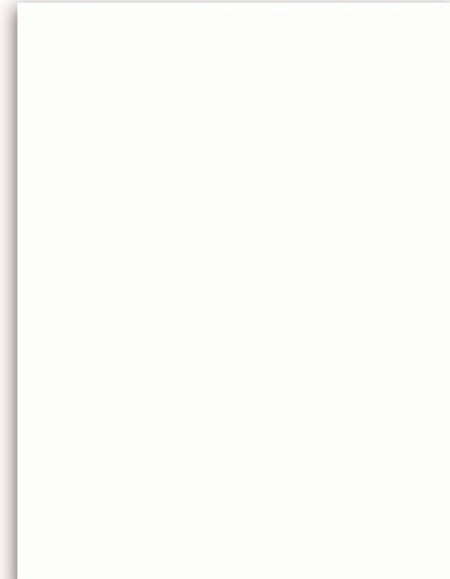


Ah, the virginal first issues of WAPLEworld.

Everything was new, raw, and strange.

Vol. 1 Issue. 3:
Repetitive Redundancy Syndrome Disease

Vol. 1 Issue. 4:
The Stealth Issue



Things were crude back then, but it didn't take long to start making a name for ourselves.

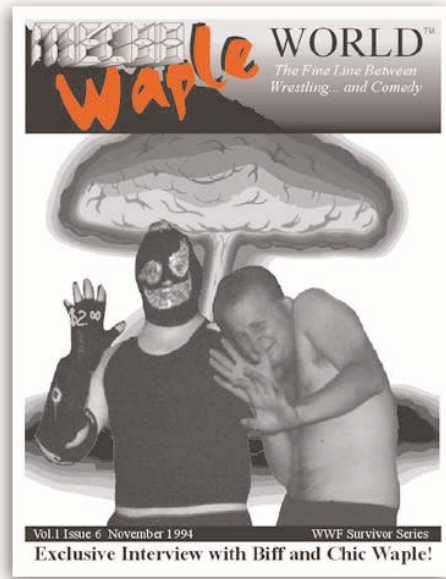
The Stealth Issue is named for its invisibility. It almost doesn't even exist. If you have a rare copy, you are sitting on a fortune. If you don't, there may still be a way to find this all-inclusive, completely comprehensive issue. This is the stuff.

Vol. 1 Issue. 5:
Binge and Purge



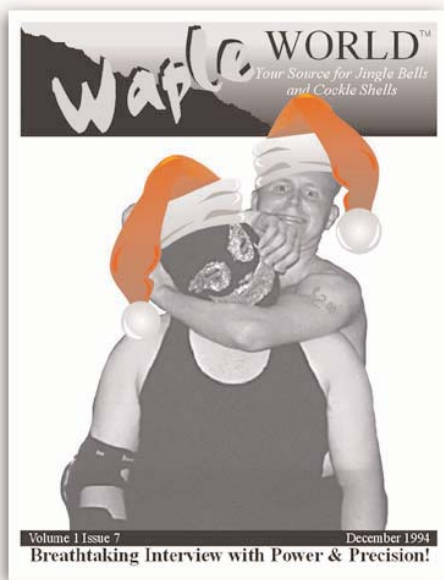
Code-named The Redneck Reader, and created specifically for our loyal illiterates in Hixville, Georgia, this issue practically named itself.

Vol. 1 Issue. 6:
MechaWapleworld



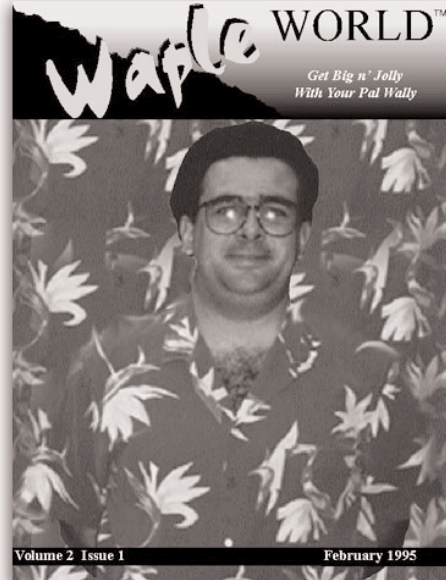
The first issue ever to use staples, this issue began a trend that has only ended recently. Adding metal to a magazine was a daring maneuver, but we pulled it off.

Vol. 1 Issue. 7:
Jingle Bells and Cockle Shells



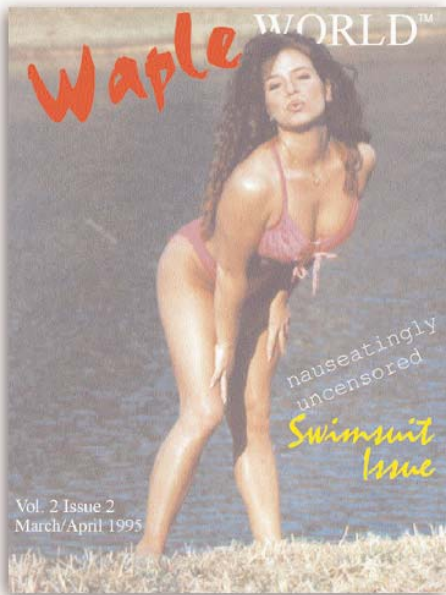
Our first Christmas issue, we celebrated the colorful and cold holiday, Waple style!

Vol. 2 Issue. 1:
It's Like Hawaii, Only Fatter



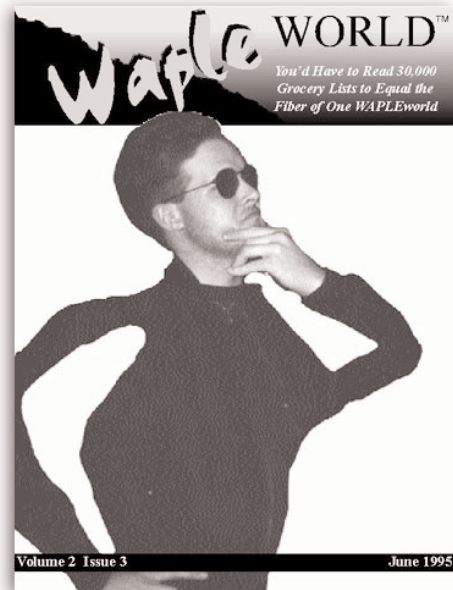
In what became a signature move, we began highlighting Wally quite heavily in this issue. Note that this was Wally's first cover.

Vol. 2 Issue. 2:
Nauseatingly Uncensored Swimsuit Issue



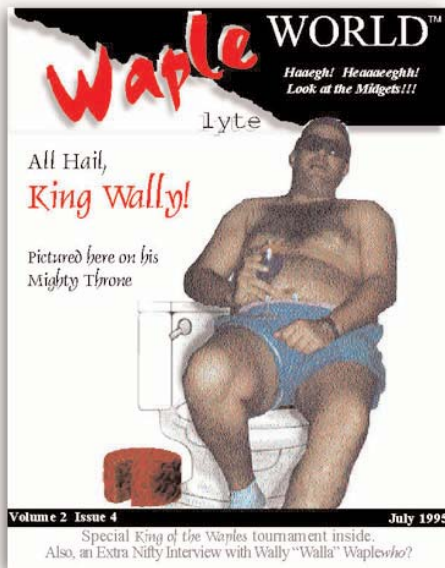
In an effort to increase circulation, we added a bikini-clad chick to the over, and vomit-inducing Waple-porn in the middle.

Vol. 2 Issue. 3:
Picasso Larz



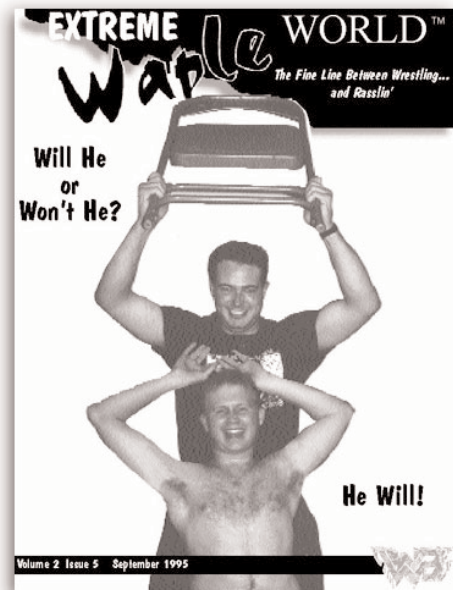
Everyone goes through an artsy-fartsy phase, ours just had more fartsy than artsy.

Vol. 2 Issue. 4:
WAPLEworld Lyte, Small Reading for Small Minds



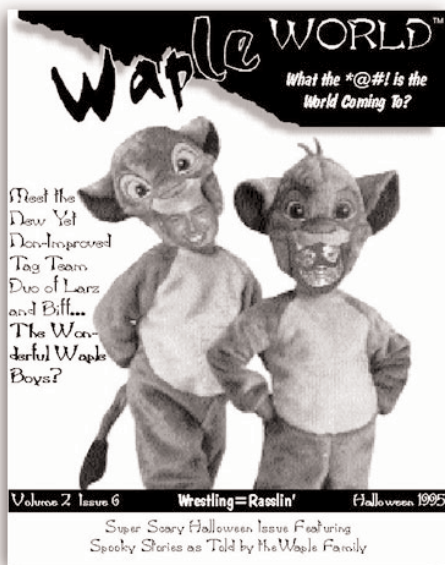
Halfway through the second season, we began running out of ideers, so we simply made the issues smaller. Pretty clever, eh?

Vol. 2 Issue. 5:
Extreme WAPLEworld



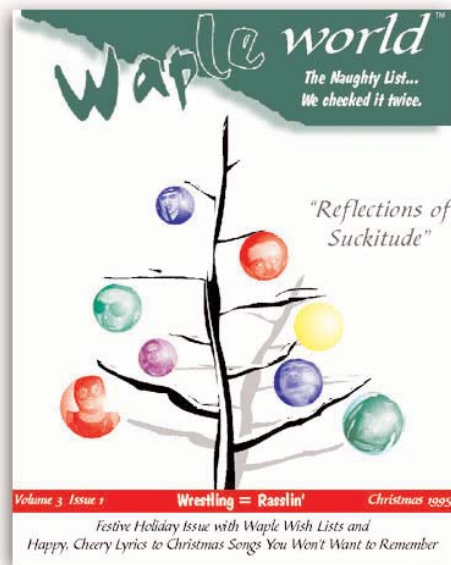
In another effort to increase circulation, we added graphic violence to the issues.

Vol. 2 Issue. 6:
Halloween Spooktacular!



Our first ever Halloween Issue! This issue celebrates the one night of the year when being a Waple isn't entirely retarded.

Vol. 3 Issue. 1:
Reflections of Suckitude



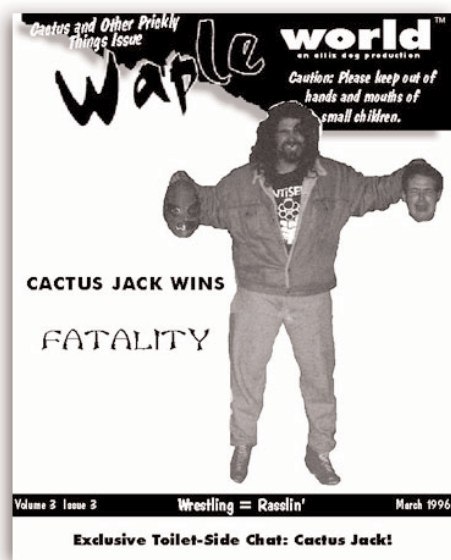
Our next holiday celebration, this issue featured more color than any issue before it, ceptin' for those with more color.

Vol. 3 Issue. 2:
Just Say "No" to Crack



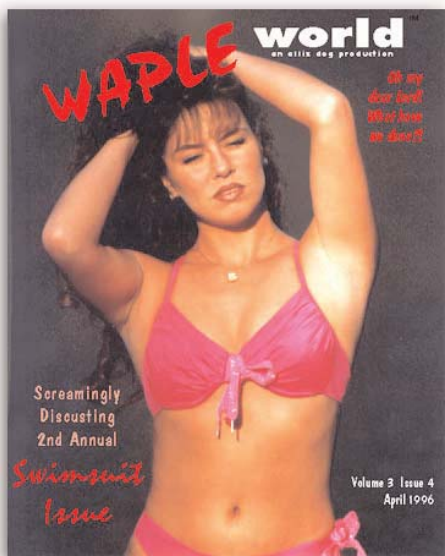
This was an unusual issue in that instead of creating the issue and selecting a cover, we had the cover and built the issue behind it. We simply couldn't let that picture go unused.

Vol. 3 Issue. 3:
Cactus and Other Prickly Things



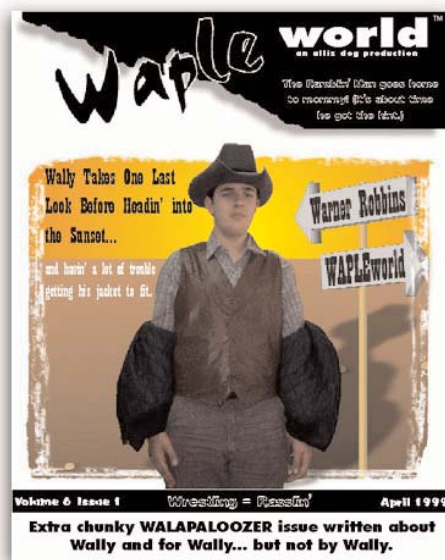
Our first big-time non-Waple celebrity interview. We hit the big time, and Cactus Jack's career was really slingshotted off from this issue.

Vol. 3 Issue. 4:
Screamingly Disgusting Swimsuit Two



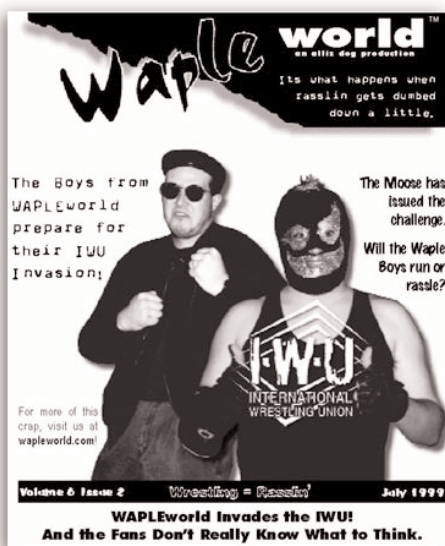
As has become the tradition, we can only go so long without showing the goods.

Vol. 6 Issue. 1:
Wallapaloozer



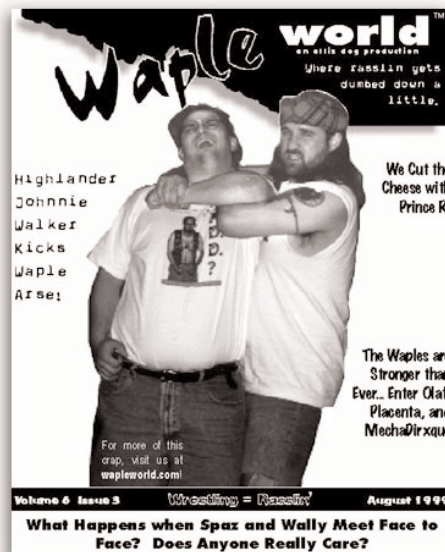
Referred to as "Wally's Issue" by us folks on the inside, this issue probed all of Wally's nooks and cranies.

Vol. 6 Issue. 2:
Where Did the Time Go?



So named because we had a slight gap in release dates between this series and the last. Leading with issue 6-1, we knew we were back on track.

Vol. 6 Issue. 3:
Scotland, Ireland, What's the Diff?



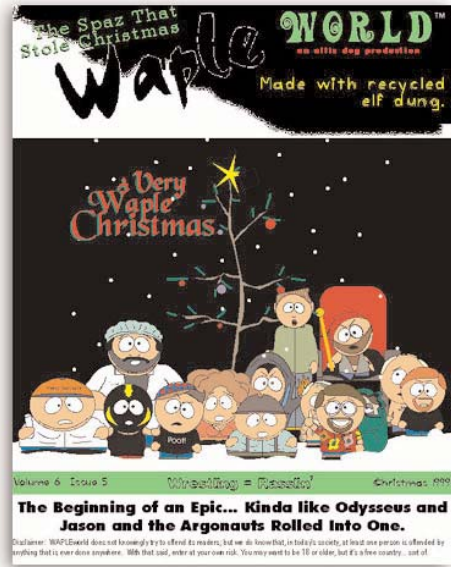
Ok, so we messed up by experimenting with local rasslin' promotions. Sue us. No wait, on second thought, don't sue us.

Vol. 6 Issue. 4:
Rasslin' Ring of Death



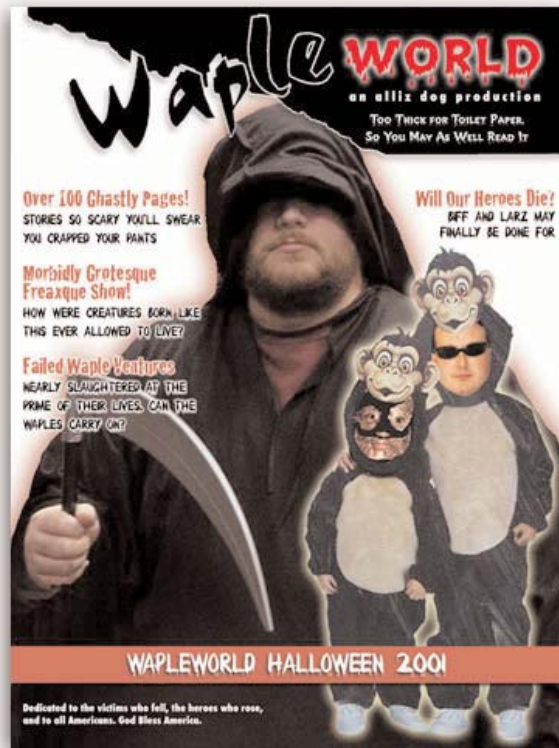
Until now, our biggest issue ever. It took a massive effort and the inspiration of Halloween to get this monster issue off the ground.

Vol. 6 Issue. 5:
Merry Ho Hos and A New War



Though most readers saw an innocent Christmas issue, those who read between the lines, where the words are, saw a greater evil growing.

WwH2K1
The Death of a Legacy



Just as all good things come to an end, so do all bad things. With hundreds of new projects on the horizon, this may be the last issue of WAPLEworld: The 'Zine as we know it. So cherish it, enjoy it, sleep with it.

SCARY

STORIES



**HALLOWEEN MADE IT, SO
BY: PLACENTA WAPLONIA**



I had just wrapped a shoot for my latest commercial, which was for some spicy roid cream when I noticed him. His name was Coward Nosell. You couldn't miss him. He was 7 feet tall and had trouble making eye contact. He was pale and thin and his lower lip trembled so attractively. I dare say - it was love at first sight. But international fame comes with a price and trusting the lanky inquirer seemed an impossible task.

So I shirked him off like I do all men. He pursued me although I was quicker as I hadn't put my shoes on yet. I ducked around a corner and clotheslined him as he made the turn. He crashed to the floor and began to whimper - it was like a strange music to me. But I tried to remain strong as I snarled... "What's yer major malfunction?"

He quivered in reply... "I'm doing a documentary on your family and I couldn't believe there was a real female Waple - the spawn of Wally

Walla Wapleburger." I was both flattered and repulsed. As a rule journalists always get the facts wrong and are genuinely cocky. But Nosell was different. I helped him up and smacked him in the ass. It was bouncy!

"Well there is," I said. He grinned down at me and I felt all wobbly suddenly. "I need food," I blurted out - hoping to not show my weakness. He offered to buy me queso & beer. This man was too good to be true. We headed down the street to Pocco's House of Spicy Cheese - my favorite joint in town. The wait staff leered at me, as it was all the queso & beer you can drink & eat Wednesday. I stomped over to my favorite table - and ordered the "Grande" queso Gulp and a bowl of beer. Nosell didn't eat - he just watched with some odd fascination.

In no time I was drunk and making sloppy passes at the guy. He grinned evilly and licked some

PLACENTA PUMPKINHEAD



cheese off my face. Then things went kind of fuzzy and hazy. I was walking down an aisle then looking at Elvis. Nosell kissed me... and next thing I knew, we were married in Vegas. Ahh... the Power of Cheese!

I was pleased that I'd found a mate to spend my life with plus - Nosell was the first man I'd ever "been" with. He wasn't grossed out by my un-natural naturalness. In fact you might say - he really was made for me. For you see it turns out that Nosell was restored to life last Halloween. He had been in an accident and had his heart, left lung, and right eye replaced. He

also had to have major skin grafts, which they took from his man area - because it was the only place with an abundance of extra skin. They extracted 22 inches of flesh making Nosell just... "Well-endowed". Oh happy day to know the real bliss of smothering another in cheese and eating it off.

Nosell even thinks we can breed. I hold no hope - but perhaps there will be another Halloween miracle. Larzy is making up that special potion and my Daddy Wally is doing the ritual rite at the celebration so - hold on fans - Waple could go QN!!!!!!!!!!!!



Most folks have kept up with the Waples and their many adventures, but those same folks also know that their days are numbered, and they probably won't live to be a thousand years old. That is why we have researched the topic of where the Waples will be in the year 3000, because most of you reading this will be dead long before then, and you wouldn't want to die without knowing what goes on with the Waples.

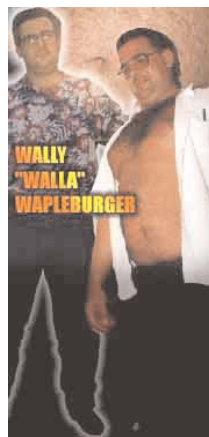
Wally "Walla" Wapleburger

Where will you be?

"Uh, when? In the year 3000? When is that?"

What will you be doing?

"I'll try to get off work, but you'll have to give me as much notice as possible."



Biff Waple

Where will you be?

"When? In 3000? Geez, I guess I'll be rasslin', you know, traveling the circuit, paying my dues, waiting to make it big."

What will you be doing?

"Um, didn't I just answer that?"



Yodel Waplehorxne

Where will you be?

"Dead in the cold, cold ground. In a grave. Buried. Perhaps in a coffin shot into space. Maybe preserved, stuffed, and mounted on a wall somewhere."

What will you be doing?

"Rotting."



Larz Wapleton

Where will you be?

"Uh, I'll probably be running late for the year 2000 income tax filing."

What will you be doing?

"Putting off doing my taxes."



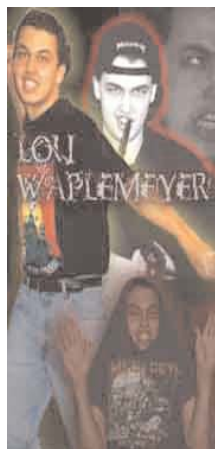
Lou Waplemeyer

Where will you be?

"Heh heh, dude, where's my corpse? 3000? Man, that's like a whole year from now."

What will you be doing?

"Burning. Burning! Fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire!"



Olaf Bjorxgenwable

Where will you be?

"Lounging comfortably in my kingdom."

What will you be doing?

"Cheating death, lording over my minions. Eating life-giving cheese."



Spanky Waplespunk

Where will you be?

"Oh geez, I don't know, um, what are my choices?"

What will you be doing?

"Oh. Oh crap. I didn't know this was a test. I just heard there'd be doughnuts. I really didn't study. I have a tummy ache. I have a dentist appointment. I need to leave. I'll make this up tomorrow."



Johnny Cockwable

Where will you be?

"Engaged in a lawsuit with the devil, having the court



order him to install air conditioning."

What will you be doing?

"You're asking me to repeat myself! That could cause repetitive motion injuries. Oh, you are so sued."

Spaz Pfitzwable

Where will you be?

"Right behind you, trailing you like a shadow, bugging you, mimicking you, bothering you. And not just you, but everyone."

What will you be doing?

"What will you be doing?"



Chic Nottawable

Where will you be?

"Not with the Waples, I can tell you that."

What will you be doing?

"Melting people."



Chet Wapleboxer

Where will you be?

"Shut up. Get outta here. I hate the Waples and don't want to answer your question."

What will you be doing?

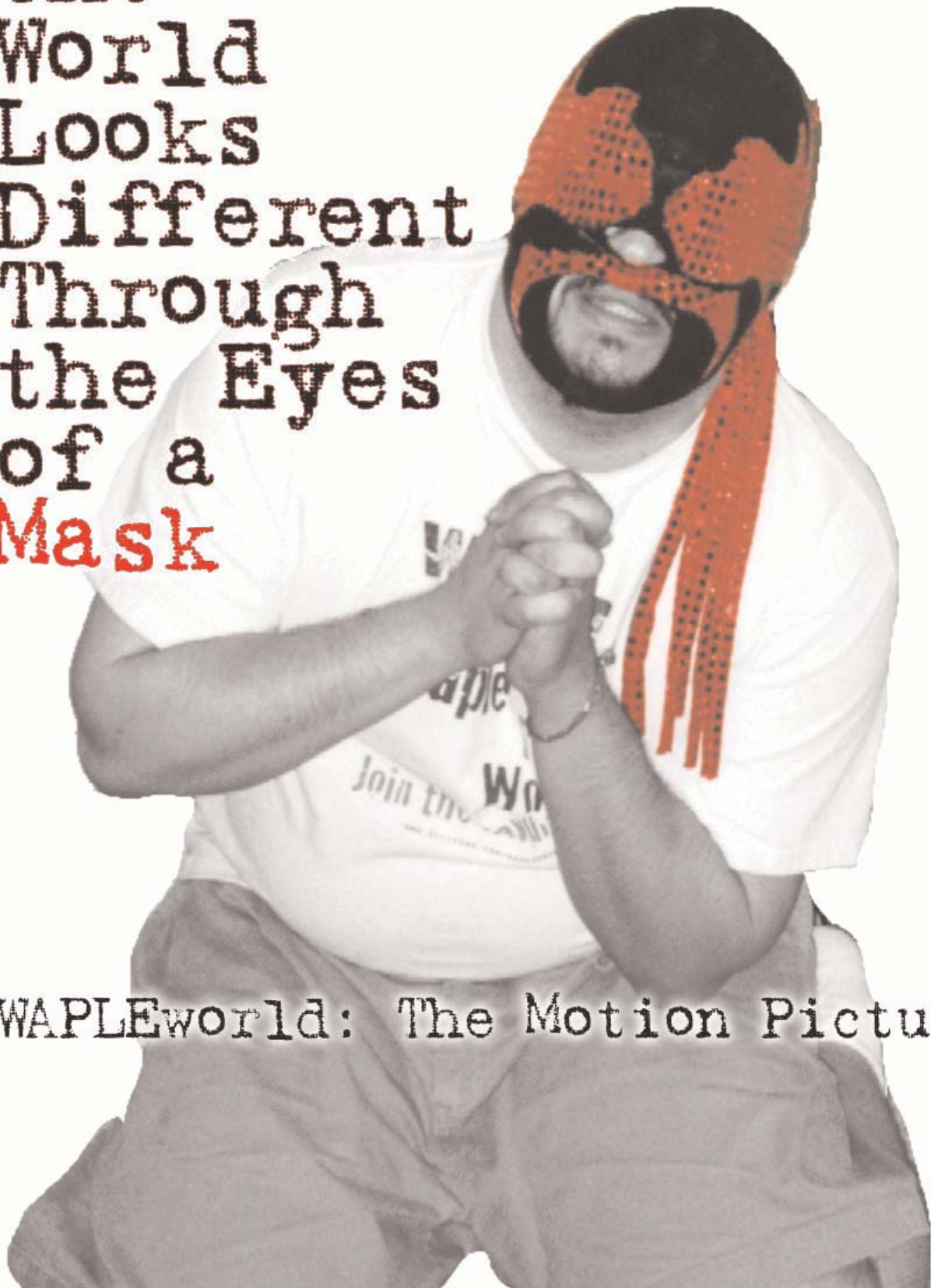
"Plotting against Waples."



There you have it, folks. The Waples will all be long dead and gone within a few years, and thus they'll be nothing but dirt by the year 3000. This issue, however, will live on.

The
World
Looks
Different
Through
the Eyes
of a
Mask

WAPLEworld: The Motion Picture



SCARY STORIES

Life is One Giant Daji

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 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 Kayorkiwaple.

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}



CHIC "ONE-NUT" NOTTAWAPLE



Dirxque's
Freaxque
Show



Bills, Bills... Ooh! WAPLE Mail!

Hey you!! Send me Waple stuff! =)
Crissy

Darling Crissy,
How 'bout this. You send us some pics of you and your hot college chick friends having a tickle fight, and I'll send you a pic of Wally and Spaz having a tickle fight.

Dear Wally-
Where have you been? We've been looking all over the place for you!
Missing you,
The Rag Tag Team of Misfits

Dear Misfits,
Hey fatboy!
Your Friend,
Grady W. T. Etheridge Wallyworld Burger

Dear WAPLEworld,
Was that Spanky I saw leading a group of Jahovas Waples thru a subdivision in Cobb County at 11:30am yesterday???
Uncle Ed

Yes it sure was. We were trying to get a Hundred Man March to protest the fact that the government won't allow WAPLEworld to become a tax-exempt church. Unfortunately, only myself and two bald guys in togas showed up, and they ended up leaving after finding there was no food.
Spanky

What the hell is the point of this website, and why is it named the way it is.....this is a f#*@ing insult, and i want an explanation.....a good one if you can manage to do that...

John Waple

John Waple? That name sounds made up. Another disgruntled WAPLEwannabe, huh? It's a shame that not all "Waples" are from pure Waple blood. But, the cold, hard truth is that there are "Waples" out there that are not real Waples. They may have the same name, but DNA will conclusively determine that they are not of the same bloodline of Gunther Von. This truth sometimes hurts these other so-called "Waples" and they lash out with violent words because they just don't understand. You see, John W. (you're not even worthy of being called "Waple"), you're a wiener.

Spanky

Dear Biff,
Do you take off your mask to shave?
Just curious,
Spanky

Dear Spanky,
I don't wear a mask on my butt.
Toodles, Biff

Dear Lou,
Sup, dude? Did you get the stuff, man?
Dude, bring it over to my parent's basement and we can light up. Ok, cool man, call me back.
Rock On Man,
Lou

Dear Lou,
Heh heh, you're stupid. heh. Bite my ass! Bite it!
You're the Schmoopy,
Louholio!

Dear WAPLEworld Staph,

Unintentionally, I picked up a copy of WAPLEworld from the seat pocket in front of me, instead of the SkyMall catalog. After reading through the issue, I can honestly say that your magazine is vile, disgusting, distasteful, uncalled for, repugnant, and nauseating. It was the single worst piece of filth and perversion and potty humor that I have ever had the misfortune of knowing about. That, however, is not why I am writing this letter to you.

I am writing this letter to you because I wanted to let you know that I love your magazine! It has become my naughty little secret. I go to work with a copy shoved into my panties. Just knowing it's there keeps me hot and wet all day. I have to go to the bathroom several times a day to "take care of business". It's so thrilling to see all those hunky Waples in their bathing suits and Halloween costumes. I would kill to be the chicken on Chic's swim trunks!

Please don't reveal my name or address, Placenta, no wait, Harvey, yeah yeah, Harvey

Dear PlacenHarvey,

You need help. This magazine is a serious foray into the world of high-brow classical literature, and up to the minute rasslin' news. You're a freak. And that means a lot when WE say that.

Seek Help,
Editor

**Dear Olaf,
Why is science important? What makes you love it so much?**

**Need 2 Know,
Yodel**

Dear Yodel,
Go screw yourself.
Piss off,
Olaf



**June 10
Dear Larz,
Why do you procrastinate so much?
Please respond,
Staph of WAPLEworld**

August 4

Dear Staph of WAPLEworld,

I swear I'll write an answer to this question and get it to you by next Thursday. I'm just finishing it up right now. It's gonna be 8 pages. Most of it is pretty good. I'll just have to edit it and check for typos and stuff, but you'll have it on your desk in the morning. There's no way this isn't gonna happen!

Laterz,
Larz

September 28

Dear Staph of WAPLEworld,

I'm almost done with the last part of the answer. I'm writing three different parts and I'm done with the first two, but they need a spit shine to make them fresh. I'm having a hard time thinking of what to write in the third part. I'll knock it out over the weekend and send it to you first thing.

Laterz,
Larz

October 21

Dear Staph of WAPLEworld,

I've been busy getting ready for the 4th of July cookout so I haven't been able to get on the answer. I'll write it this afternoon.

Laterz,
Larz

+++++

Hey Spanky howzit hangin' brother?

Out of pure curiosity I typed my last name into a search engine to see what might pop up. To my amazement I might actually have some blood on this continent besides on the wrestling mat. You see Spanks my name is Mike

Waples(20), I Shit you not, and I am honoured to see that some distant people, perhaps distant relatives are engaging in what looks like some good-hearted, mean-spirited, non-pretentious rasslin. n such.

I'm shoutin out from way up in Espanola, Ontario, Canada just north of Lake Huron where this past summer my close peoples and I had spars n tussles in the FBFBF(Fruity Bum Frontyard Boxing Federation. The girls call me Fruity Bum on account a my ass has a peel and the guys do the same on account a sometimes they get away with it without spittin chicklets).

Must run in the family. Anyway, if you need or want anything for your publication like wicked artists renditions or photos compliments of yours truly drop a line. I hope to hear from you soon bro? so finish livin up to your name on the naughty net and get back to work.

Spanks a lot!,
;)# Mike Waples

Mike,
You wax your ass? Are you French or something? You MUST be a Waple.
Spanky



Waple Quotes of the Year

Spanky: So, since you broke up with your boyfriend, are you interested in becoming a lezzy?

Girl: ...

Spanky: Not that I'm offering or anything.

Girl: Unless you'd be willing to go through a major operation.

Spanky: Eh, it wouldn't have to be that major.

Biff: Happy Pass Gas saTURDay Spaz!

Spaz: Yeah, like you pussies are actually gonna fart this year.

"Butts were made to take abuse."
Larz Wapleton

"Uh, there's water in the boat!"
Yodel Waplehorxne

"Dude, I cain't swim."
Johnny Cockwaple



Classifieds

For Sale: WAPLEworld, hardly used, \$.01 OBO

Casting Call: Actors and actresses needed for leading, supporting, and extras in feature length production. Must be willing to work nude (actresses only).

Notice to WAPLEworld Staph:

I call on the powers of the WAPLEelders to right what has been questioned. I, Spanky, Grandest of the Dressers, hereby call a meeting of the WAPLEelders to converge. I wish for Yolaf of the Obese, High Pooter Wapleton, and Spaz the Spaz to enlighten our spirits and enrich each other's souls on Saturday, January 29th of the Y2K-proliferated year of 1900.

I propose the gathering commence in the High Pooter's wing of the WAPLEworld Compound and Fudge-Packaging Plant at the high noonish hour.

Agenda:

Eat pizza

Vote in "Goofy Chant-Talk" as the official language of the Waples

Film skits

128

Discuss the future of WAPLEworld
Convince Vince McMahon to finance

"WAPLEworld - The Show" and, of course, See how much fudge we can pack into Organic Dirxque.

All who agree, signify by pressing your Agree Button.

Toodles,
Grand Dresser Spanky

Legal Announcement: The Internal Revenue Service has closed the "WAPLEworld-Wide Headquarters and Toilet-Top Entertainment Manufacturing Facilities" during an investigation conducted on suspicion of tax evasion.



Kisses, Letters Home... by MechaDirxque

Begin Transmission:

Subject: The End of WAPLEworld....

This is the end of WAPLEworld. It is no more. The once mighty empire has long since died out, and the crumbling ruins of a great society have been grown over by vines of ineptitude and lack of interest.

As with any civilization, WAPLEworld died a slow, painful death. People gradually lost interest, and became distracted by newer, more flashy things, like dirt, and blenders that let you pulse the blades on and off.

This slow exodus went largely unnoticed by anyone, until the evening of Pass Gas Saturday, 2001, when only 5 Waples were around, while the rest of WAPLEworld remained eerily silent.

With not enough Waples left to make life worthwhile, those few that remained decided to abandon the megalopolis that was no more. Crickets chirped, pigeons cooed, and cockroaches starved, as the vines began to cover the carcass.

Now, with the decayed ruins of WAPLEworld lost amid the newly unexplored mountains of a lost continent, the last flicker of the Waple flame has grown dim, and soon, smoke will rise slowly in its place.

Rest in peace, WAPLEworld. May the future bring those who might seek to study the clues you've left behind, and may they desire to rebuild that which once was, but alas, is no more.

End Transmission

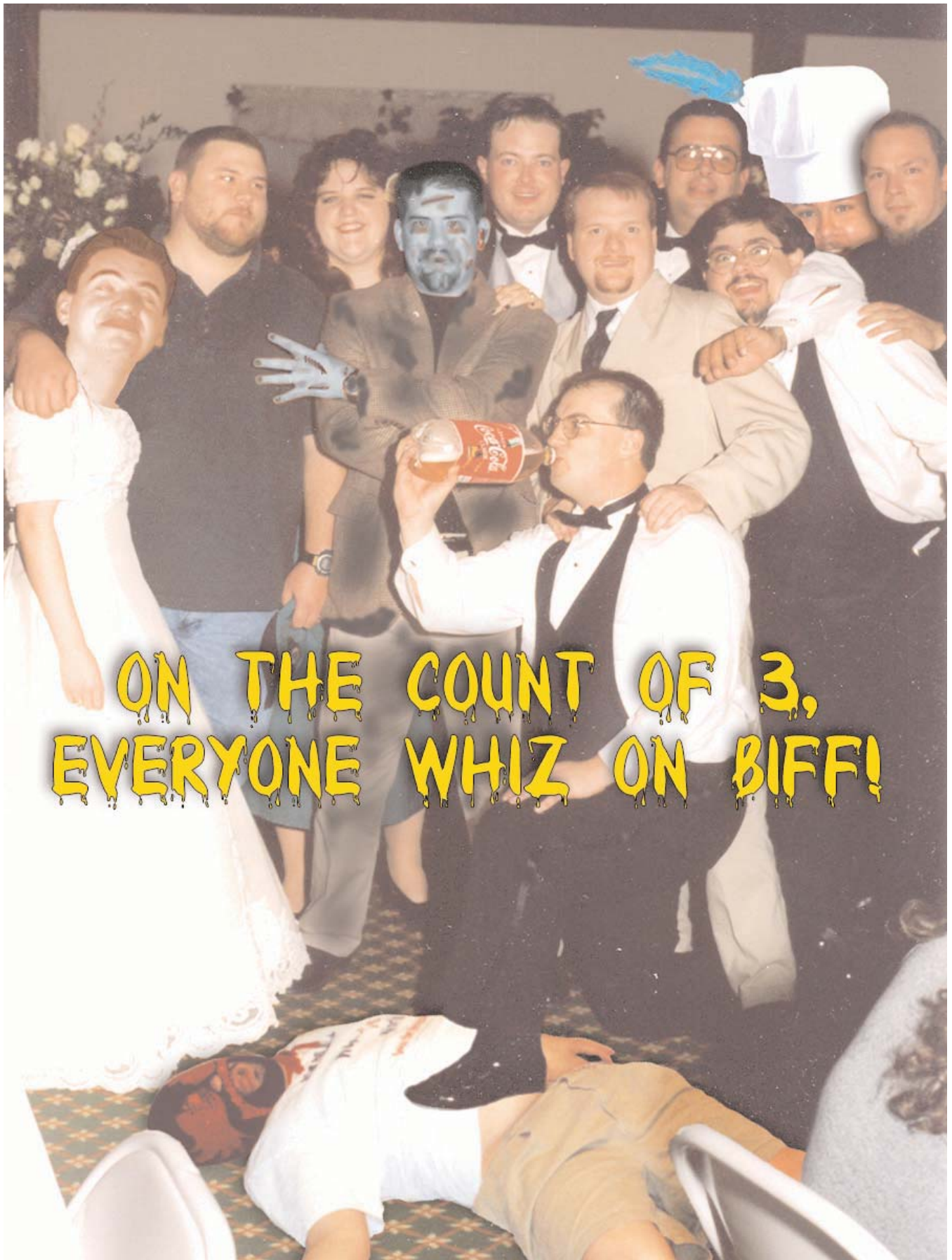
Editor's reply: "I don't want people to think that this is the end of WAPLEworld, because it's not. Sure WAPLEworld at one point was just the 'zine, but now it's so much more than that -- it's an empire, by gosh! It is true that there is a 99% chance that this is the last issue of WAPLEworld: The 'Zine, but it is just the beginning of so many other Waple ventures (which will be added to the list of "Failed Waple Ventures" at a later date). There will be WAPLEworld: The Dorkumentary; WAPLEworld: The Movie; a graphic novel dealing with the Excalibur story; MechaWAPLES; The WAPLEmachine: Season Two; WAPLEworld: The Adventures of the WAPLEfriends Comic; WAPLEworld Presents: The Adventures of the Canadian Sheik, eh; and Biff and Larz will some day go into the annals of fame with TV commercial success stories such as Earnest's "Hey Vern", the "Where's the Beef" lady, and Gallery Furniture's Wolfman and Donna. Sure there may be some smoldering ashes on the grounds of the WAPLEworld compound at the moment, but those ashes will turn into flames and the WAPLEworld Empire will rise again like the mighty Phoenix! WAPLEworld will forever be in the hearts and minds of Americans all over the world! We will not go down without a fight!!

Yodel's reply: "I heard you go down for a dollar!"

Editor's reply: "Yeah, well your mom, um, goes down for \$100 and I still owe it to her.

Yodel's reply: "Dude, you're never gonna make \$100."

Editor's reply: I will if I charge all the Waples \$13 for this lousy magazine."



ON THE COUNT OF 3,
EVERYONE WHIZ ON BIFF!