MAD IND ®

20 DUMBEST PEOPLE, EVENTS AND THINGS OF 2004

1 of 2 DUMB COVERS!

BE DUMB – GET 'EM BOTH!

UNITED STATES

#449 JANUARY 2005 $3.50 CHEAP!

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MAD

JANUARY 2005 NUMBER 449

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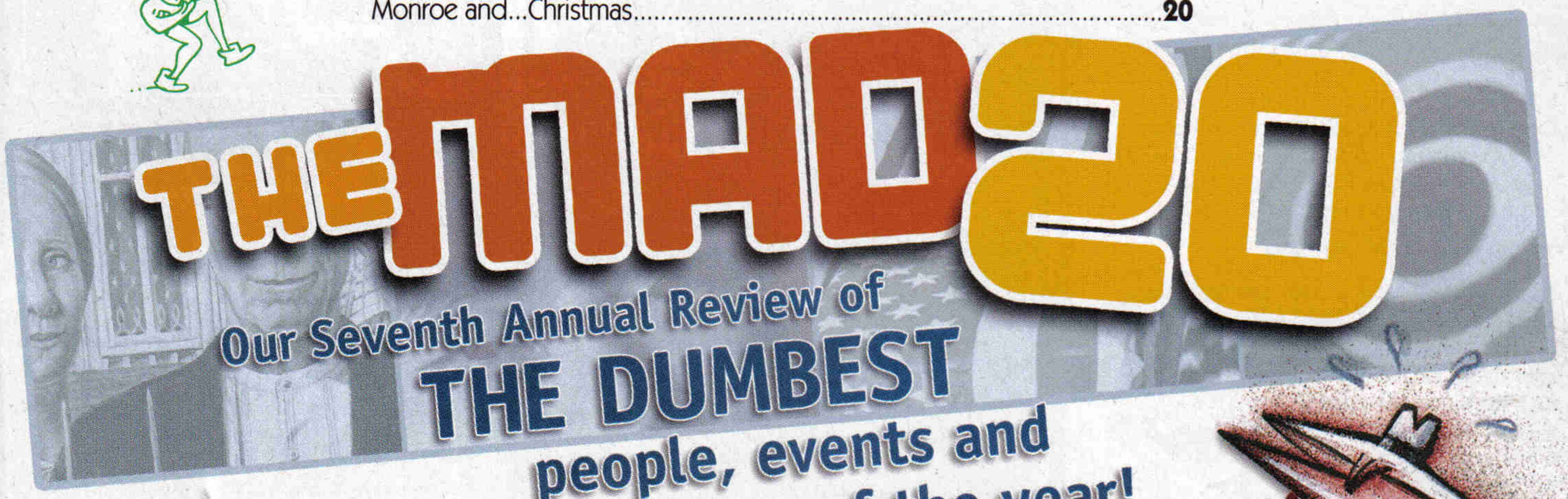

THE MAD 20

Our Seventh Annual Review of THE DUMBEST people, events and things of the year!

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MARK FREDRICKSON

ABU GHRAIB COVER ARTIST:
DREW FRIEDMAN

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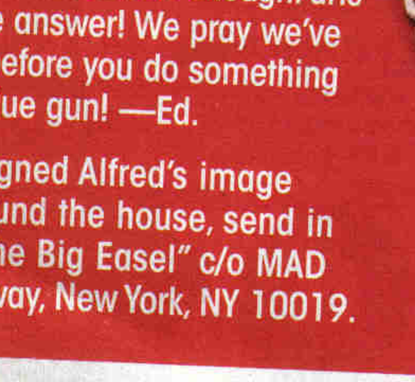
DEPARTMENT OF TOMATOES AND LETTERS

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

As a MAD reader since I was six and a subscriber thereafter, I would like to make a request to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™ and have my letter printed in MAD before the year is over. I'd like very much to keep my dubious record going. If you would check your archives, I have been a regular letter writer — actually, every 14 years. MAD has printed my letters in #183 (June 1976), #296 (July 1990) and an honorable mention in #332 (December 1994)! If you could print this letter, I won't have to bug you guys until 2018!

Val Balagot, Antelope, CA

Shallow Val—Thank you for writing to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™. Your tale checks out, so we'll gladly make your dumb wish come true! In fact, if we had the space, we'd print your letter a dozen times, so we wouldn't have to hear from you again in our lifetime! —Ed.



The Big Easel

I made Alfred out of fusion beads while sitting at the table doing nothing. It really wasn't that exciting. You've probably gotten other fusion bead entries with more exciting tales, but mine, hopefully, will bring a tear to your eye.

Jessica Miller, Oceanside, CA

Jess Say No — Yes, your tale did bring a tear to our eye. It's one we've heard far too often: a troubled teen, bored with everything and looking for an escape, turns to a life of fusion beads. We can't stress this enough: arts and crafts are never the answer! We pray we've gotten through to you, before you do something really rash, like buy a glue gun! —Ed.

Readers: If you've designed Alfred's image using clever items around the house, send in the pictures to: Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.

FROM AD TO WORSE

Ah, New York — if you can make it here, you'll make it anywhere (as 50 Cent says in his song "In Da Club") — and this is certainly true of our beloved Spy characters. As part of Mountain Dew's advertising campaign, a giant Spy Vs. Spy billboard (see below) is on display in New York's Times Square. If you're "in da 'hood" come out and see it!

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

J.J. Abrams, creator of *Alias* and *Lost*, loved our satire "Ailing-Us" (MAD #441) so much that he bought Hermann Mejia's original art for the article! And if that wasn't exciting enough, J.J. and his son Henry actually stopped by the MAD office to pick up the artwork! Rumor has it Hermann is spending all the proceeds on wooing the lovely Jennifer Garner!

(L - R) Assistant Art Director Patty Dwyer, J.J. Abrams, Henry (on his shoulders) and Production Artist Doug Thomson. Note to nit-picky readers: there is no black shirt and khaki uniform at MAD, it is purely a dorky coincidence!

NIP/SCHMUCK

I received the silly renewal notice and I just had to call to renew my subscription, which is actually under my wife's name! The reason that it is under her name is because my patients may think I am mad and get some silly idea not to book their (plastic) surgery. Your obnoxious magazine seems to disappear from my office within a week of arrival and I am thinking of getting a closed circuit camera or a guard dog to nail the person responsible. I must admit that I read the magazine before any of my medical journals. Now, regarding the renewal, I tried to renew the magazine for the next twenty years and I was told that I can only do a maximum of three years. What is going on? Even the results of my surgeries last more than three years!

Hootan Daneshmand, MD
Silhouette Plastic Surgery Institute
Irvine, CA

Hootie — We're sorry that you were unable to renew for more than three years. However, we can bypass the whole subscription department and work out a barter of some sort. We will give you a twenty-year subscription if you will throw a few, shall we say, "professional favors" our way. For as long as we've known him, John Caldwell has been whining about wanting calf implants; Rick Tulka has always been insecure about his "back fat" and finally, Arie Kaplan keeps bitching that he won't be happy until he's sporting a set of 36DDs. What do you say, Hootie-Doo? You scratch our back fat and we'll scratch yours! —Ed.

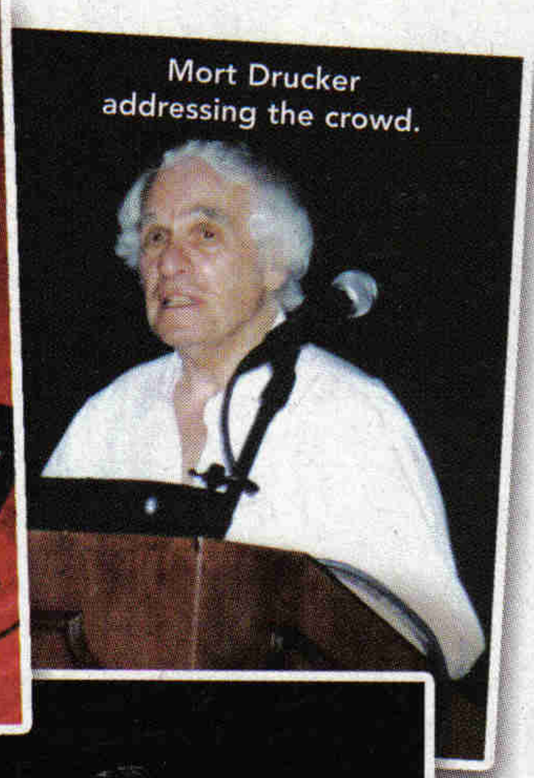
THE GREATEST STORY EVER FOLD-IN

Look to the left for a special self-deprecating fold-in by MAD's own fold-in king, Al Jaffee, from the new book, *The Daily Show with Jon Stewart Presents America (The Book): A Citizen's Guide to Democracy Inaction.* The book seems to be selling well, *despite* Al's contribution!

AWARD TO THE WISE-ASSES

It was a MAD-filled weekend at this year's National Cartoonist Society Reuben awards Ceremony held in Kansas City, MO. Big winners included MAD artists Hermann Mejia (Best Magazine Illustration) and Tom Richmond (Best Advertising Art). Also on hand was legendary MAD artist and featured speaker, Mort Drucker! Our sincerest congratulations to Tom and Hermann and our deepest apologies to the tuxedo rental company!

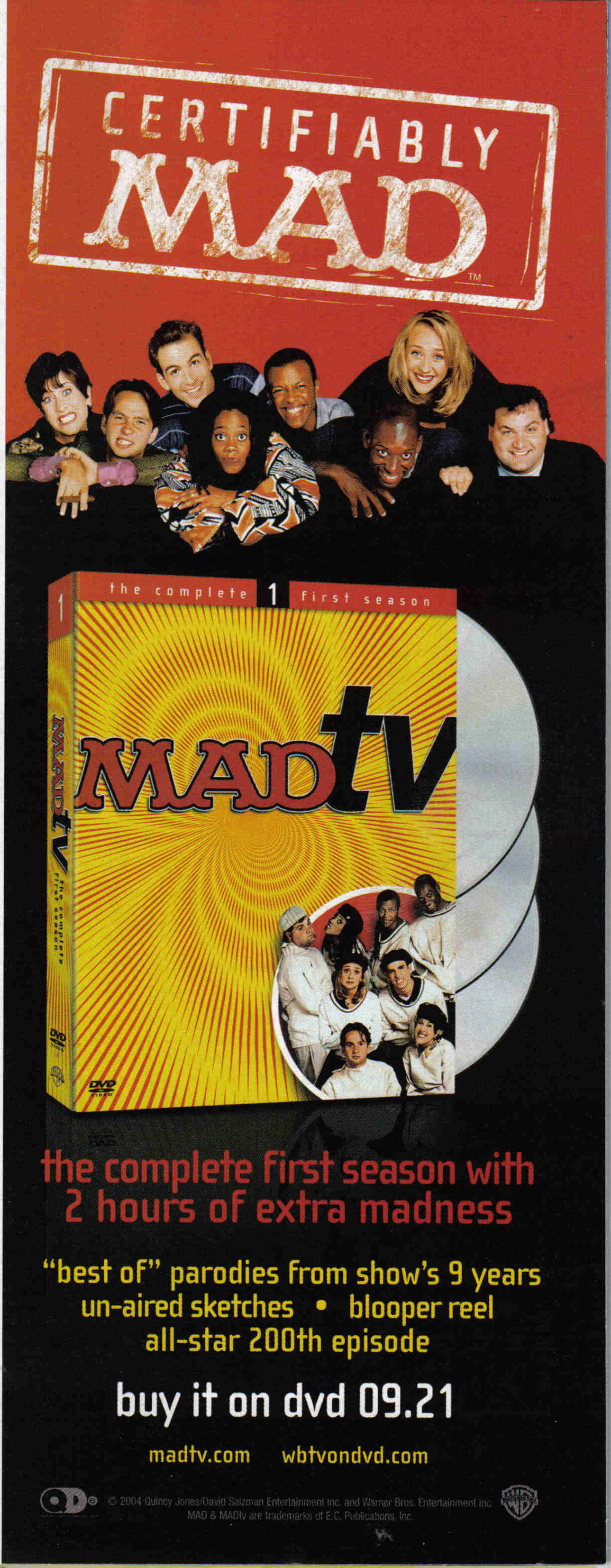
A clearly giddy Hermann Mejia with his award!


Mort Drucker addressing the crowd.

Consulting Editor Nick Meglin, Tom Richmond and MAD Art Director Sam Viviano, ready to crash the nearest senior prom!

THE QUIZ QUORNER ANSWERED

Answer to last month's question:
In a stroke of creative brilliance, we called the Jerry Seinfeld character in our spoof, "Jerry Seinfeld." Fa Fa Fa!



WHATEVER FLOATS YOUR VOTE

Did you buy your Monroe Fan Club ballots from Jeb Bush? These are even more unfair than those used in the 2000 election! I clearly nominated myself in MAD #441. I even wrote "Vote Driver in '04!" But you people couldn't even put my name on the ballot? There is even an empty space right below Ken McClelland's name where mine would fit! I am very worried that the American people will not be able to vote for their leader fairly. That's why I demand a recall and a recount and a reprint with ballots with my name on it!

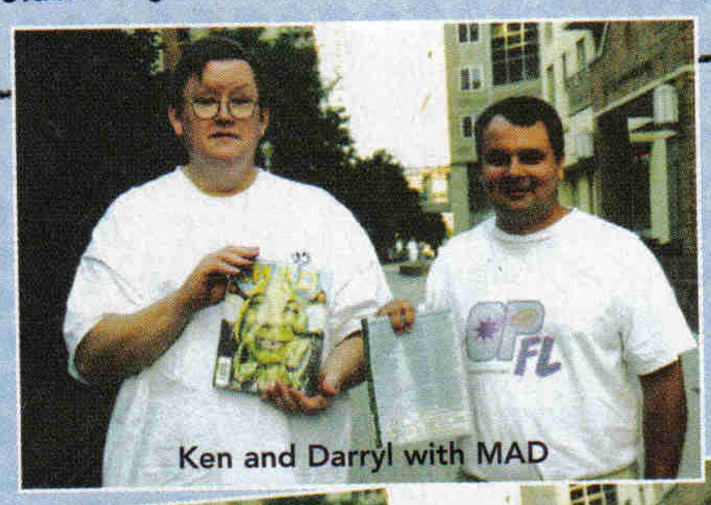
Robert Driver, Elkins Park, PA

Drunk Driver —You make a good point and may have some stake in this Presidency. Not since Al Gore has an election been so unfairly stolen from a candidate. So, like Al, we took your case all the way to the Supreme Court. Unfortunately, again, like Al, they didn't give a hot-buttered chad about your beef! Unlike Al, we suggest you quit your bitching, take the decision like a man and look below to see who your fairly elected President is! —Ed.

P.S. It's not all bad news, though! As a consolation, we would like to appoint you the President-for-life of the Ken McClelland Fan Club. Bango, Robbie! —Ed.

MOCK THE VOTE

Back in MAD #444 we asked readers to vote for the next President of the Monroe Fan Club. We're pleased to announce that the winner, by an overwhelming majority, is none other than Darryl Gonzalez of Severn, MD! In a stunning (some may say suspicious) coincidence, we discovered that lame-duck President Ken McClelland is related by marriage to Darryl! Below is photo documentation of Ken passing the torch to new President Darryl. We are sure Ken is hugely relieved to have the burden of the office lifted from his shoulders, however, we are not going to rule out the return of McClelland in 2008!!

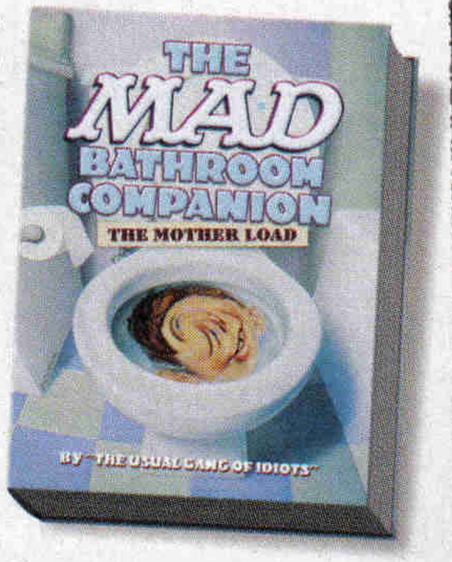


Ken and Darryl with MAD

Ken swearing in Darryl

READER ALERT

In between trips to the bathroom, stop by any Barnes & Noble and pickup their exclusive book *The MAD Bathroom Companion: The Mother Load!* It collects all the crap from the first three *Bathroom Companions* in one gut-wrenchingly funny volume for the low, low, low price of $9.98! You can't pass it — up!



READER ALERT II

If you go to a newsstand and see another MAD cover that doesn't look like the one you're holding in your hand — don't go crazy! In a cold, calculating, sinister move to suck those last few pennies left in your wallet after the holidays, this month's MAD features two different covers! Sadly, the one you didn't buy is destined to become a valuable collector's item. So we urge you to run out to your newsstand and buy that other issue!

NEXT MONTH IN MAD #450 ON SALE JANUARY 11!

OUR SUPER-DUPER SUPER BOWL ISSUE!

MAD

William M. Gaines *founder*

John Ficarra *editor*

Editorial:

Charlie Kadau, Joe Raiola *senior editors*

Amy Vozeolas, Greg Leitman & Dave Croatto *associate editors*

Nick Meglin *contributing editor*

Dick DeBartolo *creative consultant*

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Nadina Simon *associate art director*

Patricia Dwyer *assistant art director*

Ryan Flanders, Brian Durniak & Doug Thomson *production artists*

Leonard Brenner *graphics consultant*

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Georg Brewer *vp — design & retail product development*

Richard Bruning *senior vp — creative director*

Patrick Caldon *senior vp — finance & operations*

Chris Caramalis *vp — finance*

Terri Cunningham *vp — managing editor*

Alison Gill *vp — manufacturing*

Rich Johnson *vp — book trade sales*

Hank Kanalz *vp — general manager – wildstorm*

Lillian Laserson *senior vp & general counsel*

David McKillips *vp — advertising & custom publishing*

John Nee *vp — business development*

Gregory Noveck *senior vp — creative affairs*

Cheryl Rubin *senior vp — brand management*

Bob Wayne *vp — sales & marketing*

Contributing Artists And Writers

the usual gang of idiots

FOR ADVERTISING INQUIRIES ONLY, PLEASE CALL 212-636-5520!

For SUBSCRIPTION Questions:

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VISIT OUR WEB SITE! madmag.com

HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 449, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York, 10019.

MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

Fax MAD at 212-506-4848!

THE FUNDALINI

FIRST...

Conan O'Brien signs to take over *The Tonight Show* in 2009.

THEN...

Howard Stern signs to bring his show to satellite radio in 2006.

WHAT'S NEXT?

Jimmy Kimmel signs to renew his auto club membership in 2005.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW *Seinfeld* DVD

Special feature documenting the contentious negotiations to get Jason Alexander, Michael Richards and Julia Louis-Dreyfus to appear on one of the DVD's special features.

Foreign languages option lets you hear Jerry Stiller screaming in Spanish, French and even Korean.

90% of a disinterested Julia Louis-Dreyfus' audio commentary is just her saying "yada yada yada."

Hidden camera footage of the real "Soup Nazi" dumping a pot of scalding hot Mulligatawny on Seinfeld's head when asked if he wanted to participate in the DVD.

Five-hour blooper reel of Teamsters using the "Jaws of Life" to remove the guy who played Newman from the craft service table.

Explicit backstage footage of Seinfeld with Larry David — not that there's anything wrong with that!

dis|Harmony®

CLICK HERE

My name is Denise and I met my husband, Burt, who successfully concealed his drinking problem from me until he drove my new SUV into an Applebee's and was subsequently arrested for driving while drunk, at Dis-harmony.com

MELVIN & JENKINS' GUIDE TO CHURCH SOCIALS

Jenkins knows that the church is a marvelous place to meet and greet new people who already share your personal values.

Melvin accidentally coldcocks the pastor's wife while demonstrating the deadly tae kwon do moves he would've used to whup all the Romans' asses, if he was Jesus.

BITTERMAN

THE PUZZLE NOOK

Which of the 6 choices best completes this phrase?

NEVER LEAVE IMPORTANT DECISIONS TO _?_CE

1. CHAN__
2. FRAN__
3. CANDIDATES ON *THE APPRENTI__*
4. *AMERICAN IDOL'S* VOTING AUDIEN__
5. NICOLE RICHIE'S CONSCIEN__
6. A DUDE SIPPING CRUNK JUI__

PAGES

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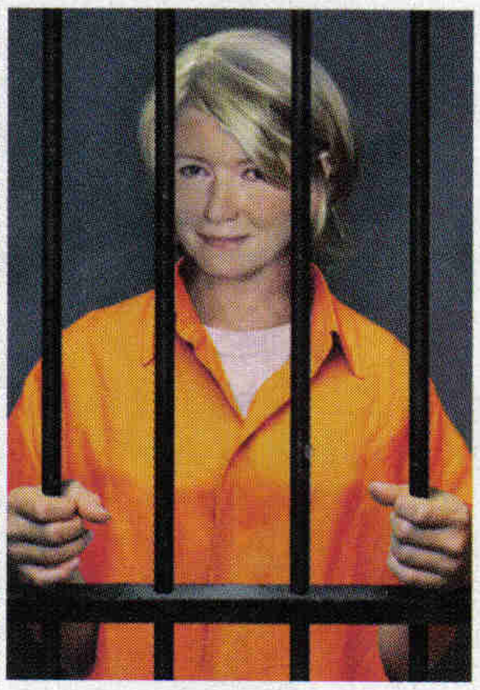
A JAILHOUSE LETTER *from*

Martha Stewart



Dear Inexplicable Supporters,

I have been told that more than 2.5 million of you have visited marthaspins.com since last Friday, when I self-surrendered in the twinkling mist of the pre-dawn darkness where the dappled sunlight lightly kisses the receding shroud of night. Then, the screws hustled me into the joint.

Unfortunately, 2.4 million of you were under the mistaken impression that you could download a QuickTime film of my strip search, the one where they made me get naked, squat over a mirror, and cough. Talk about your insider information! Anyway, you sickos will have to click elsewhere.

For now, all I can say is thank you for the concern and good wishes expressed in the thousands of emails you have recently sent to this website. There are too many to enumerate now. But I was particularly moved by one fan who wrote all the way from Nigeria, offering to share a portion of his $8.6 million fortune, which is currently tied up in red tape at the bank. Even more heartwarming, he made this offer despite suffering from aggressive cancer, and during his nation's civil war. To Mr. Nbutu Oye Mgili, I very much look forward to doing business with you after I am released. I'm sure our financial agreement will work out better for me than the previous one that landed me behind bars.

Others have sent me gifts and money. Although these gestures are deeply appreciated, they are not permitted in prison, and must be returned. Only small, everyday items are allowed. I will be grateful for anyone who takes the time to send me such room-freshening knickknacks as a hairbrush with a sharp, removable handle, a coiled length of rubber tubing, or 10,000 cartons of Newports.

Together, your goodwill will get me through what I like to call "this chapter in my life," but the district attorney prefers to call a "felony fraud conviction." You say "organically-grown plum tomato," I say "organically-grown plum to-mah-to." Just know that I will walk out of this concrete camp with my snoot held high, and begin condescending again before very long.

Martha Stewart

Martha Stewart

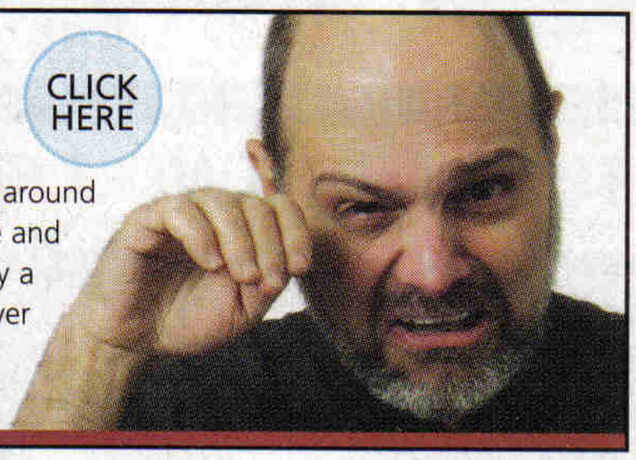
P.S. Baggy orange flannels are "in" this autumn.

dis|Harmony®

My name is Ed

and I met my wife, Wendy, who slept around behind my back, then filed for divorce and was awarded half of my life savings by a stupid-ass judge, even though she never worked a day in her miserable life, at Dis-harmony.com

CLICK HERE

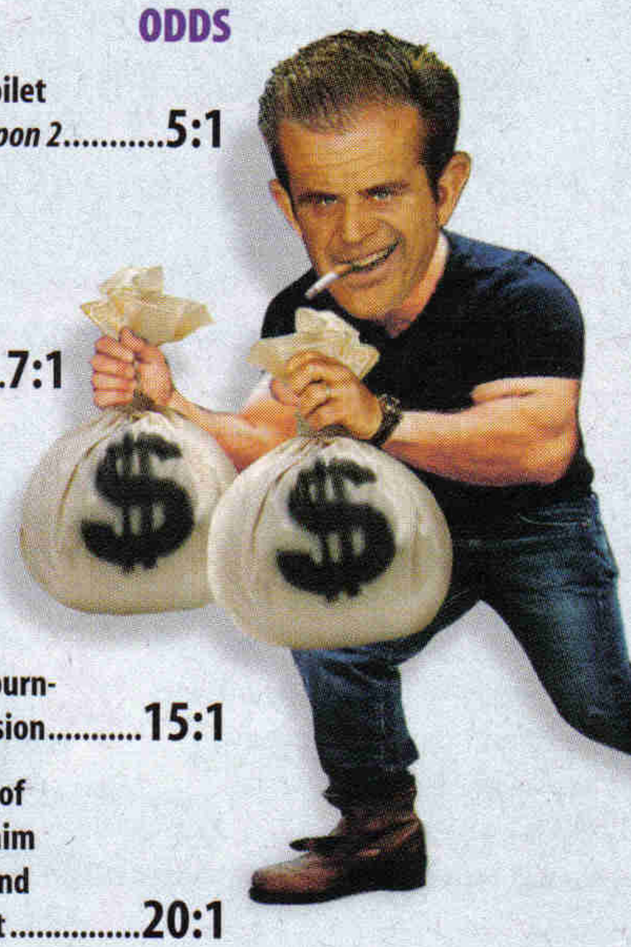


CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

This month: MEL GIBSON

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS WILL MEET HIS DEMISE!

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Infected shards of exploding toilet still left in ass from *Lethal Weapon 2*	5:1
"Called up" to Heaven early by God — who couldn't wait to lambaste him over all the factual inaccuracies in *The Passion of the Christ*	7:1
Exhaustion from doing interviews to "explain" his nutty father's racist, anti-Semitic blather	10:1
Bursts into flames during daily practice of his patented "slow burn-turning-to-rage" acting expression	15:1
Crushed to death by stampede of studio executives who turned him down for *Passion*, rushing to fund his next religious movie project	20:1



WIFI WONDERLAND

(Sung to the tune of "Winter Wonderland")

Internet…always with me
My e-mails…never miss me;
I can't get away
For even a day
Workin' in a WiFi "Wonderland."

On the beach…or while napping
In the john…while I'm crapping;
This laptop of mine
Is never offline
Workin' in a WiFi "Wonderland."

In the country I could do some hiking
Be alone and get away from work
But sadly it is to my boss's liking
To e-mail all the time, the friggin' jerk!

WiFi sucks…if you ask me
Lets my boss…always task me;
With projects galore
Can't take it no more
Workin' in a WiFi "Wonderland."

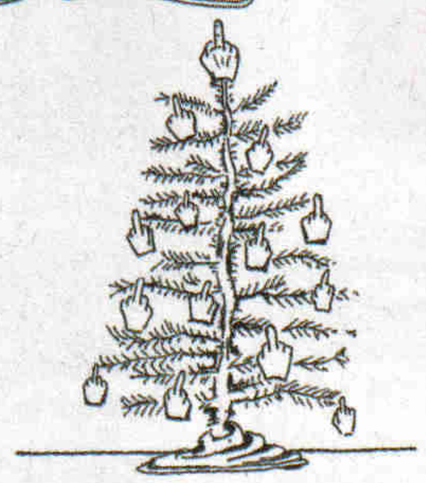
THE GODFREY REPORT

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Mummification	Embalming	Viking Funerals
Virtual Colonoscopies	Disposable Cameras	Independent Films
Gels	Creams	Lotions

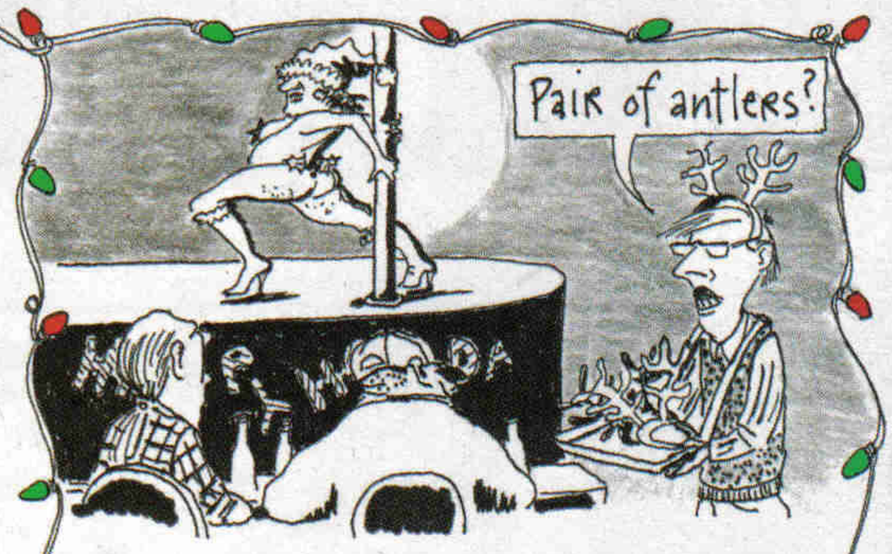
THE FUNDALINI PAGES

TIPS TO MAKE YOUR HOLIDAY MORE ENJOYABLE

Avoid crowded shopping malls by fashioning homemade gifts.



Let your tree decorations reflect your true feelings for the holidays.



Lift your spirits by becoming a volunteer...at a strip club.

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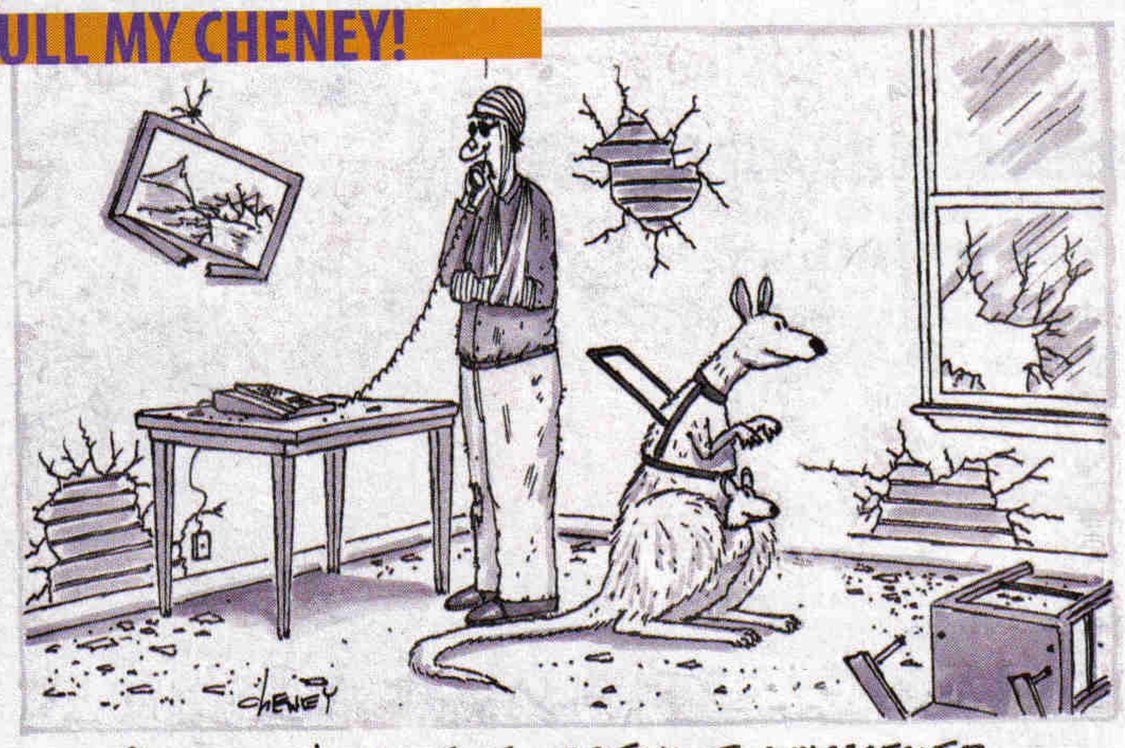
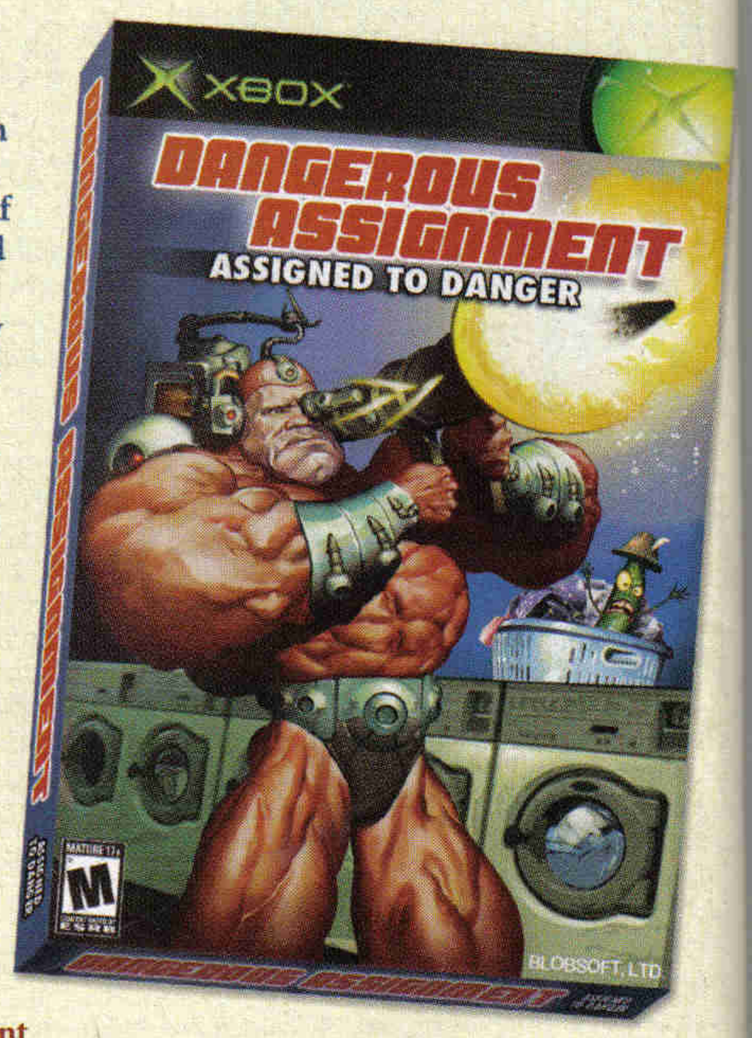
My name is Carla
and I met my husband, Joel, who never really satisfied me in bed and now plans to have a sex-change operation, at Dis-harmony.com

PULL MY CHENEY!



"HELLO, I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO WHOMEVER IS IN CHARGE AT THE SEEING EYE ACADEMY."

VIDEO GAME REVIEW



DA:ATD is not your typical point-and-shoot. The story begins when the main villain ("Col. Mainvillain") kidnaps the Deputy Undersecretary of Agriculture of an unspecified country (although it's obviously Luxembourg). You play the role of ZonDox, a cyborg bounty hunter from the future (June, 2007, to be precise) assigned to rescue the Undersecretary. According to the game manual, ZonDox "does not possess courage, strength, speed or intelligence, but he makes up for it with several shoulder-mounted grenade launchers."

There isn't much variation in the first seven levels, since they all take place in laundromats, albeit laundromats in different cities. On each level, you have to contend with Col. Mainvillain's accomplice, Mr. Pookey, a sarcastic yodeling cucumber, who, for some odd reason, can only be killed with holy water. You can unlock the holy water, plus various weapons besides the grenade launchers, by going to the cabinet marked "WEAPONS" and unlocking it with the key marked "WEAPONS CABINET KEY."

Levels 8-12 deviate wildly from the rest of the game, in that they consist entirely of karaoke singing contests, although you still get to put the grenade launchers to good use.

We didn't get beyond level 13, where you have to solve word puzzles while racing a carjacked dragster through a minefield on the rings of Saturn. Don't pay any attention to the map in the lower left-hand corner, since it's of Hoboken, NJ, and has no relevance to the game. Maybe the inevitable sequel, *Dangerous Assignment 2: The Inevitable Sequel* will be better, which won't be such a tough "assignment" at all.

RATING: 2 ★★
(OUT OF A POSSIBLE 73)

MAGAZINE CORRECTIONS YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

In our issues published during January, February, March, April and May of this year, we made many glowing, complimentary and positive comments regarding the NBC situation comedy *Friends*. Upon reviewing the program on DVD, we have come to the conclusion that our assessment was inaccurate. In fact, *Friends* was a trite, obnoxious and overrated series that in no way deserved the accolades we bestowed on it. We regret the error.

FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

Scott Bricher
Teresa Burns Parkhurst
Tom Bunk
Tom Cheney
Desmond Devlin
Garth Gerhart
Jeff Kruse
Hermann Mejia
Patrick Merrell
Kevin Pope
Joe Raiola
Irving Schild
David Shayne
Mike Snider
Johnny Styne
Jack Syracuse
Rick Tulka

TRYING WOLF ONCE TOO OFTEN DEPT.

In New York City's war on crime, the worst criminal offenders are pursued by the detectives of the Major Case Squad. If this show is reflective of the caliber of actual police work being performed in real life, it's a wonder any criminal is *ever* brought to justice...

LEWD & CRIMINAL

We've scored **bags** of Tiffany's **watches, bracelets, diamonds** and **solid gold chains** without a **hitch!** This **caper** is going **incredibly well!**

I'd say it's going **better** than **well** when you **consider** we used **dynamite** to **blow** a **hole** in the wall to **get in** here and the **security guard** didn't **hear** it!

ZZZZ SNORT ZZZZ

GETAWAY VEHICLE PARKING ONLY ALL OTHERS WILL BE TOWED

SEC

$$$

I'm **Detective Rabid Boring,** and there is **nothing** that **escapes** my **super-trained** professional **brain!** I know **everything,** but **mainly** I know that **my character** is just a **rip-off** of the **classic** TV detective, **Columbo!** My **clothes** are a little **rumpled,** I'm slightly **strange looking,** and I ask so many **questions,** like Columbo, I **quickly** become a **playful** pain in the **ass!** Well, ***Columbo*** was playful, **I'm** just a **pain** in the **ass!**

One thing **left** to do! **Kill** the **security guard!**

We got ***this*** far! **Why** kill him **now?**

Because if this **crime** is just a **robbery,** only **regular cops** will **investigate!** That's for **small time** crooks! But if there's a **big haul** and a **murder,** we get to **match wits** with **Detective Boring** and those **know-it-alls** of the **Major Case Squad!**

Are you **nuts? Boring's** got some **high-powered** ammuition at his **disposal,** and I'm **not talking** about **guns!** I'm **talking** about that **creepy nervous tick** of his, and that **scary cock** of the **head! Man,** if he **stares** you in the **eyes** and **cocks his head,** you're going **up** the river, **period!**

$$$

BLAM! BLAM!

I'm **Assistant DA Carve-em!** It's **my job** to **watch out** for the **victim's rights!** If Boring or Games do **anything** that's not within the **letter** of the **law,** I **immediately** bring it their **attention!** Then we all have a **good laugh** and they **continue** doing **anything** they want, **inside** or **outside** the law, in order to **solve** the **crime!** After all, this is **supposed** to be a **realistic** crime show!

DISORDER: MALCONTENT

I'm **Detective Games,** Boring's **partner.** I'm a **no-nonsense** detective that **doesn't flinch** at a **gory** crime scene! I'm known for being **sarcastic,** and no matter how **horrific** the crime is, I can **usually** come up with **some kind** of **bad pun!** You **might** say "No **bad deed** goes **un-*pun*-ished!**" See what I **mean?** Boring and I make a **good team!** Boring makes **wild assumptions** based on the **slimmest** or even **no clues,** and I act **impressed**...instead of **laughing hysterically** in his **face!**

MOST WANTED

Judging by the **thickness** and **strength** of this **steel door** and the **clear view** afforded by the **security cameras,** I'd say the **perps** didn't enter **this way!**

I'm sure **you're right** about the perps **not coming** in through **that door! My guess** would be they **came in** through this **giant hole blown** in the **wall!**

Sniff! Yes, there **is** a **trace** of **trinitrotoluene** in the air! **In case** you didn't **know** it, **trinitrotoluene** is **better** known as **TNT!**

Is **that** what's in the **air? Funny,** I **thought** I sniffed some **strong, A-hole know-it-all arrogance!**

NO ADMITTANCE

TIFFANY'S — FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET. NO DISCOUNTS ON ANYTHING!

EVIDENCE

GREATER NEW YORK A-J

NYC - YELLOW PAGES

Richmond

I found this **tiny** cotton **thread** stuck to the **side** of the **safe!**

Good! Now **watch** this **stretch** of the **imagination!** The thread is **sturdy,** so it's **not** from a **cheap garment!** It's **tan,** not just ***any*** tan, but the **shade** of tan **often** used in men's **khaki pants!**

Sturdy thread? **Khaki** pants? Oh **brother,** that's **not much** to go on!

"Oh brother"! Brother! **Yes!** That's **it!** Those khakis **must** have come from that **famous** men's store, **Brooks Brothers!**

ANT PAPERWORK

PLEASE FILE IN QUINTUPLICATE

I'm **Captain James Weakened,** an **ambitious** political **animal** who knows how to **survive** and even **thrive** in the **judicial system!** My **secret?** I keep my office door **closed** and **hardly** say **anything!** I **dump** on those **below me** and **never** disagree with those **above me!** And since I **pretty much** do **nothing,** the city **paychecks** keep coming in like **clockwork!** Hey, I'm **even** up for a **promotion!**

I **need** to **know** the **name** of **everyone** who bought **khakis** in this **shade** in the **past** — hmmm... **10 years!**

Sorry, I don't have **that,** but I ***do*** **have** the name of the **young man** who **stole** a pair of those pants **exactly** ten years ago **today!** And **here's** his **address!**

Well, it's a **slim lead** at best, but I'll **follow up** on it!

Let's **hope** when we **find** this guy, **Keith Tubbs,** who **stole** the **pants,** he doesn't "***pleat***" the **5th!** Of course I'm **just speaking** off the "***cuff***"!

BROOKS BROTHERS. NICE CLOTHES, SOLD WITH ATTITUDE FROM THE SALES HELP

Police, ma'am! We're **looking** for **Keith Tubbs!**

That's my **son,** but he's **working** over at the **Starbucks** on **17th Street!** Not the one **near** the **corner** of **17th Street,** but the Starbucks **three doors down** from the one on the corner! He **used** to work in the **other** Starbuck's **across** the street, but he **asked** for a **transfer** so he could be **closer to home!**

819 WEST 82ND STREET. THERE ARE NO VACANCIES HERE

My son is a **good boy!** Look **around!** In the past **two months** alone he's given me a brand new **refrigerator, stove** and just **last night,** a **silver tea service** from **Tiffany's!**

How does **someone** who's **paid** the **minimum wage** afford **all** these **things?**

He **told** me people are **always leaving** stuff **behind** after they have their **coffee!** If they don't **claim** it, **Keith** gets to bring it **home!**

Don't you find it **odd** that someone would **leave** a **refrigerator** behind?

Don't be **ridiculous!** They **didn't** leave a **refrigerator** behind! They left a **washer/dryer** behind and Keith ***exchanged them*** for the **refrigerator!**

I **assume** this is a **picture** of your **son,** but **why** is he in a **prison uniform?**

And **when** was he at **this party?**

That's from a **costume party** he went to!

From **Halloween 2001** to **May 2002!**

Isn't **six months** a little **long** to be at a **costume party?**

He told me he **stayed behind** to help with the **clean up!** That's the **kind** of **boy** he is! Now **look,** I'm **tired,** please **go** now!

If you **hear** from your **son,** will you **ask** him to **call us?**

And can we **ask** that you **not mention** that his **freedom** is "***hanging by a thread***"?

I've **heard** that you **people** from the **Major Case Squad** are **relentless** in asking **questions,** but **now** I must **insist** —

— will you **please** get **out** of my **bed?**

Did **this guy** work **here?**

He did, but I had to **fire him!** He was **so dumb** he didn't know the **difference** between a **Cubano-Delotta-Mocha-Capresso** and a **Frappa-Delotta-Mocha-Capresso!**

He **was** a **jerk!** They're **exactly** the **same**, except the **Frappa-Delotta-Mocha-Capresso** has a **sprinkle** of **cinnamon!** And, **of course**, you **charge** a **dollar fifty** more for **that!**

Do you know **where** we might **find** that **boy**, because he's in a "***latte***" **trouble!**

OVERPRICED COFFEE... SERVED WITH DISDAIN

TIPS?

Do you know **where** he's **working** now? **Where** he **hangs out? Where** he **lives?**

No! But that's **him** on the **end** of the **line** over **there!**

Well, it **looks** like **things** are "***perking***" **up** here at the **coffee shop!** We just **might** find "***grounds***" for **arresting** Mr. Tubbs!

ORDER HERE

Leave me **alone!** I didn't do **anything!**

Then **why** are you **running away?**

Because **most** of the **panels** in this **MAD spoof** before **this** were **way** too **static!** I thought I'd **help** by **adding** some **action!**

KEEPOUT

TOO MANY PLACES TO DESCRIBE IN ONE TITLE

So **where's** your **buddy?**

I'm **not talking!**

Because you're **exercising** your **right** to **remain silent?**

No! I just got a new job as a **street mime!**

SOMEPLACE ELSE

Judging from that **arm gesture** he gave you, he's one **rude mime!** But **why** did you **let** him go **free?**

Because he'll **lead** us to **his friend! Trust** me!

Yes, I **get** it! It's a **case** of "***mime***" over **matter!**

Actually, it's **about** to be a **case** of **me murdering** my **partner** if she doesn't **stop** with those **lousy puns!**

I was **waiting** for **you guys** to **show up!**

Yep, you know that **at least** once **every episode** I need to **stop by** so I can show you **forensic pathologists** that I know **even more** than **you** do!

Oh, is **that** the **reason?** I **thought** you came to hang around **dead people** because they **match** your personality **perfectly!**

Yeah, **of** "***corpse***" that's the **reason** we **come here!**

DEAD OTHER

MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE

I'm **confused!** The **crime scene report** says the **guard** had **two broken bones** and a **bullet** to the **head!** I **found** the bullet in his **skull,** but there's **no sign** of any **broken bones!**

Oh, I **reset** the **humerus** and the **clavicle** at the **crime scene!** I like to **keep up** my **medical skills** by **practicing** on **cadavers!**

I **guess** we could **call that —**

Shut up!

Well, **look** at **this! Keith Tubbs** and his **accomplice!** How'd you **catch** them, **Boring?**

Easy! I **followed** one! He **led** me to the **other** and I **caught** them **both!**

Okay, okay! **I confess!**

You **confess? Already?** But **Detective Boring** hasn't **started badgering** you yet!

I'm **familiar** with his **badgering** and it's **relentless!** That's why I'm **confessing!** His **badgering** is **so merciless,** I'm **confessing,** even though I'm **completely innocent!**

SOMEBODY'S OFFICE

Under the **law,** Detectives, I have to **bring in** a state-appointed **lawyer!**

Don't say a **word!** Just keep your **mouth shut!**

That's not your **client! Your** clients are the **two boys!** You're **talking** to **Detective Boring!**

I know it's **Detective Boring! That's why** I told him to **shut up!** Once he starts **jabbering,** there's **no stopping** him!

Well, you're **too late! "Accomplice Boy"** already **confessed,** so that **wraps up** this **case!**

Come on, Games! You **know** how our format **works!** No matter **who** claims to be **guilty,** right at the **very end** of the show, **Boring** pulls some **quirky twist** and the person you **least expect** is **suddenly guilty** of the **crime!**

Oh my **God!** Keith's **mother** is here! ***She's*** the **guilty one?**

No, this is a ***real* surprise ending!** The **villain** behind this **caper** is a **serial offender!** It's the **creator** of the **entire *Lewd & Disorder* franchise — Mr. Sick Wolf!**

Me?! What are you **talking about?** I'm **not guilty** of **anything!** I'm just a **guy** trying to make a **few bucks!**

Don't you mean ***millions*** of bucks? And **how** do you **make them? Ripping off** ideas!

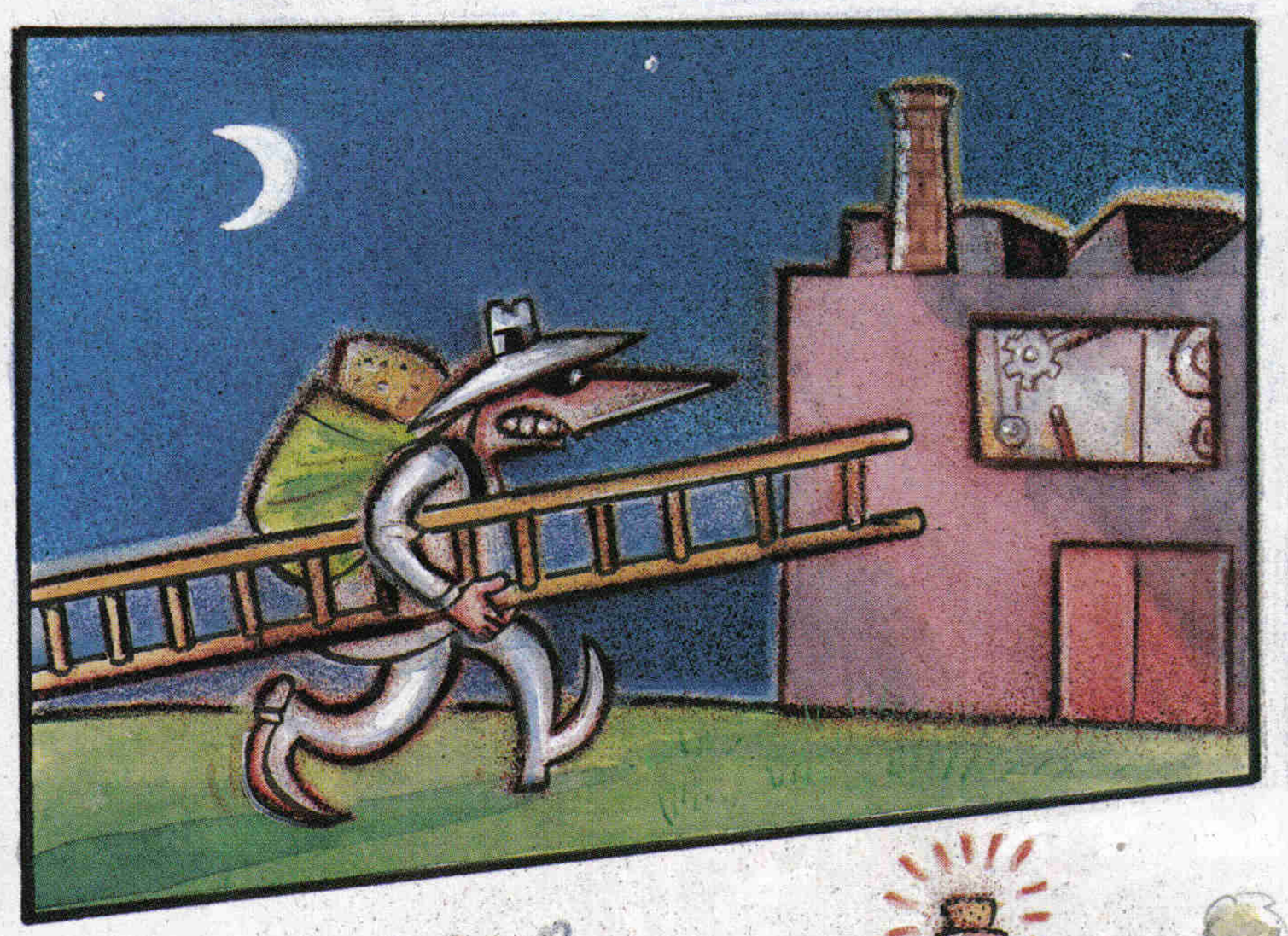
Stealing ideas? **Never!** Look, I **know** you think your **character** is a **rip off** of **Columbo,** but it's just **not true!**

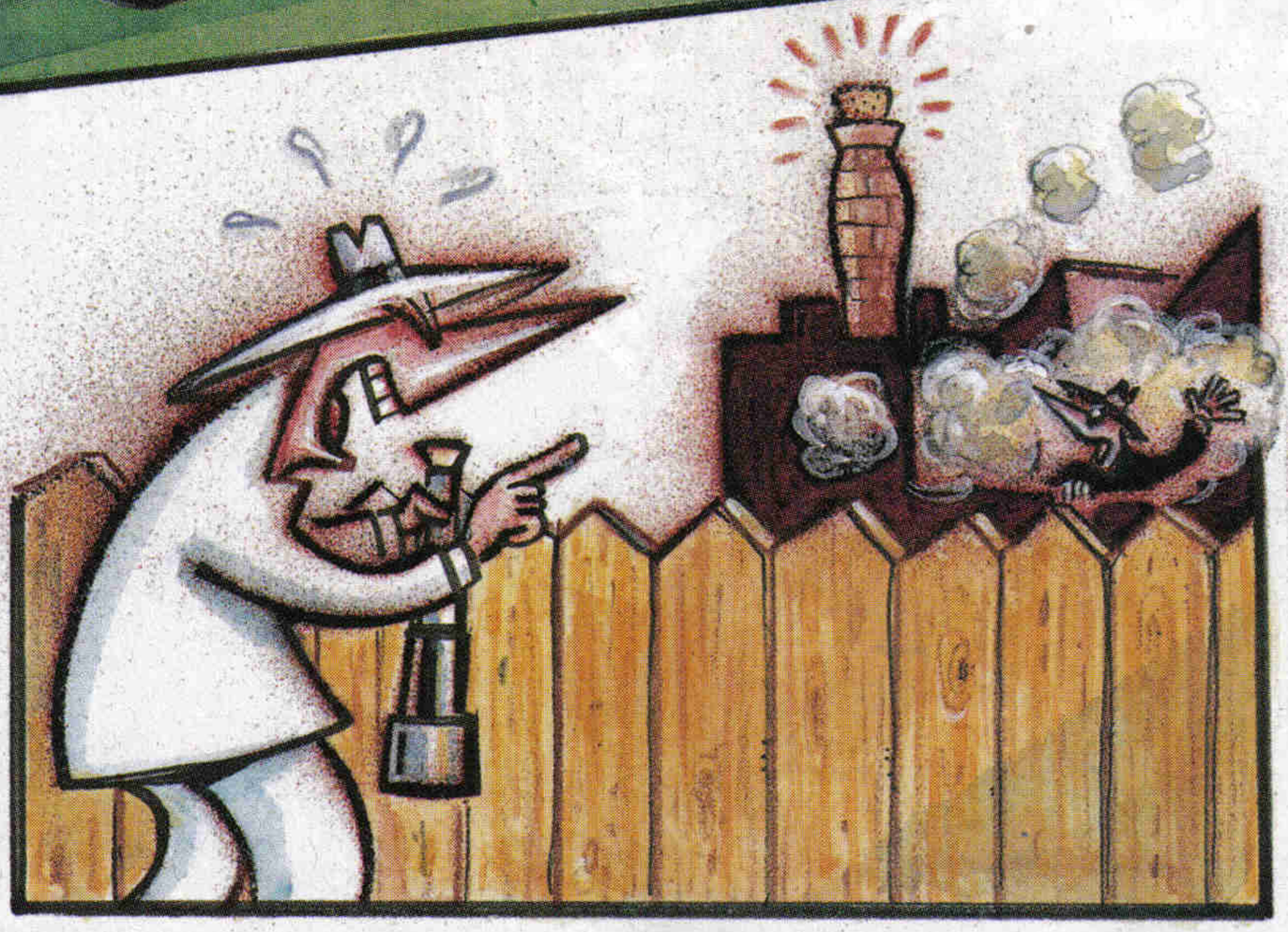
Who said **anything** about ripping off **Columbo? You're** guilty of **shamelessly** ripping off **yourself!** Admit it! **Admit it!**

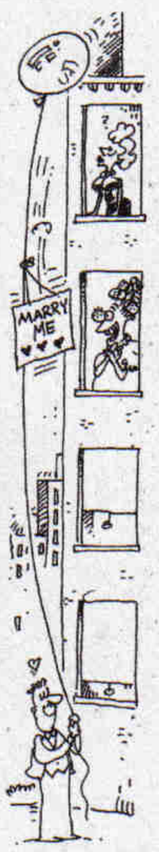
Okay, **okay,** I **confess!** I ***do* rip off myself!** Do you **know** what it's **like** having **network executives** breathing down your **neck** to come up with yet **another** hit **crime drama?** Do you **know** what it's **like** having only **one original idea** in your **life...** and **every year** having to steal an **old idea** and **convince** the networks it's a **new series? Yeah,** I **did** it! But I'd do it **again!** And I'll **do it** until I have a **show** on **NBC** every night of the week!

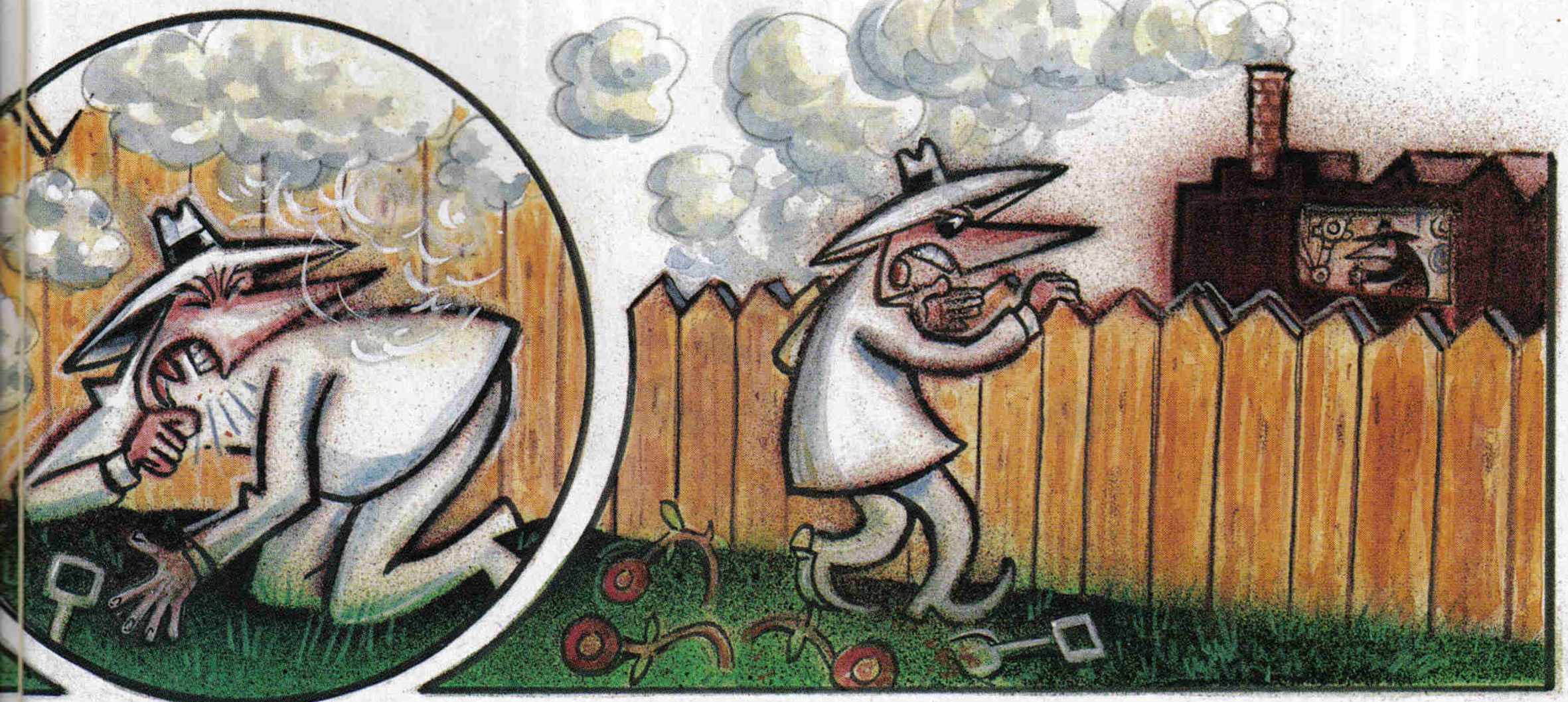
Nice going, **dummy!** I think we've seen our **last paycheck** now that you've **exposed** "The **Geek** that **Laid** Our **Golden TV egg"!**

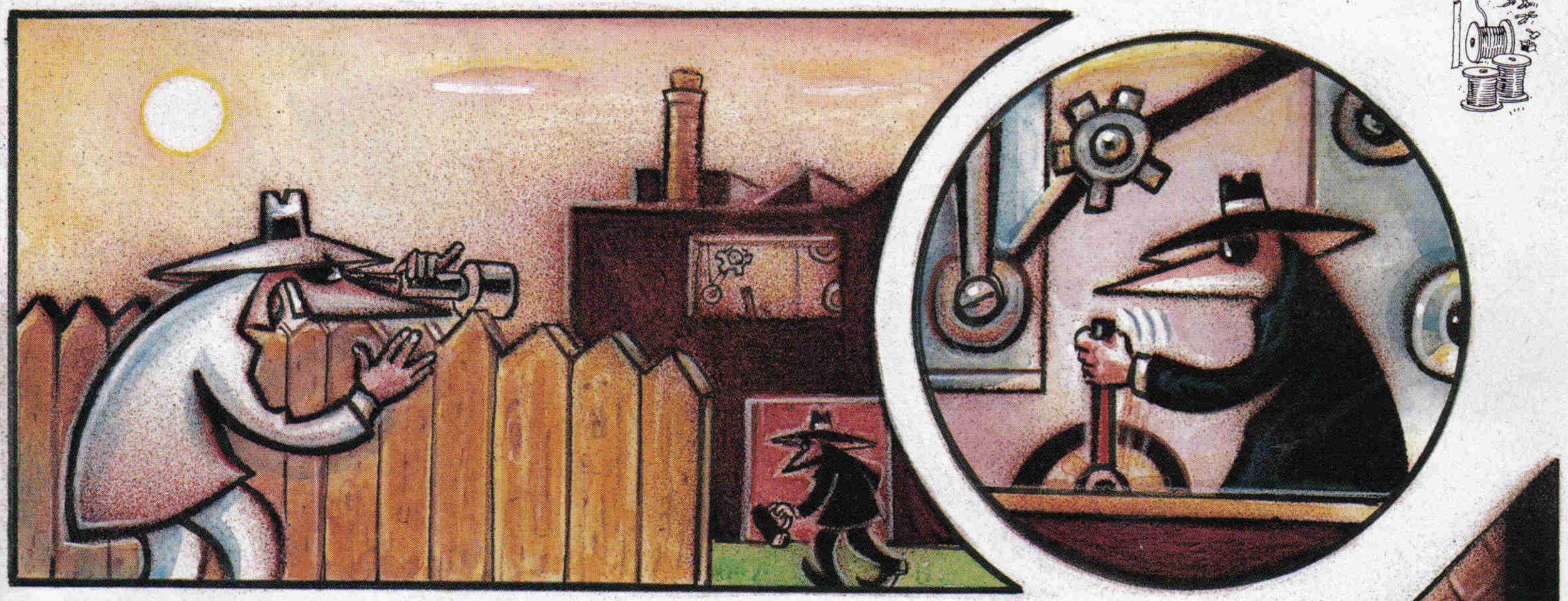
SPY
VS
SPY

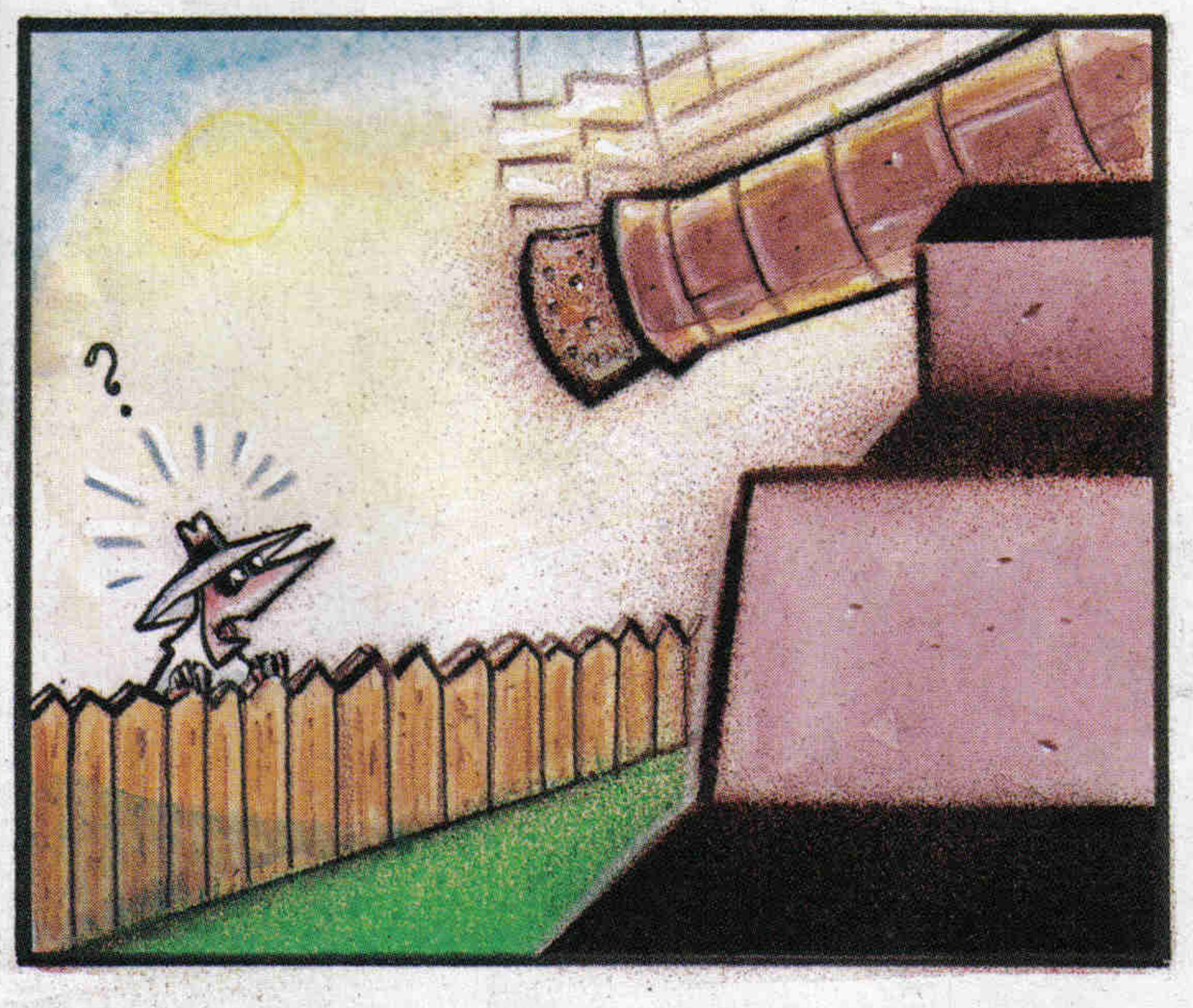





MARRY ME







ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

The halls aren't the only thing that's gonna get decked. It's...

MONROE and...

SANTA? HA! THE ONLY SANTA I KNOW IS THAT CREEPY OLD GUY THE MALL HIRES WHO WEARS STAINED RED SWEAT PANTS. LAST YEAR, MY BABY BROTHER PERRY SAT ON THAT GUY'S LAP. YOU KNOW WHAT HE GAVE HIM? HEAD LICE.

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK SANTA WILL BRING YOU FOR CHRISTMAS, MONROE?

EWWWW. THAT'S WHY I NEVER SHARE A HAT... OR MY FEELINGS.

LOOK AT THIS! IT'S RUDOLPH AND... UH... UM...

PRANCER?

YEAH! PRANCER! THAT'S IT!

GOOD ONE, MONROE!

SPRONG!

CAN WE GET BACK TO THE MOVIE NOW?

WHATEVER. WHAT IS IT?

It's a WONDERFUL LIFE. Hmmm, NEVER THOUGHT I'D HEAR ME SAY THAT.

THAT DONNA REED MAKES MY POCKETS TIGHT.

SHUT UP, OLD MAN. MONROE, GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THE TV.

FINE, I'LL GET OUT OF THE WAY...

I'LL GET WAY OUT OF THE WAY.

TOYS FOR TOTS

BOUNC

WOW, YOU ALMOST PLASTERED YOUR FACE ONTO THAT TREE, MONROE!

SO?

WELL, THERE'S A $50 FINE FOR POSTING ON CITY PROPERTY FOR STARTERS.

HEY, HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU, MONROE. I'M YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL...

...GARY GREENBERG.

EITHER YOU'RE CRAZY OR YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN FIRED YEARS AGO.

IT'S TRUE. I DO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU! FOR INSTANCE, I KNOW YOU WERE JUST WISHING YOU WERE NEVER BORN.

ARTIST: BILL WRA

CHRISTMAS
(IT'S A WONDERFUL STRIFE)

WAIT A SECOND! *NOBODY* TAKES MY *"GOOD ONE"!*

THANKS FOR THE HOLIDAY CHEER, DYLAN.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, MONROE!

HEY, EVERY-ONE.

LISTEN, THERE WAS A *PROBLEM* WITH YOUR GIFT. IT *WON'T* BE HERE BY TOMORROW.

YEAH, SOMETHING ABOUT THE *"INTERNET ORDER."*

LET ME *GUESS!* YOU *HAVEN'T* "INTERNET ORDERED" IT YET?

THAT WAS IT!

OKAY THEN.

YOUNG MAN, THOSE TOYS ARE FOR THE *UNDERPRIVILEGED* AND *FEEBLE.*

DONE AND *DONE.*

MAN, MY LIFE **SUCKS.** KNOW WHAT I WANT FOR *CHRISTMAS?* NOT TO *MAKE IT* TILL *NEW YEAR'S.*

SUICIDE HILL

PUTT PUTT PUTT

THIS SHOULD DO IT!

PUTT PUTT PUTT

CRASH!

I DO THAT *DAILY.*

I'VE BEEN BACKED UP. *SORRY.* BUT LISTEN, YOU'RE JUST LIKE *JIMMY STEWART* IN THE *MOVIE.* YOU *REALLY* HAVE A **"WONDERFUL LIFE."**

YOU WANT IT, IT'S *ALL* YOURS.

LOOK, IT'S *MY JOB* TO MAKE YOU APPRECIATE *YOUR LIFE* AND IN TURN I GET...

DON'T TELL ME, YOU GET YOUR *WINGS.*

NO, *ACTUALLY,* THIS MONTH'S *TOP SELLER* GETS A NEW **TOYOTA TACOMA.**

SWEET.

YEAH, BUT I HAVE A *FEELING* I'M GONNA END UP WITH THE *SET* OF *STEAK KNIVES* AGAIN.

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

Monroe

I'M GONNA SHOW YOU WHAT THE WORLD WOULD BE LIKE IF YOU WERE **NEVER BORN.**

SO *HOW* DO YOU CONVINCE ME?

HEY... *WALTER?*

DO I *KNOW* YOU?

IT'S ME — *MONROE!* THE GUY YOU HANG *AROUND* AND FOR *SOME REASON* LOOK UP TO.

EXCUSE ME, I'M *LATE* FOR TAE KWON DO.

WAIT A SECOND.

I CAN *BREAK* YOUR SPINE WITH MY *THUMB.*

OMIGOD! *GRANDPA!* WHAT *HAPPENED?* YOU'RE HOMELESS?

NO, *YOUNG STRANGER.* I DRESS LIKE THIS *EVERY HOLIDAY* TO EXPERIENCE THE *PLIGHT* OF THE *HOMELESS* AT ONE OF MY *MANY* SOUP KITCHENS.

GRANDPA'S SOUP KITCHEN

NOW LET'S GET SOME *HOT FOOD* IN YOU, BOY. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN ON THE STREETS A *LONG* TIME. ARE YOU A *RUNAWAY?*

I'M YOUR *GRANDSON,* MONROE.

Ah, **DELUSIONAL!** *ORDERLIES!*

GRANDPA'S SOUP KITCHEN

RUN!

GIVE HIM SOME *CASH,* DEAR. IT'S *CHRISTMAS* AND HE LOOKS SO pathetic.

THERE YOU ARE. GET YOURSELF A *GOOD* MEAL, YOUNG MAN.

LISTEN, *DAD,* I'M YOUR... *AH,* TO *HELL* WITH IT. JUST GIMME THE *CASH.*

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* IT! *MORE* STEAK KNIVES THIS YEAR!

DON'T BE SO DOWN.

WHY *NOT?* APPARENTLY *EVERYBODY* IS BETTER OFF WITH YOU *OUT* OF THE *PICTURE.*

SEE, BEING *ME* IS A **TOTAL BUMMER,** RIGHT? I *TOLD* YOU.

WHY WOULD YOU *EVER* WANT TO BE BORN? WITHOUT *YOU* AROUND, EVERYBODY IS *VERY HAPPY.*

Er, BYE BYE THEN.

SWISH

WHAT'S UP WITH WALTER?

WITH YOU OUT OF THE PICTURE HE HAD TO CHOOSE ANOTHER ROLE MODEL. HE PICKED JET LI.

JET LI!?!? BUT I'M... I'M...

YOU'RE MORE LIKE A HARD CASE OF JET LAG.

FUNNY. WHAT HAPPENED TO MAKING ME WANT TO LIVE?

SORRY. LET'S FIND SOMEONE WHO'S NOT DOING AS WELL. LIKE HIM...

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE REST OF YOUR FAMILY?

PROBABLY NOT.

GASP GASP GASP GASP

NO, IT'S YOUR FAMILY'S STREET. IF YOU WERE NEVER BORN.

WAIT. THIS ISN'T MY STREET.

MOM? DAD?

Um, I DON'T THINK SO. HONEY, DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS POOR BOY?

NO, I DON'T.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL -- ESPECIALLY GARY GREENBERG!

SO, LET ME SEE, IF I'M NOT AROUND THEN EVERYBODY ENDS UP ESCAPING THEIR MISERABLE LIVES?

APPARENTLY SO. YES.

YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET THEM ALL HAVE A GOOD TIME AFTER THE NIGHTMARE THEY MADE OF MY LIFE?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

SIGN ME UP FOR LIVING, GARY! BECAUSE MISERY LOVES COMPANY — ESPECIALLY ON CHRISTMAS! FINALLY, MY LIFE HAS MEANING!

YES! I'M GETTING THE KING CAB!

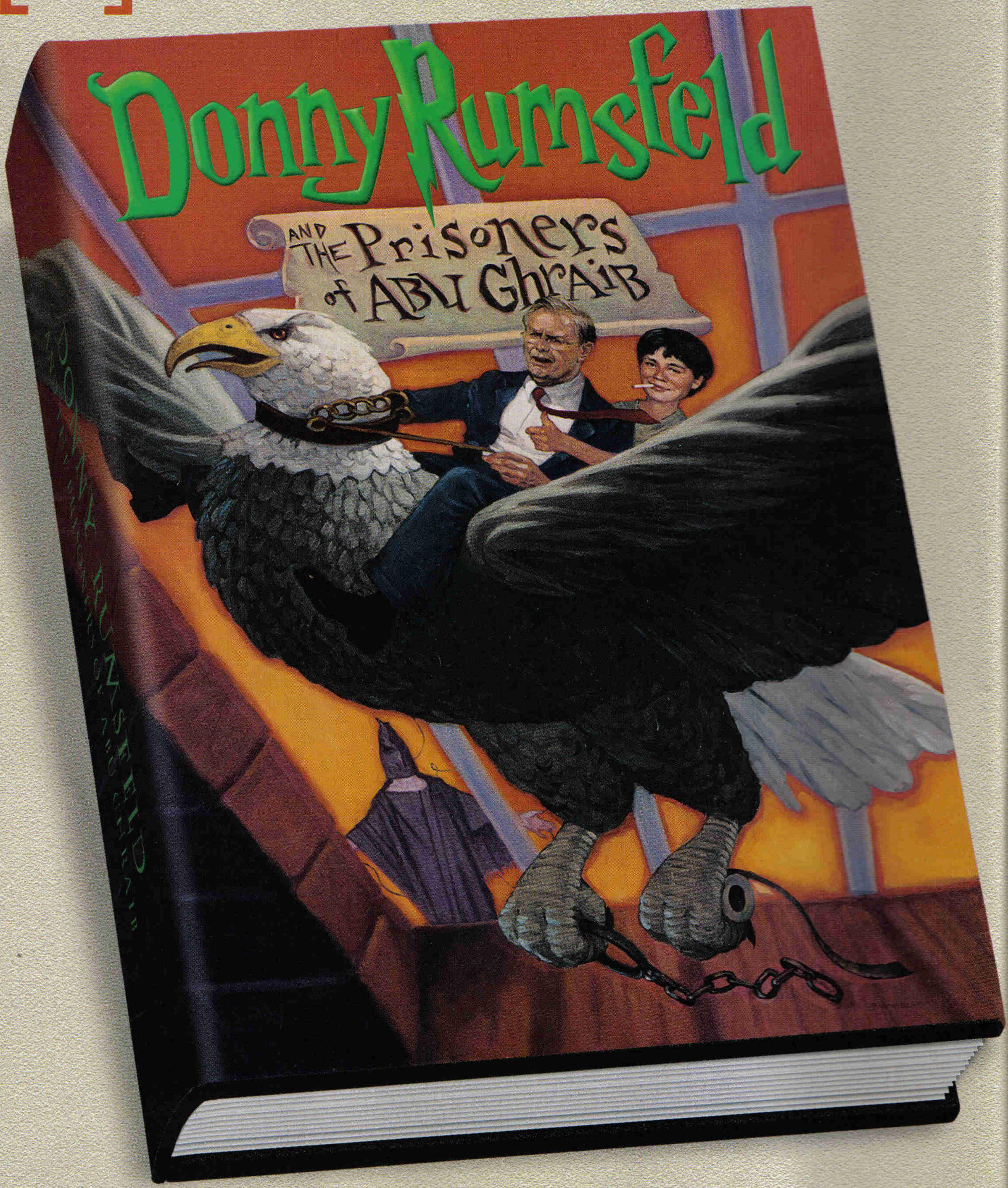
Tony B. Bill ©2004

THE MAD 20

[THE DUMBEST people, events and things of 2004]

[01] ABU GHRAIB JAILHOUSE SHOCK

In *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*, Harry's Uncle Sirius is locked away and tortured in a hellish prison. Until Abu Ghraib, we never knew Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld was such a *Potter* fan. How else to explain the disturbing dungeons and twisted humiliation straight out of J.K. Rowling's book? As outrage over the torture spread, Rumsfeld passed the blame faster than a Quidditch ball, claiming that Lynndie England and other soldiers acted on their own. Like in some improbable fantasy tale, in the end, Rumsfeld got off scot-free, a magic act that would impress Harry himself.



ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

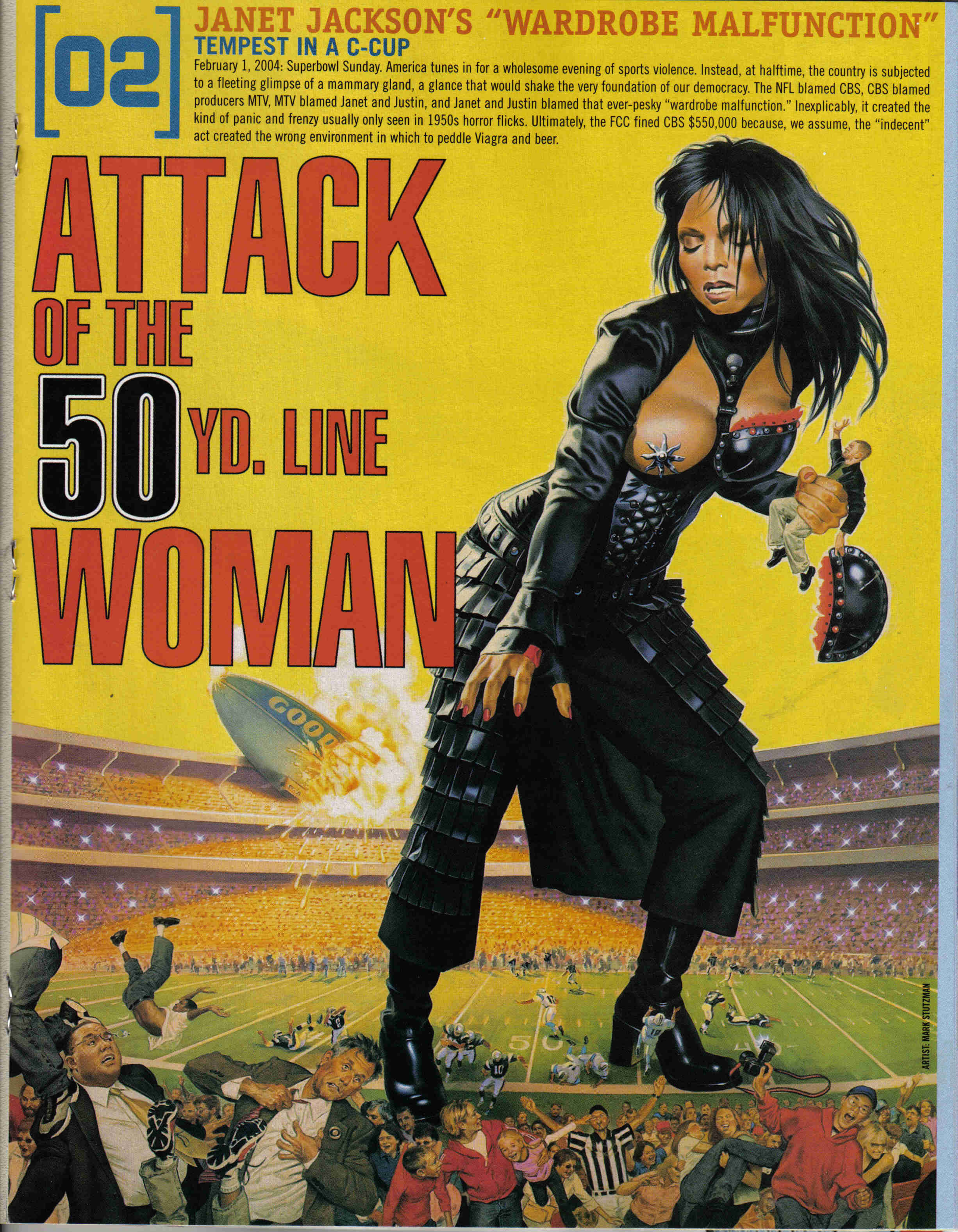
[02]

JANET JACKSON'S "WARDROBE MALFUNCTION"

TEMPEST IN A C-CUP

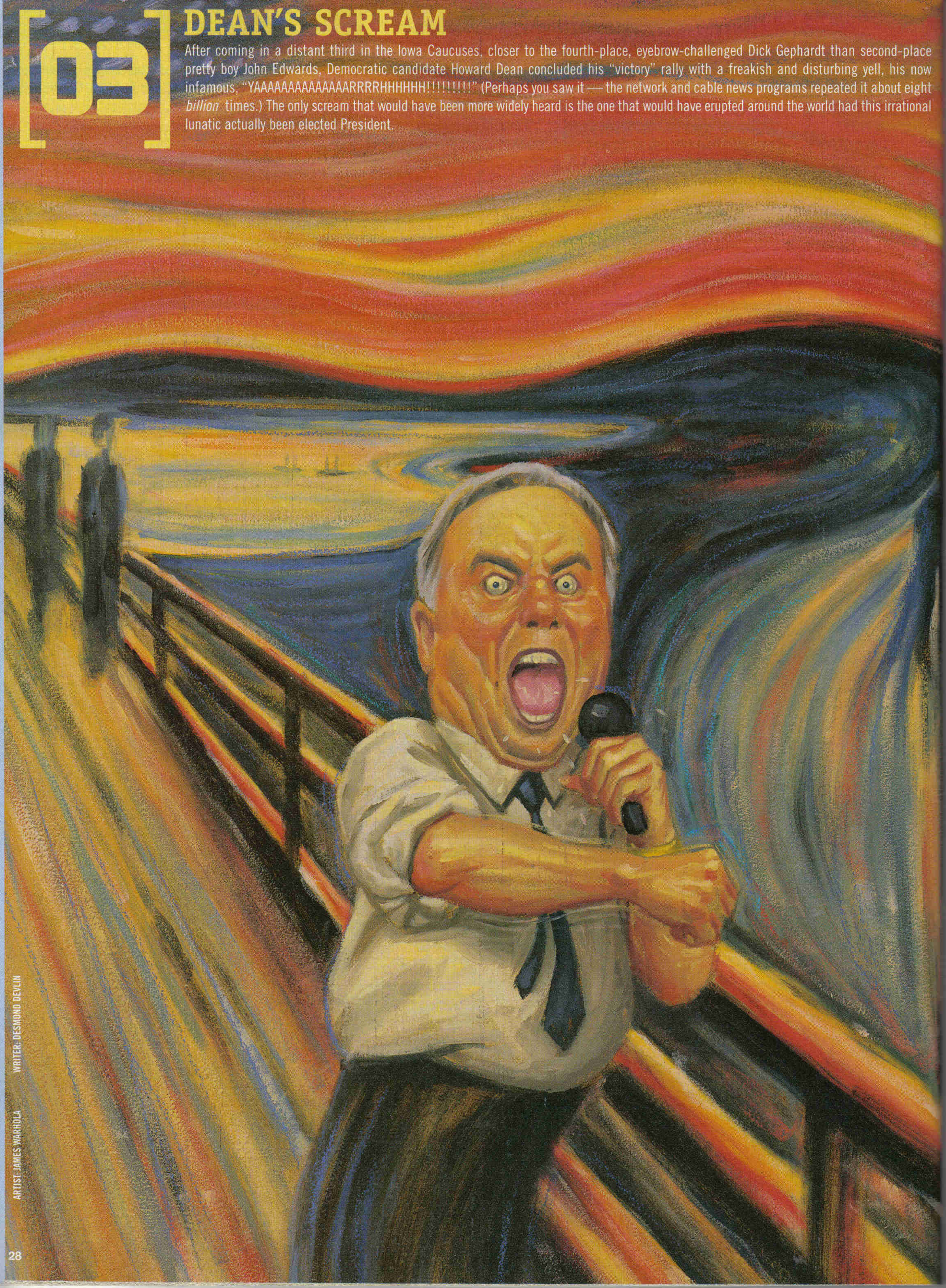
February 1, 2004: Superbowl Sunday. America tunes in for a wholesome evening of sports violence. Instead, at halftime, the country is subjected to a fleeting glimpse of a mammary gland, a glance that would shake the very foundation of our democracy. The NFL blamed CBS, CBS blamed producers MTV, MTV blamed Janet and Justin, and Janet and Justin blamed that ever-pesky "wardrobe malfunction." Inexplicably, it created the kind of panic and frenzy usually only seen in 1950s horror flicks. Ultimately, the FCC fined CBS $550,000 because, we assume, the "indecent" act created the wrong environment in which to peddle Viagra and beer.

ATTACK OF THE 50 YD. LINE WOMAN



[03] DEAN'S SCREAM

After coming in a distant third in the Iowa Caucuses, closer to the fourth-place, eyebrow-challenged Dick Gephardt than second-place pretty boy John Edwards, Democratic candidate Howard Dean concluded his "victory" rally with a freakish and disturbing yell, his now infamous, "YAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!" (Perhaps you saw it — the network and cable news programs repeated it about eight *billion* times.) The only scream that would have been more widely heard is the one that would have erupted around the world had this irrational lunatic actually been elected President.



ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

[04] DONALD TRUMP THE ART OF THE HEEL

He's an arrogant, self-important douche-bag — yet he's one of the biggest stars on television. His hotel and casino empire is facing bankruptcy — yet he's still perceived as a business guru. He's had two messy, obscenely expensive divorces — yet he's about to marry another amazingly attractive, albeit temporary, trophy wife. Yes, it's safe to say that Donald Trump has had a lucky and improbable life, so much so that he reminds us of another idiot savant with an annoying catchphrase.

He was a retard
with a stupid haircut.
But he had a knack
for making
millions.

Forrest Trump

TRUMP PHOTO: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

[05] STEROID TESTING IN BASEBALL

FIVE STRIKES AND YOU'RE OUT

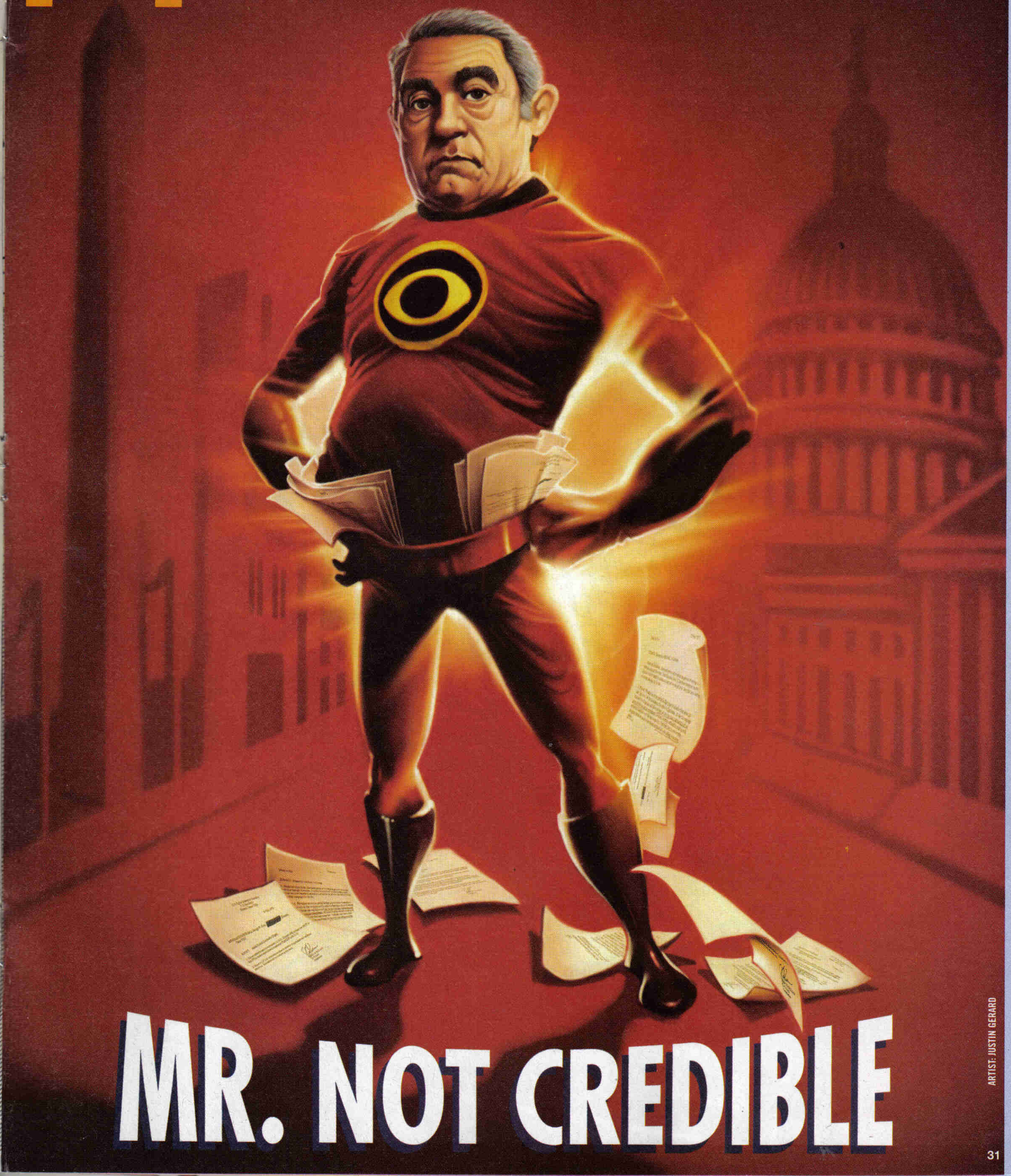
Rumors of rampant steroid use in Major League Baseball are nearly as old as Mets reliever John Franco, but it wasn't until a clause in the labor contract kicked in last season that steroid users risked actual punishment. Thanks to the new "crackdown," the first time someone knowingly cheats, they'll receive counseling. (How Dr. Phil-ish!) It's not until a *fifth* offense that a player gets suspended for a year. And when Yankee star Gary Sheffield 'fessed up that he'd used a steroid cream from BALCO "by accident," the league told him not to worry about it. Good grief!

Peanuts

ARTIST: JACK SYRACUSE WRITER: JACOB LAMBERT

[06] DAN RATHER SEE B.S. NEWS

It's rumored that an extra makeup person had to be hired just to police Dan Rather's drool the night he presented a newly uncovered memo documenting the hazy service record of George W. Bush in the National Guard. Turns out in his desperate rush to scoop the competition, Dan's fact checking consisted of shaking what soon proved to be a fake memo a few times to see if the letters fell off the page. Soon, he had to defend the fake, then defend his defense, then back off his defense, then defend his backing off of his defense and then finally admit that he had no defense. But mad props to Dan! Through it all he conducted himself with Superhuman chutzpah.

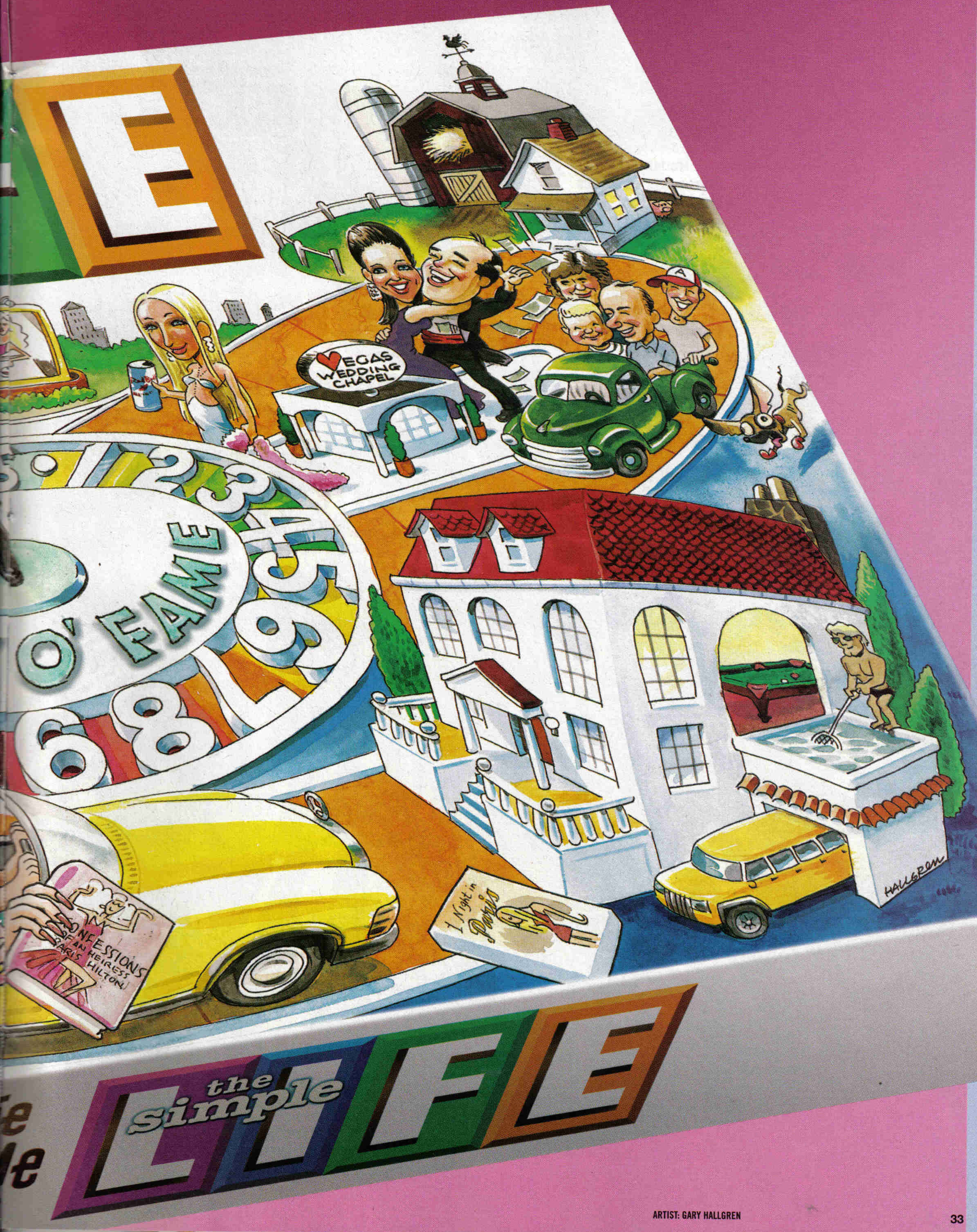


MR. NOT CREDIBLE

ARTIST: JUSTIN GERARD

[07] PARIS HILTON LIFESTYLE OF THE RICH AND INFAMOUS

When it comes to succeeding in "professions" that require absolutely no talent, no one tops Paris Hilton. She's made it big as a bratty, brain-dead socialite, a skanky, amateur porn star and a nasty reality TV villainess. Oh, and she gets her picture taken by paparazzi a lot. Lately she's also guest-starred on a bunch of TV shows, usually portraying a cold-hearted, vapid, money-grubbing bitch. (Go figure.) And now with a book on the shelves, her own line of jewelry and an album in the works, can her own board game celebrating her shallow, obnoxious lifestyle be far behind?



ARTIST: GARY HALLGREN

[08] BUSH JOKES ABOUT WMDs THIS ONE'LL KILL YA!

Over the past four years we've come to expect dumb things from President George W. Bush. But this year Dubya rose to a new low in dumbness. The scene was the annual Radio and Television Correspondents' Association dinner, an event where political fat cats and media blowhards get all dressed up and try to conceal their contempt for each other with some good-natured ribbing. Leave it to Dubya to top them all by delivering not one, but two one-liners (complete with a staged photo slide show direct from the Oval Office) joking about how (heh-heh) we never *were* able to find those pesky Weapons of Mass Destruction in Iraq. Ha Ha Ha! Everyone laughed! Well, not quite everyone.

ARTIST: TOM NICK COCOTOS WRITER: RUSS COOPER

[09]

BRITNEY'S FIRST WEDDING MUCH "I DO" ABOUT NOTHING

At 5:30 in the morning, a scant 5.3 hours into 2004, pop slut Britney Spears quickly solidified her place in this year's Pantheon of Dumbness. In what was reported as "a drunken stupor," she was escorted down the aisle by a hotel bellman and married to childhood pal Jason Allen Alexander in a cheesy Las Vegas ceremony. The marriage lasted over two whole days, since they tied the knot on a Saturday and couldn't get an annulment the very next day, a Sunday. Most importantly, with her baseball cap, belly shirt and garter-over-torn-jeans look, Britney serves as an inspiration to all trashy brides-to-be, who neither want to spring for the kind of designer fashions found in the more upscale bridal magazines, or remain sober until after the ceremony.

PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD WRITERS: JOE RAIOLA AND CHARLIE KADAU

[10] HOWARD STERN PATRON SAINT OF THE FIRST AMENDMENT

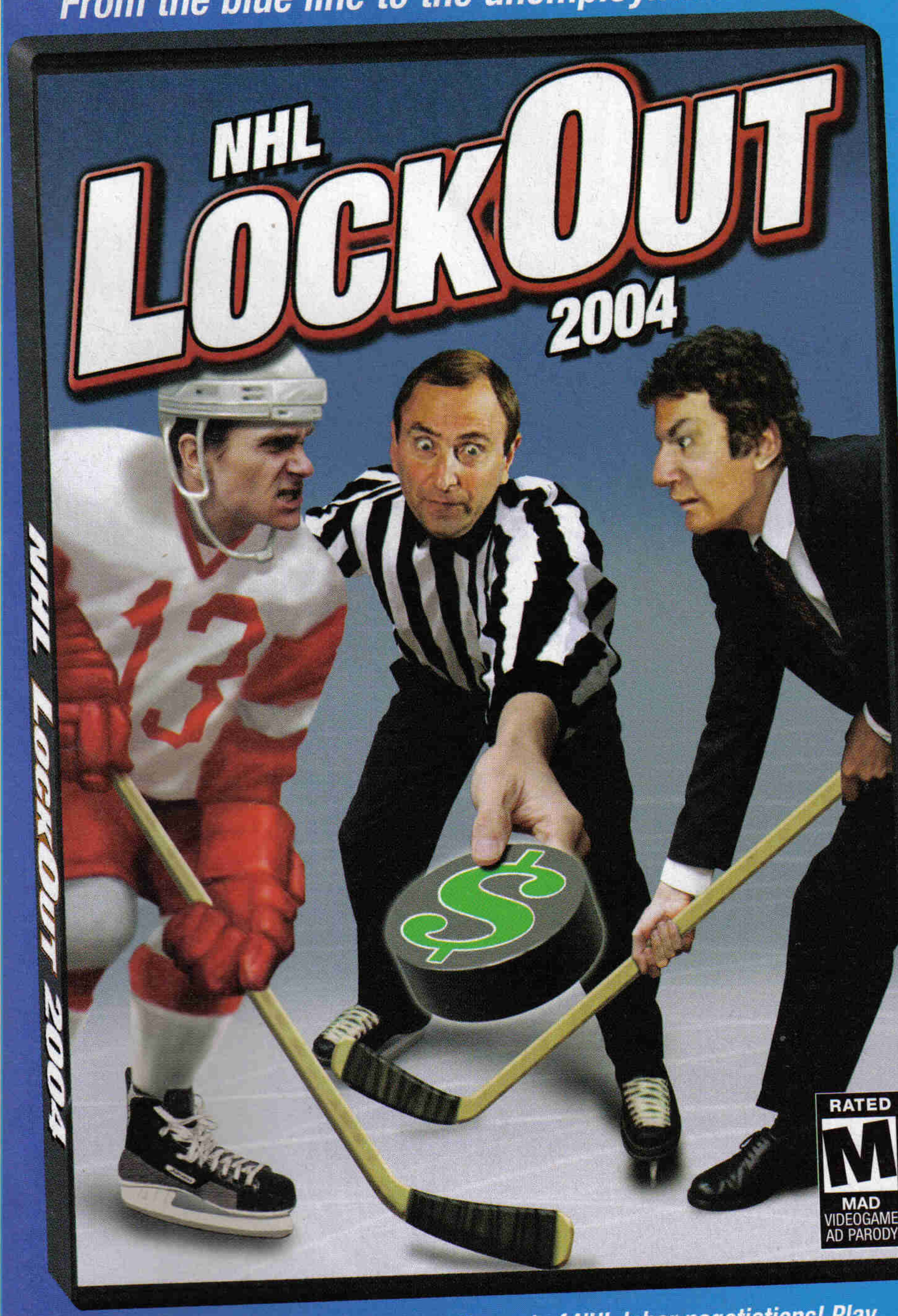
Howard Stern's radio show is a daily parade of weirdos, misfits, morons and lesbians (yeah, let's not forget those lesbians)! It's a schtick he's been doing for decades. So why were stations carrying his show suddenly pelted with a multitude of whopping FCC fines when he was just doing what he's always done? More Janet Jackson boobie backlash? His on-air campaign against Dubya? Whichever it was, Howard played it for all it was worth, and thanks to the over-reaching, self-righteous, politically corrupt FCC, he's been transformed from shock jock Stern into St. Howard, The Martyr. Weird.

ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS

[11] THE NHL NO HOCKEY LEAGUE

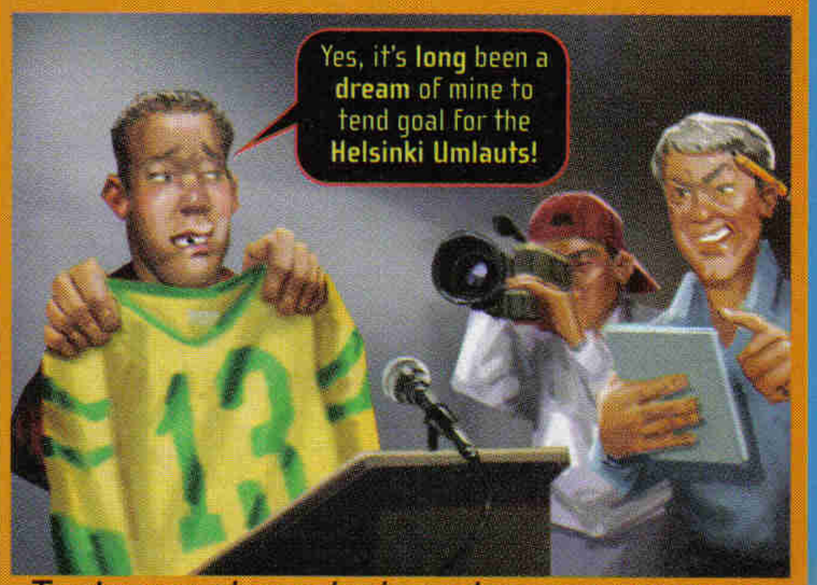
Brodeur comes out of the crease…he crosses the blue line...he...oh well, actually, he goes home. Yes, you hockey fans out there, the 2004-2005 puck season is on ice. The whiny, drooling goons (aka "the rich players") and the gluttonous fat cats (aka "the rich owners") are facing off in a moronic power play involving revenue sharing, salary caps and who gets to drive the Zamboni after the game. What will you ever do without hockey? Well, let's see, there's baseball, football, basketball, golf, tennis, NASCAR, cockfighting and pig rodeo. Not to mention video games.

From the blue line to the unemployment line...

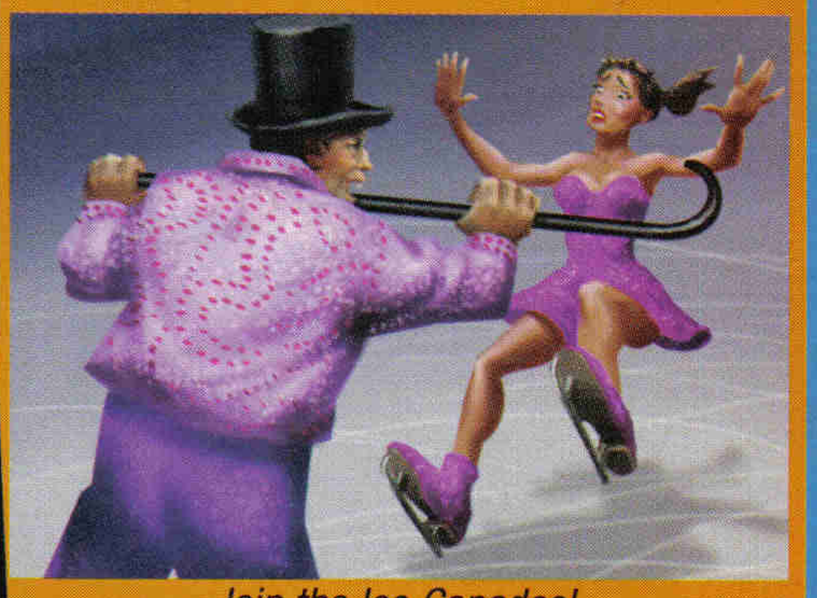


PLAYER MODES

Cross-check a team owner into the buffet table every time he mentions "contraction"!

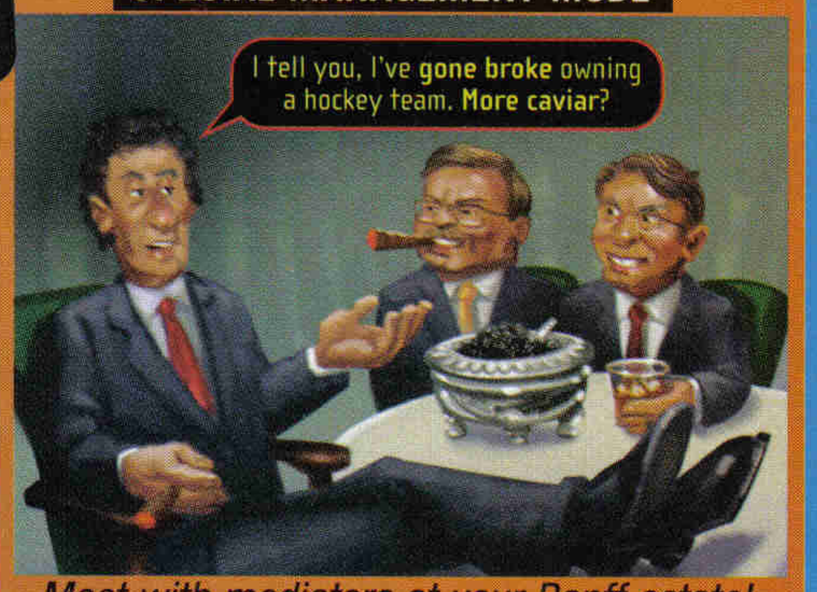


Try to sound convincing when you announce you've signed with a team in Finland!



Join the Ice Capades!

SPECIAL MANAGEMENT MODE



Meet with mediators at your Banff estate!

...experience all the hard-hitting excitement of NHL labor negotiations! Play as your favorite hockey star and face off against greedy team owners in the adrenalin-pumping game of Collective Bargaining! Special Management Mode allows you to suit up in Brooks Brothers as your favorite team's owner and high stick-it to greedy players. It's exciting non-stop inaction all non-season long!

ECCH-BOX

NINTENDON'T LAMECUBE

PainStation 2

ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER WRITER: JOHNNY STYNE

[12] LIKE A CONVERSION MADONNA GOES KOSHER

Madonna has always been a master of...of...well, nothing. So to keep from completely fading from the public eye, the Immaterial Girl keeps "reinventing" her career. This year she did it in typically "inspired" fashion by promoting herself as an enlightened, mystical Jew who follows some ancient esoterica called Kabbalah, which she became infatuated with around the time she stopped handcuffing herself to her bed on stage. In her latest concert tour, she shakes her coconuts while Hebrew letters flash across a giant screen. Oh, and she won't perform on Saturday because it's the Sabbath. Most recently, she assumed the name Esther, derived from a Persian word meaning "star." Which is *really* perplexing, because after all, that's one thing Madonna hasn't been in a long, *long* time.

WRITER: SCOTT MAIKO
ARTIST: HEIDMANN MEJIA

[13]

PETE ROSE ODDS MAN OUT

After 14 long years of lies and denials, Pete Rose finally admitted in his book, *My Prison Without Bars*, that he bet on baseball while managing the Reds. (Those who bought Pete's first autobiography, in which he swore he was innocent, might want to ask for a refund.) While betting on the game was dumb and insisting that he didn't was even dumber, now comes Charlie Hustle's dumbest move of all: a weak and calculated mea culpa designed solely to get him off Bud Selig's sh*t list and into the Hall Of Fame.

PETE · ROSE

FIELD OF SCHEMES

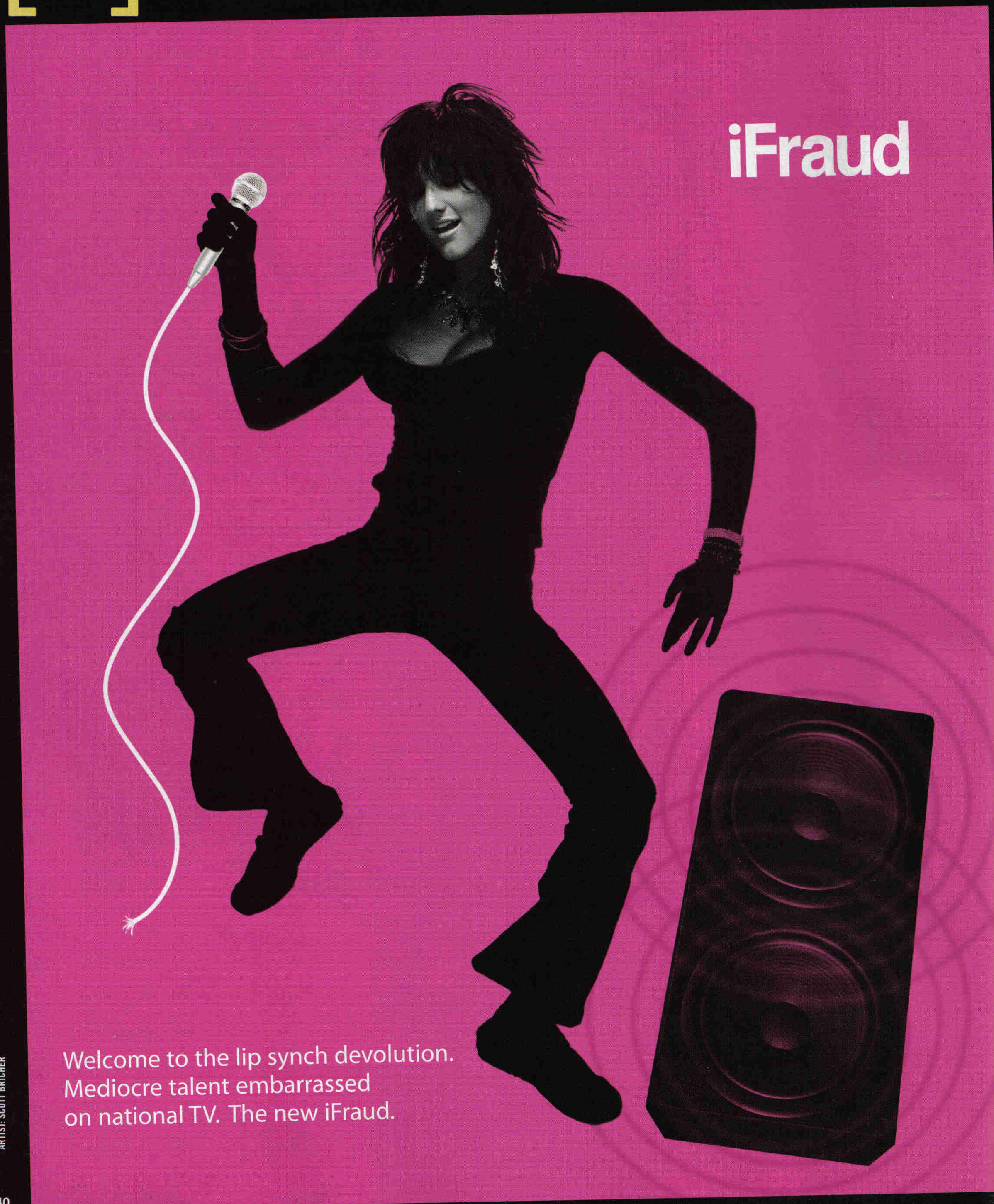
"IF I ADMIT IT, THE HALL OF FAME WILL COME."

ARTIST: SAM SISCO

[14] SATURDAY NOT LIVE

ASHLEE SIMPSON LIP SYNCHS HER CAREER

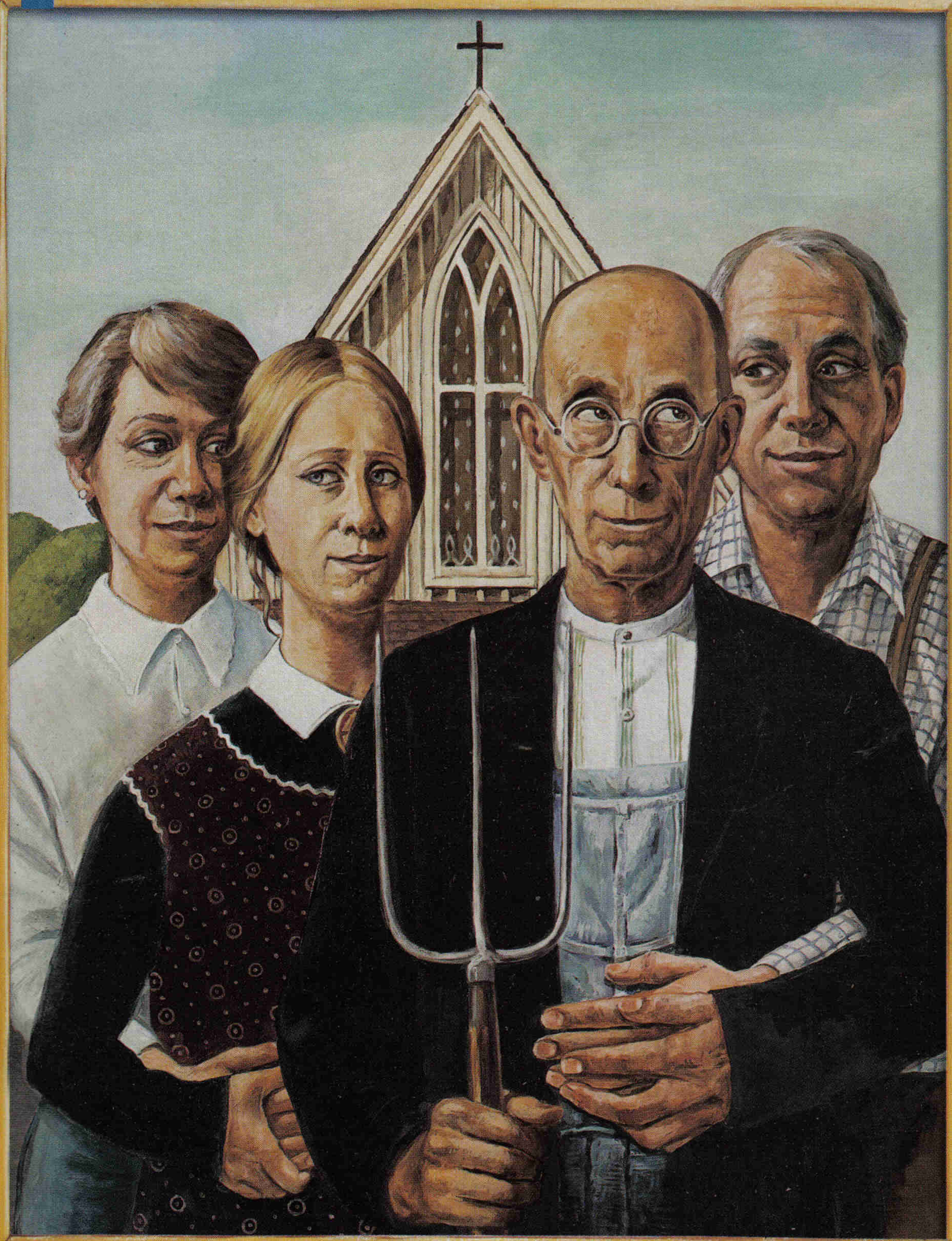
We all assumed that Jessica was "the dumb Simpson sister," but after Ashlee's disastrous appearance on *Saturday Night Live*, it seems the title is still up for grabs. When Ashlee got caught lip-synching she inexplicably launched into a spastic hoe-down before slinking off the stage in embarrassment. At the end of the show she continued her "professional" behavior by blaming her band. But the next day she changed her tune and like a true rocker blamed the entire screw-up on bad acid...bad acid reflux that is.



ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER

[15] SAME SEX WEDDINGS HERE COMES THE CHIDE

What's dumber than gays who want to make themselves as miserable as heterosexuals by getting married? Well-intentioned but incompetent public officials who perform their ceremonies knowing that they're against the law? Or maybe it's homophobes who elect pandering politicians who want to pass a freakin' Constitutional amendment making their prejudice the law of the land. Bad news for them: gays are out of the closet and they're not going back in. The iconic American life the anti-gays desperately cling to has been forever changed.

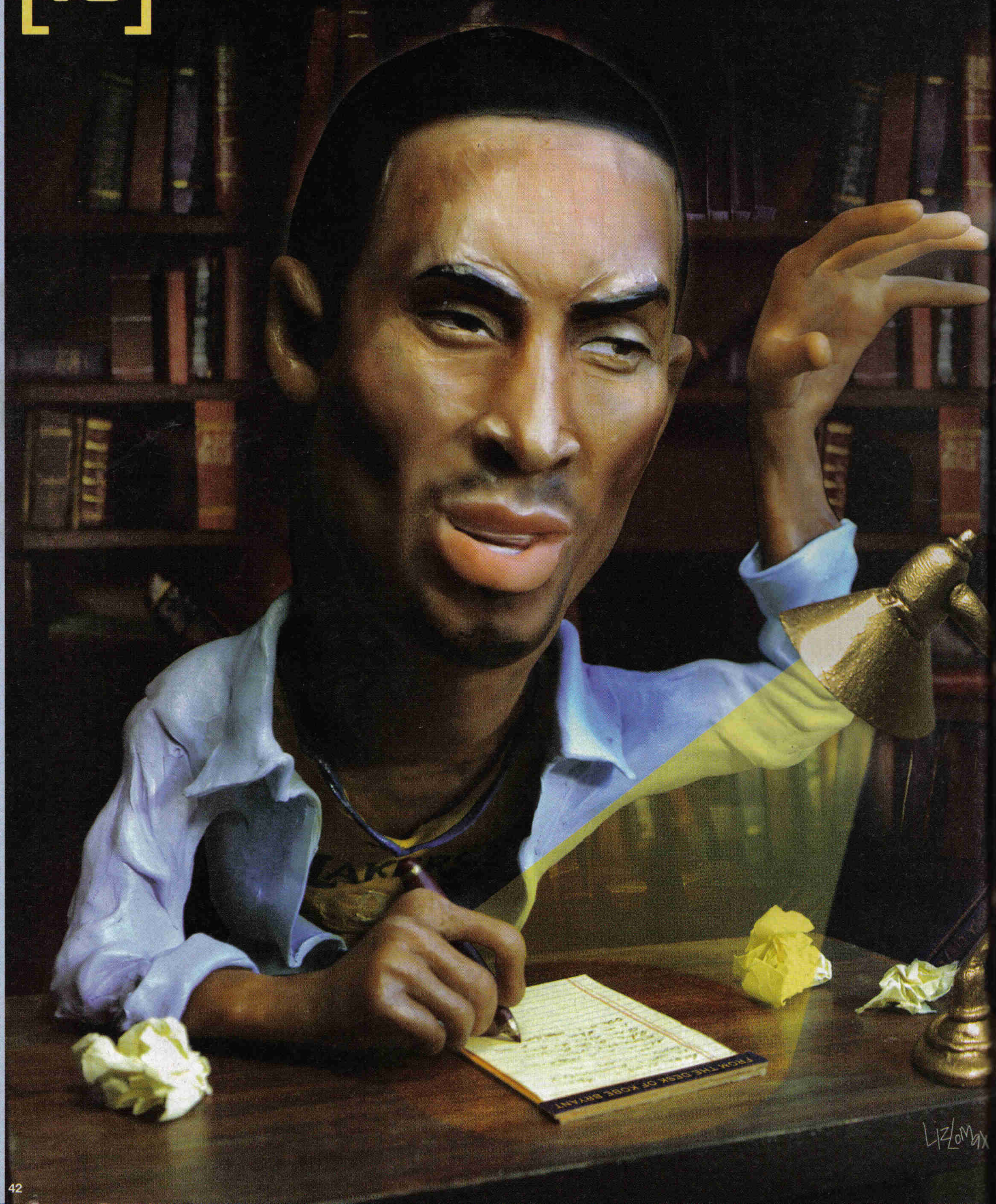


AMERICAN GAYTHIC

ARTIST: TIM OKAMURA WRITERS: PATRICK MERRELL AND ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG

[16] KOBE BRYANT'S APOLOGY DOUBLE DRIVEL

Now that it's painfully obvious that Kobe Bryant's likeable goody-two-shoes persona is as phony as an "official memo" used by CBS News to verify a story (see #6), you'd think he'd just give it up. But nope, the L.A. Loser still wants everyone to believe he's a sensitive, wholesome fellow, which is why after sexual assault charges against him were dropped he released a convoluted mea culpa, "apologizing" for his behavior in one sentence, then proclaiming his innocence in the next. Oh well, Kobe's always been highly regarded as an offensive threat, but his defensive skills clearly need some work.



The First Draft of Kobe's Apology & What Appeared in the Actual Press Statement

First, my P.R. team wants to apologize directly to the gold-digging gutterskank involved in this felony assault.

First, I want to apologize directly to the young woman involved in this incident.

Also, my bad for "accidentally" leaking your name, hometown, psychiatric reports, testimony, and private sexual history to the press. But in basketball terms, I still have one foul left to give.

I want to apologize to her for my behavior that night, and for the consequences she has suffered in the past year.

I've needed to relieve a lot of stress because of that big bald bastard Shaq, so I can only imagine the pain she has had to endure, because you can't hear the word "stop" when you've got headphones on and Terror Squad cranked up to 10. Because of that, I just assumed she wanted me to "threepeat."

Although this year has been incredibly difficult for me personally, I can only imagine the pain she has had to endure.

I also want to apologize to her parents and family members, and to my family and friends and supporters, and to the citizens of Eagle, Colorado, none of whom I've ever raped. I also apologize to whichever hotel maid had to clean off the chair.

I also want to apologize to her parents and family members, and to my family and friends and supporters, and to the citizens of Eagle, Colorado.

I also want to make it clear that I do not question the motives of this young woman, even though we ALL know exactly what kind of ho wiggles her much-visited booty up to a strange man's hotel room and acts all "ooh, ooh, I want that Kobe beef." But anyway, the main thing is that I do not question her motives.

I also want to make it clear that I do not question the motives of this young woman.

No money has been paid to this woman because, technically, I pay off my bitches in $4 million diamonds.

No money has been paid to this woman.

She has agreed that this statement will not be used against me the way I used her.

She has agreed that this statement will not be used against me in the civil case.

Although I truly believe this felony assault was consensual, I recognize now that she did not and does not view this felony assault the same way I did... it took me a while to recognize the subtle difference, but those plastic cuffs on my wrists were a major clue.

Although I truly believe this encounter between us was consensual, I recognize now that she did not and does not view this incident the same way I did.

After months of reviewing discovery, listening to her attorney, and even her testimony in person, I now understand that she felt as helpless as I did when listening to that bonehead Coach Jackson and one of his idiotic "Zen" pep talks.

After months of reviewing discovery, listening to her attorney, and even her testimony in person, I now understand how she feels that she did not consent to this encounter.

I issue this statement today fully aware that a public apology is a damn sight better than playing small forward for the prison basketball squad until 2016.

I issue this statement today fully aware that while one part of this case ends today, another remains.

I understand that a million dollars a minute is a lot to pay for sex.

I understand that the civil case against me will go forward.

That part of this case will be decided by and between the party of the first part and the party of the big part and will no longer be a financial or emotional drain on the citizens of the state of Whitey-Land.

That part of this case will be decided by and between the parties directly involved in the incident and will no longer be a financial or emotional drain on the citizens of the state of Colorado.

SCULPTOR: LIZ LOMAX
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

[17] WILLIAM HUNG SHE BANGS, HE SUCKS

Even with the show's long tradition of promoting awful, soulless singers (Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Clay Aiken!), we were woefully unprepared for the "success" of *American Idol* reject William Hung. While, at first, his mangled, atonal rendition of "She Bangs" was easy enough to laugh at, it soon became as grating as your moron friend's Simon Cowell impression. And when Hung was actually signed to a record deal, his off-key one-note act mutated into national plague from which no one had immunity. But there is hope — if we could just get the irritating putz to shut the #&@% up!

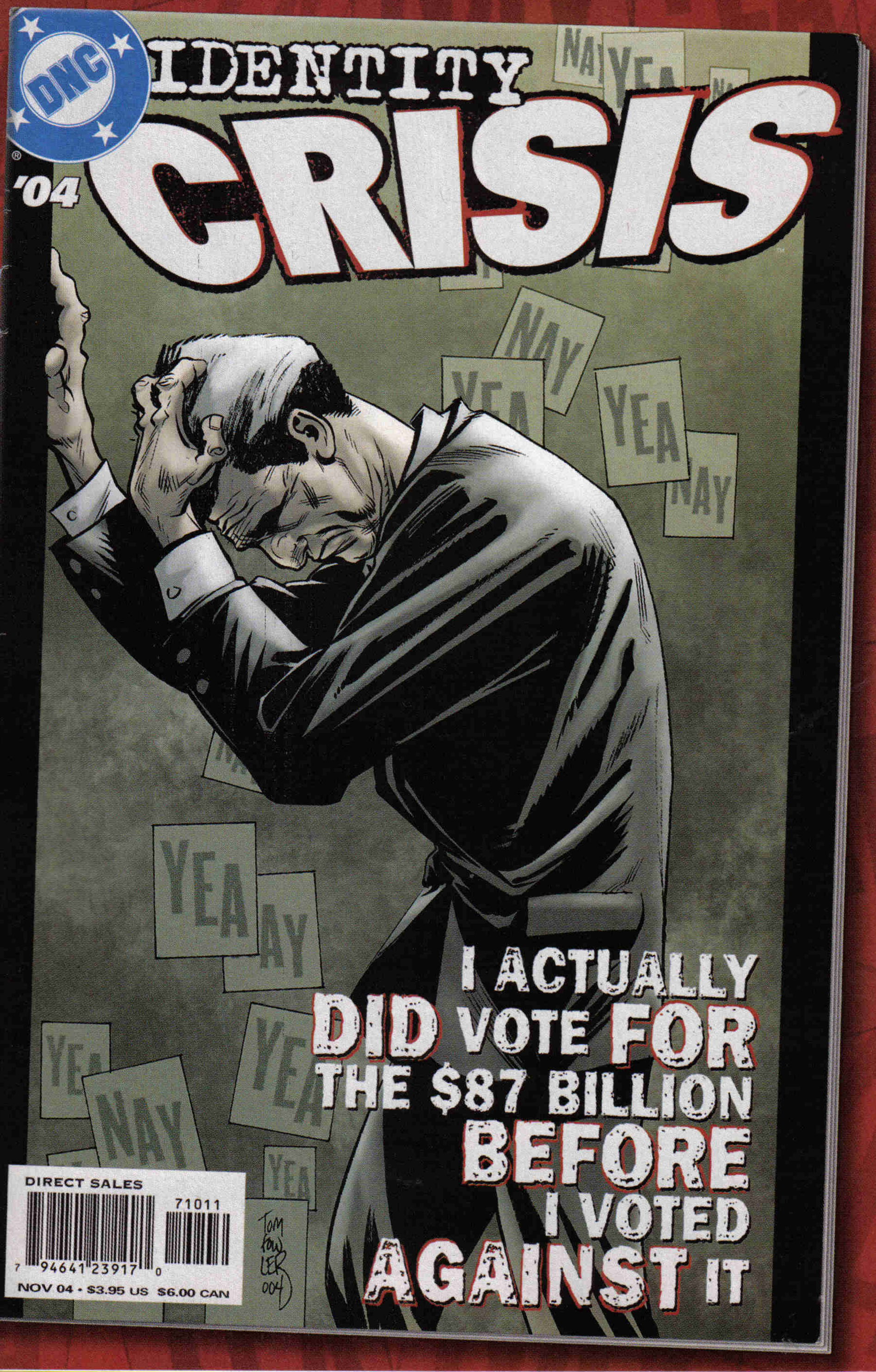
We all share the same airwaves.

Thank you for not singing.

AMERICAN HUNG ASSOCIATION

[18] JOHN KERRY A MAN FOR ALL POSITIONS

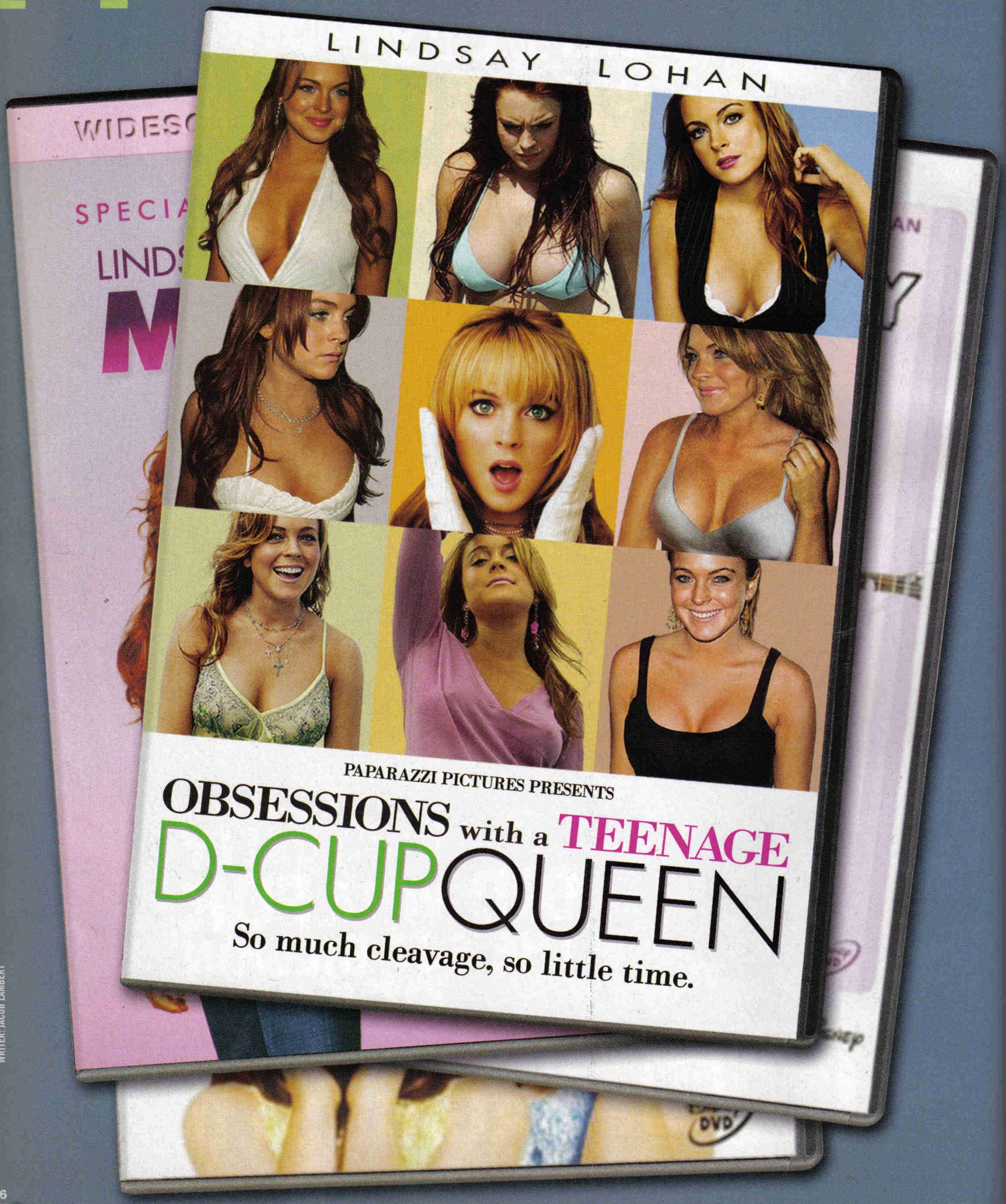
During this year's Presidential campaign, John Kerry was often described as a "flip-flopper," and it had nothing to do with his choice of footwear while yachting with his filthy rich wife, Teresa. The bloviating Senator from Massachusetts has a history of not giving simple responses to questions. Every answer is "nuanced." But isn't it dumb to run for President without having at least one or two core beliefs that define you? Otherwise you come off less like a strong and decisive leader and more like a tortured, self-doubting comic book character.



ARTIST: TOM FOWLER COLORIST: WILDSTORM'S CARRIE STRACHAN

[19] LINDSAY LOHAN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKERS

Lindsay Lohan had a big year, if you know what we mean. Clearly, though, the focus wasn't on Lindsay's body of work as much as her body. In the past year, her noticeable new curves started an onslaught of rumors that the then-17-year-old tart had gotten a boob job. It triggered the biggest cycle of speculation-denial-speculation-denial since Britney Spears learned to pronounce the word silicone. Paparazzi stalk her, praying for a wardrobe malfunction. She's on magazine covers, E! newsbites and a gazillion websites. Clearly, the media has a fixation bordering on the perverse with this young woman's hooters — which Lindsay might use as the springboard for her next film project.



WRITER: JACOB LAMBERT

WHAT ENDLESS FAREWELL DRAGGED ON INTERMINABLY ON TV THIS YEAR?

HERE WE GO WITH A SPECIAL EDITION
MAD 20 FOLD-IN

Saying goodbye to dear and beloved friends is never easy, but it is made even harder when that final send-off is dragged out for what seems like an eternity. To find out what televised farewell we wanted to finally put to rest, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

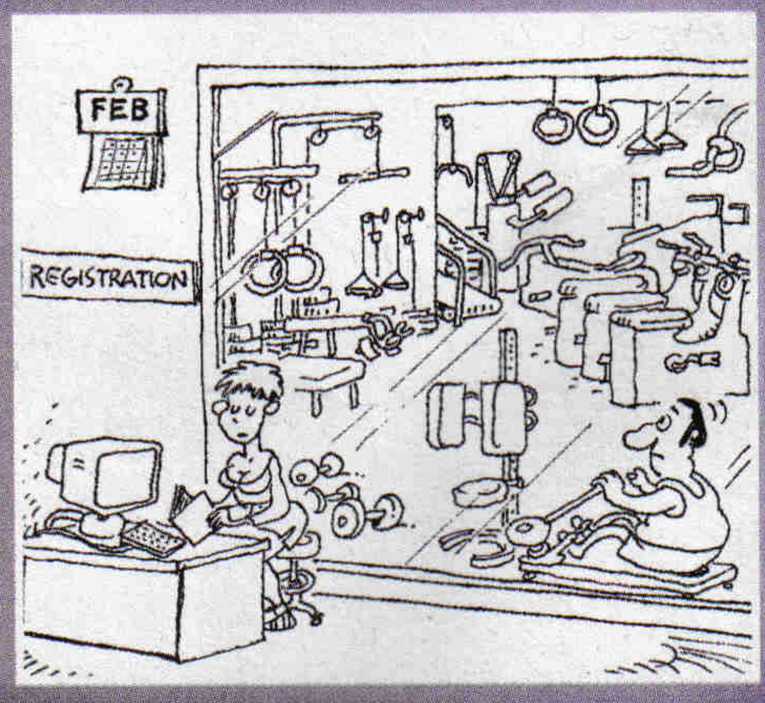
A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

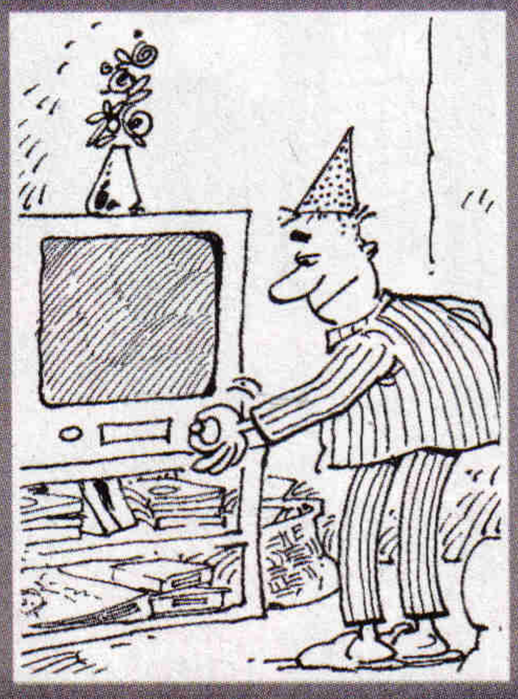
COVERING EXCITING CURRENT EVENTS IS VITAL IN THIS AGE OF TV SPECIALS. SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, THE REASONING CAN BE A BIT STRANGE, AS WHEN TV BEGAN SHOWING THE SAME THING AD NAUSEAM. FUNDAMENTALLY, VIEWERS TEND TO BECOME VERY NERVOUS WHEN THIS HAPPENS. REPEATS ALMOST INVARIABLY ARE A BIG TURN OFF.

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A B

Sergio Aragones presents A MAD LOOK AT





NEW YEAR'S

LIQUOR STORE
CLOSED
CHAMPAGNE
2-A
HAPPY NEW YEAR!
2-A

CHASE

TUSH

DWAYNE

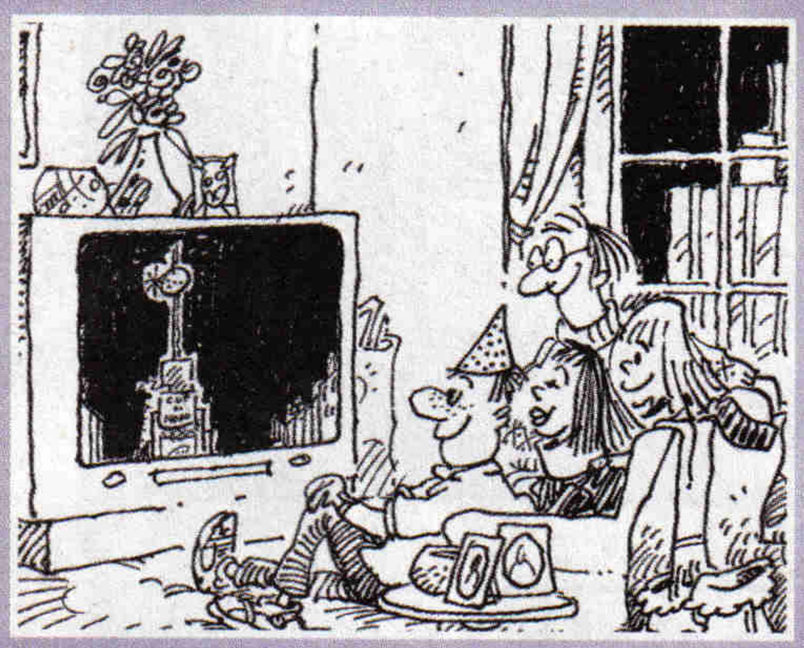
HAPPY

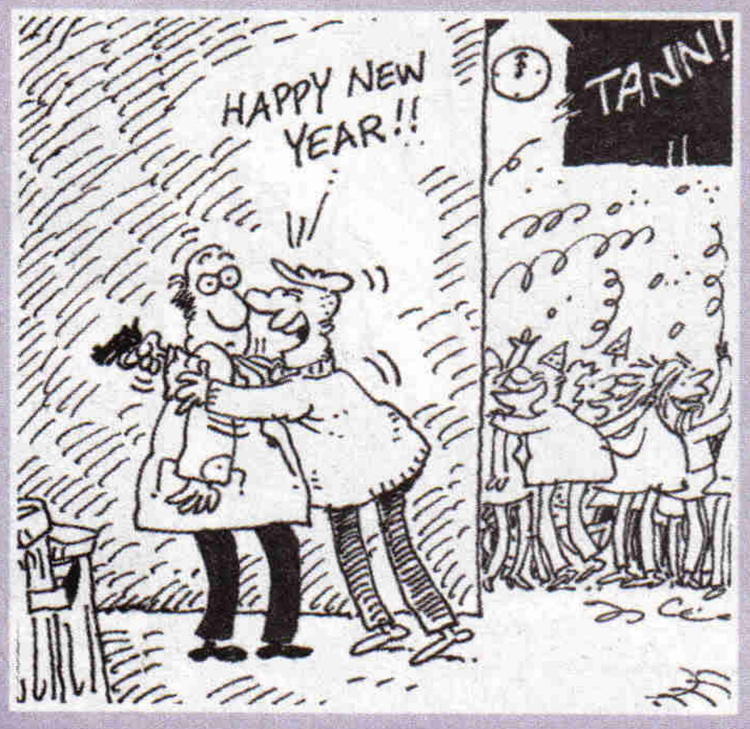
NEW YEAR! 20

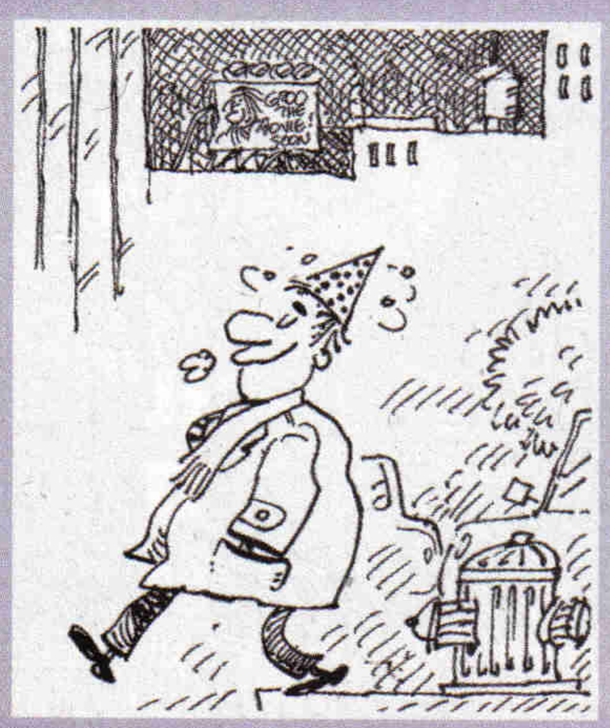
4-A

5-B

TANN!
TANN!

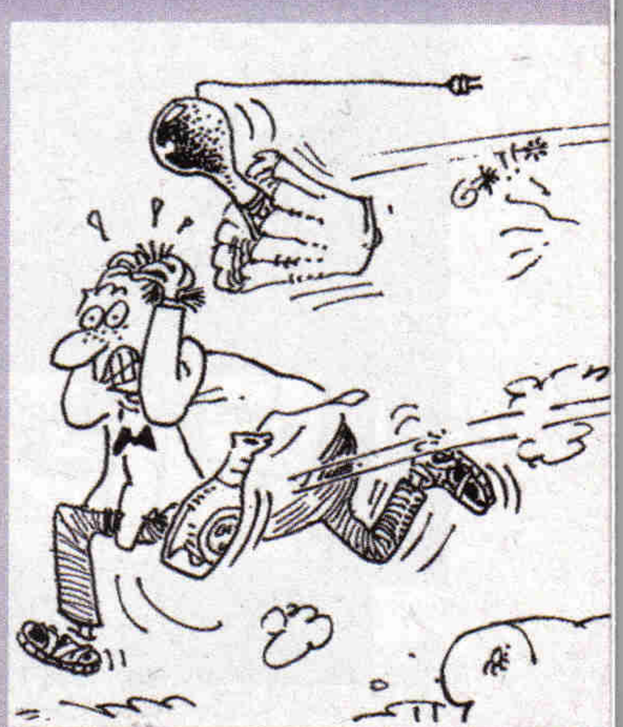



HAPPY NEW YEAR!!
TANN!

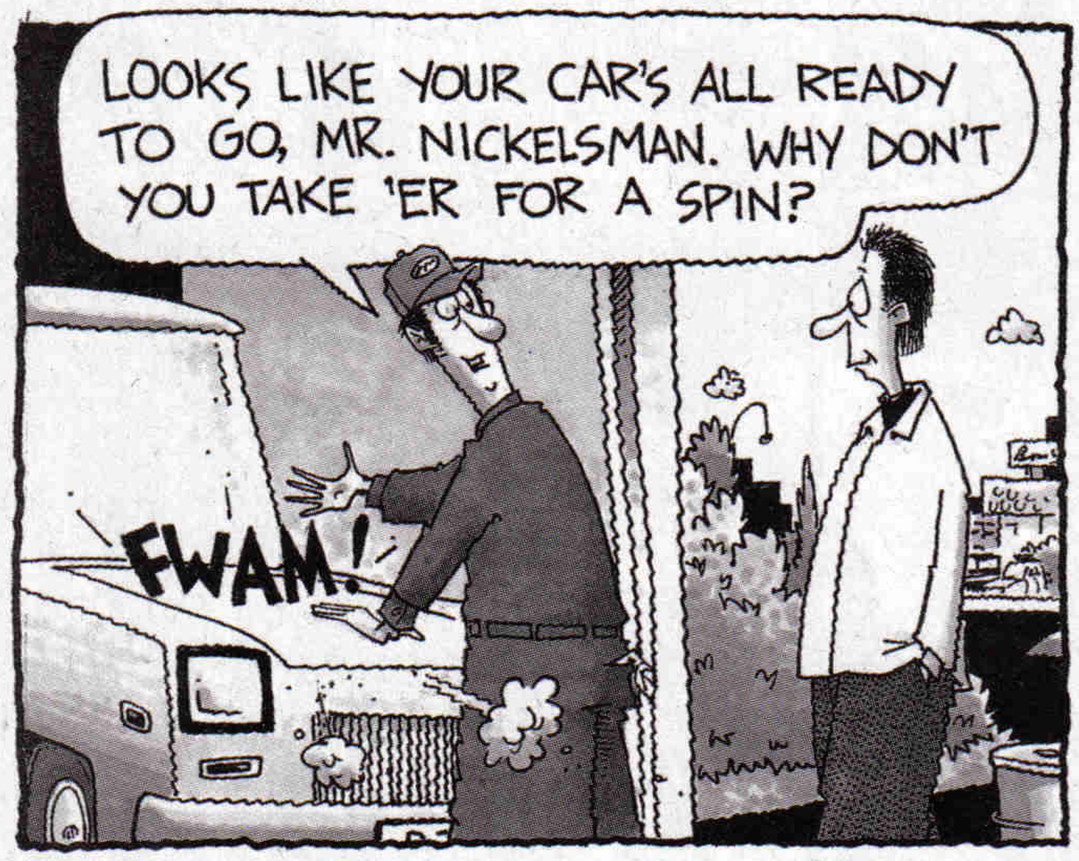


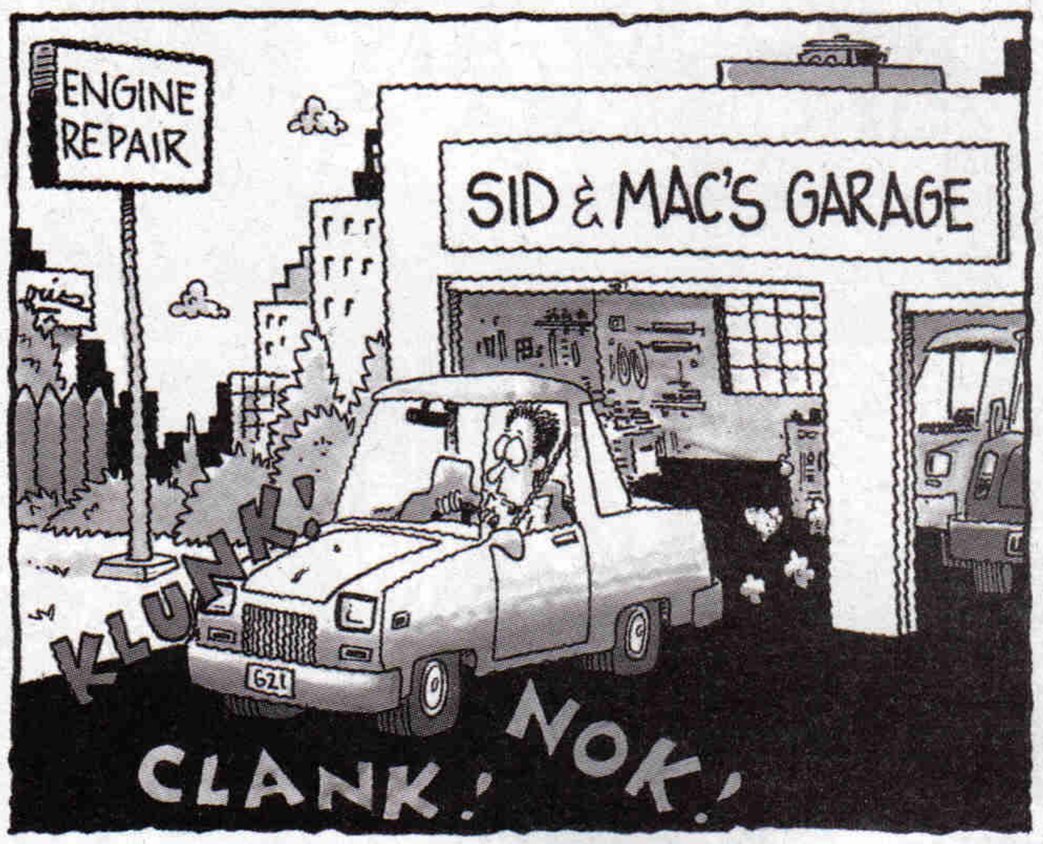
PPY NEW YEA

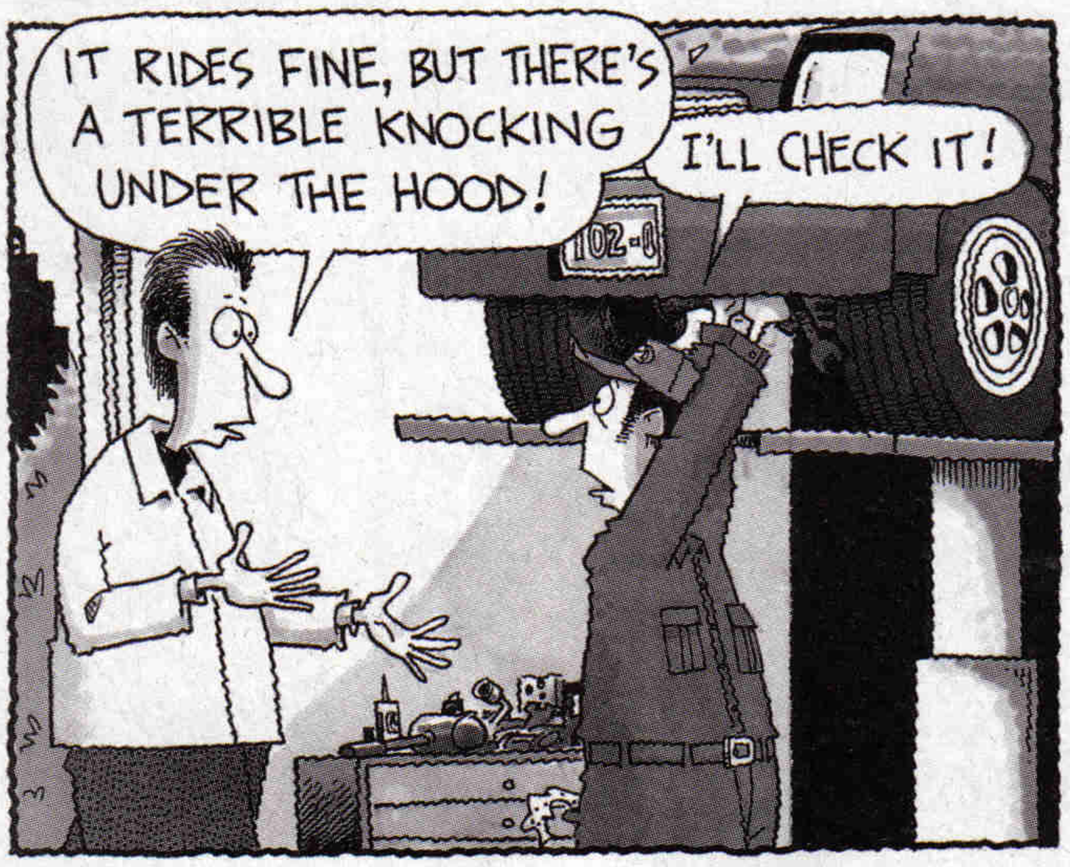
HAPP..

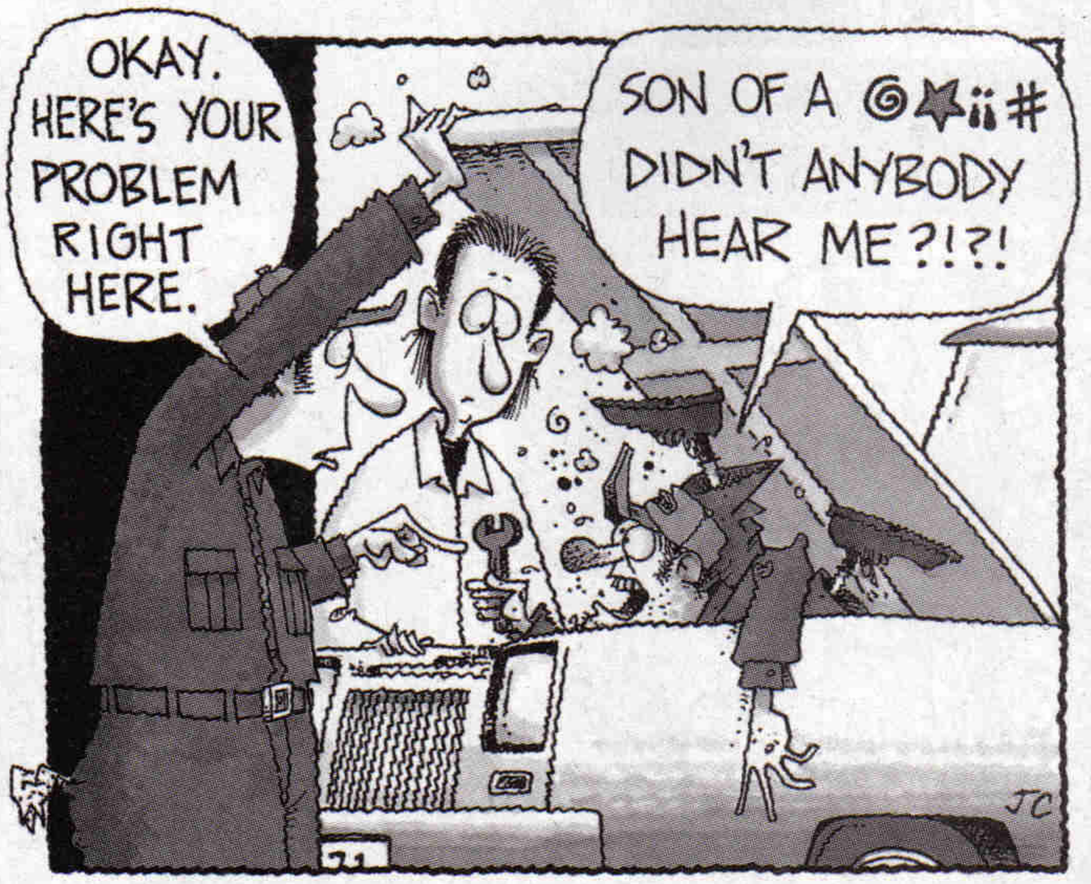


One Fine Day at the Service Station









ARTIST: JOHN CALDWELL WRITER: CRAIG BOLDMAN