

MAD

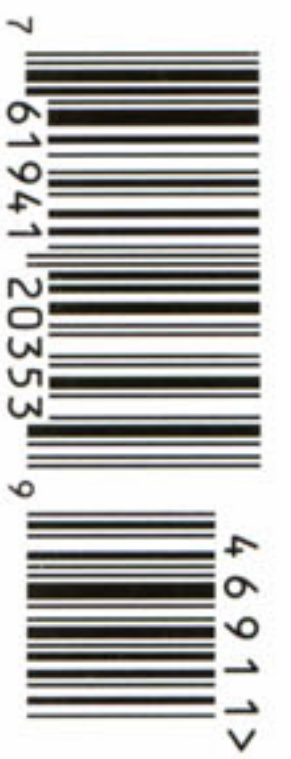
**WHAT-
ME BARRY?**

**WE
STICK IT
TO BASEBALL'S
GIANT
FRAUD!**

**Plus:
LITTLE LEAGUERS
ON STEROIDS**

**WHEN SEEING-EYE
DOGS GO BAD**

DIRECT SALES



#469 SEPTEMBER 2006 \$3.99 CHEAP!

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\$5.50 CANADA

madmag.com



From **Allan H. "Bud" Selig**
Commissioner of Baseball

..... An Open Letter to MAD Magazine Readers

Dear MAD Reader:

I was dismayed to find that the ongoing steroid scandal in Major League Baseball is the focus of the current issue of MAD. I was saddened to see Barry Bonds depicted as a disgraceful cheat (page 36) and I myself referred to as "Bud Lite" in "Barry at the Bat" (page 18).

But of greater concern to me than this maliciously accurate name-calling is that MAD is overlooking the many wonderful things happening in the game. For example, the upcoming playoffs will generate tremendous excitement among the several dozen fans who can manage to stay awake past 1 AM to watch them. Baseball is actually in the midst of a golden age unrivaled by any other sport, not counting, of course, pro football, NASCAR, and competitive wiener-eating. Yes, our game has never been more popular in the handful of large markets where the teams can afford to field halfway-watchable players.

I acknowledge that in recent months the good news in baseball has been outweighed by the bad. Reports of human growth hormone (HGH) use were particularly upsetting, because it had been my firm belief that in the "post-steroid era" the player's still-ox-like physiques were being maintained through strict regimens of squat-thrusts and banana-walnut smoothies.

There are 750 great athletes playing major league baseball, although with David Wells and Sidney Ponson still active, some might believe the true number is actually 748. Still, the vast majority of players would never betray the fans' trust, unless you consider their ditching their home teams at the first possible opportunity to sign obscene contracts with the Yankees, Mets or Red Sox a "betrayal of trust."

Regrettably, there will likely always be players who would snort crystallized goat sperm if it was purported to add a few feet to their pop-outs behind the plate. But what can I, the most powerful man in baseball, do — implement a comprehensive, zero-tolerance drug policy that in all likelihood would destroy the game I love and make huge stacks of money from? Come on! Let's be real!

In conclusion, let me just say that we live in an imperfect world and we should not rush to judgement. One can never know for sure if a player is bending our rules, even if he's a utility infielder with 73 dingers and a size 29 cap.

Sincerely,

Allan H. "Bud" Selig

Allan H. "Bud" Selig

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Various Places
Around the Magazine

ALFRED E. NEUMAN

FRONT COVER ARTIST:
MARK FREDRICKSON



THE CRAPPIEST PLACE ON EARTH

I am writing to you because of your "Fundalini Photo Exclusive" pictures of President Bush and lobbyist Jack Abramoff (MAD #466). In one of the pictures, it shows that Bush and Abramoff are on Space Mountain. If you knew anything of this ride, you would know that you cannot have your hands in the air during this ride because if you do, your hands would get stuck on the ceiling because the ride has low ceilings. That is why at the beginning of the ride they say keep your hands inside the cart. Besides this huge mistake, I love your mag!

Patrick Sheehan, Two Rivers, WI

Sheehan Double — We called up Disney World in beautiful Orlando, Florida to verify your seemingly outrageous claim. To our dismay, however, they informed us that you were completely right! They also filled us in on other Disney no-no's: 1) When hugging Goofy, keep it "north of the Equator" 2) at Frontierland® Shootin' Arcade, outside firearms are strictly prohibited and 3) under no circumstances should you make direct eye contact with any of the characters in the Country Bear Jamboree! Live and learn! —Ed.

BETTER GRADUATE THAN NEVER

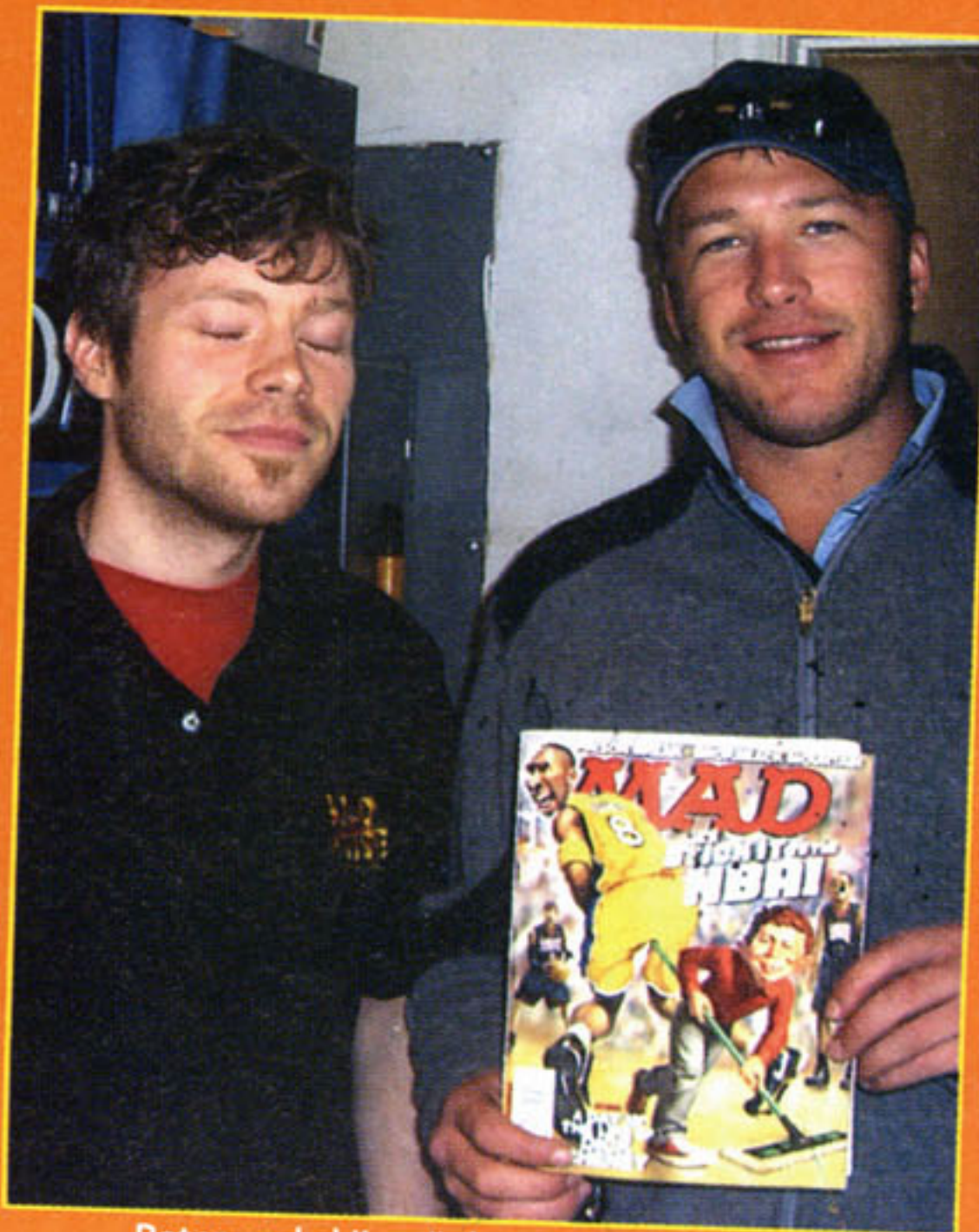


As you can see from the photo, I have finally graduated from college. This only took me 30 years to accomplish. I read MAD the entire time I was seeking my education. I directly attribute my reading of MAD to the length of time it took me to accomplish my education goals. Since MAD has kept me busy for the last 30 years, I would like to ask that you print my picture and letter to serve as a cautionary tale to anyone else who might be in college.

Wanda Elrod, Cleveland, TN

Elrod Hubbard — First off, congratulations on your momentous accomplishment. We must point out, however, that taking 30 years to graduate from college is actually considered an accelerated pace for most of our readers! —Ed.

MAD NIFTY FIFTY CELEBRITY SNAPS



Peter and skiing "phenom" Bode Miller

I got the first name on your most recent Nifty Fifty List™, Bode Miller! He came in for lunch at my workplace, Gold House Pizza in Littleton, NH. He was very nice and very cooperative, I don't know why he gave me a restraining order! I've been reading you guys since I was a little kid. You're still the best magazine in the world, keep up the good work. America needs MAD!

Peter Field, Littleton, NH

Dr. Fieldgood — Nice going! We're willing to bet that Bode was sitting in your pizzeria eating calzones instead of training for the slalom, the Super-G or one of the many other events he wound up tanking. Congratulations on winning your three-year subscription (and secret surprise gift) — you have officially won more than Bode Miller did at the 2006 Olympics! —Ed.

OF VICE AND MEN

Check out the June issue of Vice magazine, which features not only a cover done by long-time MAD artist and Fold-in king Al Jaffee, but also an in-depth interview! Turns out he's a Pisces — who knew?



Al's Vice cover

A CODE OF BULL

I recently received MAD #466 and I immediately started reading it. I wanted to read everything about *The Da Vinci Code*, so I read "Other Hidden Messages in The Last Supper" and "MAD's Clueless Outtakes from *The Da Vinci Code*." But first I read the Fundalini Pages and I found a minor mistake on page 7. There's a picture of Leonardo da Vinci sneezing and La Gioconda, better known as Mona Lisa, saying "gesundheit," which means "bless you" in German. I only have one question, why would the Mona Lisa be speaking German when she is supposed to be an Italian woman named Lisa Gherardini, and not a German woman?

Luis Pulido, Huntington Park, CA

Push and Pulido — You've stumbled upon one of the greatest mysteries of MAD #466. For weeks, nay months, the hidden meaning of this cartoon written by Michael Gallagher has eluded the public, but you're on the cusp of cracking The Gallagher Code! Like the Priory of Sion, Michael added a cryptic message to "The DaVinci Cold." If you rearrange the letters in "Gesundheit" you'll arrive at the phrase "The gnus die." Gallagher scholars know that he not only lives in New Jersey, but is also a rabid soccer fan and roots for the Aberdeen Huskies. The chief rivals of this team, of course, are the Boonton Gnus. Michael's hidden note is a thinly-veiled taunt against the opposing team and its fans (known as Gnu-sies). Sharp eye, Luis! Let us know what you find in the inside back cover of #468. Rumor has it that if you fold Al Jaffee's artwork in just the right way, a second image will be revealed! —Ed.



HEX MARKS THE SPOT

I'm 14 years old and I became a MAD fan two years ago. I was walking down the magazine aisle and I slipped and fell on a gamer magazine. As I was picking myself up, I glanced to the side and saw the word MAD. Knowing that I watch the show, I picked it up and read it. Now I read it all the time. When MAD #465 came out, I brought it to the Catholic school I attend and read it out loud to my friends. Although we thought it was funny, the nun that teaches our class, however, did not approve and confiscated it. Two days ago, I was riding my bike to school and I crashed and broke my arm. So now I'm at home with several MADs and I'm enjoying reading them and cheering myself up. It was lucky because that day after school, I had detention for the MAD the nun confiscated. So please publish this letter so I can get some sympathy from my fellow MAD fans.

Matthew Sneed, Memphis, TN

Sneed Is Good — We're not sure if you deserve any sympathy just for being a spaz. However, it does seem as if you've had a lot of bad luck centered around MAD. Which makes us wonder, are you just a stumblebum or have other people experienced MAD-related bad luck? Could there be a curse of MAD? If you have your own true life example, send it in to: Amy "The Big Curse" Vozeolas, c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019 and we'll print the best ones in an upcoming issue in an effort to give you some sympathy (provided you're not in a coma)! —Ed.

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

Ever since I bought your magazine at Movie Gallery, I've loved the dumb comedy. Then I wanted to make a wish: what if every store had MAD? I've decided to write the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. Can you make my wish come true?

Skyler Higgins, Amherst, VA

Skyler's The Limit — That sounds like a terrible idea! Do you have any idea just how dumb your dumb wish is? You don't need every store to sell pants do you? No! That's because after you've put on your pants, you've got 'em all day no matter what store you go into! (You do wear pants don't you? Because after re-reading your letter, you kinda strike us as the crazy, muttering, pantsless type!) By that same logic, after you've bought your issue for the month, why would you need to see it in every store you went into, you bedpan? Either way, you can solve your "problem" by calling 1-800-4-MAD-MAG to subscribe. Thanks for writing the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. —Ed.

ANOTHER SLOW FAKE NEWS DAY

At the end of the June 15th episode of *The Daily Show*, Jon Stewart checked in with Stephen Colbert to see what was in store on that night's *Colbert Report*. The following exchange (with pictures!) occurred:



Jon: Hey, welcome back to the program. Before we go, we check in with our good friend, Stephen Colbert of *The Colbert Report*. Stephen.

Stephen: Thank-you, Jon. Hey, did you see the parody of *The Daily Show* in this month's MAD magazine?

Jon: No, I didn't see that.

Stephen: Tore you a new one, buddy! My only issue is when they made fun of our back and forth. Check this out. First they have me talk about how our banter feels too scripted.



Stephen: Then you say, "Would you mind closing with a meaningless non sequitur?" And I say, "Come on, snake eyes!" First of all, our banter is not scripted.

Jon: Indeed. That is correct.

Stephen: It is a laughable assertion.



Jon: (pause) Yes. (pause) It is.

Stephen: Undoubtedly. And as for the meaningless non sequitur — I don't even know what that's a reference to.

Jon: Me neither, Stephen. See you in a second.

Stephen: Yahtzee!



READER ALERT I

Be sure to check out the special comic *Sergio Aragonés Solo* by DC Comics — on sale now! To find a comic shop near you go to <http://csls.diamondcomics.com/> or call toll 1-888-COMIC-BOOK. Tell them Sergio sent you!



THE BIG QUESTION

This month we ask:
Which celebrity would you most like to see
get attacked by a Bird Flu-infected Emu?

- ☐ American Idol loser Katharine McPhee
- ☐ What's-his-name who plays Superman
- ☐ Former soft-porn model turned Beatle gold digger Heather Mills McCartney
- ☐ Daniel "We'll show you what a bad day is" Powter

Send in your pick to Amy "The Big Question" Vozeolas. c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019.

We'll illustrate the "winner" in an upcoming issue!

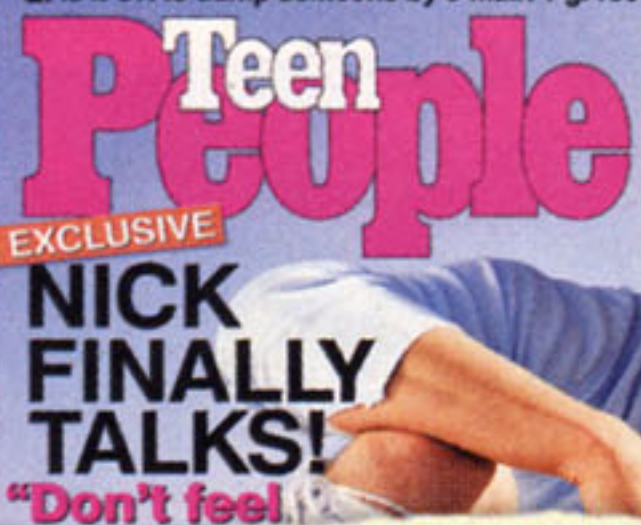
**NEXT MONTH IN
MAD #470
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 19 !**

**MY NAME IS EARL! PLUS
OUR SALUTE TO THE MAD STRIP
CLUB FEATURING LOTS OF STRIPS!**

THE ANSWER MAD

Every once in a while, we like to take letters from other prestigious magazines and answer them as they *should* be answered! This month's gem is from the April issue of *Teen People*.

Q: Is it OK to dump someone by e-mail? Pg. 130

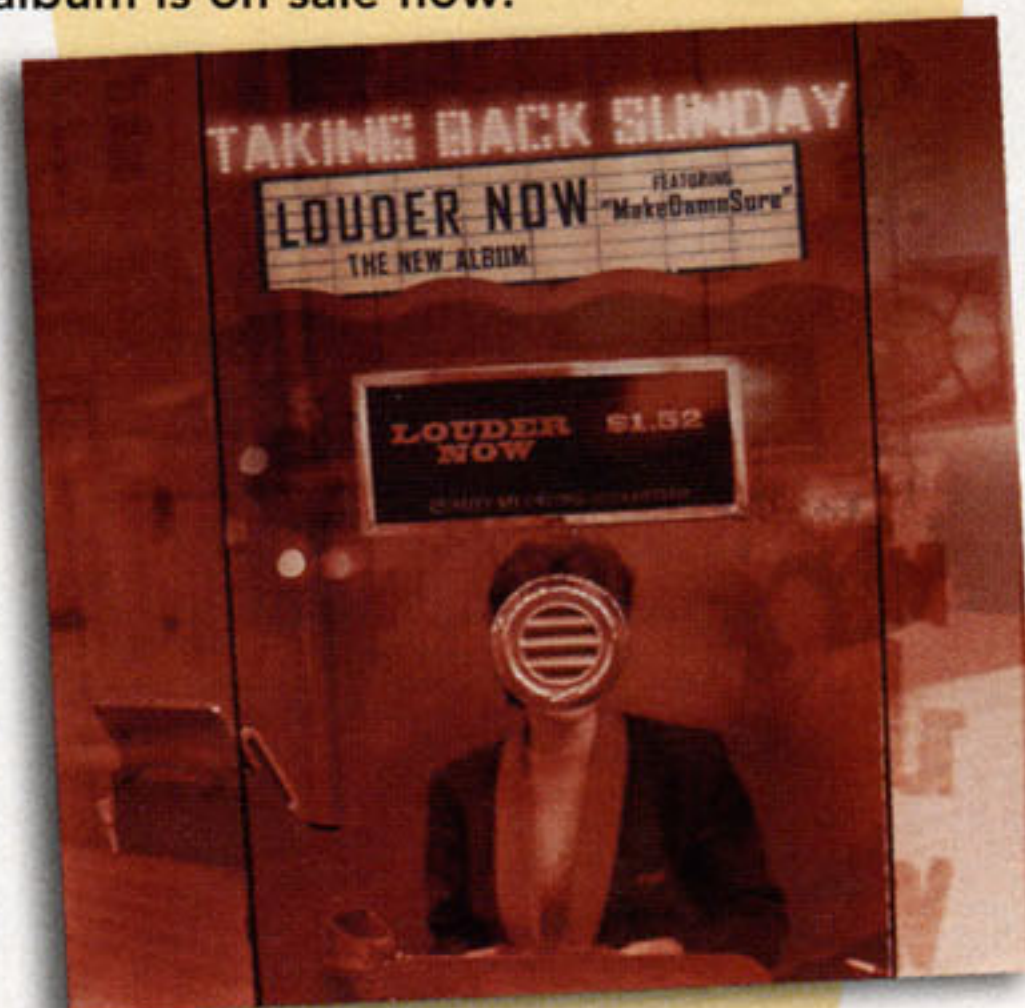


After constantly reading about celebrity breakups like Nick and Jessica's, it was refreshing to hear about successful couples like Hilary Duff and Joel Madden ("Secrets of Successful Couples") I love how they are taking their own approach to romance. The article made me look up to Hilary. She is a role model. —B., Shelby Township, M

B — We agree! Theirs is a romance for the ages! When we think of timeless, enduring love affairs, there are only three couples that fit the bill: Romeo and Juliet, Tristan and Isolde and of course, Hilary and Joel! Future generations will know of the love of these soulmates as they're celebrated in epic poems, plays and made-for-TV movies. Or maybe you'll just read in our September issue about how they broke up! —Ed.

READER ALERT II

Everyone that has their letter printed on this month's Letters Page will get a copy of Taking Back Sunday's new album, *Louder Now*, featuring the single "MakeDamnSure," courtesy of our "friends" at Warner Bros. Records. For all of you not lucky enough to score a free copy, the album is on sale now!



**NEXT MONTH IN
MAD CLASSICS #10
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 19 !**

**JACKASS!
BACK TO SCHOOL STUFF (ECCH!)
AND OUR FALL TV PREVIEW!**

MAD

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Dave Croatto associate editors
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John Nee vp • business development
Gregory Noveck senior vp • creative affairs
Cheryl Rubin senior vp • brand management
Jeff Trojan vp • business development, DC direct
Bob Wayne vp • sales

Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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How To Reach Us:

Please Address Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 469, 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!
VISIT OUR WEB SITE! MADMAG.COM

THE FUNDALINI

FUNDALINI ADVISORY

In the search for terrorists, President Bush has approved the National Security Agency's monitoring of all phone messages made by Americans. Therefore, be careful what you text!

WHAT YOU TEXT MESSAGE



WHAT YOUR FRIEND READS



WHAT THE NSA "DECODES"



YO GF.
SUP?
SSDD?

Yo, Girlfriend.
What's up?
Same Stuff Different Day?

Your Operation Goes Forward.
Stolen, Untraceable Passports?
Successfully Smuggled Detonation Device?

ICBW —
TGIF!

It Could Be Worse —
Thank God It's Friday!

Inter-Continental Ballistic Weapons —
They've Got Immense Firepower!

OMG
LMAO!

Oh My God
Laughing My Ass Off!

On My Go,
Launch Massive Anthrax Offensive!

G2R
POS

Got to Run
Parent Over Shoulder

Geosynchronize to Recalibrate
Point of Strike

TT4N

Ta Ta For Now

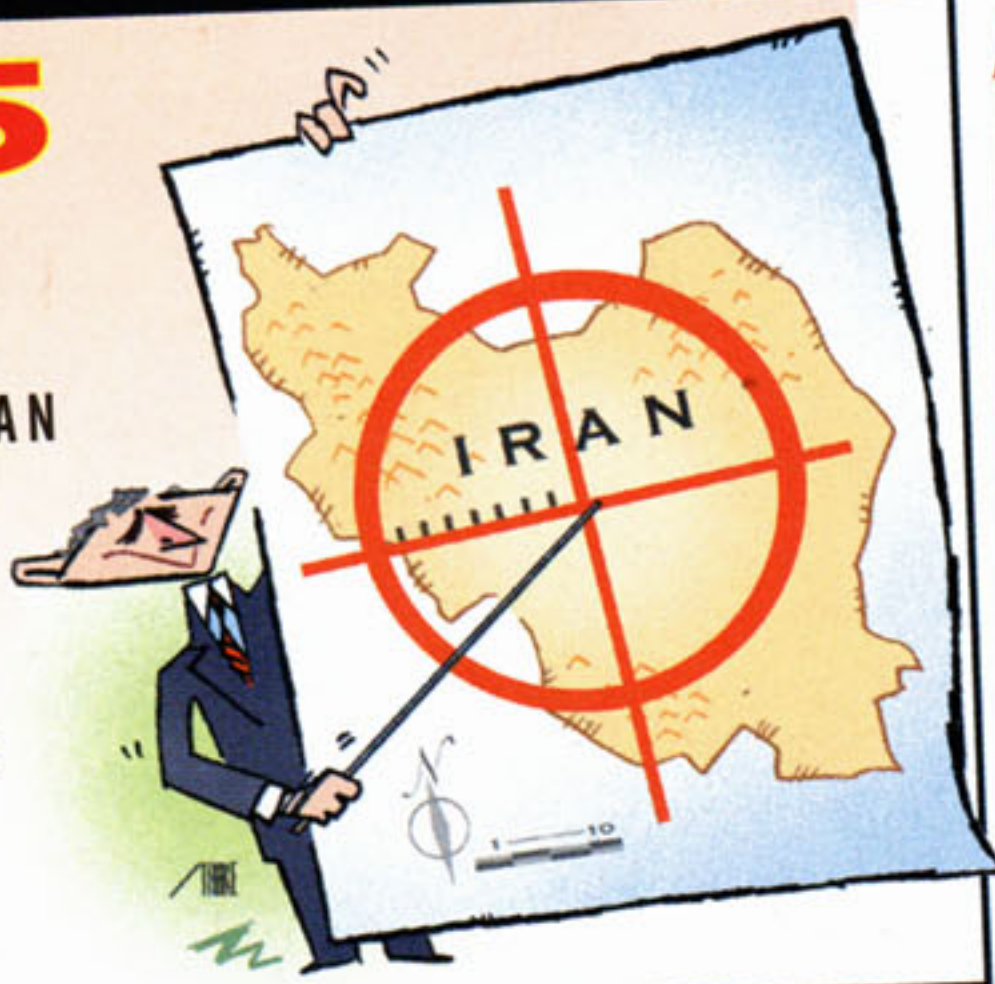
Terrorists Targeting Four Nations

OUR RECOMMENDATION: NEVER USE THESE TEXT ABBREVIATIONS AGAIN OR YOU MAY WIND UP IN GITMO!

THE FAST 5

POSSIBLE MISSION
NAMES FOR A
U.S. INVASION OF IRAN

- 1 The Persian Incursion
- 2 Son of Quagmire
- 3 WMD II: Nuclear Boogaloo
- 4 Mullah Mayhem
- 5 World War III



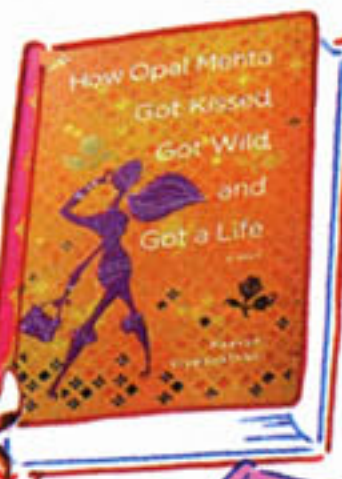
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tick!



MAD'S 15-MINUTES OF FAME

**KAAVYA
VISWANATHAN**

"Author" of *How
Opal Mehta Got
Kissed, Got Wild,
and Got a Life*



The book world was had
By this slick undergrad
And her novel of sappy romance;
Guess she thought — what the hey —
Plagiarism's okay
When you get half a mil in advance!

PULL MY CHENEY!



THE FUNDALINI

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WHAT YOU TEXT MESSAGE



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WHAT YOUR FRIEND READS



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Oh My God
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Got to Run
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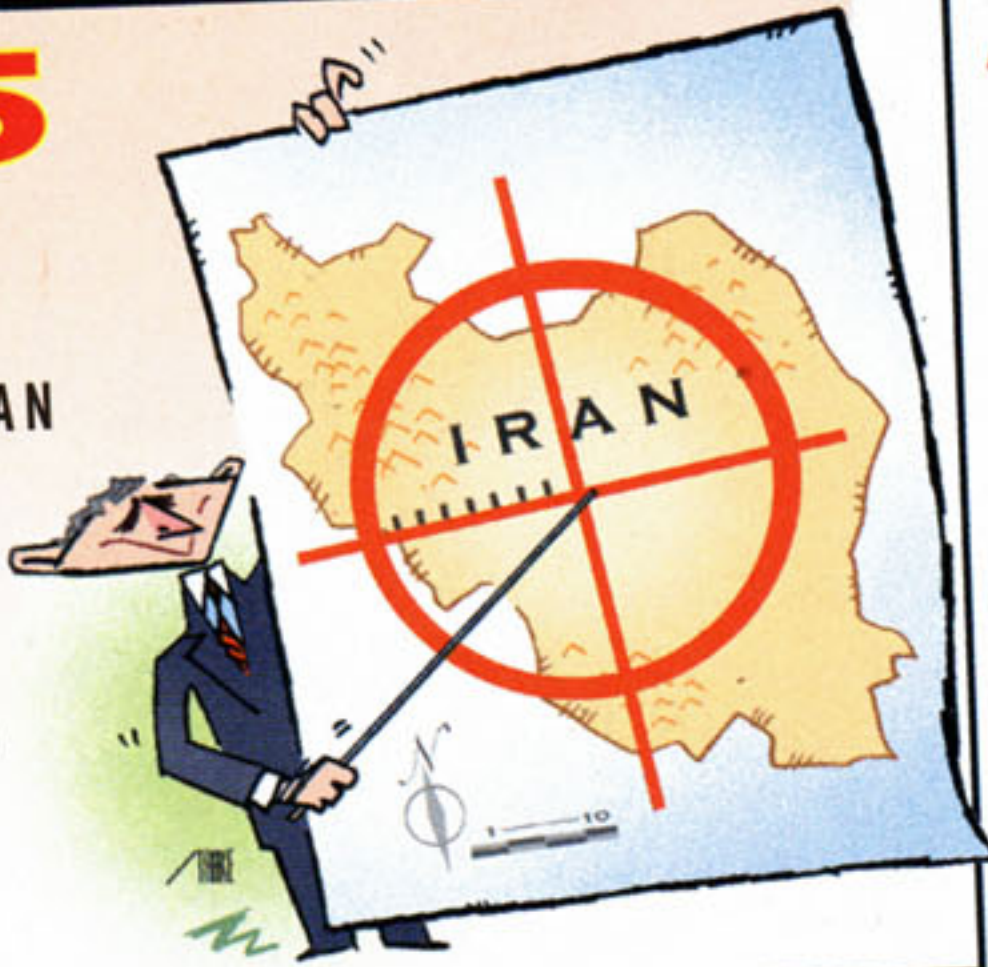
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PULL MY CHENEY!



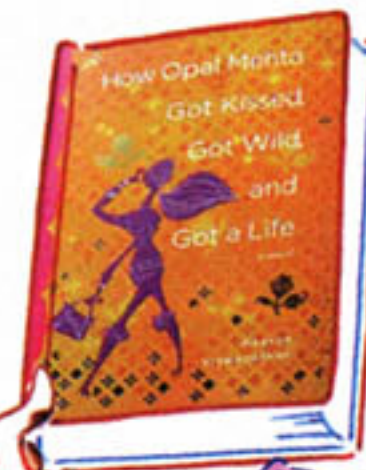
MAD'S 15 MINUTES OF FAME

tick! tick!
tick!



KAAVYA
VISWANATHAN

"Author" of *How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild, and Got a Life*



The book world was had
By this slick undergrad
And her novel of sappy romance;
Guess she thought — what the hey —
Plagiarism's okay
When you get half a mil in advance!

PAGES

CREATIVE SOLUTIONS FOR STEMMING THE FLOW OF ILLEGAL ALIENS ACROSS OUR BORDERS

FAKE SIGNS



500 MILES OF DISCARDED CHEWING GUM

Thees pLace Sucks!!!



EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN WELCOMING COMMITTEES

We smell your burning souls! Run to us, Lost brown people, and we shall scrub your soiled hearts with the Brillo pad that is our Lord and Savior!



POSITIVE USES FOR SNAKES ON A PLANE

Stuck-Next-To-A-Chatty-Granny Noose



Aisle-Running Rugrat Speedbump



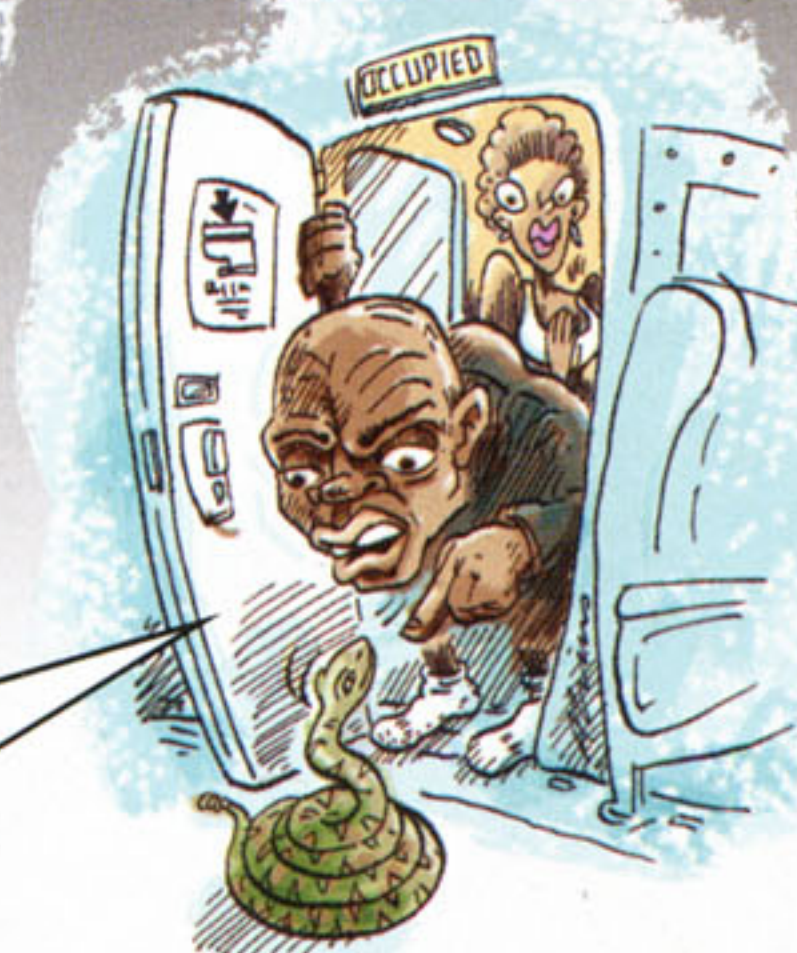
Overpriced Mini-Booze-Bottle Thief



Stealth Seat Adjuster



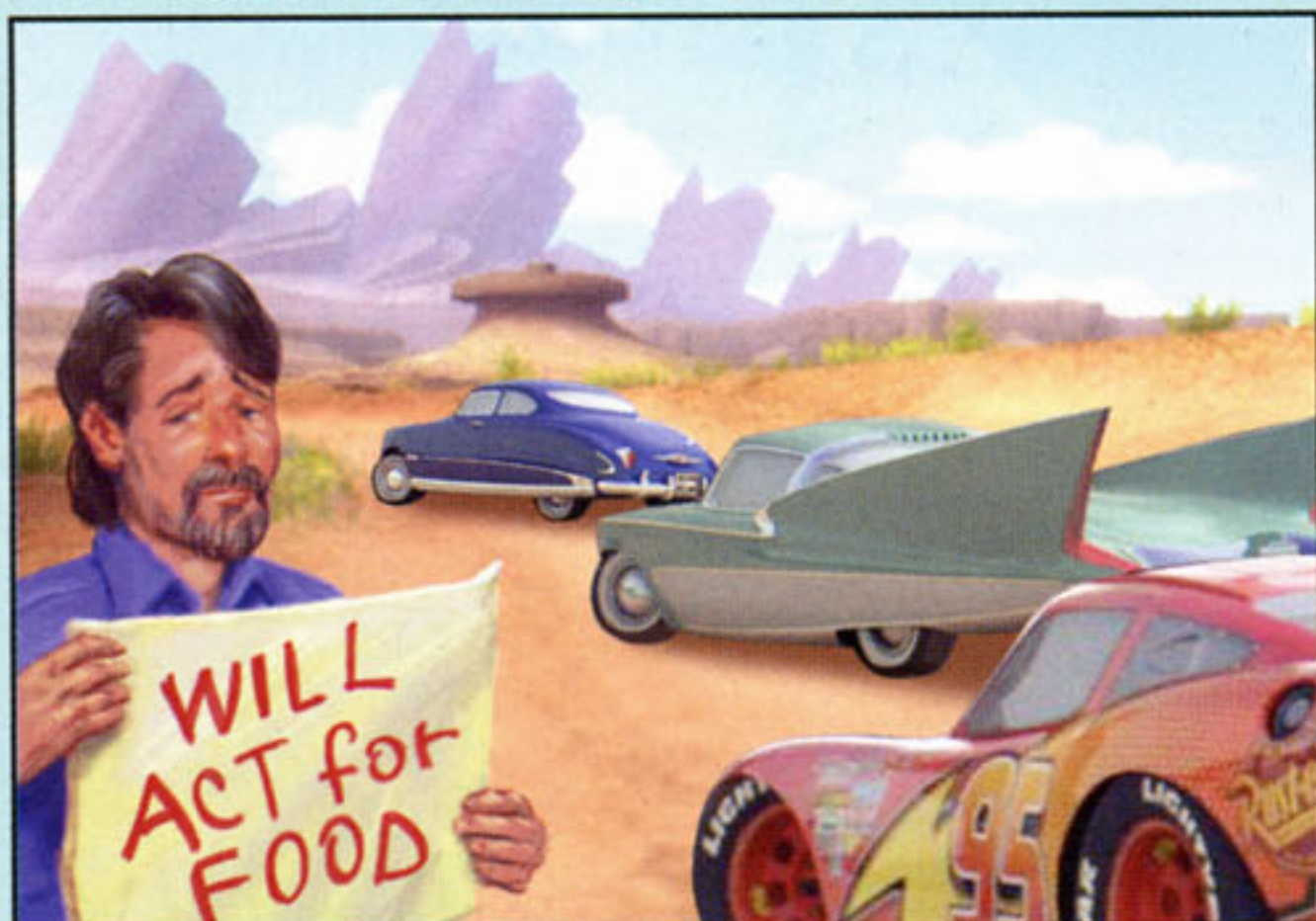
"Mile High Club" Lavatory Guardian



CHEAT CODES FOR PIXAR'S CARS: THE GAME

1. Enter the Cheat Code: **REDNECKWRECK**

This cheat puts a hitchhiker on the side of the road. If you slow down as you pass him, you'll see that it's Jeff Foxworthy, who still can't believe that Larry the Cable Guy got a part in a big movie and he didn't!



2. Enter the Cheat Code: **IBURNFORYOU**

Enter this code to pop up an on-screen fuel display that shows you how many fossilized characters from Ice Age you've burned through.



3. Enter the Cheat Code: **TRAGICALLYHIP**

If you're not a big fan of Pixar, this code can make the game sound more like a Dreamworks picture. It replaces the in-game dialogue with increasingly random quotes and pop culture references. If you close your eyes, you'll swear that you're playing a game based on *Shrek* or *Shark Tale*!

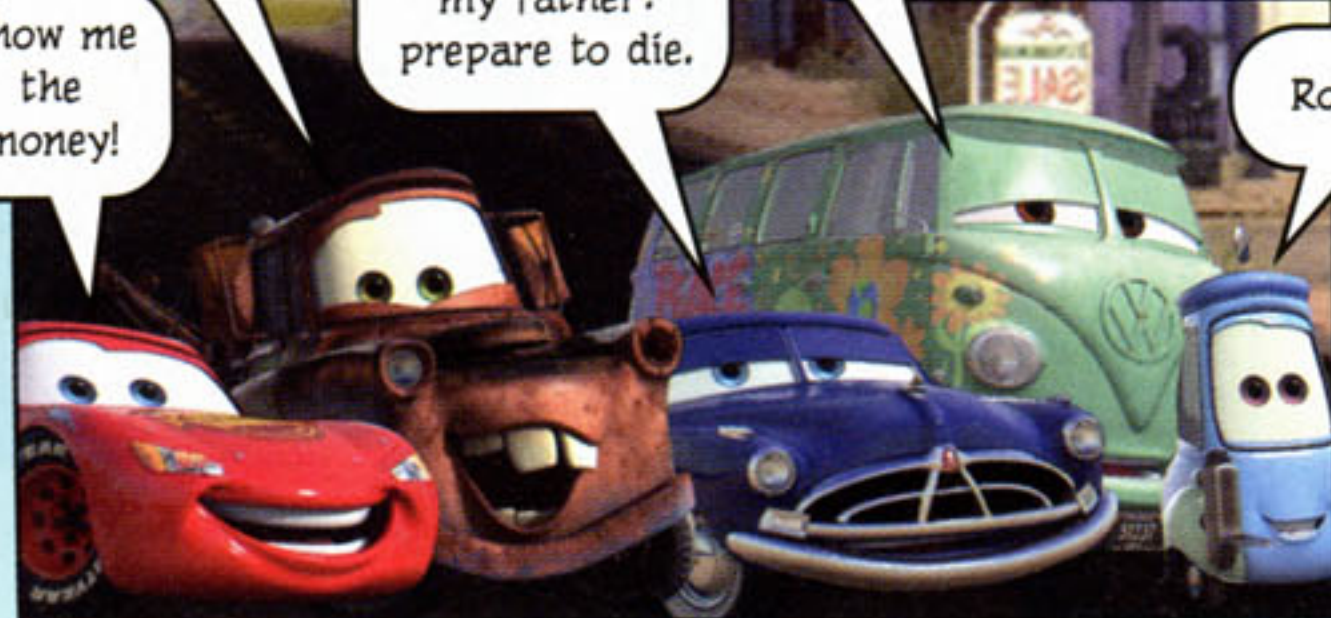
I'll get you my pretties...and your little dog, too!

Show me the money!

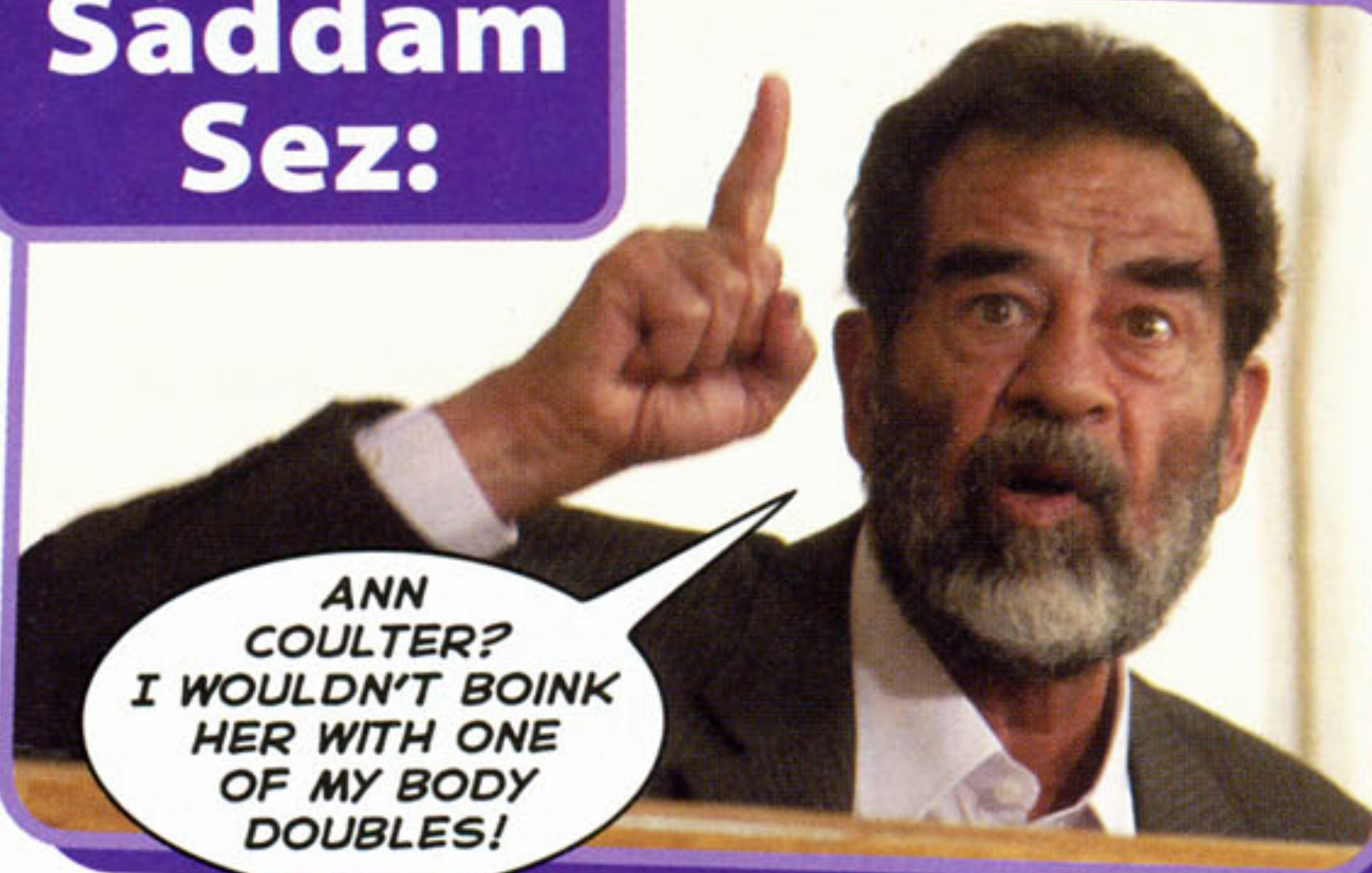
Hello, my name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father: prepare to die.

I don't like sand. It's coarse and rough and irritating and it gets everywhere. Not like here. Here everything is soft and smooth.

Rosebud!



Saddam Sez:



ANN COULTER?
I WOULDN'T BOINK HER WITH ONE OF MY BODY DOUBLES!

PHOTO: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

THE GODFREY REPORT

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Hoagies	Heroes	Grinders
Activities	Hobbies	Pastimes
Pulleys	Levers	Wedges

THE NFL'S REF REPORT: THIS MONTH—**"POSEIDON"**



A huge wave crashes into the mighty ship Poseidon...



And turns it completely upside down!



A brave passenger volunteers to lead the survivor to the top of the ship.



With water well over their heads...



They hold their breath...



And swim to safety. But most importantly...



They learn the power of trust.



Good night everybody!

FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

Charles Akins Scott Bricher Tom Cheney Matthew A. Cohen Jack Davis
Jonathan Edwards Frank Jacobs Darren Johnson Jacob Lambert
Teresa Burns Parkhurst Kiernan P. Schmitt Bob Staake Rick Tulka



Good morning, Mr. Cruise. The organization you are looking at is Paramount Pictures. Once a powerhouse in the film industry, in the past few years it's fallen on hard times, producing such box-office fiascos as *The Honeymooners* and *Yours, Mine and Ours*. It is in desperate need of a summer blockbuster.

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to change your image from a googly-eyed, ranting nutcase who leaps on couches and puts down psychiatry and go back to being a huge superstar who can propel a formulaic action film into box office gold! This tape will self-destruct in five seconds.

If you choose not to accept the assignment, we will arrange for you to go back on the talk show circuit, where you will talk and be yourself, and your *career* will self-destruct in five months!

MISSION:

The good news is Tom, my Tom, the father of my child and my future husband, is BACK! He still has the killer smile, the athletic moves and he does his own stunts!

Yeah, but the bad news is he still has the same acting skills he had in *Cocktail*!

I'm Ether Hunk, a secret agent who's posing as a traffic analyst! It's tough to separate my jobs! Yesterday, I beat up a 53-year-old woman who I thought was a rogue school crossing guard!



I'm engaged to Ether! But I don't really know the guy! I do know he likes activity! He scales walls like *Spider-Man*! He leaps from tall buildings like *Superman*! Unfortunately, he makes love like the *Flash*!

I'm Zen! The IMF team has white guys and black secret agents! They needed a hot Asian chick! I don't do much in this film but wear a slinky, backless dress! That's probably enough! I'm sure you'll agree it's better than another bridge explosion!

In this film we go from Virginia to Berlin to the Vatican to Shanghai!

I understand they fired the first draft writer — who pitched that they go from Akron to Toledo to Poughkeepsie to Boise!

IMPLAUSIBLE 3

In my last film, *Capote*, I was a gay, lisping novelist! Now I'm Omen Deviate, a sleazy, torture-loving villain who implants explosives inside people's brains for fun!

I make Saddam Hussein seem like Gandhi! Hey, I love the critical acclaim, but I'm not sure I like the Hollywood casting buzz: "We need a creepy guy, get me Philip Seymour Hoffman!"

I'm Lurker! With satellite imaging and heat signature scanners, our IMF tech team can isolate and capture any international terrorist in any remote corner of the world! If only we could develop similar technology for car keys!

I'm Brassy! This is Musket! We're good guys, but then again we could be bad guys! One of us could be a mole!

In the beginning we seem good, then, one of us appears suspicious, then there are some twists, some head games, a red herring, a maguffin and a cheese danish. Hey, when's lunch?

I'm Jack Bauer of 24 and even I'm totally confused by this ridiculous plot!



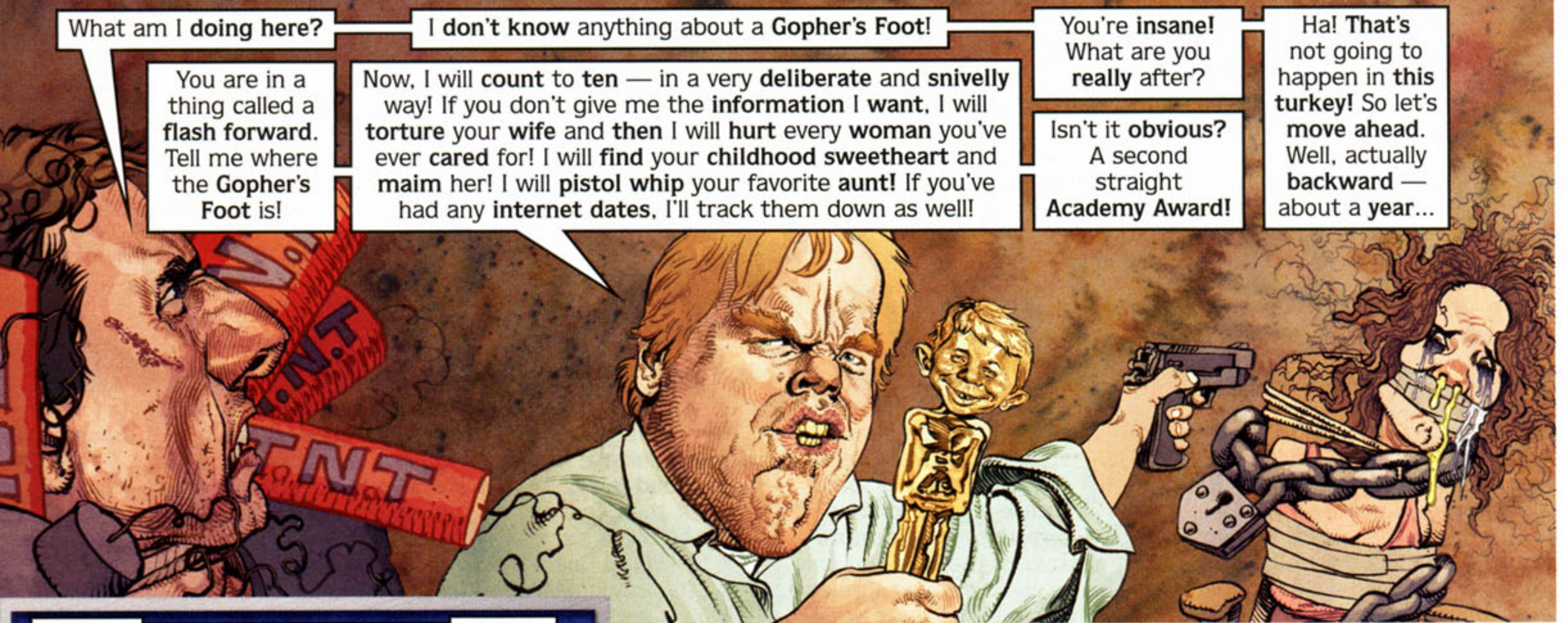
Okay, Let's do that thing the audience is waiting for! Let's see the burning fuse and hear the pounding beat of the *Mission Impossible* theme!

Problem! They play that theme music at the top of the film and then again at the very end!

So, what's the problem?

There's a 126-minute lull between themes. It's called the plot!

DUH-DUH-DUH-DA,
DUH-DUH-DUH-DA!



What am I doing here?

I don't know anything about a Gopher's Foot!

You're insane!
What are you
really after?

Ha! That's
not going to
happen in this
turkey! So let's
move ahead.
Well, actually
backward —
about a year...

You are in a
thing called a
flash forward.
Tell me where
the Gopher's
Foot is!

Now, I will count to ten — in a very deliberate and snivelly way! If you don't give me the information I want, I will torture your wife and then I will hurt every woman you've ever cared for! I will find your childhood sweetheart and maim her! I will pistol whip your favorite aunt! If you've had any internet dates, I'll track them down as well!

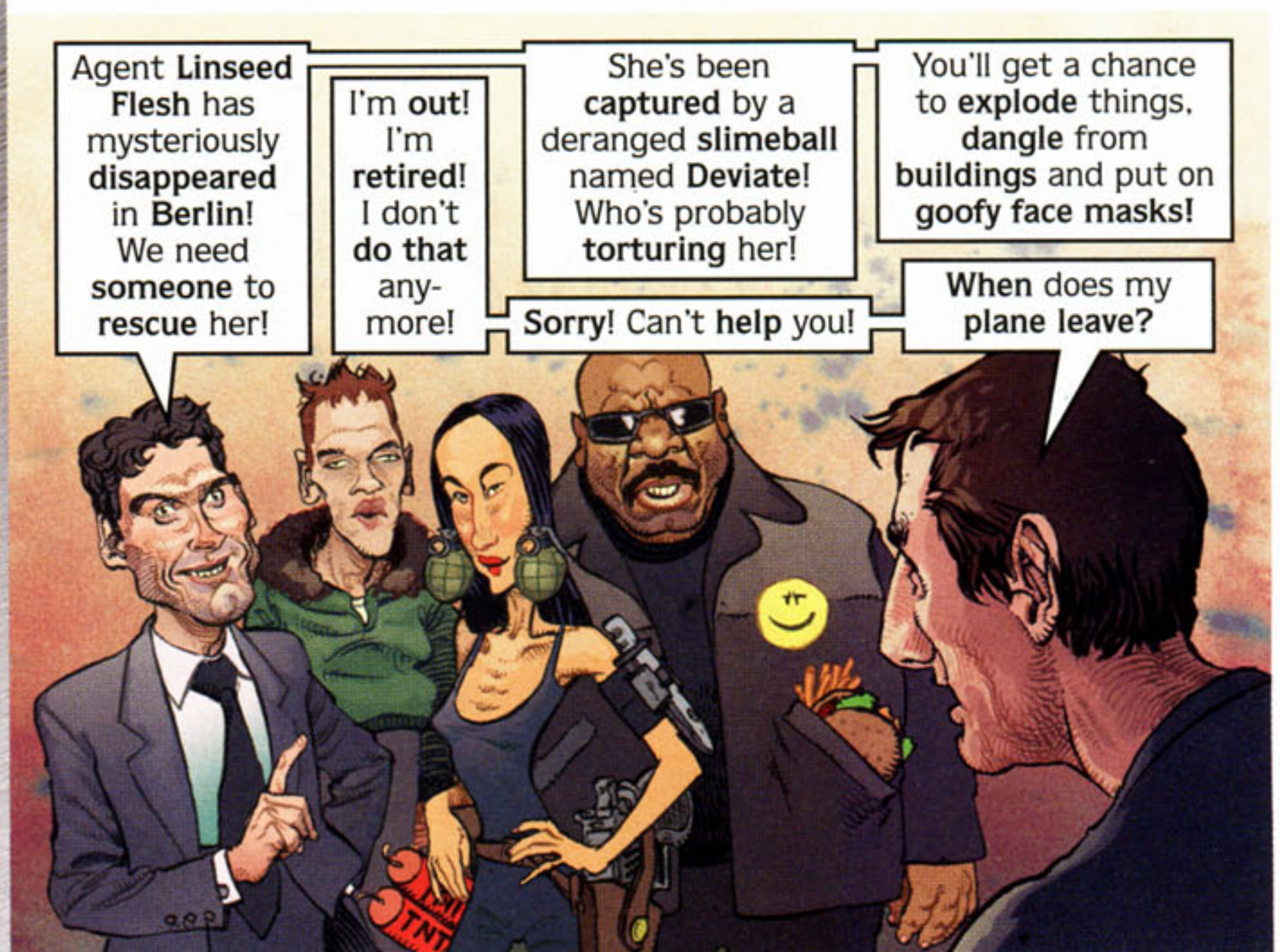
Isn't it obvious?
A second
straight
Academy Award!



Juniper,
You've
hooked
yourself
quite
a
guy!

Yes, but I don't know
too much about
him! He says he's a
traffic coordinator,
but I suspect he may
be something else!

Why?
He keeps
checking
the onion
dip for
explosives!



Agent Linseed
Flesh has
mysteriously
disappeared
in Berlin!
We need
someone to
rescue her!

I'm out!
I'm
retired!
I don't
do that
any-
more!

She's been
captured by a
deranged slimeball
named Deviate!
Who's probably
torturing her!

You'll get a chance
to explode things,
dangle from
buildings and put on
goofy face masks!

Sorry! Can't help you!

When does my
plane leave?



That fiend tortured
me and injected a
detonator inside
my brain! Do you
think I'll make it?

Agent Flesh, my job is to save
your life! That's all I'm thinking
about! Uh, incidentally, in this
pose do you think I look
pumped enough?



Ever have one of those days when you invade
a Berlin warehouse, rescue a gorgeous agent
who's had an explosive implanted in her head
and, while you're trying to defibrillate her,
you're suddenly in the middle of a helicopter
chase through a windmill farm?

At IMF
we have
a name
for
that!

What's
that?
It's
called
Tuesday!





This is one of those quiet, personal moments that was lacking in the first two *Mission: Implausibles!*

Yes, I know!

What are you thinking right now?

The same thing the audience is thinking! It's time for a car crash or an explosion or a bizarre caper! These quiet moments bite!

From a snapshot of Deviate we were able to duplicate his face and his voice imprint. You will have exactly the same face and same voice!

What about emotion, range and inflection?

That's called acting! You're on your own! We're secret agents, not miracle workers!

You can come easy, or I can make it difficult for you! It's up to you!

Who are you under that mask?

I am Howie Mandel! And my question to you, Omen Deviate, is... Deal or No Deal!?

This is déjà vu all over again.

You're right! This bridge exploding/missile attack scene is an exact replica of the bridge scene in *True Lies*, that Arnold Schwarzenegger/Jamie Lee Curtis film!

And the hero's wife doesn't have a clue to his real identity! Also ripped off from that Schwarzenegger film!

We better hurry to prevent disaster!

Like what?

Tom Cruise running for Governor of California!

I forget the plot! What are we doing here in Shanghai?

Does it really matter? All that matters is it's one of the four big action locations in the film!

And what about Ether? What is he up to?

I'm not sure. But I think the schmuck's taking his instructions to "hang around Shanghai" a little too literal!



Look at that man! Why is he running through the back streets of Shanghai?

And why is he running so fast — in one continuous film shot that's easily a minute thirty seconds too long?

Is it to save his girlfriend? To find the Gopher's Foot? To capture Deviate?

Actually, I think it's because he stopped at Wong's, the local street vendor, and had the eel gizzards, the octopus snout and the special of the day, yak salad! He's got to find a men's room and fast!



Musket! So you're the mole high up in the administration who's working for the enemy! Do you realize that's one of the oldest clichés in movies?

What of it, boy scout?

You're gonna be wiped out by another movie cliché: a woman who never held a weapon in her life suddenly becomes a sharpshooter!



Deviate, you're no match for me! I do my own stunts. I plummet from rooftops. I swing from building to building. I leap across burning bridges!

You're forgetting one simple stunt you could never do!

At the beginning of this film the producers gave you a paper bag! Seems you couldn't act your way out of it!

Hey, some stunts are tougher than others!

What's that?



Well, it was quite a ride, Ether! You destroyed Deviate, you recovered the mysterious Gopher's Foot, you uncovered the traitor inside our bureau and you hold the record for a two-mile dash through China!

Thank you, sir!

Because of the way you handled things here, I'm certain the next mission will be more impossible!

What is that impossible mission?

A fourth installment of this tired franchise!





THE ROIDS OF SUMMER DEPT.

He's won 7 MVP Awards, which usually means "Most Valuable Player," though in his case many think it stands for "Most Venomous Prick." Here's...

BARRY



AT THE BAT



The baseball season sparkled back in 1998,
With home runs being clouted at a most prestigious rate;
The Maris season record was surpassed by Mark McGwire,
Which joyous fans declared was an achievement to admire.

But Barry Bonds, though still a star, was filled with rage and spite;
He'd been eclipsed by someone else — what's worse, the dude was white;
He nosed around and soon would find Big Mac had joined the frat
Of jocks who knew that steroids could enhance each time at bat.

Big bashers got the headlines now — the rest were out of date;
No sweat, the folks at BALCO Labs stepped smartly to the plate;
For Bonds, their line of "nutrients" would surely help him out,
To beef him up till he became the latest King of Clout.

In just a year the world would see a brand-new Barry Bonds,
Rebuilt with hormone shots and pills and special creams (not Ponds);
Great muscles he displayed, with wondrous delts and pecs and abs —
The pride of San Francisco, not to mention BALCO Labs.

A new day dawned for Bonds and soon he'd break McGwire's mark,
His homers streaking through the sky and out of Pac Bell Park;
Fans marveled at his new-found strength, the fastballs that he drove,
Which landed with a wondrous splash into McCovey Cove.

He'd earn a slew of MVPs, be hailed an all-time great,
But trouble now was brewing — some would call it Steroidgate;
Jose Canseco authored *Juiced*, which gave us our first clue;
Big Mac was outed in the book, oh, yes, and Barry too.

Commissioner Bud Selig vowed that he would set things right,
Then dropped the ball as once again he'd prove to be "Bud Lite";
As for the Players Union, their response was crystal clear —
Do nothing, and then pray to God the mess would disappear.

The scandal moved to Congress, where top sluggers testified:
Viagra shill Palmeiro stood erect and firmly lied;
Big Mac bemoaned, "What's past is past" and shrugged off any blame;
Said Sosa, "No comprende," packed his bags and quit the game.



The Feds took aim at BALCO and in court their case was heard;
The bigwigs both got jail terms, making "roids" a dirty word;
Though Sheffield and a host of other sluggers were exposed,
'Twas Barry Bonds who led the list, with crimes not yet disclosed.

But once again the league would take a wishy-washy stand,
That is, until the hot book, *Game of Shadows* rocked the land;
Bud Selig, still a bumbling wuss, at last would intervene
And swore he'd nail the juicers till the sport was squeaky clean.

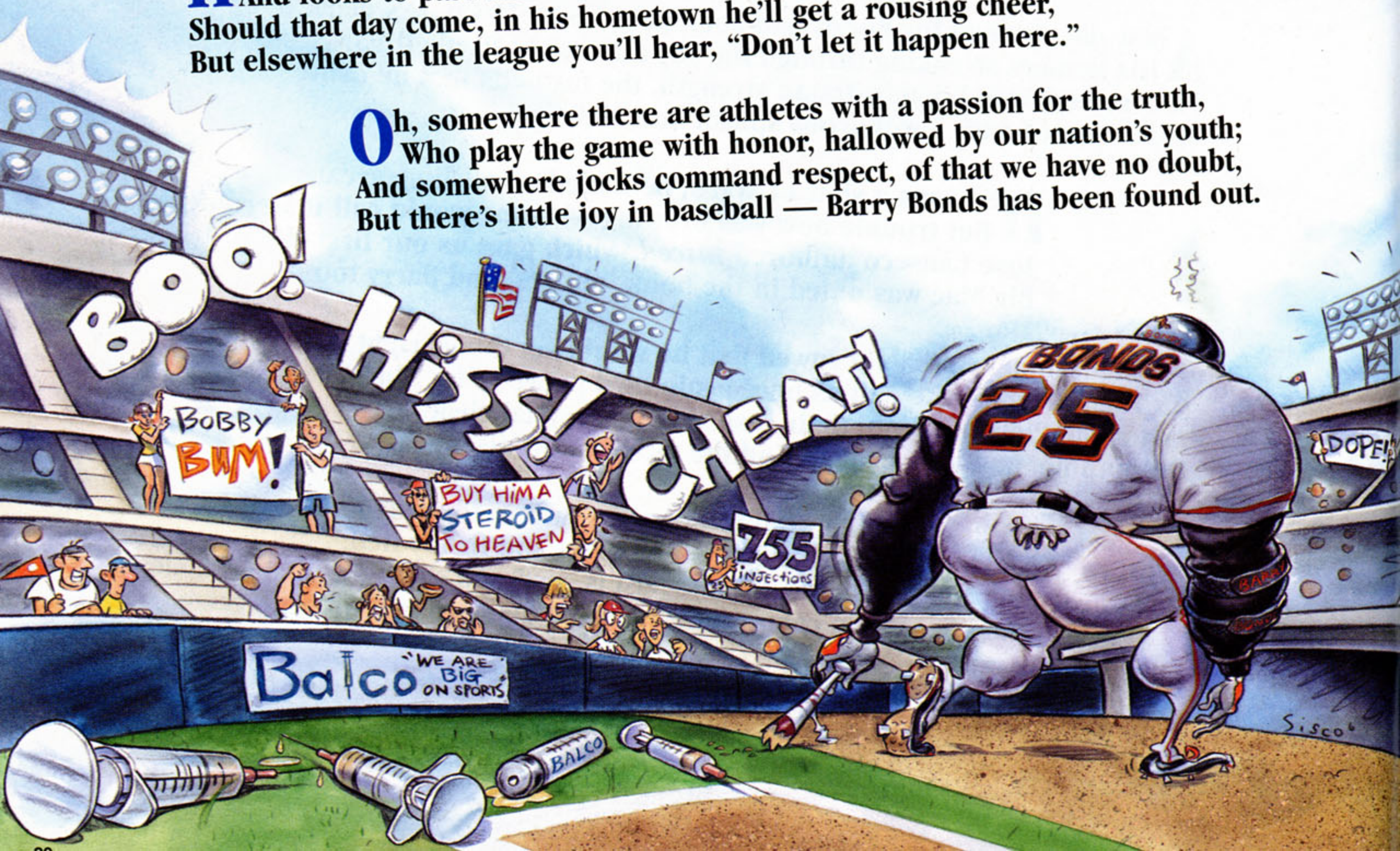
The headlines now belonged to Bonds, outdistancing Big Mac,
More talked about than Britney Spears, gas prices or Iraq;
ESPN aired *Bonds On Bonds*, a serving of pure pap;
How nice to see his "softer side" without that steroid crap.

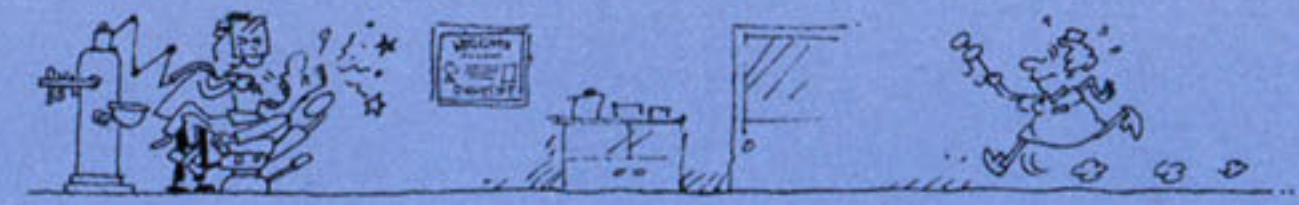
To Giants fans, he still remains a hero to acclaim —
An icon of the grand old game who'll make the Hall of Fame;
Those filthy steroid rumors cannot possibly be true;
His talent merely proves what healthy exercise can do.

But on the road, not many "Welcome" banners are in sight;
Fans toss syringes on the field and seldom are polite;
"Bonds sucks!" proclaim the signs in Cincinnati and L.A.;
"You f*cking cheat!" is often heard at Wrigley Field and Shea.

He now has edged the Babe for homers hit in a career,
And looks to pass Hank Aaron sometime later in the year;
Should that day come, in his hometown he'll get a rousing cheer,
But elsewhere in the league you'll hear, "Don't let it happen here."

Oh, somewhere there are athletes with a passion for the truth,
Who play the game with honor, hallowed by our nation's youth;
And somewhere jocks command respect, of that we have no doubt,
But there's little joy in baseball — Barry Bonds has been found out.





Planet TAD!!!!!!



[About Me]

[Name|Tad]

[Age|Still not old enough to drive]

[Favorite book|Your sister's diary]

[15 August|11:04am]

[mood|  sweaty]

I think it's weird that there aren't any holidays in **August**. Every other month has at least one, and **February** has three, probably because February sucks so much that's the only way to get through it. It's like, "Hey, it's cold and dark and depressing, but here's a **groundhog**! And presidents! And valentines!"

If I ever get to have a holiday named after myself, I'm going to have it happen in August. I know that usually, a holiday goes near the birthday of whoever it's honoring, and my birthday's in February. But I'm going to say it's August 15th, and call it "Tad's Birthday (Observed)."

[18 August|02:08pm]

[mood|  bored]

I went to the mall with my mom today to finally buy my summer reading books, **Animal Farm** and **The Great Gatsby**. My mom also dragged me along to **Linens 'N' Things**, which I think is the stupidest name for a store ever. Think about it: Linens...'N' Things. It's super-specific, then super-general. It's like calling your pet store "Box Turtles 'N' Stuff", or a grocery store "Oatmeal, Etc."

[18 August|09:15pm]

[mood|  nauseous]

The family went out to dinner tonight to **Chili's**, and in the restroom, they had this sign:



It made me wonder if any customer has ever wound up just standing there, in front of the sink, waiting for an employee to come wash his hands for him.

[19 August|12:16pm]

I bet that, if all the animal mascots for products got together for a convention — like, if the **Trix rabbit** and the **Cocoa Puffs cuckoo** and **Elsie the cow** all got together — I kind of think that everyone would make a point of avoiding the **Charmin ass-wiping bears**. Seriously. As best I can tell, those bears would talk about nothing but ass-wiping.



[20 August|03:23pm]

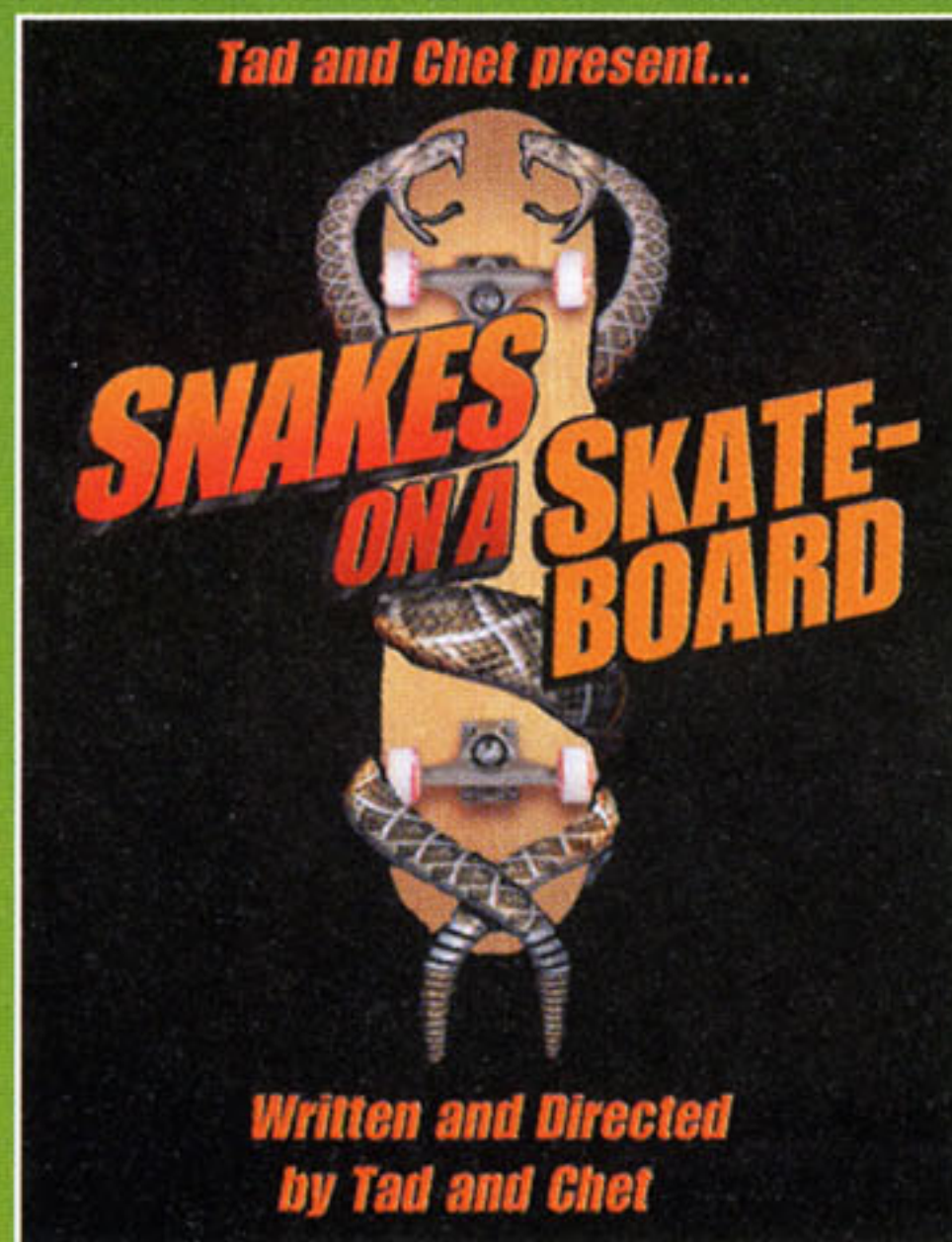
[mood|  unimpressed]

Thirty pages into The Great Gatsby, and I'm still waiting for him to do something great. He just seems like a boring rich guy to me.

[22 August|07:42pm]

[mood|  annoyed]

Chet and I spent today at his house trying to make a movie. We decided to make a sequel to **Snakes on a Plane** called "Snakes on a Skateboard," because Chet's younger brother has some toy snakes, and Chet has a skateboard, so we had everything we needed right there. We even came up with a cool poster:



But then we couldn't agree on whether the movie should be a special-effects extravaganza where giant snakes are attacking a village full of people played by action figures (my idea) or whether the snakes should be regular size and chasing a guy played by Chet (Chet's idea). I pointed out that it doesn't make any sense for snakes to just decide to attack a guy, and Chet said that it doesn't make any sense for there to be giant snakes on a giant skateboard, either, and then he asked me how the snakes can make a skateboard go, and I said, "I don't know, maybe they push it with their tails", and he said, "Wouldn't it be cool if they could move it using their minds?" and I told him that was a stupid idea and then he said for me not to call his ideas stupid and I told him to stop having stupid ideas, and then I went home.

I think this is what is meant by "creative differences."

[26 August|01:08pm]

[mood|  sleepy]

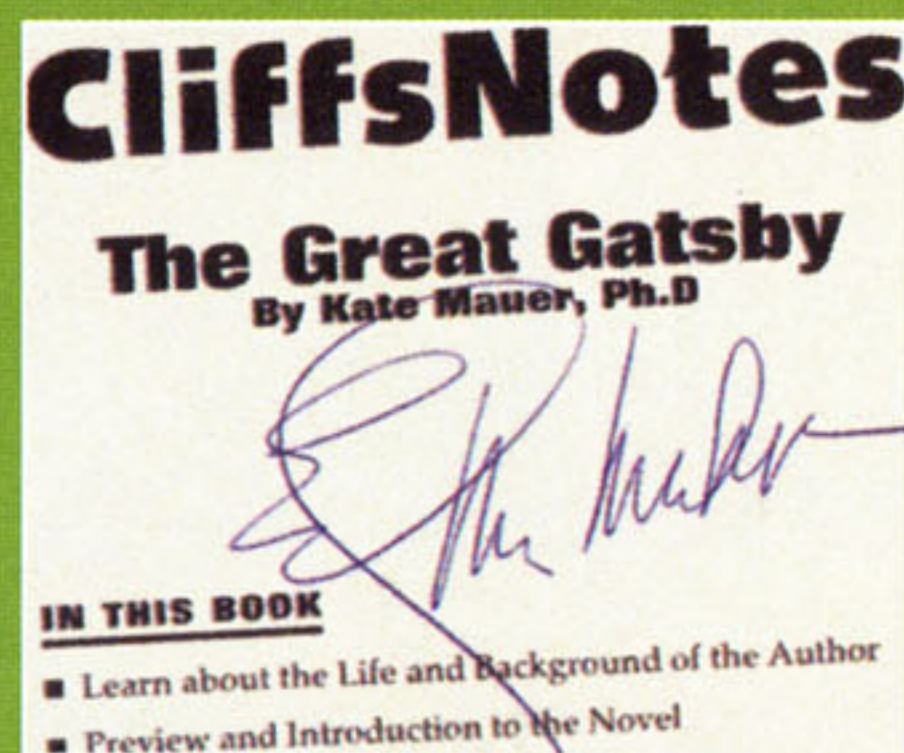
Sophie found my copy of *Animal Farm*, thought the cover was cute, and read it. (She's Gifted and Talented, and reads at a ninth-grade level. I know this because she keeps telling everyone she meets.)

Good news: She can write my book report.

Bad news: Now she keeps waking everyone up with nightmares about how the evil pigs killed **Boxer the horse**.

[29 August|08:15pm]

I went to **Borders** to buy the **CliffsNotes** for *The Great Gatsby* today, and there was a small crowd of old people in the back. I went to see what they were there for, and it turned out **Ed McMahon** was there signing copies of his book **Here's Johnny**. My father said he used to be the co-host of **The Tonight Show**, before **Jay Leno**. I managed to get to his table, and asked him to sign my **CliffsNotes**. He asked if I wouldn't rather have him sign a copy of his book, and I said no, I didn't want to read his book. So he laughed and signed mine:



I asked him if he wanted to do a cameo in a movie about giant snakes on a skateboard, and he said he was busy. I said "Doing what?" and he pretended not to hear me. The store staff then tried to drag me away, but I managed to use my cameraphone to take this picture of him.



WRITER: TIM CARVELL



TEARS FOR SPEARS DEPT.

MAD'S EXCLUSIVE OUTTAKES FROM BRITNEY'S DATELINE NBC INTERVIEW!

I like Larry the Cable Guy —
but I don't understand his jokes when
he gets all intellectual-y!



And I was like,
omigod y'all, I'm pregnant
again! How's this keep
happenin'?



I'm not wearing
socks because NBC said that
since Katie Couric left, *someone*
has to show some leg during
the interviews!



Pssst!
Yo, lemme get
20 bucks?



And (sob) I wanted to
get a (sob) second set of these earrings
(sob) — but the QVC lady said they
were (sob) ALL OUT!





2 + 2 = ?



Al Roker wants to reenact that Madonna kiss I did? Ah-don'-think-so!

OK — let's say **this** is the IQ level of a retarded sloth — where does **Kevin** fall?



Oh dang! My fingers still stink of my "Curious" perfume!

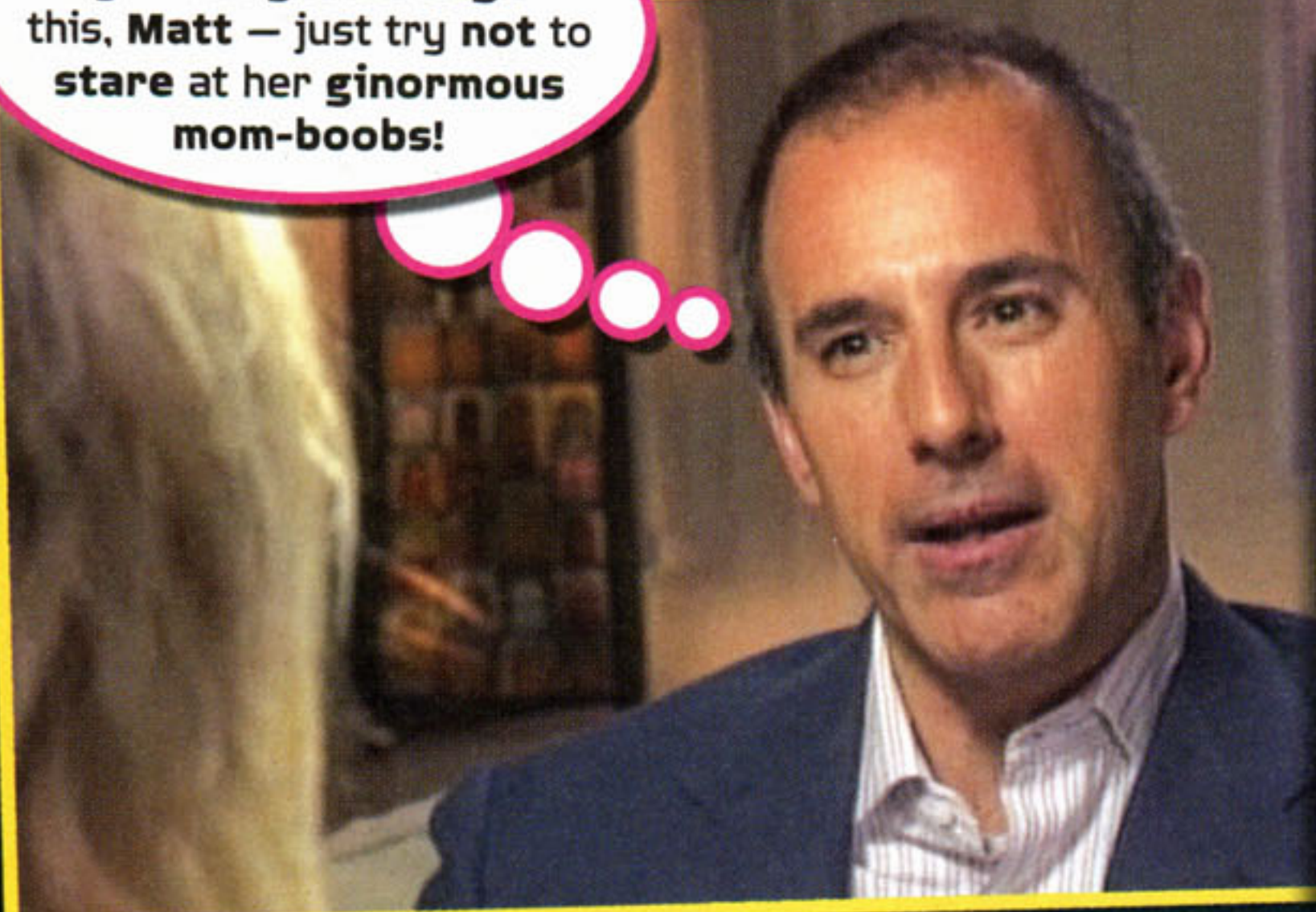
My publicist told me to just do **this** every time I use a word I'm not sure about!



Well, my neck may be broken, but it's still better than having those "Brangelina" freaks as parents!



All right,
you can get **through**
this, **Matt** — just try **not** to
stare at her **ginormous**
mom-boobs!



Oh, is that your
cameraman my **security**
team is **tasering?**
Oopsies!



Each week,
I eat a **bucket** of **KFC**
about **thiiiiis** big!



And then, after
the **General Lee** crashed,
everyone thought **Bo** and
Luke were **dead...**



What? I just
pointed out that **some**
people have said you're
a **M.I.H.F!**



Yeah, so, **Britney's**
pregnant with **#2** — which
means it's time for me to **dump**
her for **Ashlee Simpson**
or **sump'in!**

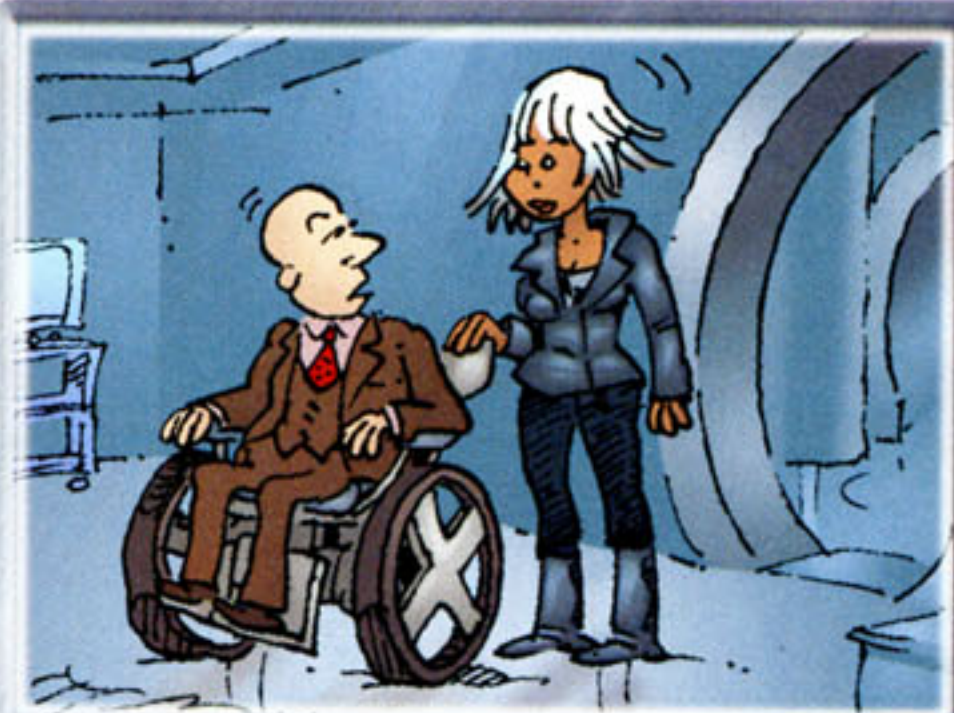
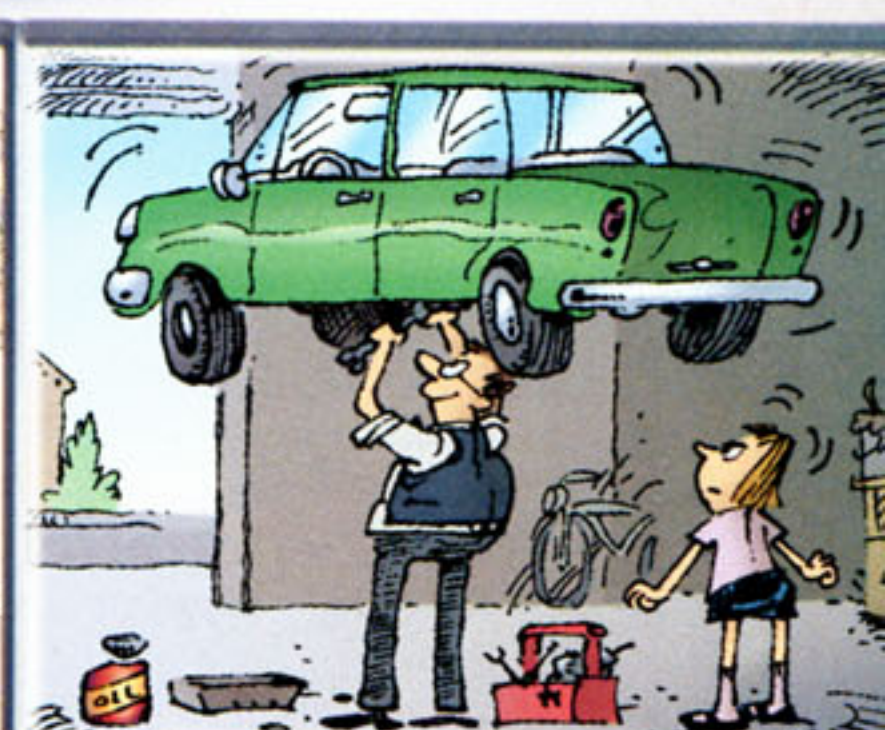
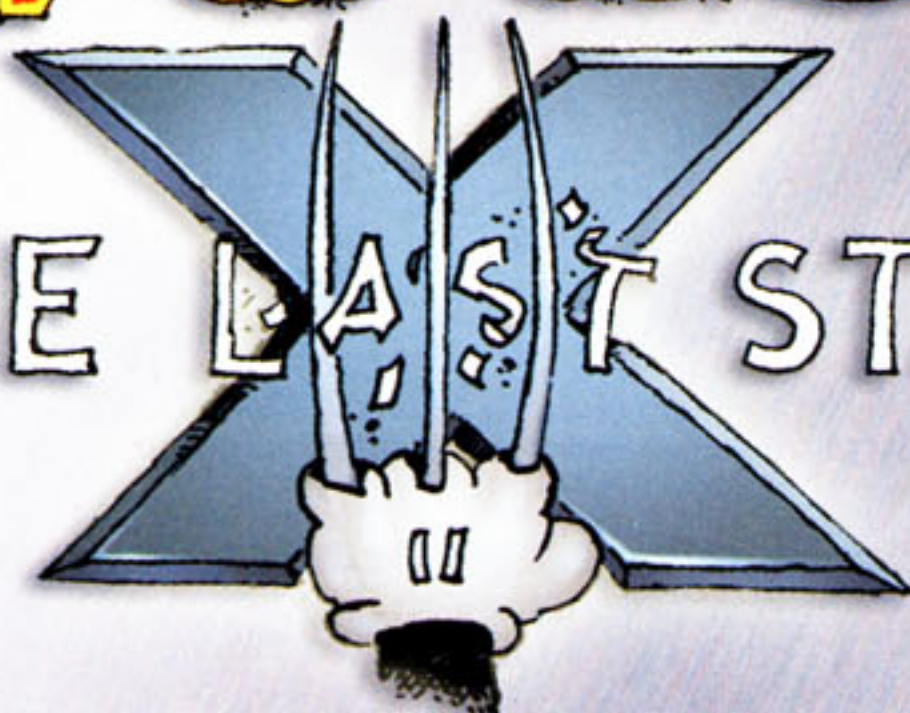


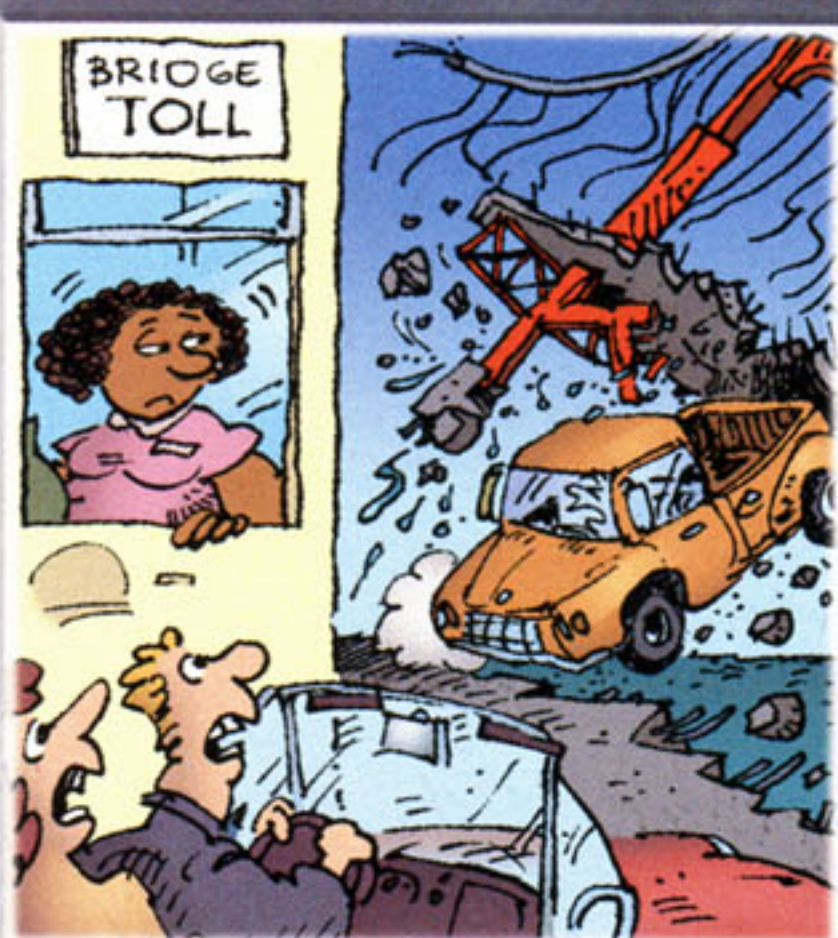
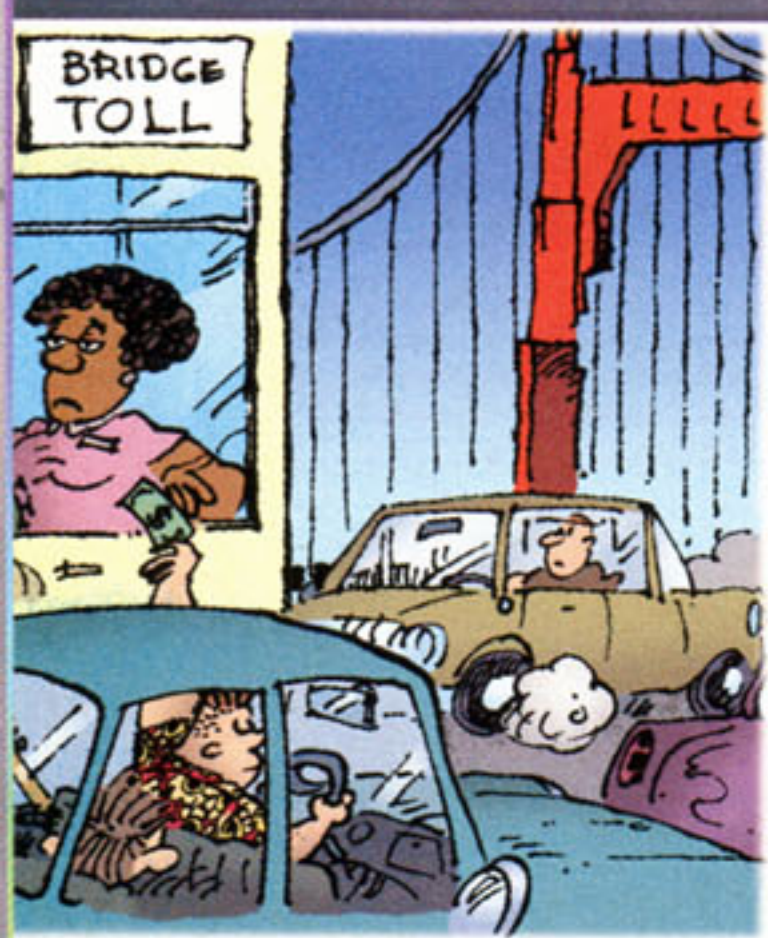
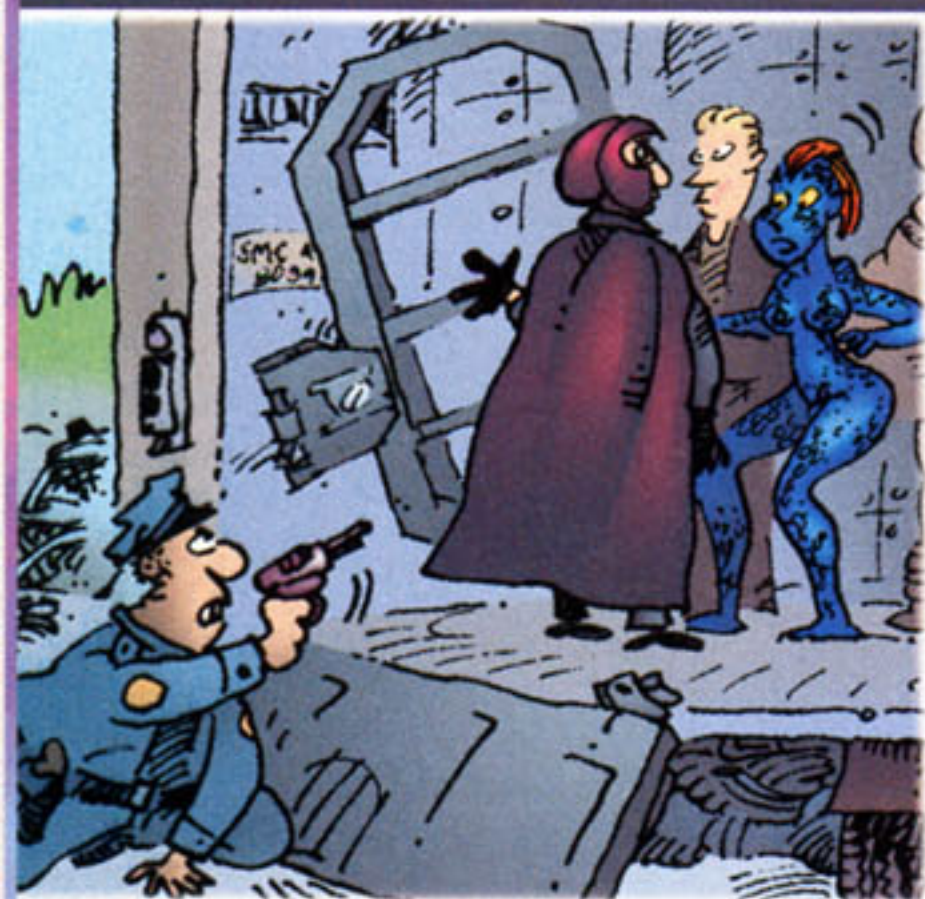
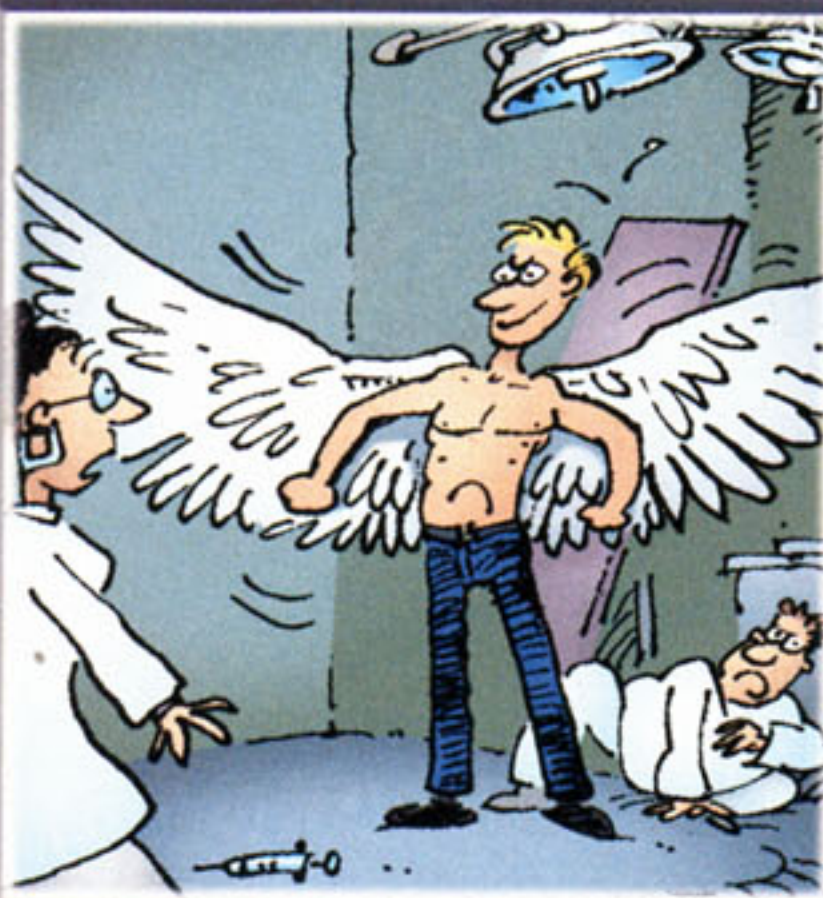
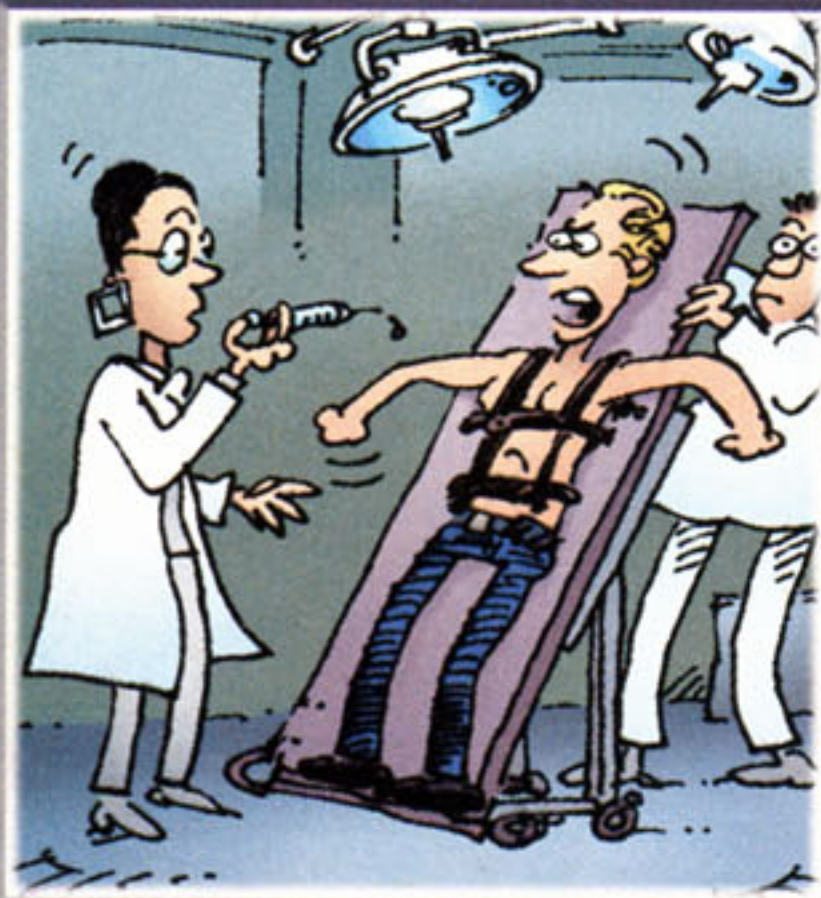
Sergio Aragonés
 presents

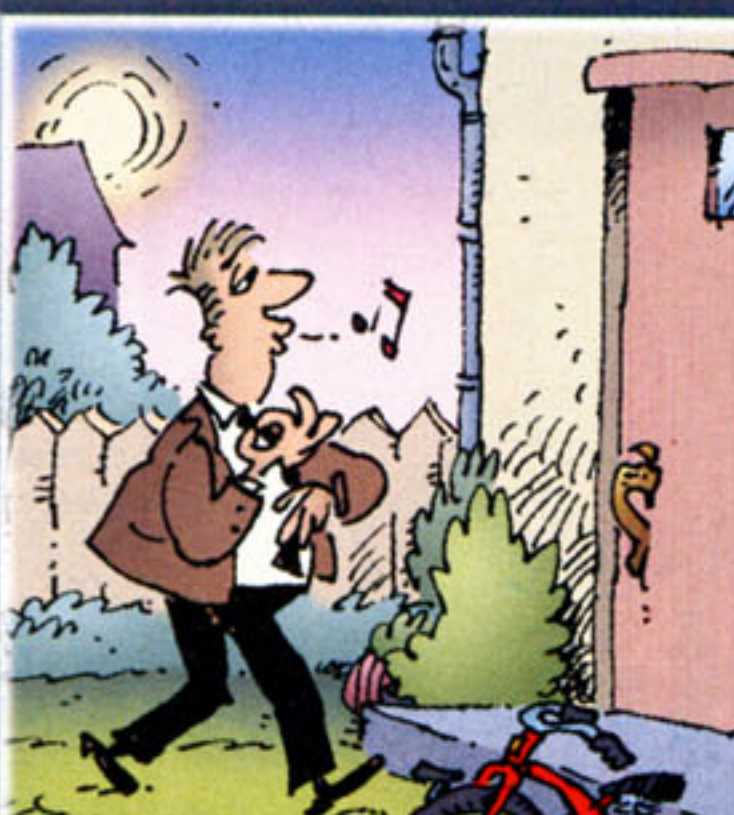
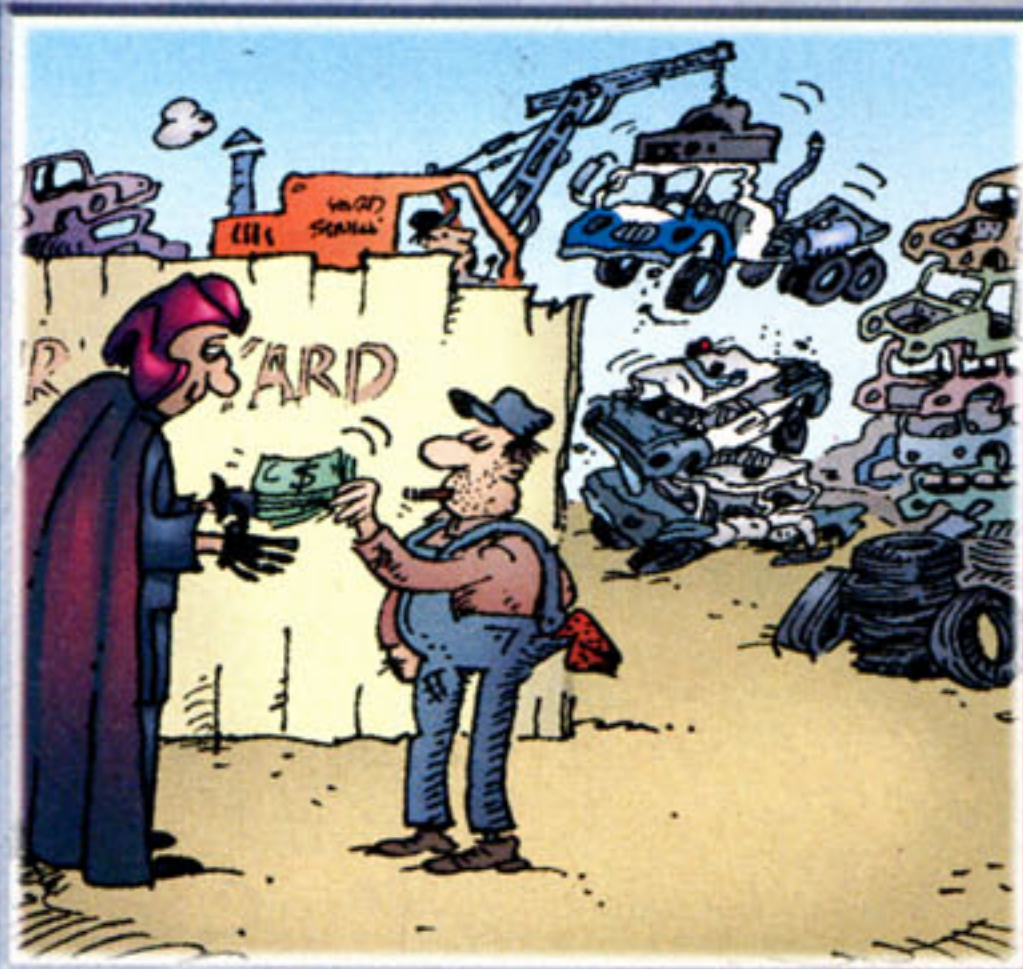
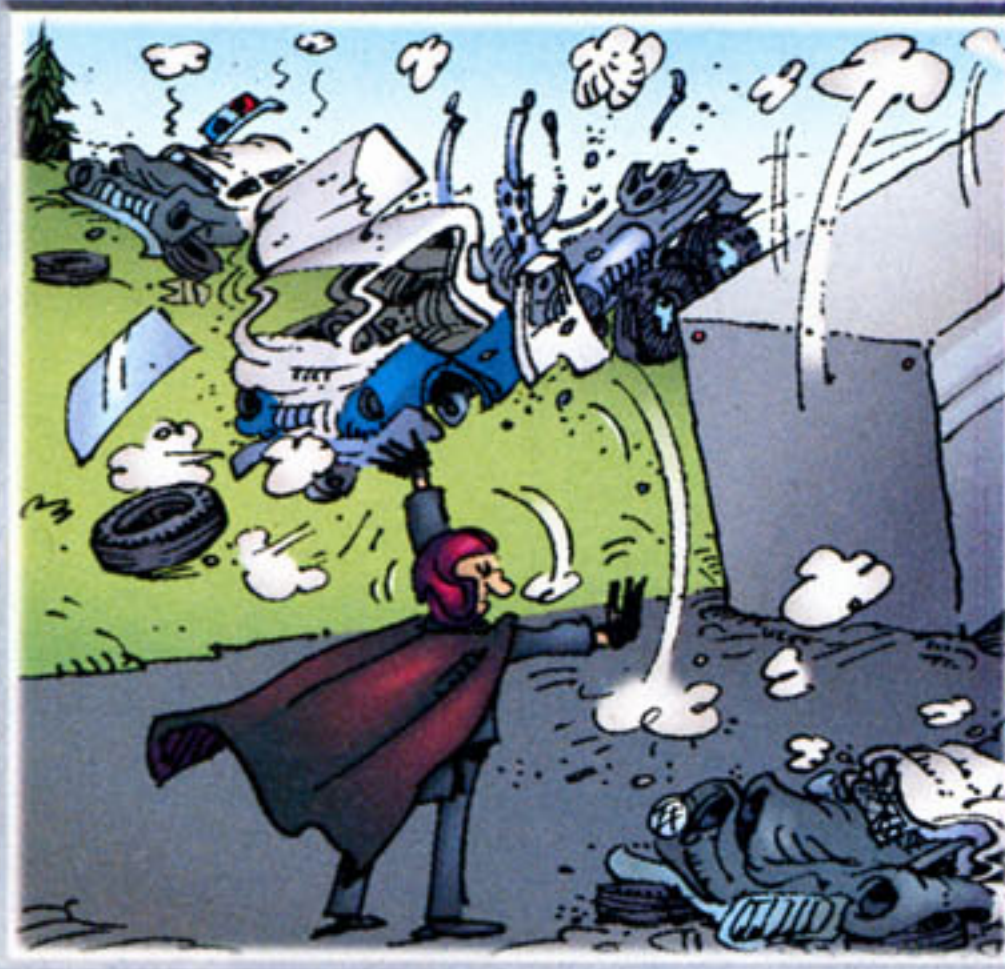
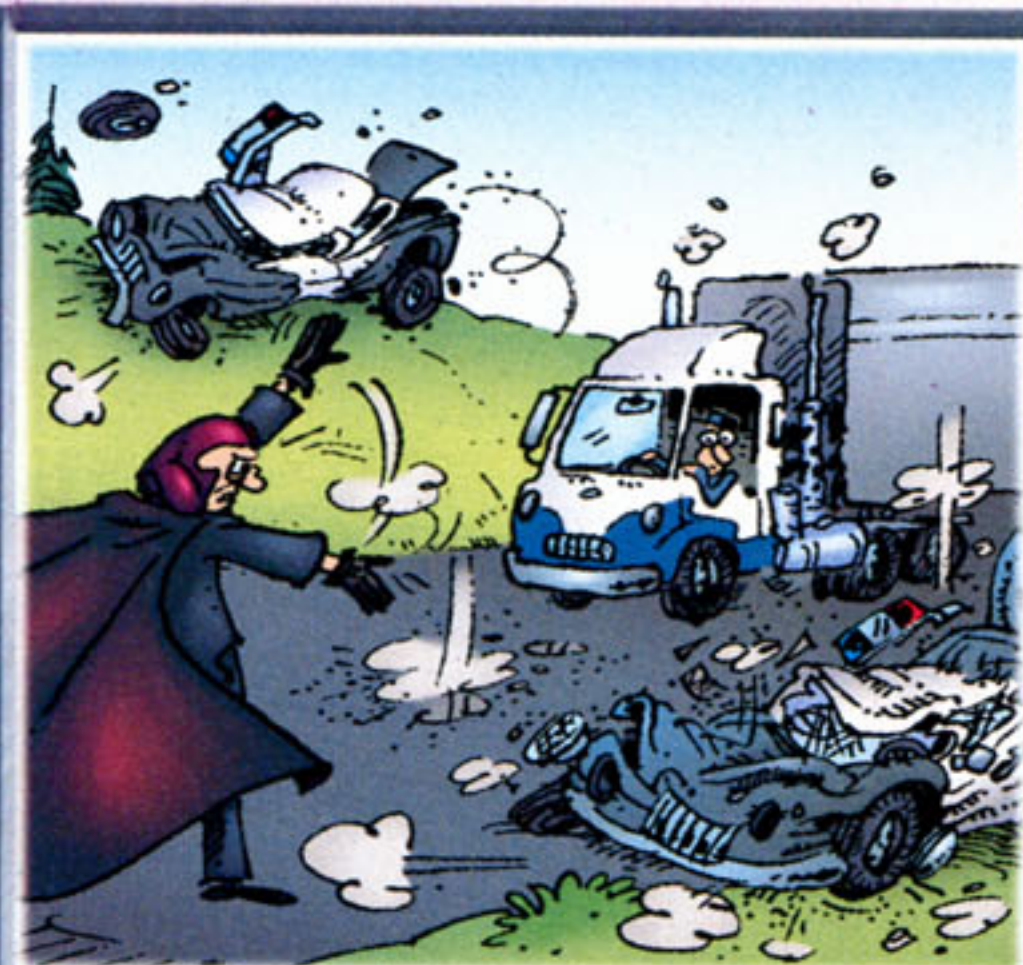
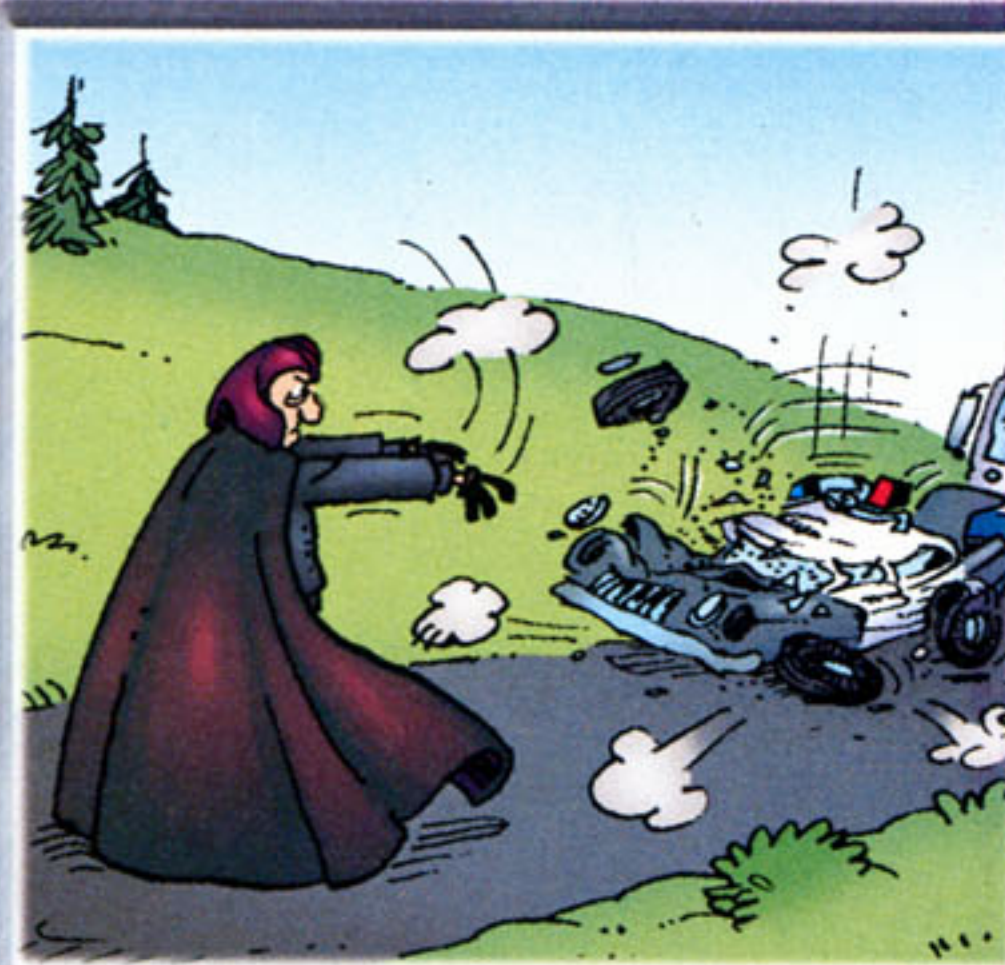
A MAD LOOK

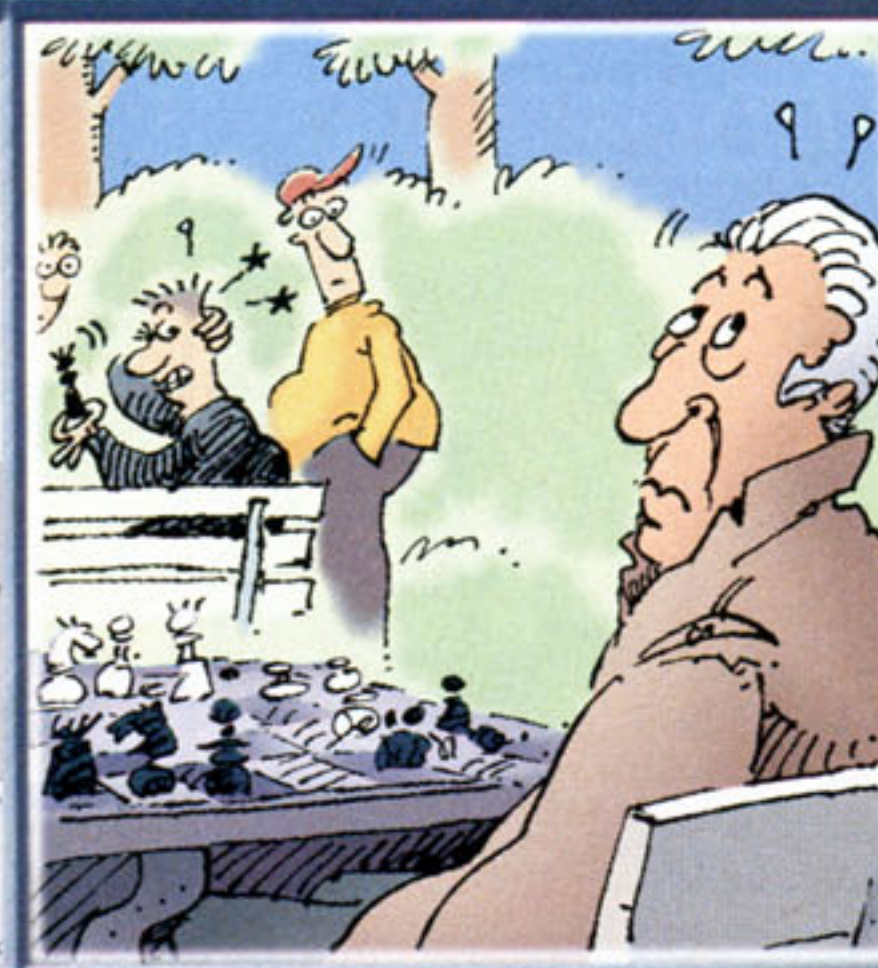
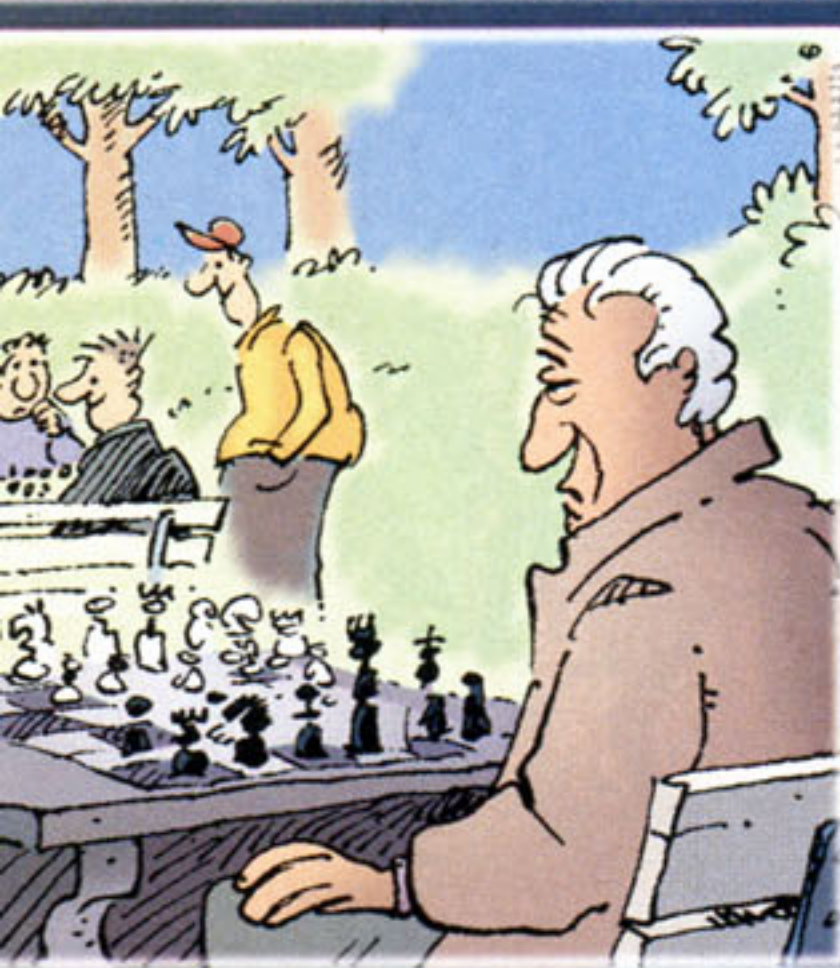
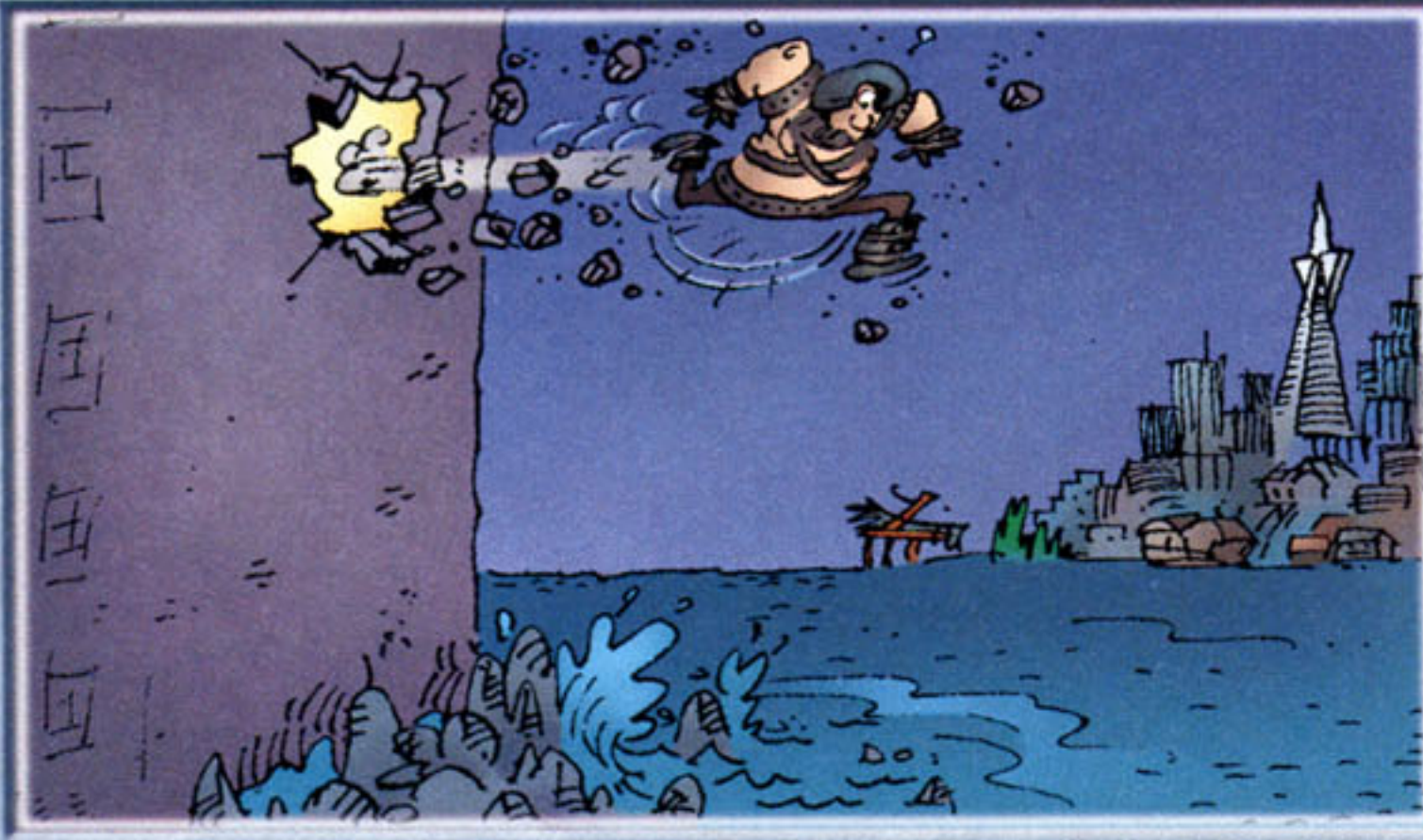
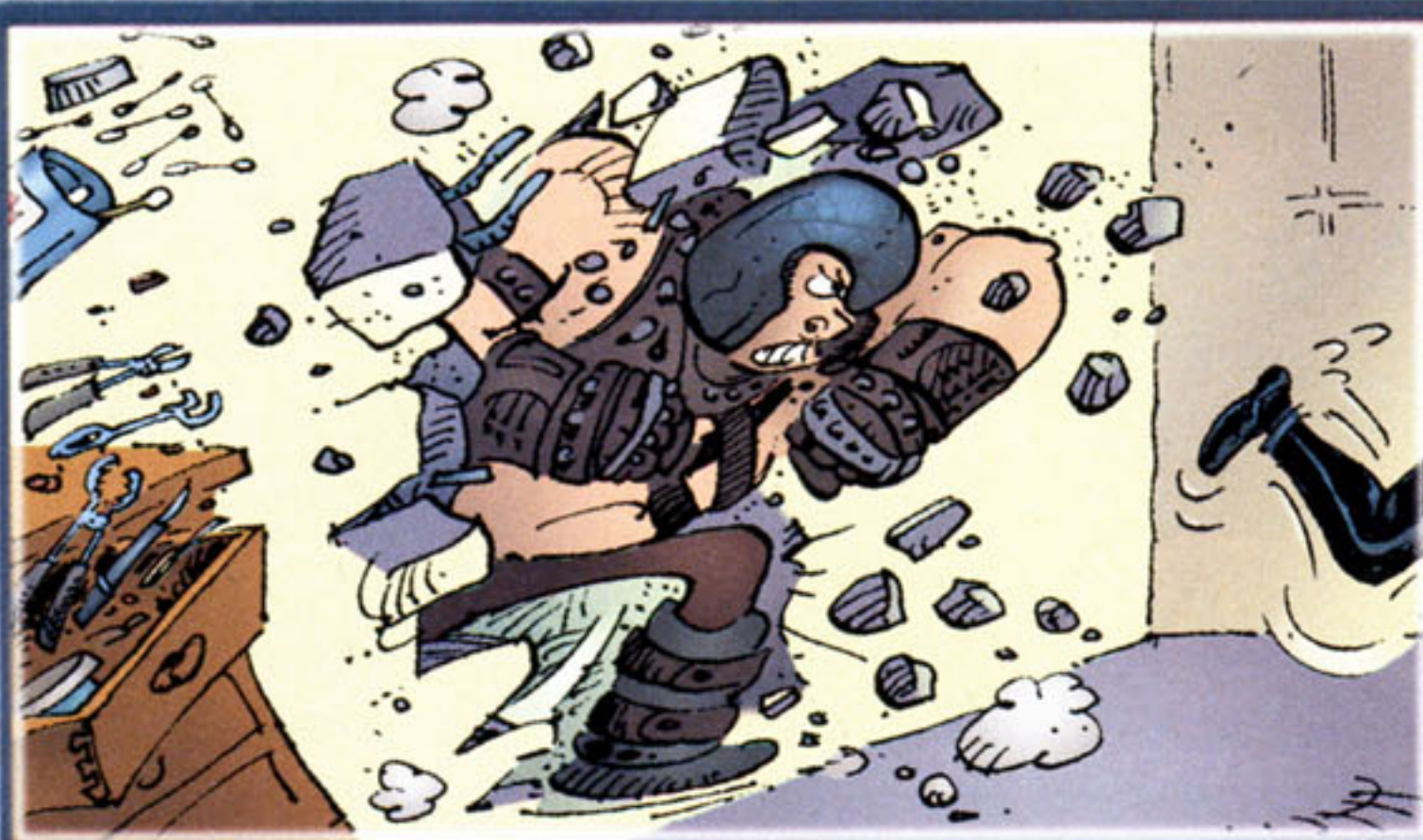
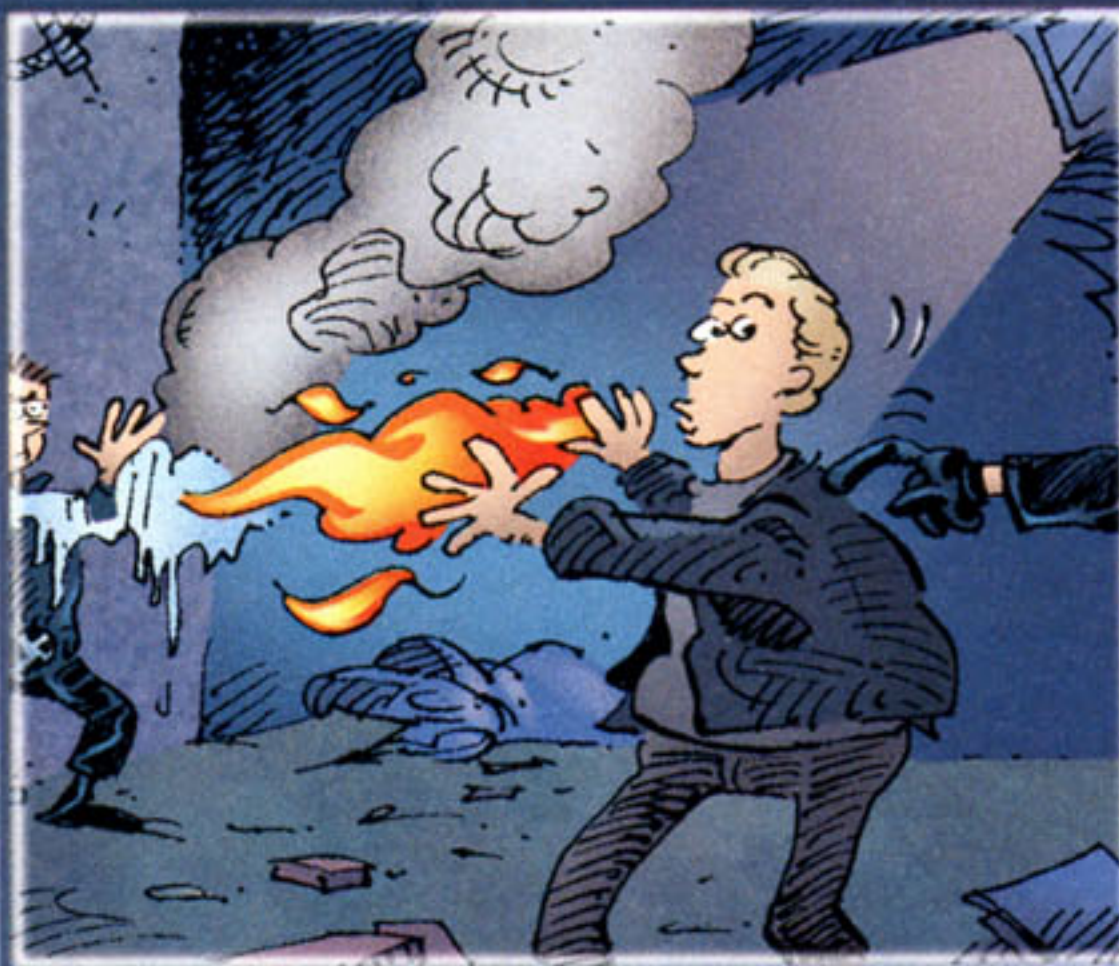
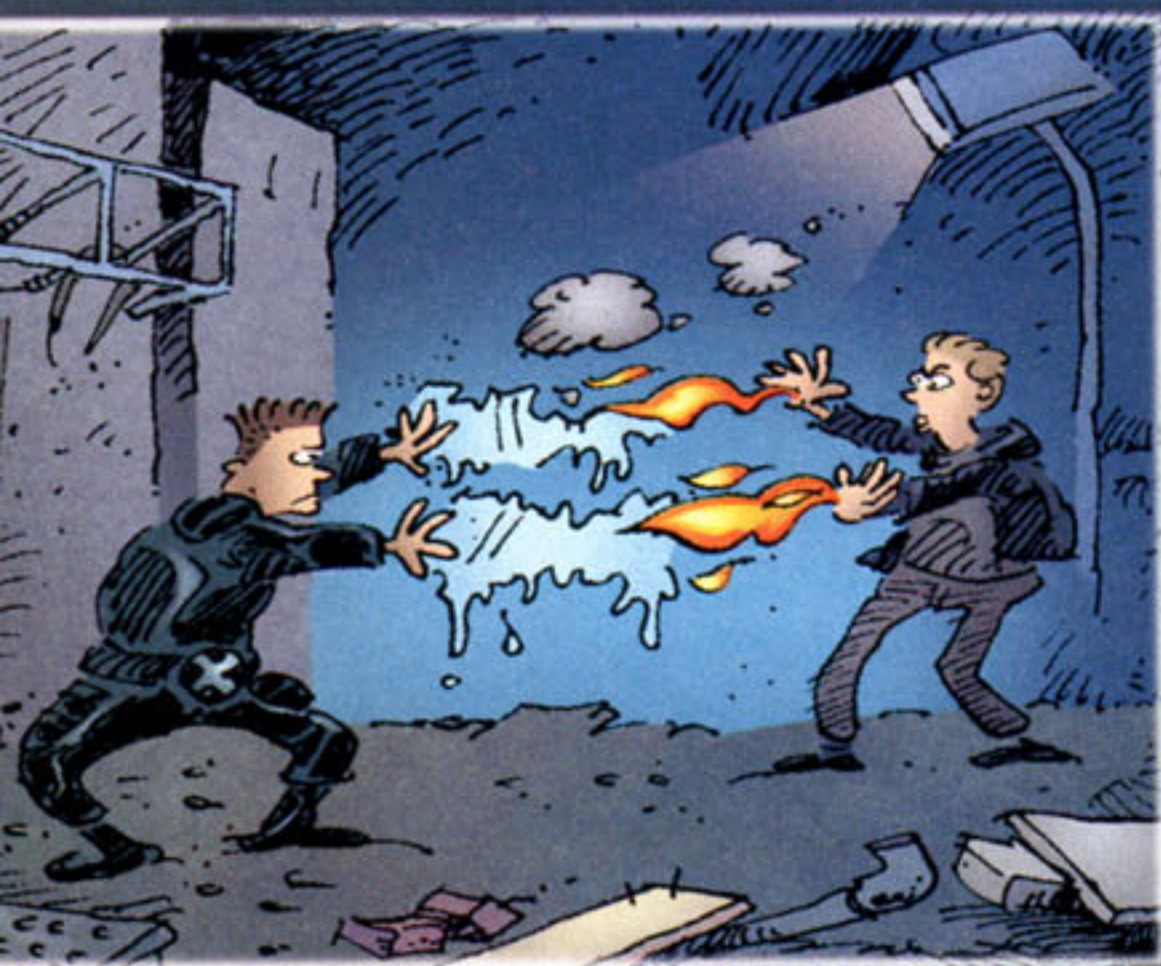
AT

THE LAST STAND







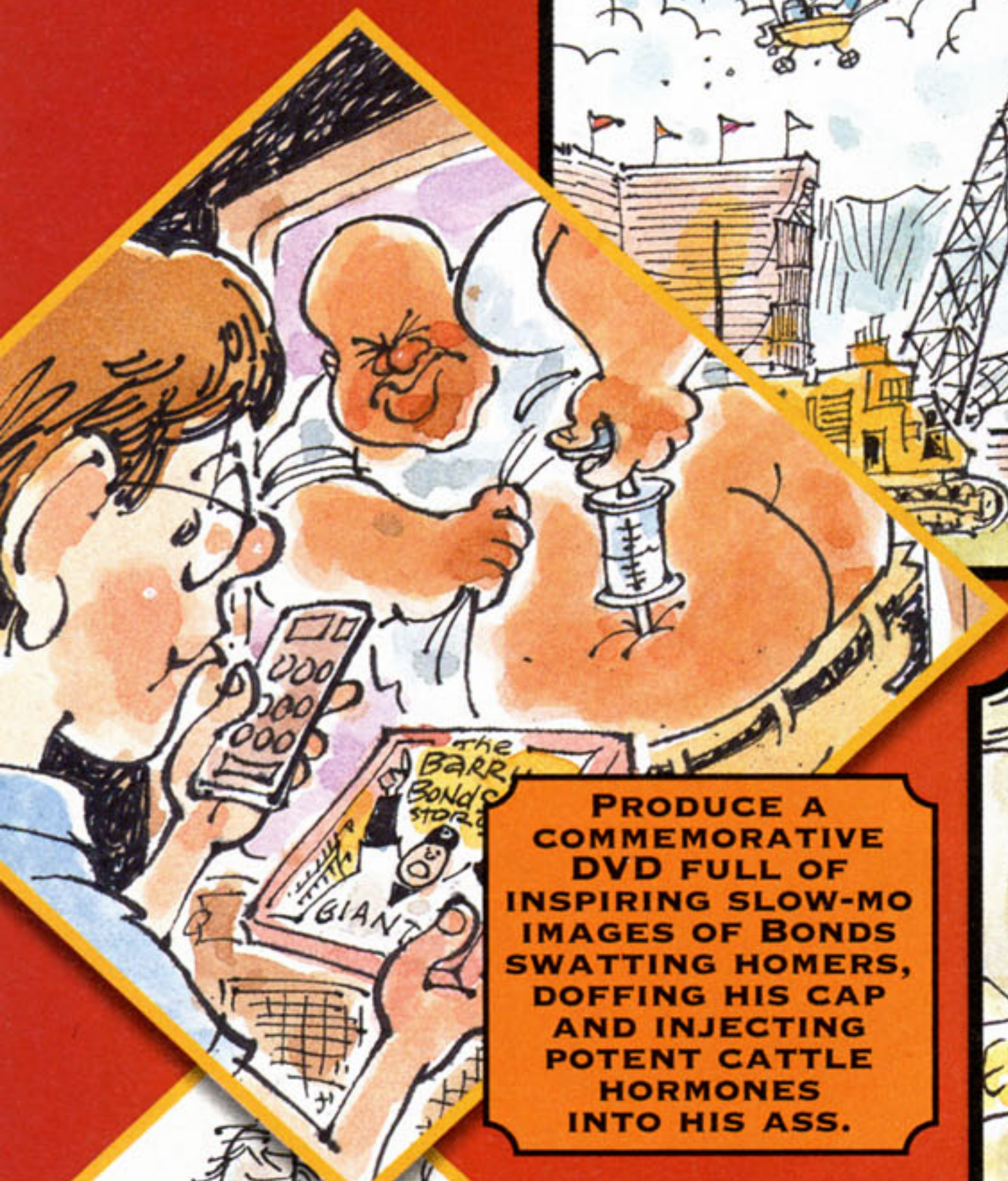




AND THE CHEAT GOES ON DEPT.

BARRY BONDS ALREADY SHATTERED BABE RUTH'S HOME RUN RECORD, AND HE'S GUNNING FOR HANK AARON NEXT! SURPASSING THOSE RECORDS IS A TRULY AMAZINGLY FEAT...OR, IT WOULD BE, IF NOT FOR THE CONSTANT ACCUSATIONS OF STEROID USE! STILL, THE OCCASION HAS TO BE MARKED SOMEHOW — AND SINCE THERE'S NO USE CRYING OVER SPILLED HUMAN GROWTH HORMONE, WE'RE HAPPY TO SUGGEST THESE...

CLASSY WAYS BARRY BONDS'



RE-NAME AT&T PARK
"ASTERISK YARDS AT
BALCO FIELD."

HONOR HIS
LEGACY BY
CREATING THE
PRESTIGIOUS
"SILVER
SYRINGE"
AWARD.

PRODUCE A
COMMEMORATIVE
DVD FULL OF
INSPIRING SLOW-MO
IMAGES OF BONDS
SWATTING HOMERS,
DOFFING HIS CAP
AND INJECTING
POTENT CATTLE
HORMONES
INTO HIS ASS.



PARTNER WITH BASEBALL
CARD COMPANIES TO OFFER
MEMORABILIA INSERTS OF BONDS'
BAT CHIPS, JERSEY SCRAPS AND
MONTHLY DOPING CALENDARS.



DO YOU
WANT ME TO HIT
A HOME RUN FOR
YOU TONIGHT,
JIMMY?

SCREW YOU,
JACKASS!

SET ASIDE
BOX SEATS FOR
THE HUNDREDS
OF TEENS
HOSPITALIZED
AFTER CLUMSILY
MIMICKING HIS
STEROID ABUSE.

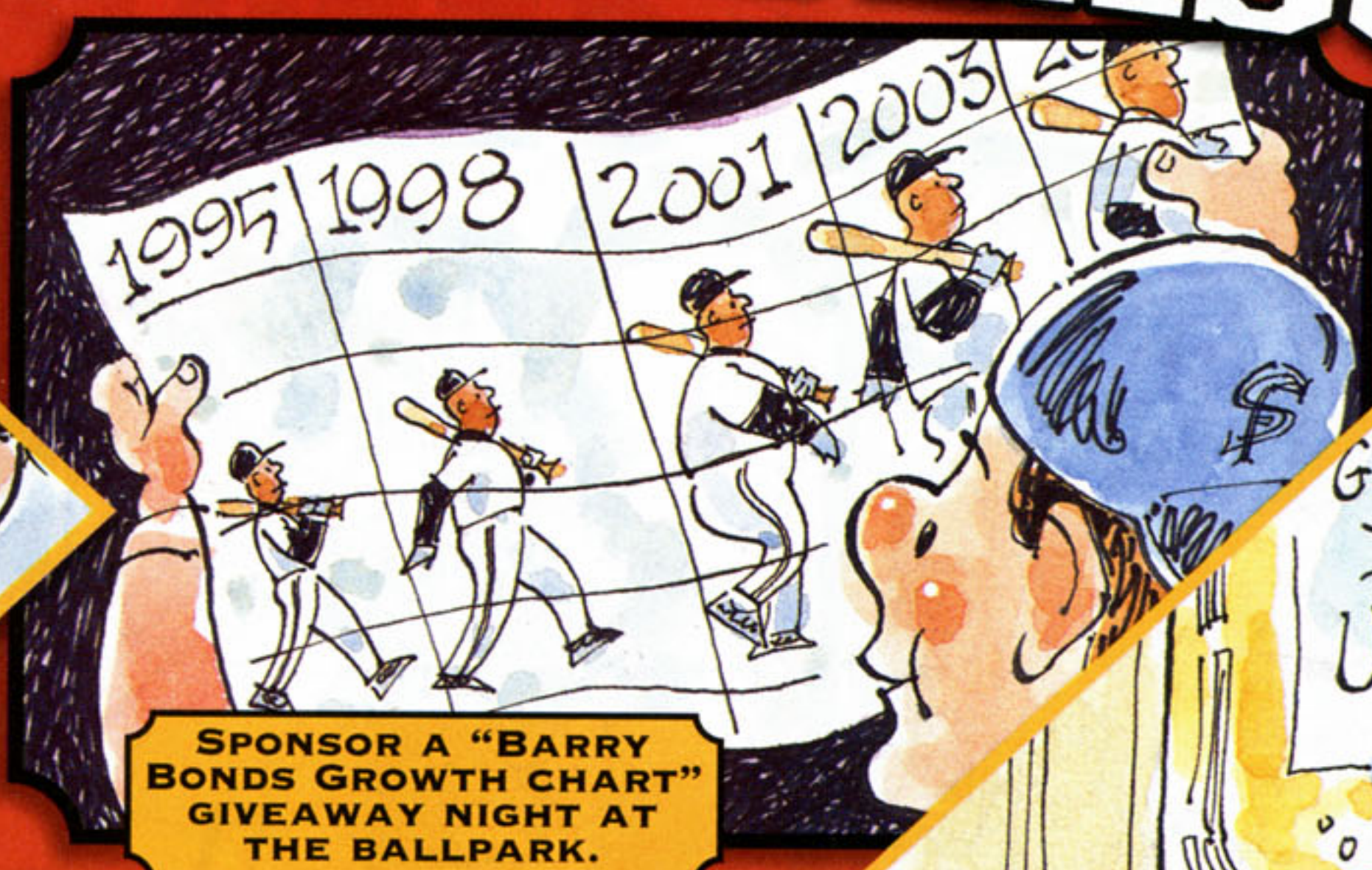
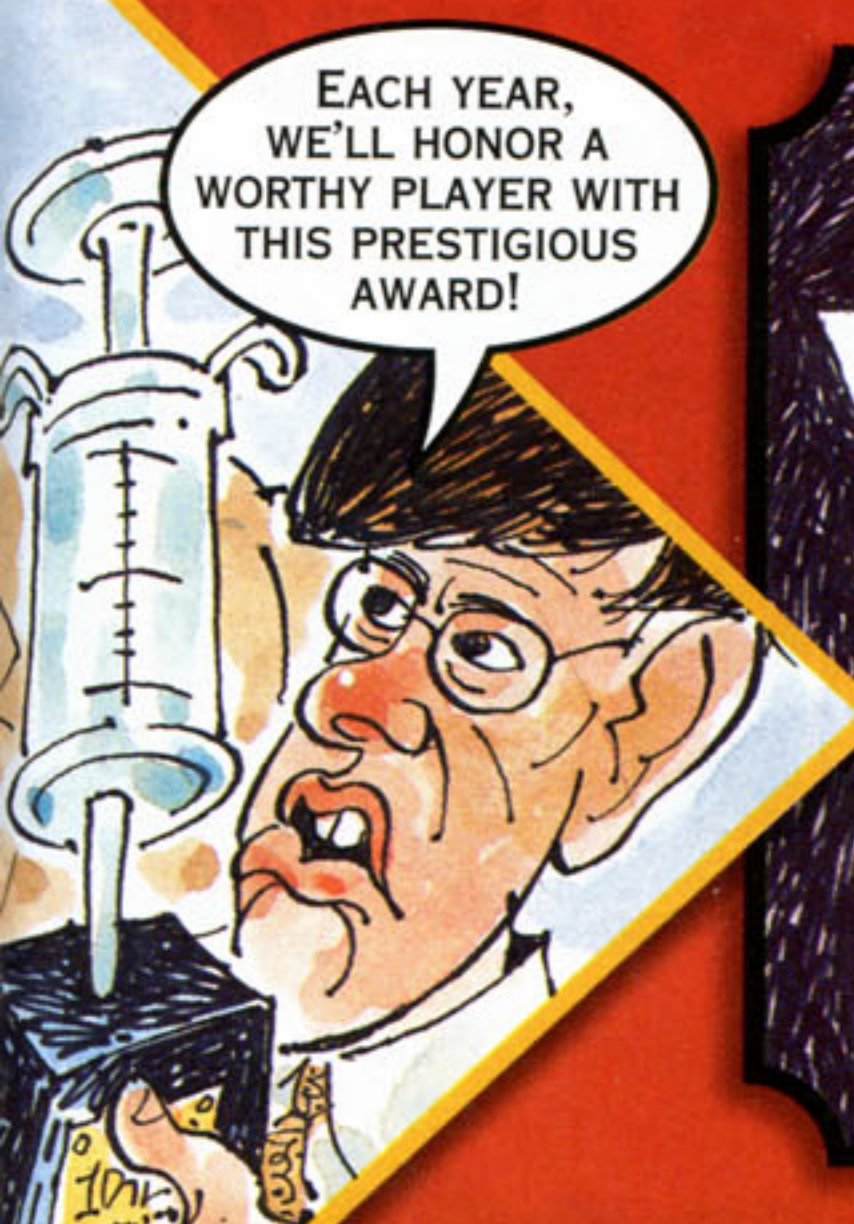


OFFER HIM FREE, FIRST-RATE MEDICAL
TREATMENT IN THE INEVITABLE EVENT
THAT HIS KIDNEYS, LIVER OR SPLEEN
EXPLODE LIKE A BAGHDAD MINIVAN.

WRITER:
JACOB LAMBERT

ARTIST:
PAUL COKER

TO CELEBRATE HISTORIC SEASON



PRESENT HIM WITH A SUPPLY OF "CLEAN" URINE LARGE ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM CLUBBING TAINTED HOMERS 'TIL HE'S 105.



AT BALLPARK CONCESSION STANDS, OFFER FANS A REGULAR, A LARGE OR A "BONDS SIZE" OF THE POPULAR BATTING-HELMET FROZEN YOGURT.



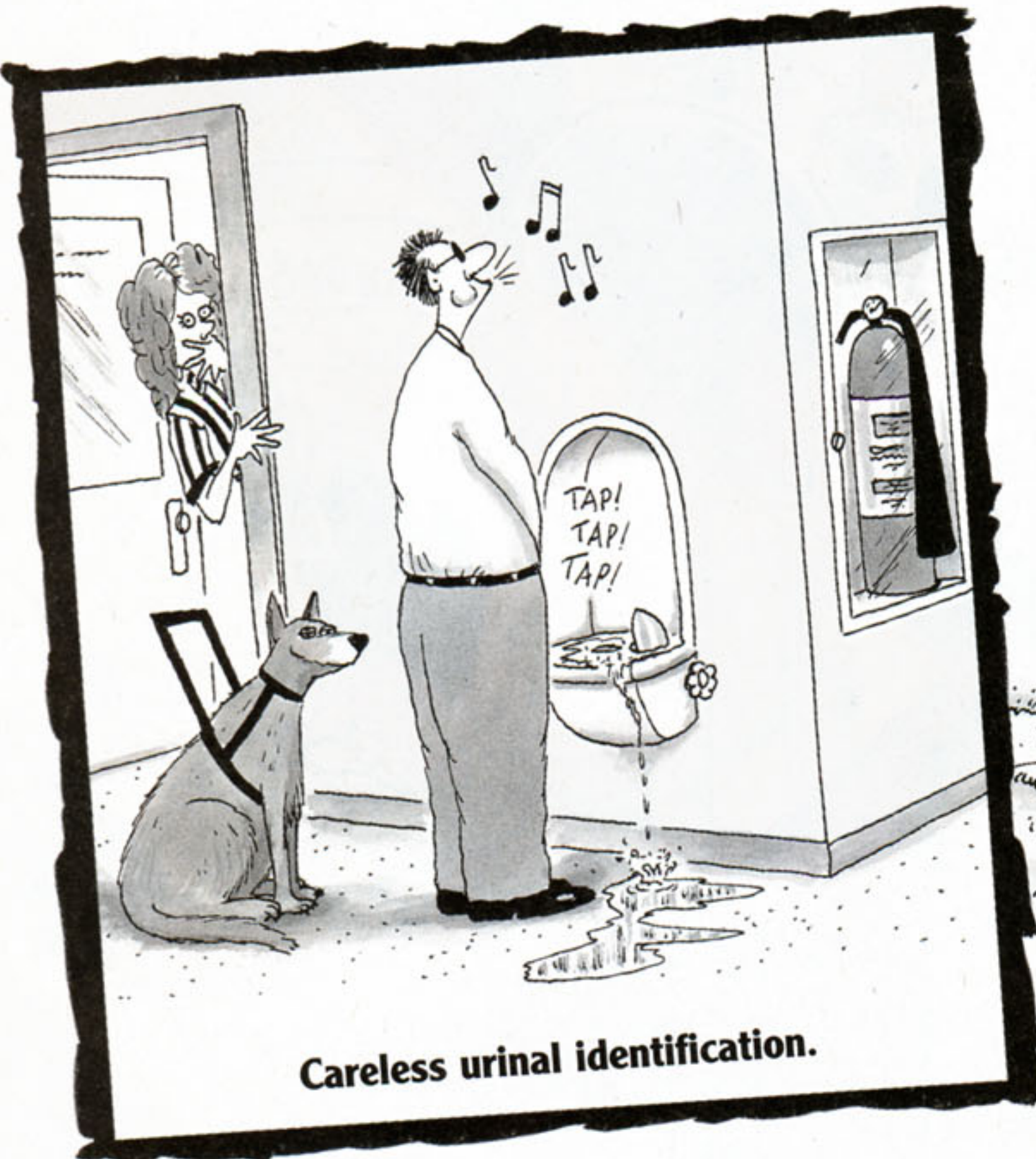
LET HANK AARON KICK HIM IN THE 'NADS.



Whoever coined the phrase "dogs are a man's best friend" was barking up the wrong tree. Check out these...

MALICIOUS SEEING-EYE DOO

ARTIST AND WRITER:
TOM CHENEY



Careless urinal identification.



Deliberately cruising for garden tools.



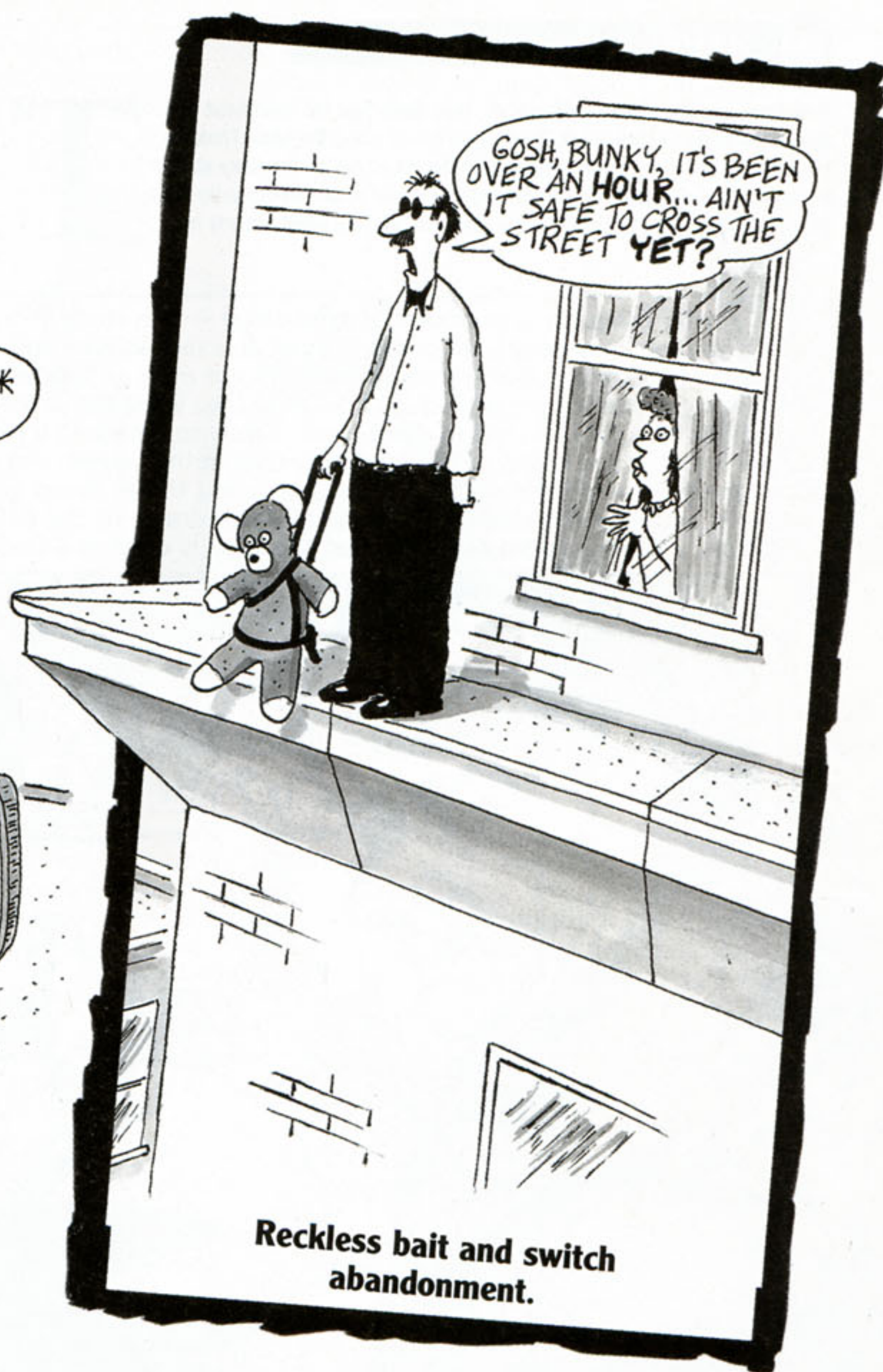
The fitting room fake-out.



Braille chewing.



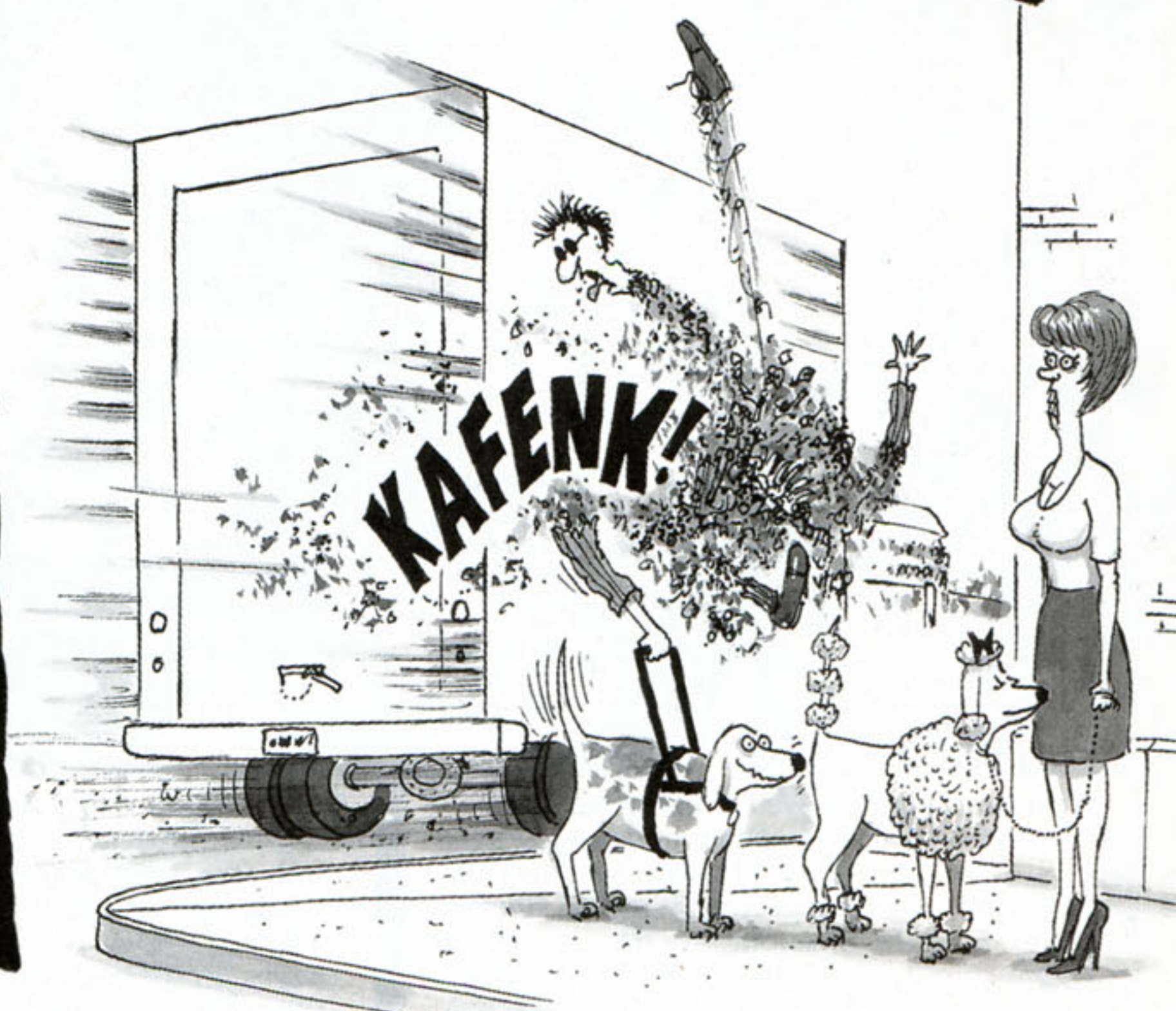
Escalator snoozing.



Reckless bait and switch abandonment.



The hydrant wedgie.



Stopping at all the wrong times to sniff butt.





First there was the trillion-selling book, then there was the illustrated version of the trillion-selling book. Then all the books about the book. Then the controversy about the book. Then the books about the controversy about the book. Then the commercials for the movie based on the book. By the time this hunk of crap actually made it to theaters, we were already in...

THE DAVIN

I'm Roving Languish, a professor of **symbolology** — the study of the interpretation of **symbols** and **codes**. It's not an **exact science** and, as you will see, when practiced by **yours truly**, it's not even an **interesting science**! Despite my **years of study**, I have **no idea** what the precise **mutilations** across this man's **chest** mean. Likewise, I haven't a **clue** why he's **naked** and laying in this particular spot in the **Louvre**. But my **doctorate in Symbolology** does tell me **one important thing**. Based on the **symbolic nature** of the **chalk line** around his **body** drawn by the **police**, I can say with **reasonable certainty** that **this man is dead as a Dodo**!

I'm Sofa. I'm a **cryptologist**, and if you think this **plot** is hard to follow, wait till you try to **understand** what I'm saying with my **heavy French accent**! I have much in common with **Roving Languish**. We both **decipher** things. We're both **wooden**. We're both **monotonous**. We're both — well, you'll soon learn just how **expressionless** we can be! I came to the **Louvre** to give **Roving Languish** a **note** telling him that he's a **murder suspect**! The note also warns him "**not to react to this news**!" What was I **thinking**? Like he could **react to anything**!



I am **Bozo Farce**, a **French detective**. I'm here to **solve a murder**. **Nothing** escapes my **keen eye**. I ranked high in my **French detective class** — right behind **Inspector Clouseau**! **Roving Languish** thinks I brought him here to offer his **cockamamie explanation** of this man's **death**. The **truth** is, I think **Languish** killed the **curator**! **Proof**? **Languish** is an **American** — that's all the **proof** a **French detective** needs!

I'm **Bishop Angry-Rosa**. I'm a member of the **Opie Daze**, a group dedicated to keeping a **faith-shattering secret** about a certain **young lady** who was seen with a certain **bigwig religious leader** at a certain big "**last dinner**" party. To tell the **truth**, I can't see what the **Church** is so worried about. The **bigwig** was seen with a **young lady**, not a **young guy**! These **days**, that's a **positive** story for the **church**!

I'm **Styleless**, an **albino monk** who serves as the **Bishop's assassin**. I travel everywhere **killing people**. The **Bishop** said it's what **God** wants. It must be on a page in the **Bible** I missed! Excuse me now while I go **beat myself**. You may wonder why I'm into **self-flagellation**. Hey, you're sitting here reading this **ridiculous satire**! I might ask you the **same question**!

CI COMA

All this new attention given to people who read hidden meanings into famous paintings brings a smile to my face! But right now I'm trying not to break out laughing at Roving Languish's haircut! What's up with that black, greasy mop look? Forrest Gump had more style!



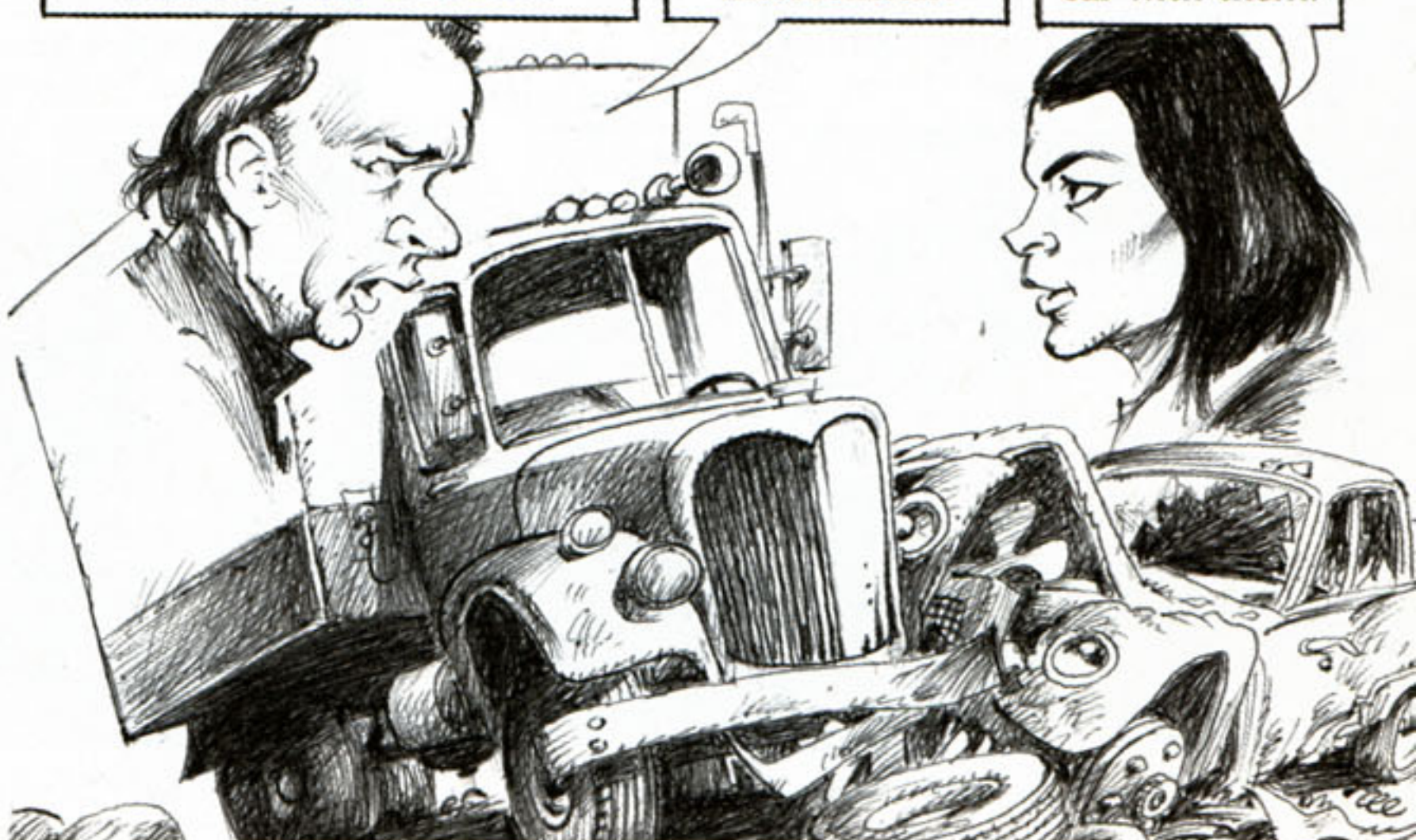
I'm Sir Leaking Teabag. I'm an authority on the Holy Grail. It's been called "the greatest cover-up in human history"! Well, it *was* until that whole Enron thing! Until I pointed it out, no one realized there was no cup, no chalice in Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper"! And under super magnification I've just discovered there are no salad forks or serving spoons on the table either! I'm not sure if I should pass these findings on to Dan Brown or Martha Stewart!

IIIOT DRUCKER

There are things about me I don't understand. For example, my parents were killed in a horrific car crash and yet I didn't suffer a scratch!

Do you think that was because of some holy intervention?

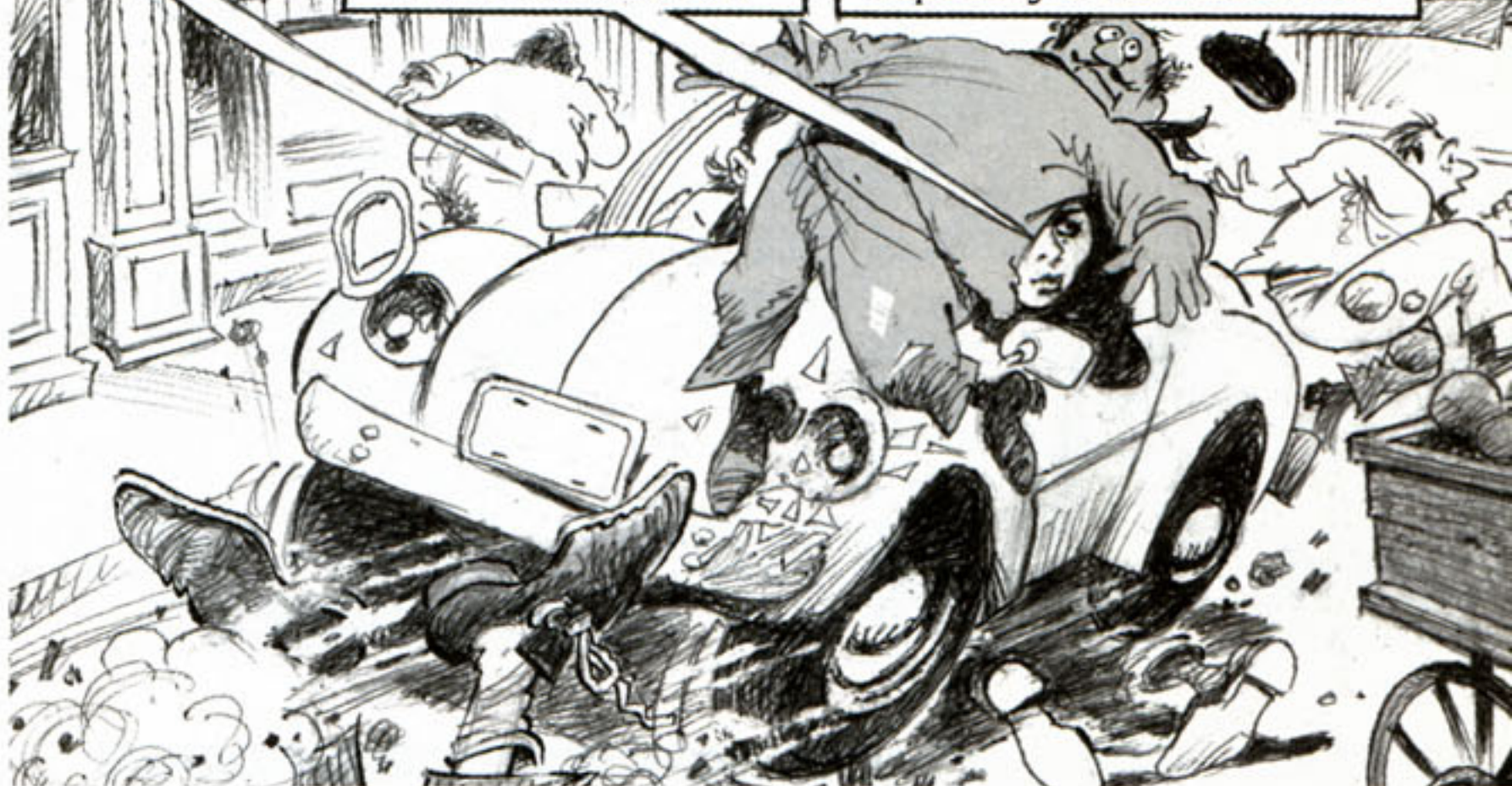
It could be that, or the fact that I wasn't in the car with them!



When you were a child did your grandfather even mention the Prior to Dyin'? Did he ever mention the Knights of Bad Tempers or the Sangria Documents?

Well then, let me ask you something even more important: did your grandfather ever mention that you're not supposed to drive backwards at high speeds, especially on the sidewalk?

I can't remember!



I have an incredible story to tell you. It starts over 1,000 years ago...

How about you skip the first 900 years or so!

Are you afraid you might be bored?

I'm not asking for myself. I'm asking for the millions who are sitting through this endless muddle of a movie. They're suffering enough! Pick up the story where we go to the Prior to Dyin' with the special key my grandfather left me!



I recognize this device. My grandfather told me how it works. There's a **secret map** inside. If you guess the **wrong combination**, a heavy duty spring spins a big eraser and the entire secret map gets rubbed clean!

There must be a **million combinations**! How could the **one correct combination** be passed on year after year for centuries?

My grandfather told me **that secret**, too. You turn the box over. The **secret combination** is always engraved on the **bottom**! No one thinks to look!

A scholarly friend of mine lives here. He can provide us with **something** we need desperately!

Help with understanding the contents of this **Rosewood Box**?

Better than that! He can help us with some **comic relief**, and God knows we need it bad about now!



I can hardly believe it! You have an **exact reproduction** of Da Vinci's "Last Supper" fresco!

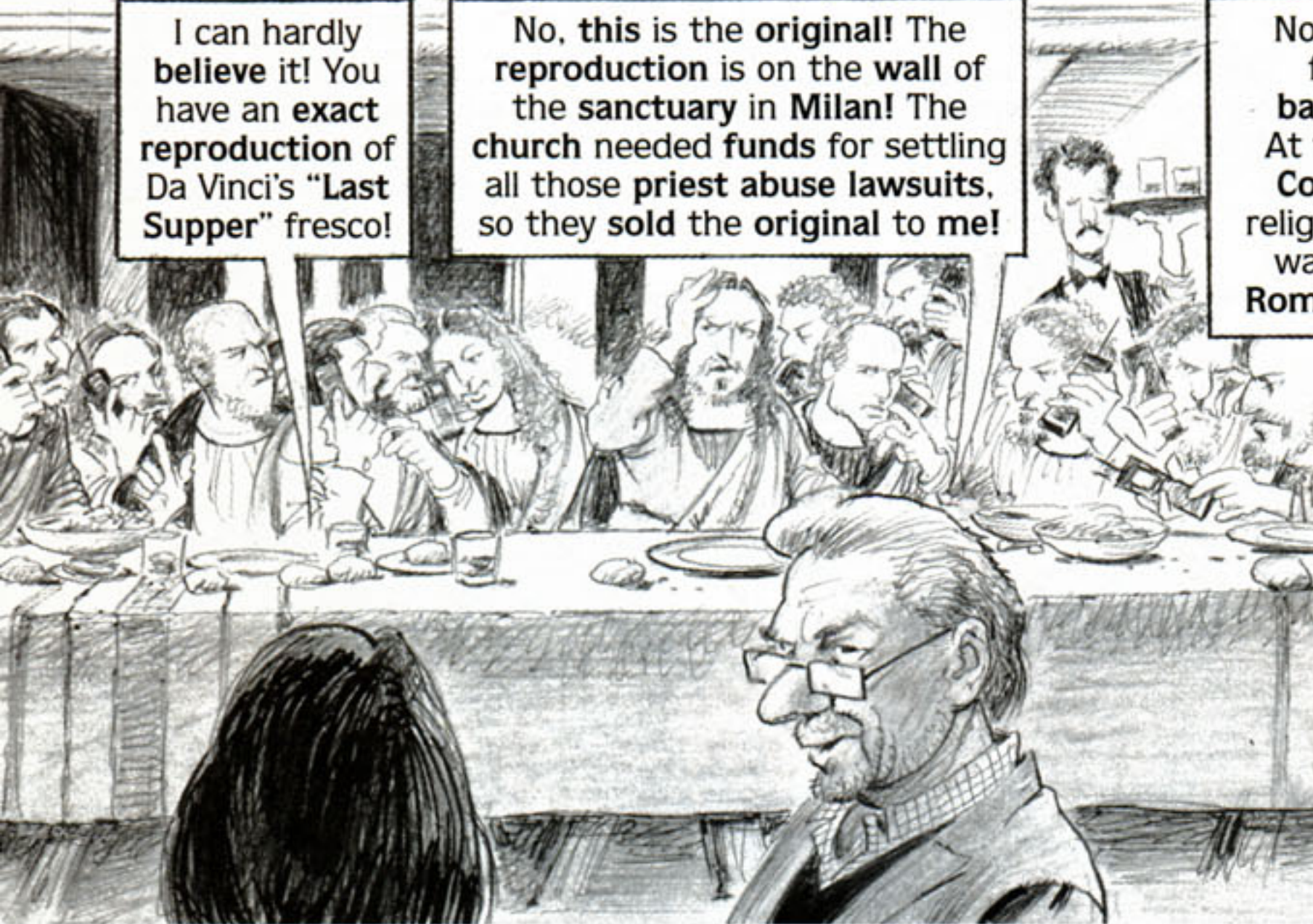
No, this is the **original**! The reproduction is on the wall of the sanctuary in Milan! The church needed funds for settling all those **priest abuse lawsuits**, so they sold the original to me!

Now it's time for more **background**! At the time of **Constantine**, religious turmoil was gripping Rome. Soldiers...

May I see those parchments?

You don't need to read anything. We're going to tell you the **whole story**!

I don't want to read them, I want to **stuff** them in my ears so I don't have to hear any more **explanation**! Tap me on the shoulder when your story gets up to the year 2006!



Okay, Languish and I will now boil down centuries of a possible cover-up into one panel. Ready? Here we go!

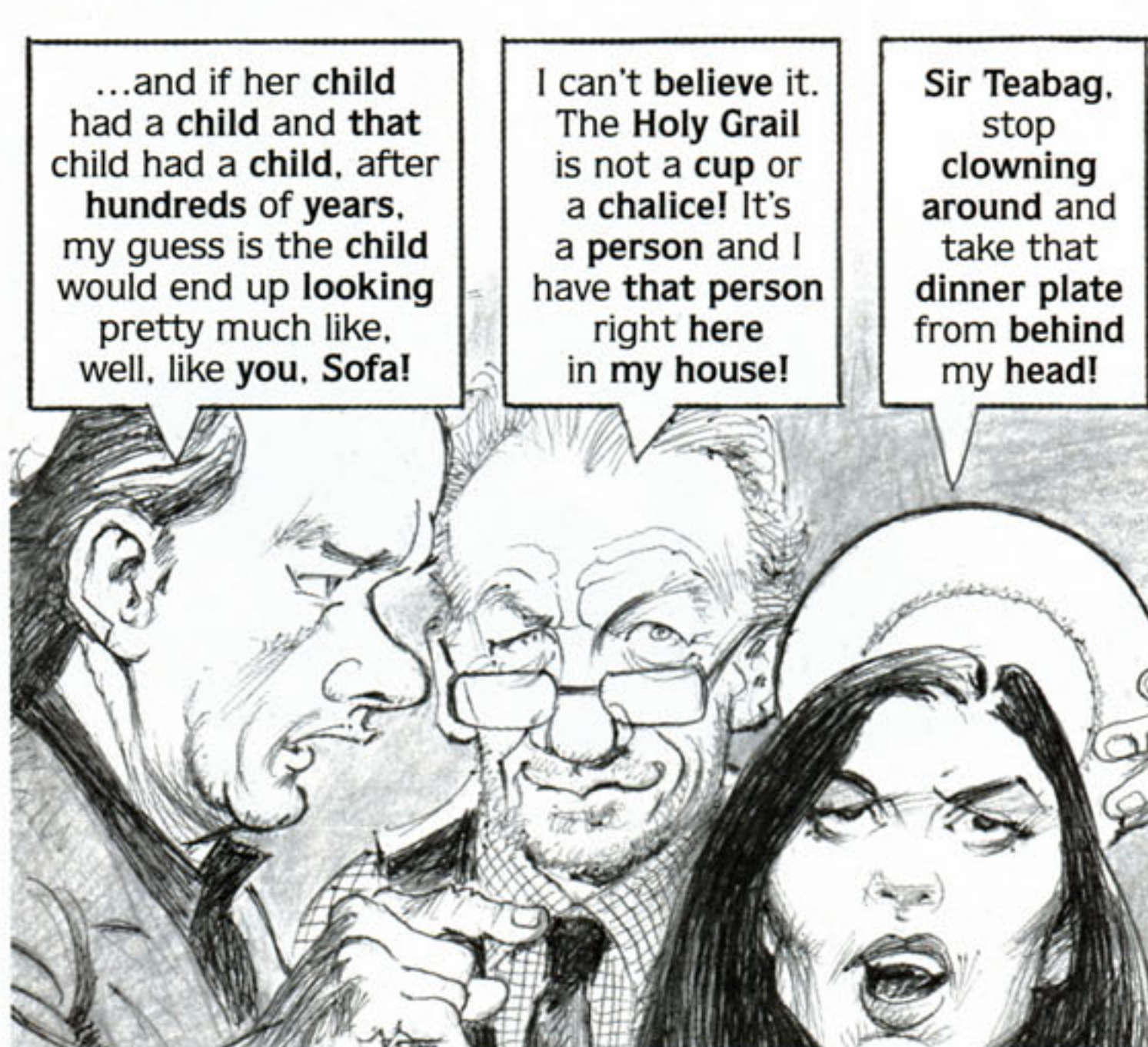
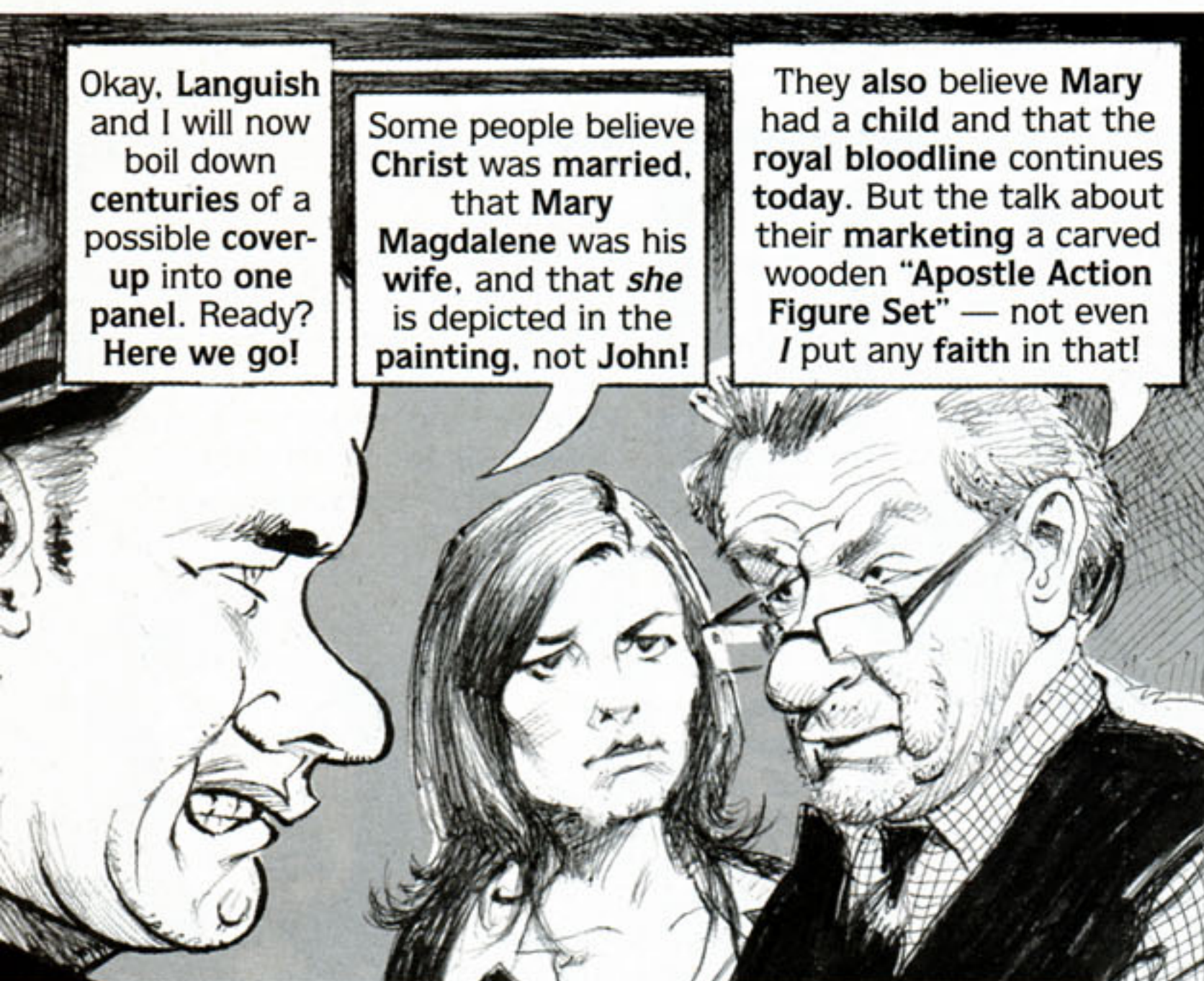
Some people believe Christ was married, that **Mary Magdalene** was his wife, and that *she* is depicted in the painting, not John!

They also believe **Mary** had a child and that the **royal bloodline** continues today. But the talk about their marketing a carved wooden "Apostle Action Figure Set" — not even I put any faith in that!

...and if her child had a child and that child had a child, after **hundreds of years**, my guess is the child would end up looking pretty much like, well, like you, **Sofa**!

I can't believe it. The **Holy Grail** is not a cup or a chalice! It's a **person** and I have that person right here in my house!

Sir Teabag, stop clowning around and take that **dinner plate** from behind my head!



Sir, there's an albino with a gun behind the drapes and a large number of policemen are driving up to the house.

They're after the ancient keystone you brought, Languish! Bring the car around the back. We'll escape!

Hmm...a French woman, a cripple, a symbolologist and an albino are all getting into a car... if this isn't the setup to a really bad joke, I don't know what is!



I don't want to read anything negative into this, but does the fact that you're holding Sofa at gunpoint indicate dissatisfaction with anything we've done?

You must solve the Box's code for me now! Then I can find Mary Magdalene's grave and prove she and Jesus wed! It will destroy the church, even more than when it was revealed some Bingo games are fixed!

What if some pigeons suddenly fly over and scare you!

Damn, there's nothing on earth that I hate more than pigeon droppings! I can't chance it! Go, you're both free!



Who would believe the security at such an important landmark as Roswell Chapel would be so lax as to let perfect strangers wander through and find secret sub-basement rooms which are mysteriously lit without candles or electricity!

It's a little late in the film to be questioning what's believable or not, isn't it?



I'm just going to cut out the parts of these ancient documents I think we need. I'll leave the rest for other scholars...

Hmmmm... according to this paper, the man you kept talking about was not your grandfather!

That explains why his head seemed to be pasted into all the photos of him with my family!

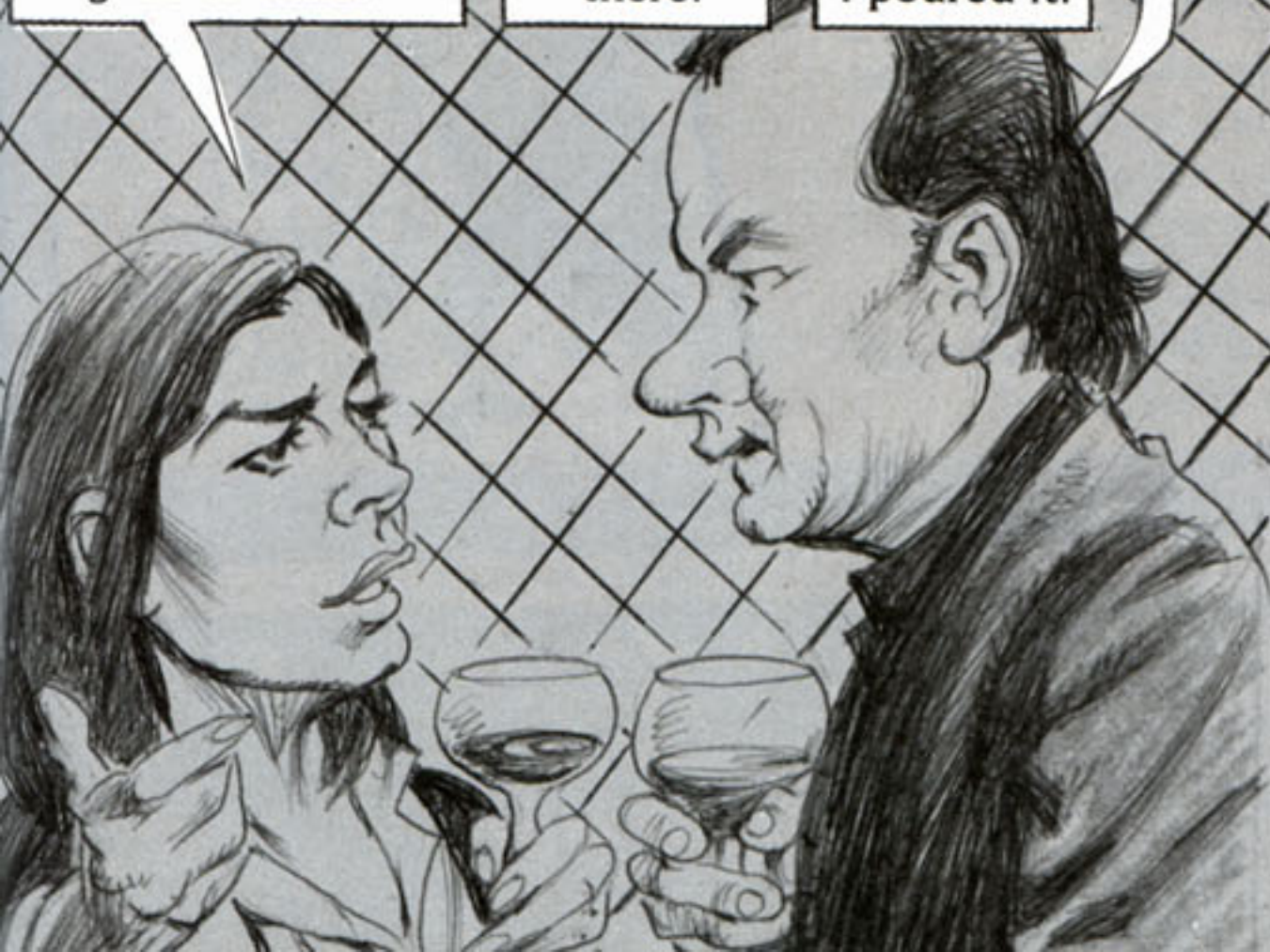
No, but this paper also says that basically you're of royal blood! Or perhaps, that you're not of royal blood! It's pretty faded!



Well, just for laughs, let's say that I am of royal blood! I think the thing to do is celebrate with a glass of wine!

Where did you get wine?
From over there.

That's not wine, that's just water!
It was water until I poured it!



Now that's ridiculous! If it was water before and now it's wine, how could that b — oh my God! This is miraculous! I've got to get you back to the United States immediately!

So I can be safe and well-protected when we disclose that I'm a direct descendant from Jesus?

Are you kidding?! We disclose nothing! We're gonna be the richest winery in California! "Da Vinci Code Red" at \$50 a bottle! We'll be rich!

I'll drink to that!



**BEAVERS****RICKY WALLECHINSKY**
OUTFIELD 2006**RICKY WALLECHINSKY • OF**Age: 9 • Hgt: 4' 4" • Wgt: 144 lbs.
Bicep: 21 inches

Favorite player: Gary Sheffield

STERIOD OF CHOICE: DECA-DURABOLIN

DID YOU KNOW?

- During a 'roid rage incident in 2005, Ricky beat a woman senseless with a groundskeeper's rake.
- Ricky once ran right through a dugout wall while chasing a fly ball.
- Powerful Ricky can fashion a diamond by squeezing a simple lump of coal.

**LITTLE LEAGUE STERIOD TRA****CHEETAHS****JEREMY KLOPENSTEIN**
SHORTSTOP 2006**JEREMY KLOPENSTEIN • SS**

Age: 8 • Hgt: 4' 3" • Wgt: 135 lbs.

Calf size: 19 inches

Favorite player: Jason Giambi

STERIOD OF CHOICE: METHYLTESTERONE

FUN FACTS!

- Jeremy lists "shrunk testicles" as his least favorite side effect.
- After whiffing 4 straight times during a game, Jeremy got his revenge by crushing the opposing pitcher's windpipe.
- In an ironic twist, Jeremy's paternal grandfather invented the specimen cup.



WRITER: FRANK SANTOPADRE

ARTISTS: MICK COULAS AND JACK SYRACUSE



DAMIEN FLOYD • P

Age: 7 1/2 • Hgt: 4' 7" • Wgt: 165 lbs.
Hat size: 9 3/8

Favorite player: Jason Grimsley

STERIOD OF CHOICE: TESTOSTERONE PROPIONATE

FUN FACTS!

- Damien once lapsed into a coma after accidentally injecting Red Bull into his neck.
- Damien once pinned Mike Tyson in an arm-wrestling match.
- Damien has the liver of a 78-year-old man.



PERSON ON OIDS DING CARDS



TONY CHAVEZ • C

Age: 7 • Hgt: 4' 9" • Wgt: 170 lbs.
Neck size: 26 inches

Favorite player: Rafael Palmeiro

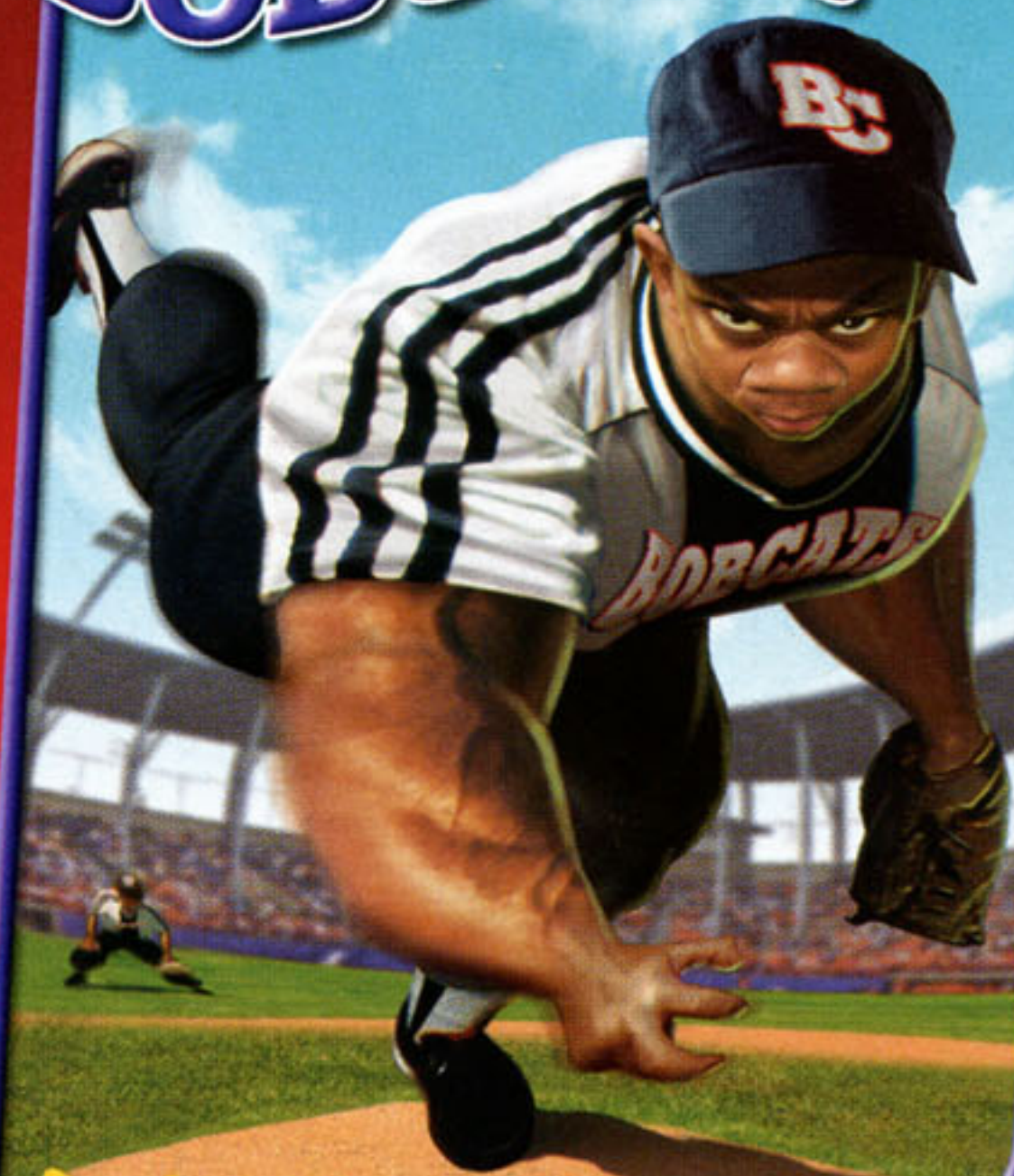
STERIOD OF CHOICE: TESTOSTERONE ENANTHATE

DID YOU KNOW?

- Tony's neck measures 26" around (the same as a baby rhino)!
- Tony was suspended for 2 games after he ripped an umpire's arm out of its socket when disputing a called third strike.
- Tony is afraid of needles and has pioneered the snorting of performance-enhancing drugs.



BOBCATS



DAMIEN FLOYD

PITCHER

2006

DRAGONS



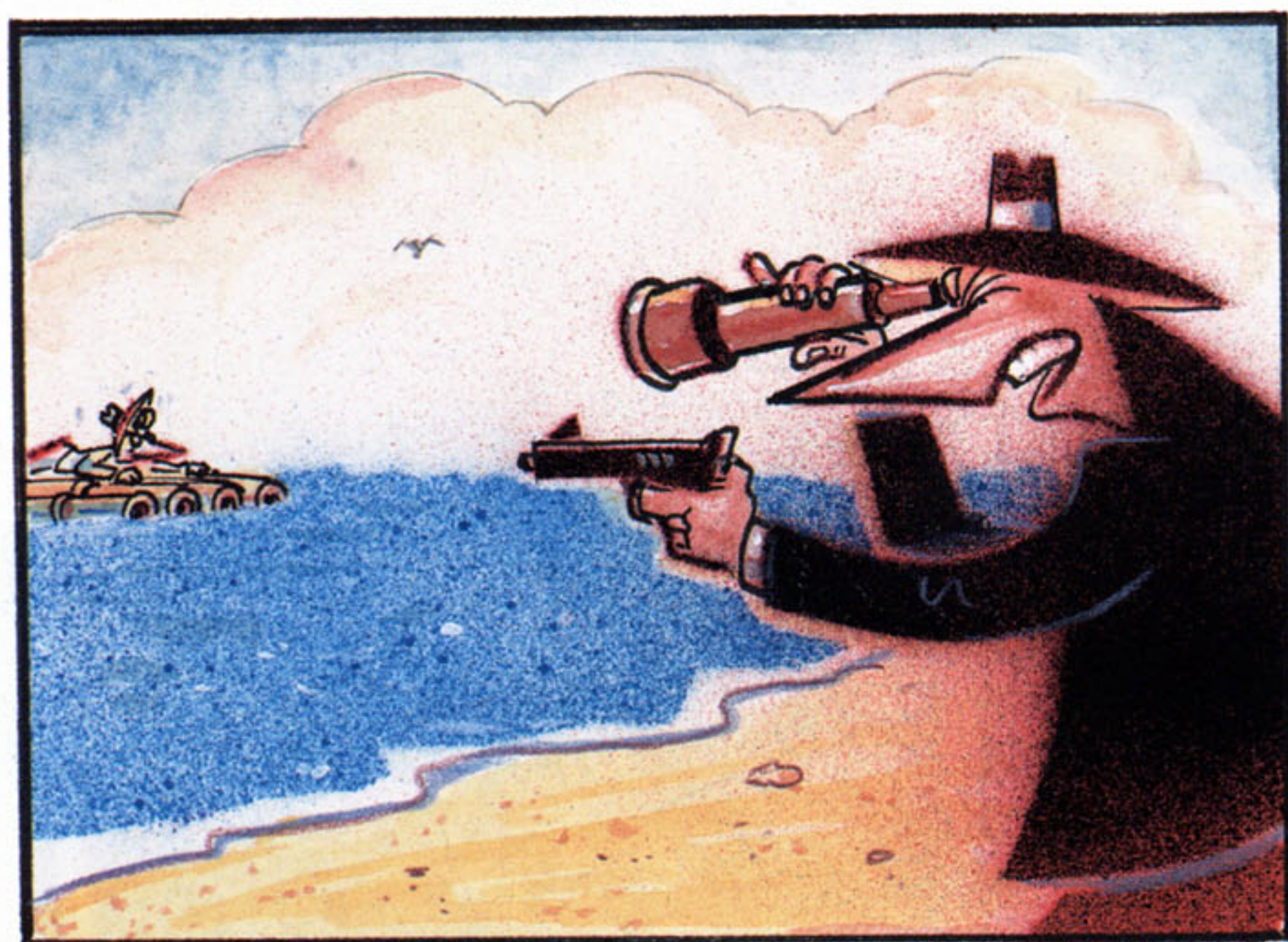
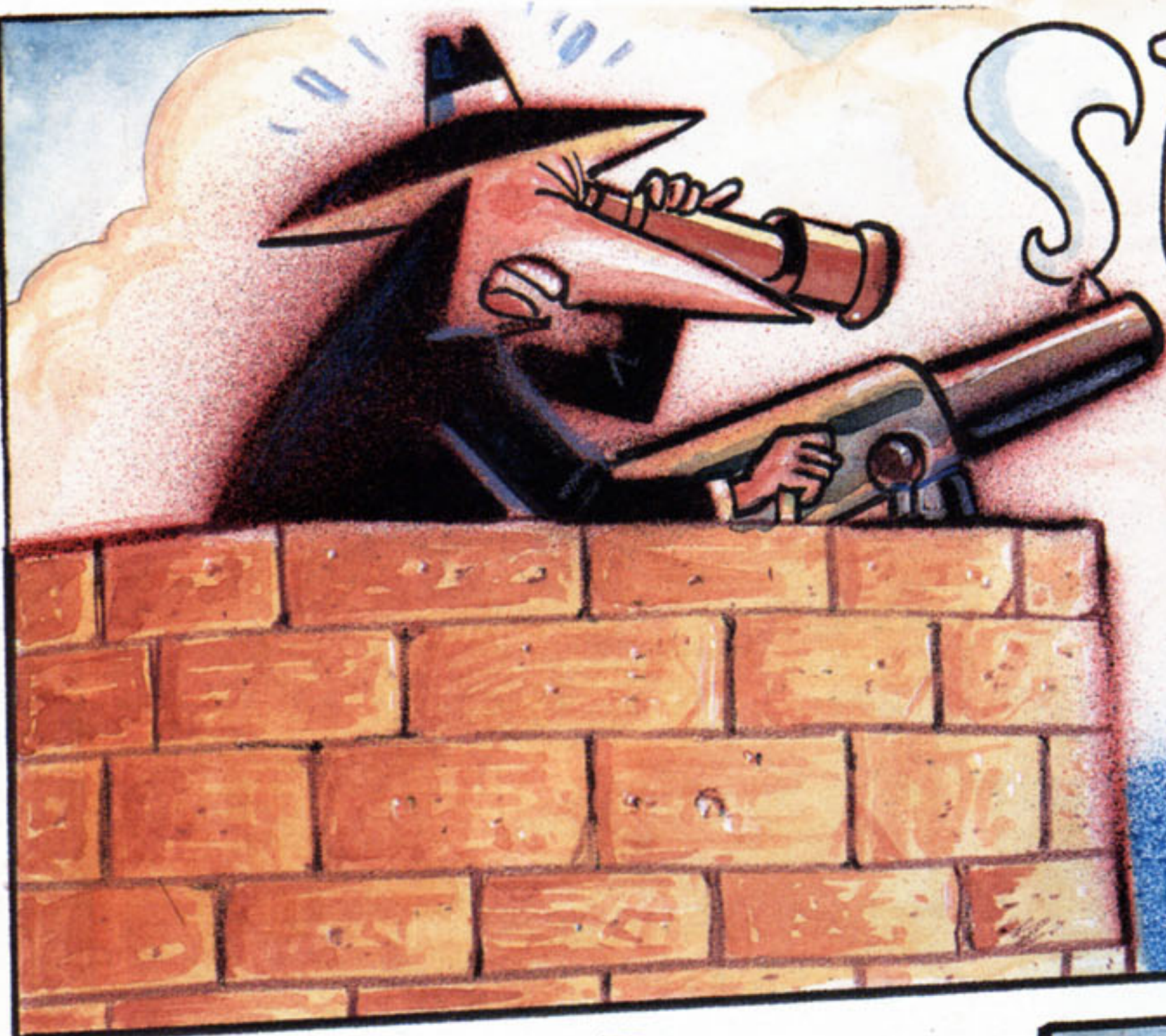
TONY CHAVEZ

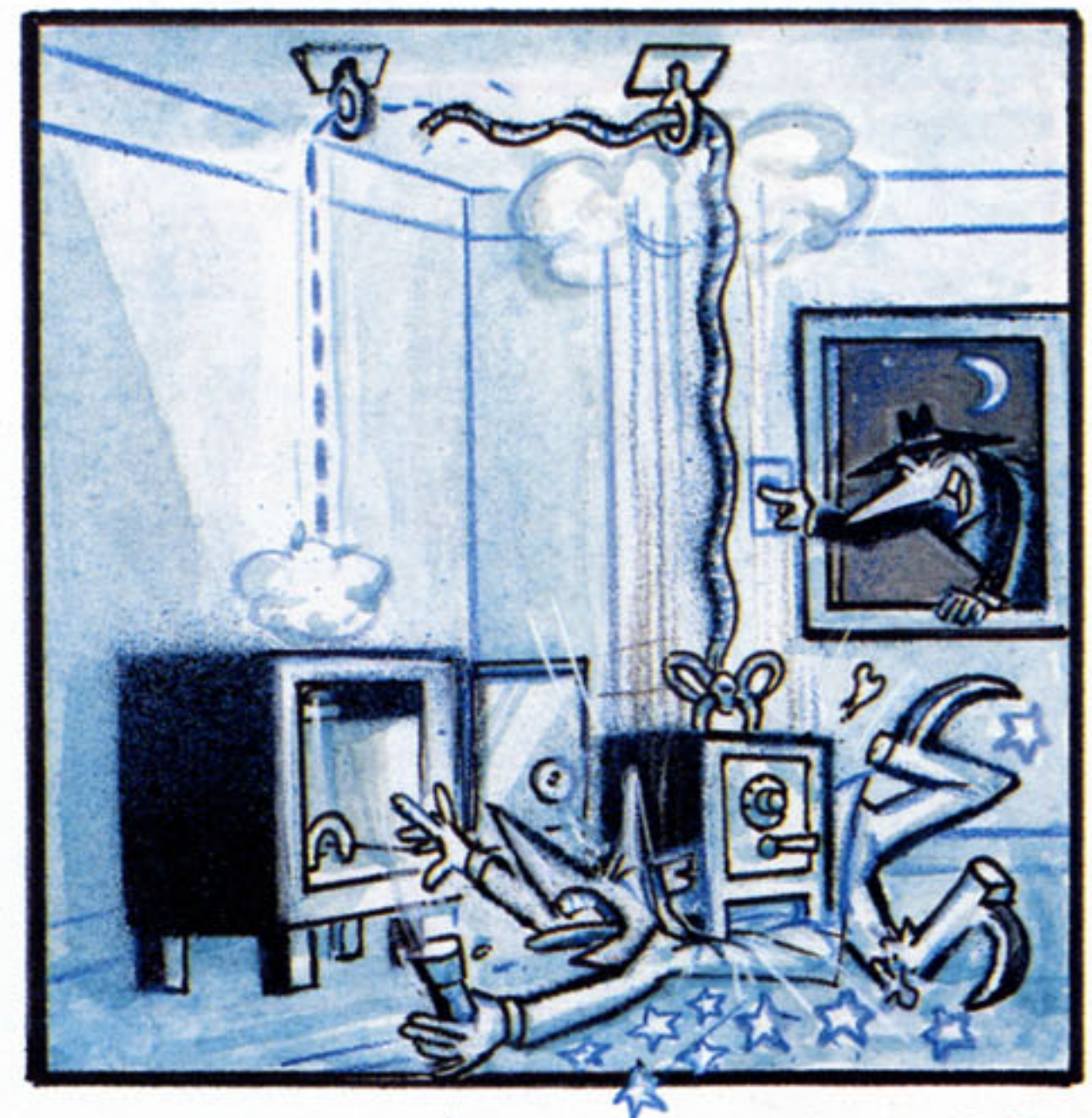
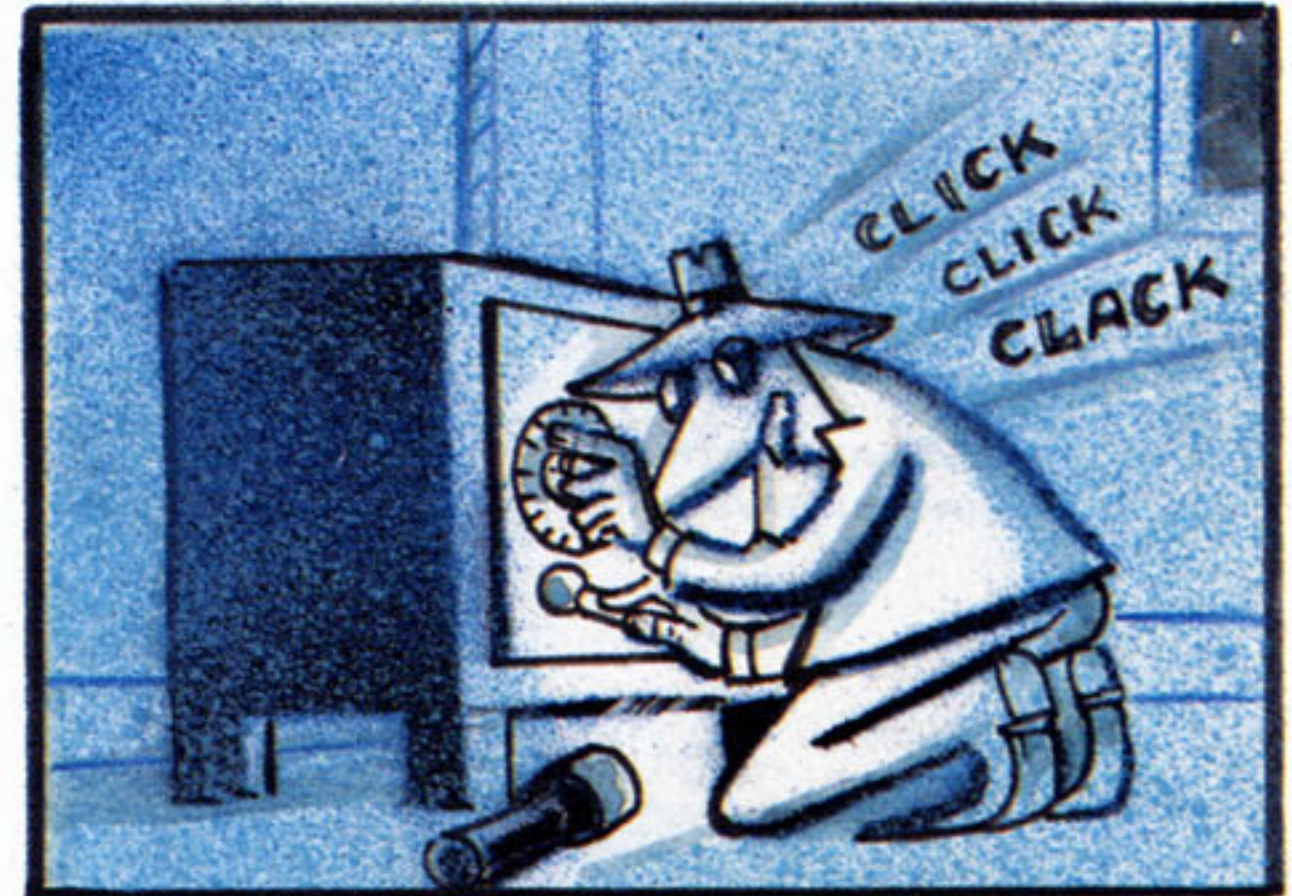
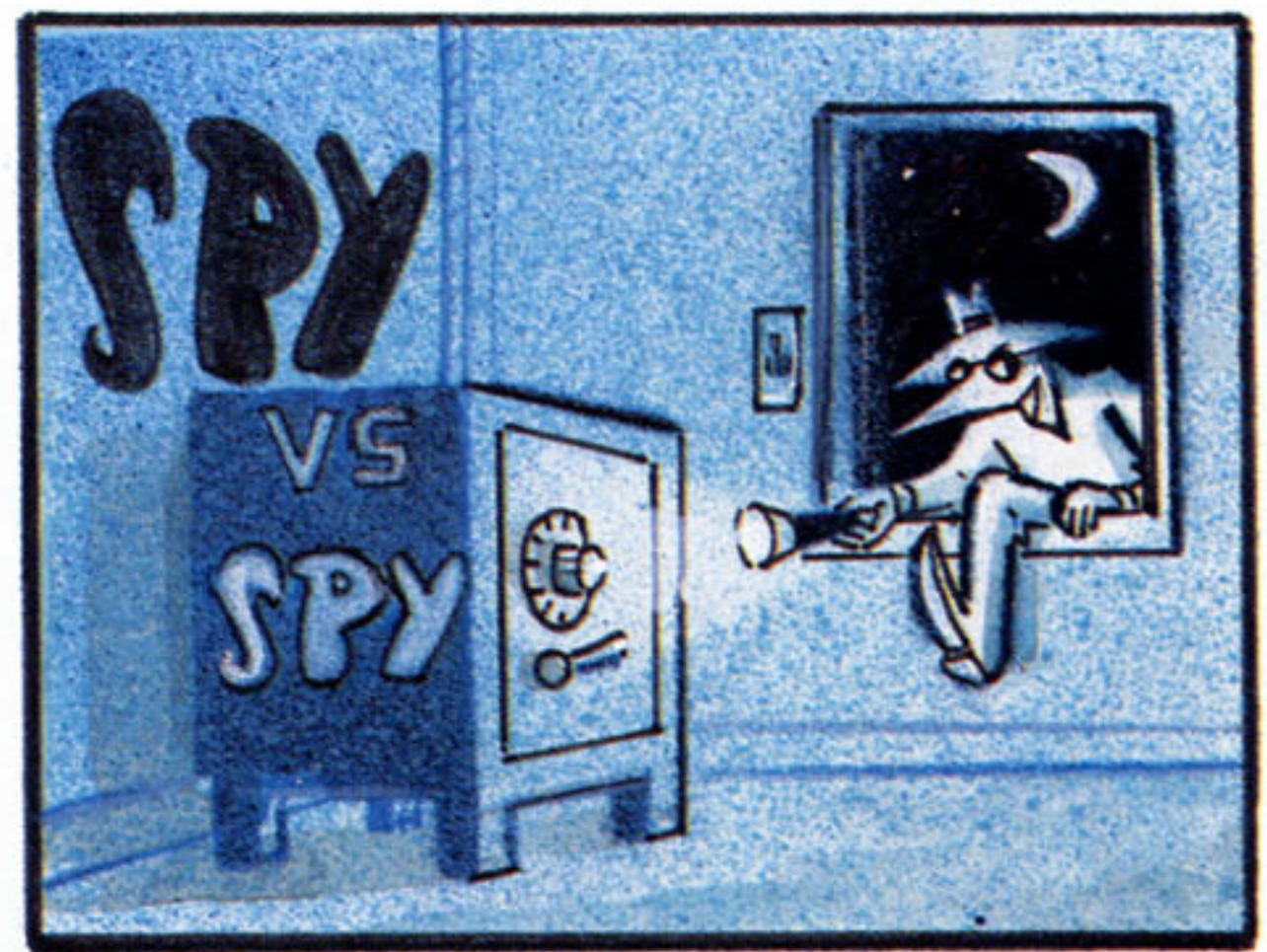
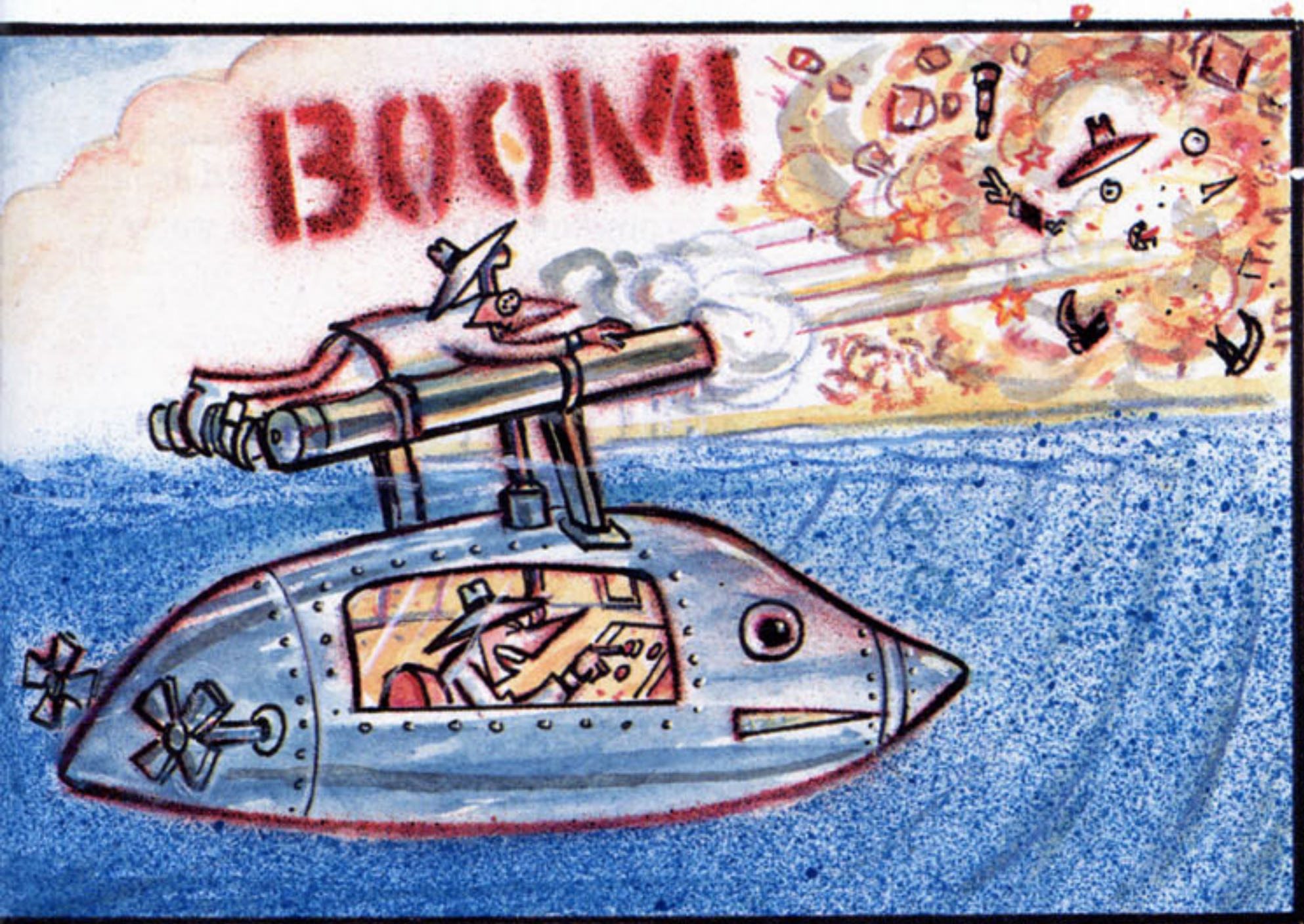
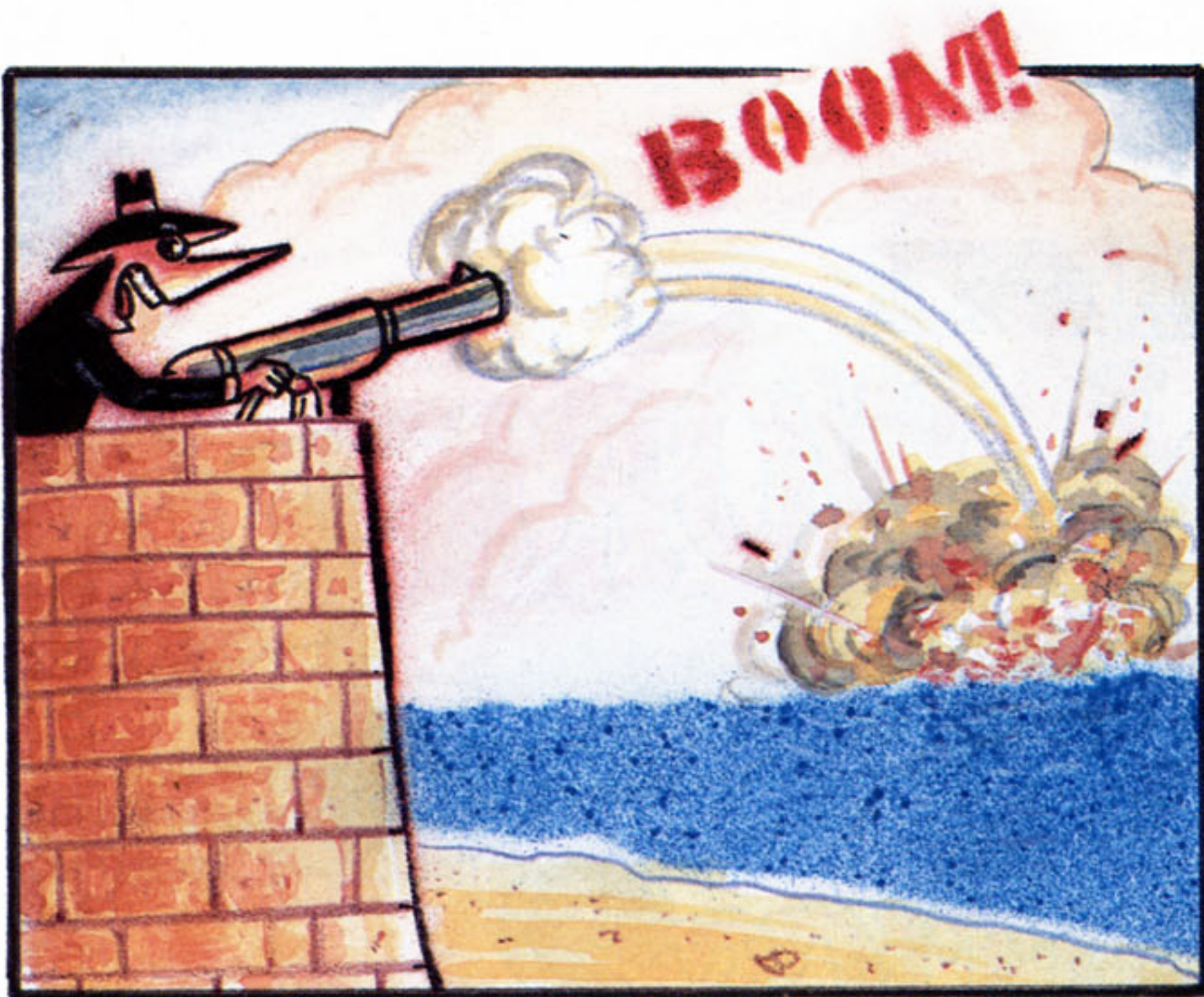
CATCHER

2006



SPY VS SPY





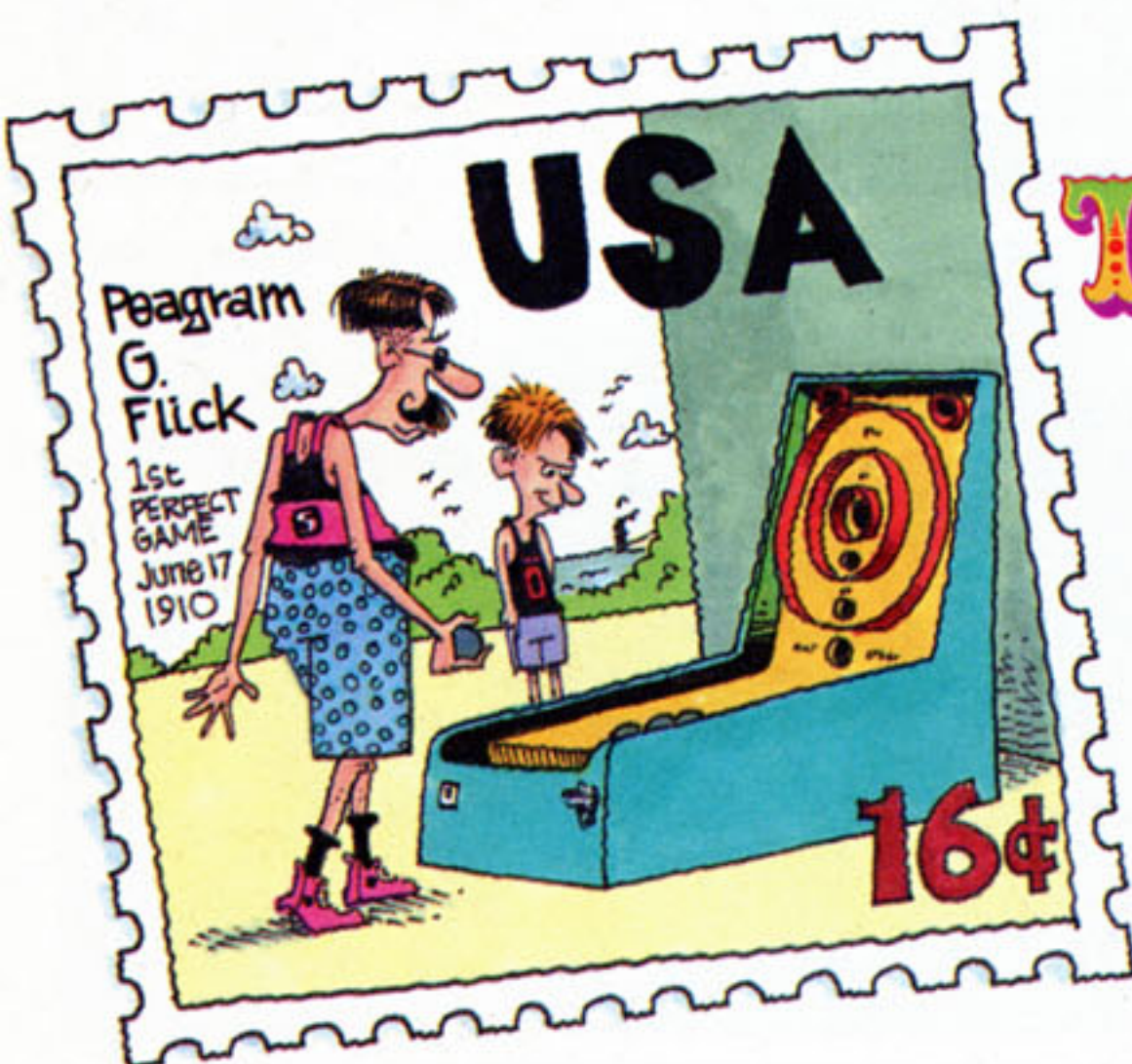
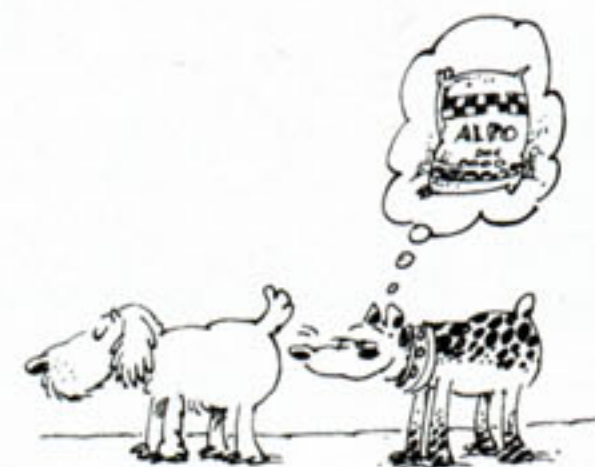
KUPER



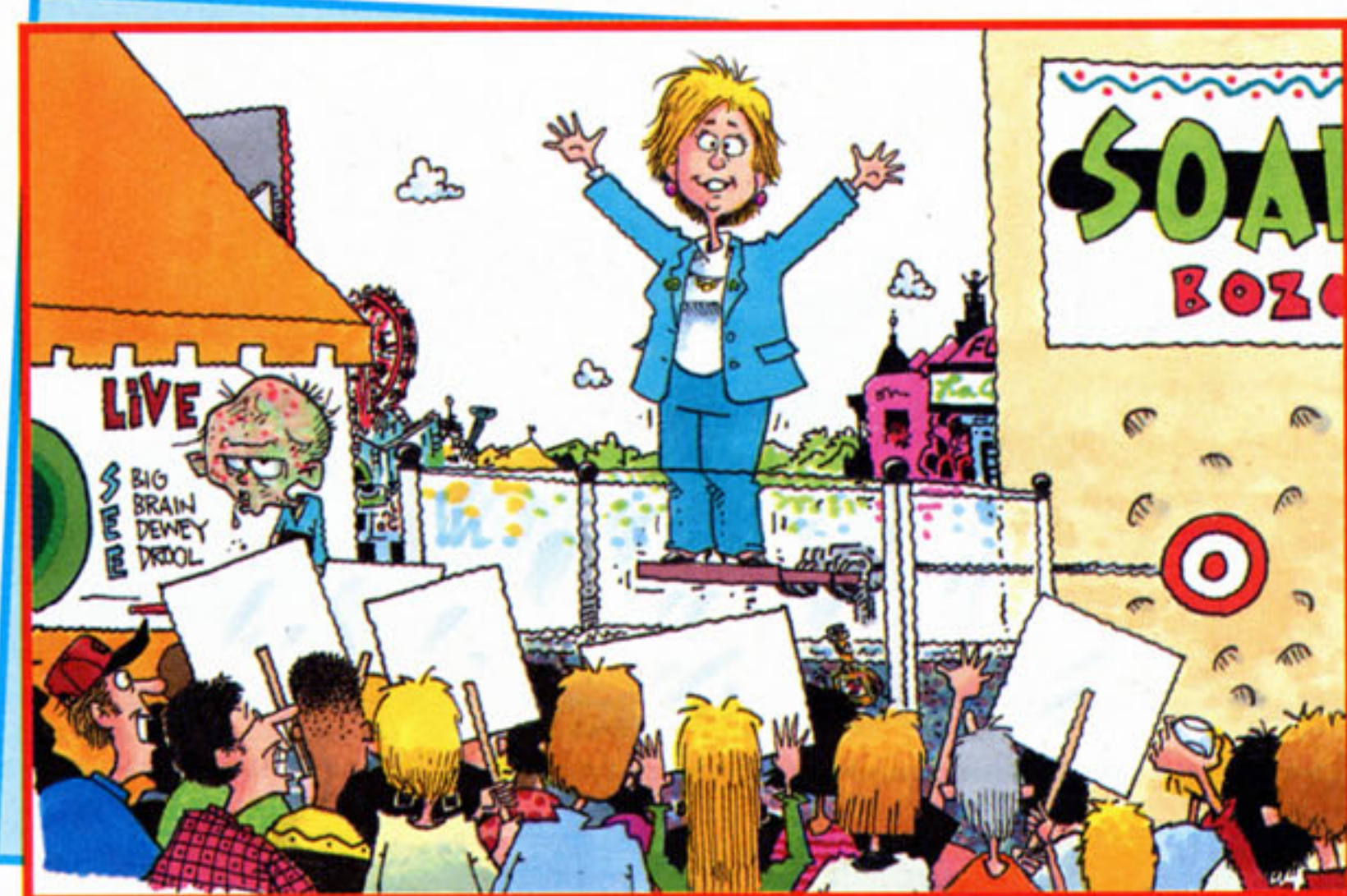
What is it about these guys with their filthy t-shirts and defiant jailhouse tattoos? As it is, we're willing to entrust the safety of our children to them as they, among other tasks, operate the levers of large and potentially hazardous, gravity-defying electric-powered rides that they've slapped together in the dead of the night under the influence of all manner of controlled substances. That's reckless enough. But can you imagine what it would be like if this odd collection of traveling felons had some real yank? That's right, ponder this for a moment...

WHAT IF CARNIVAL WORKERS WERE MAJOR PLAYERS IN POLITICS?

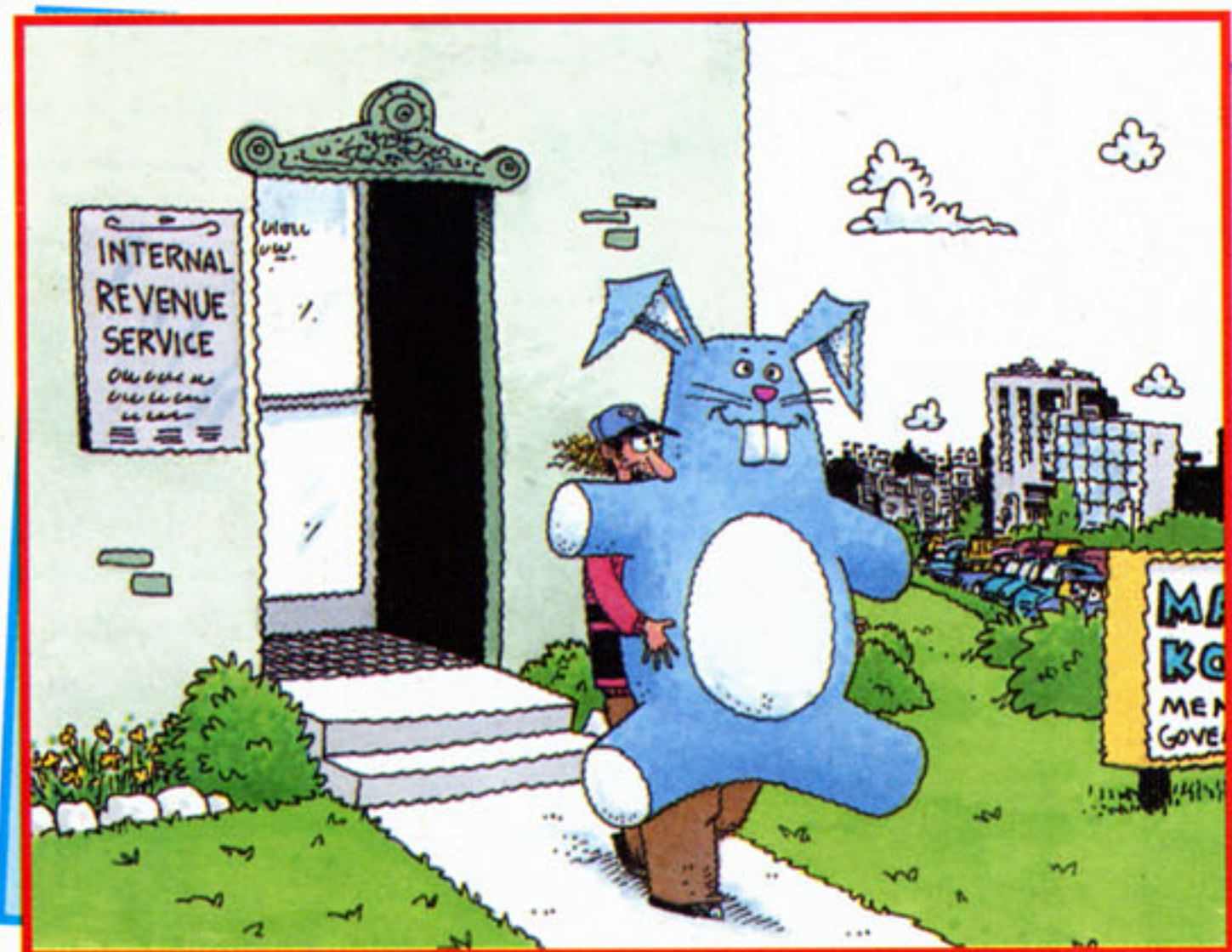
WRITER AND ARTIST:
JOHN CALDWELL



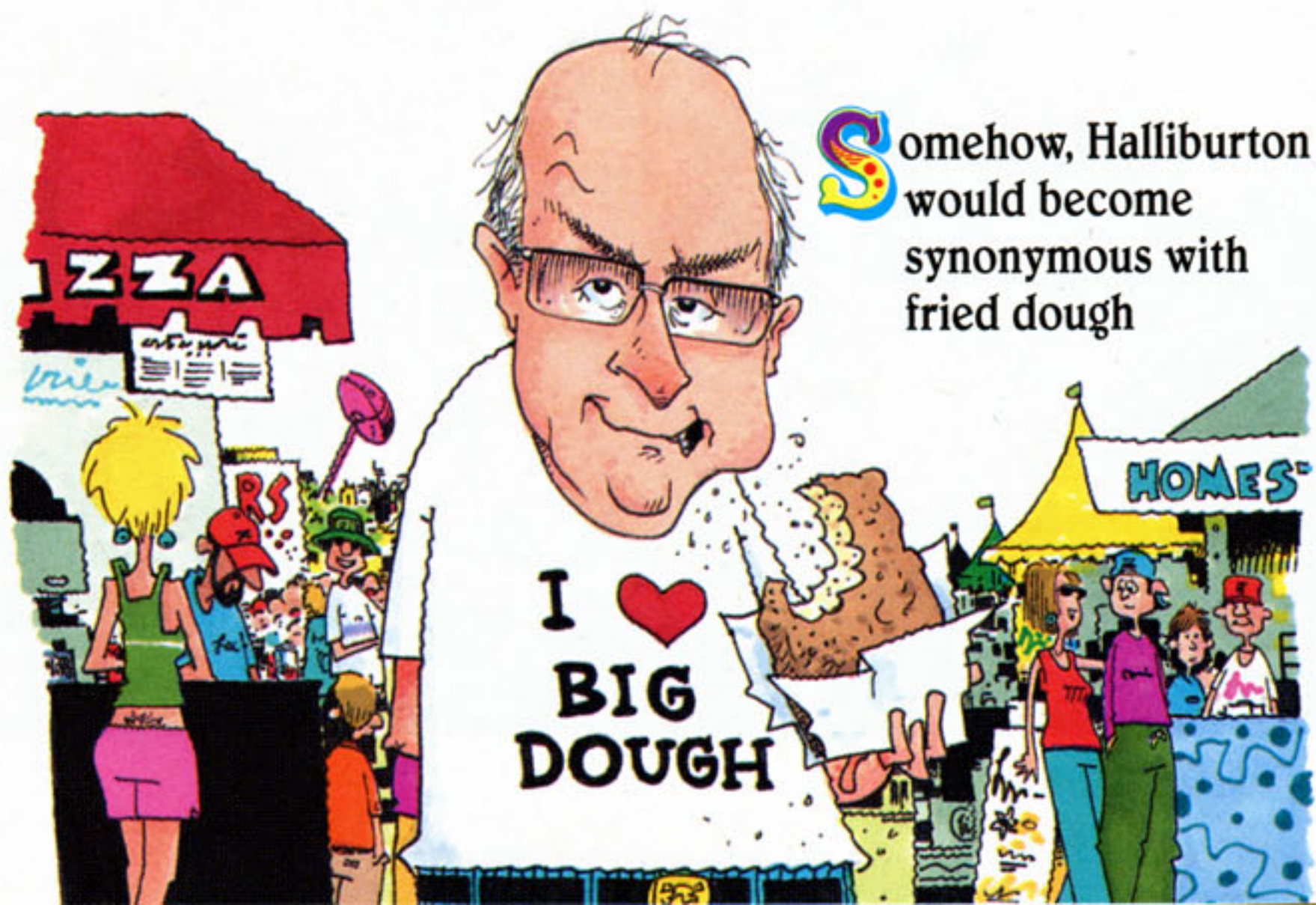
There'd no doubt be a series of commemorative stamps highlighting great achievements in skeeball



Entire political campaigns will be centered around the need to promote cleaner dunk tank water



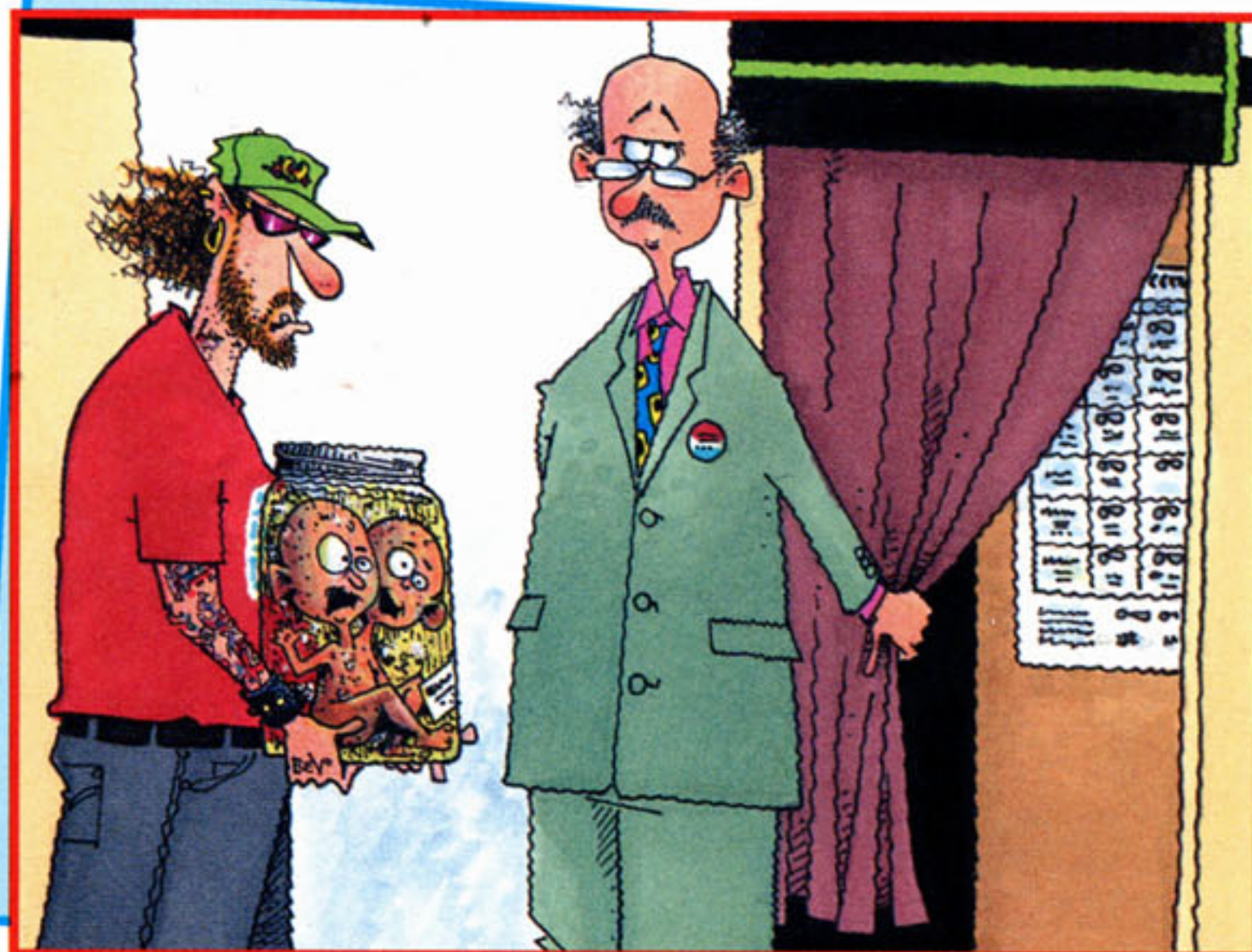
Really huge stuffed animals would qualify as tax exemptions



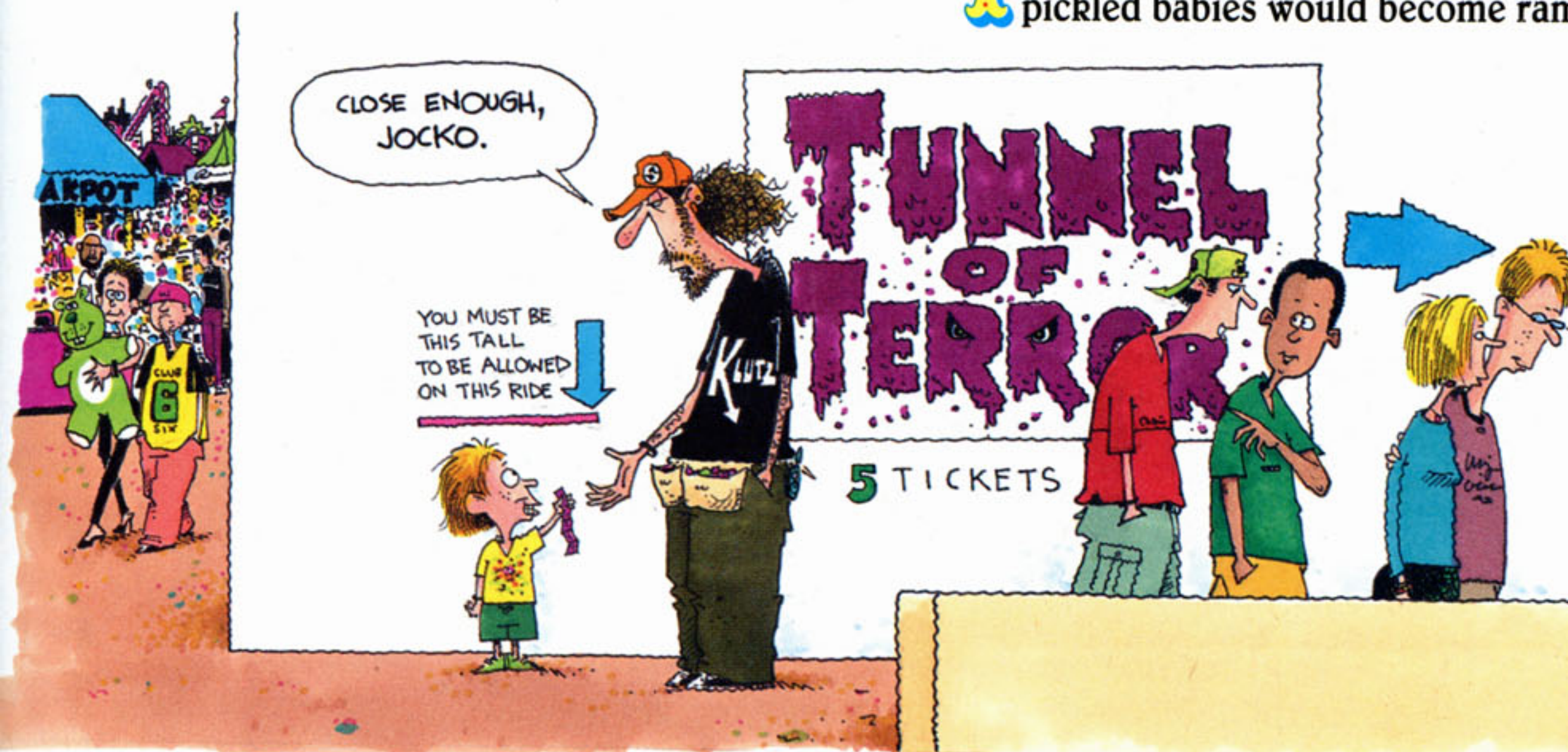
Somehow, Halliburton would become synonymous with fried dough



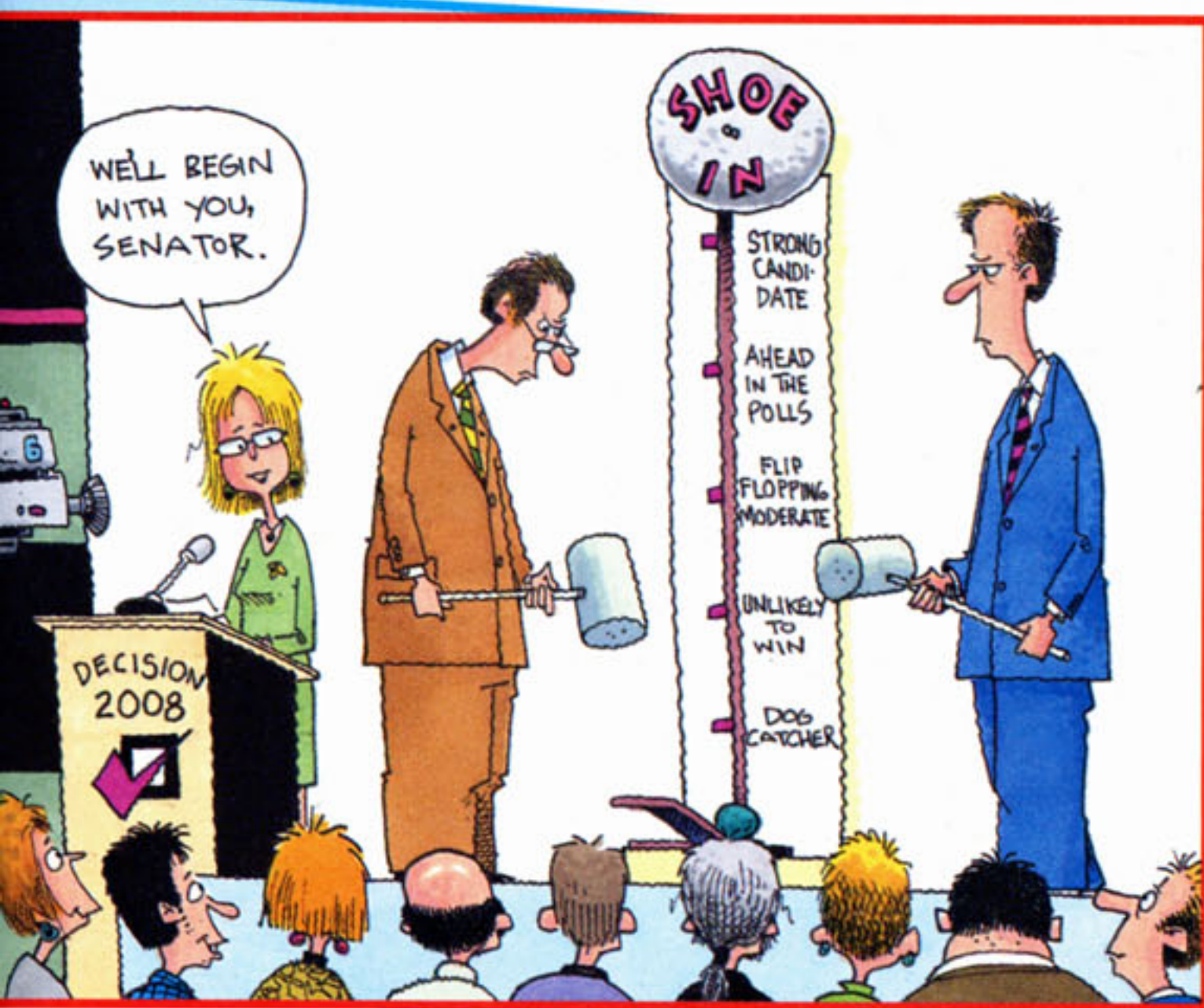
Washington would add yet another layer of bureaucracy by instituting an Office of Guessed Weights and Measures



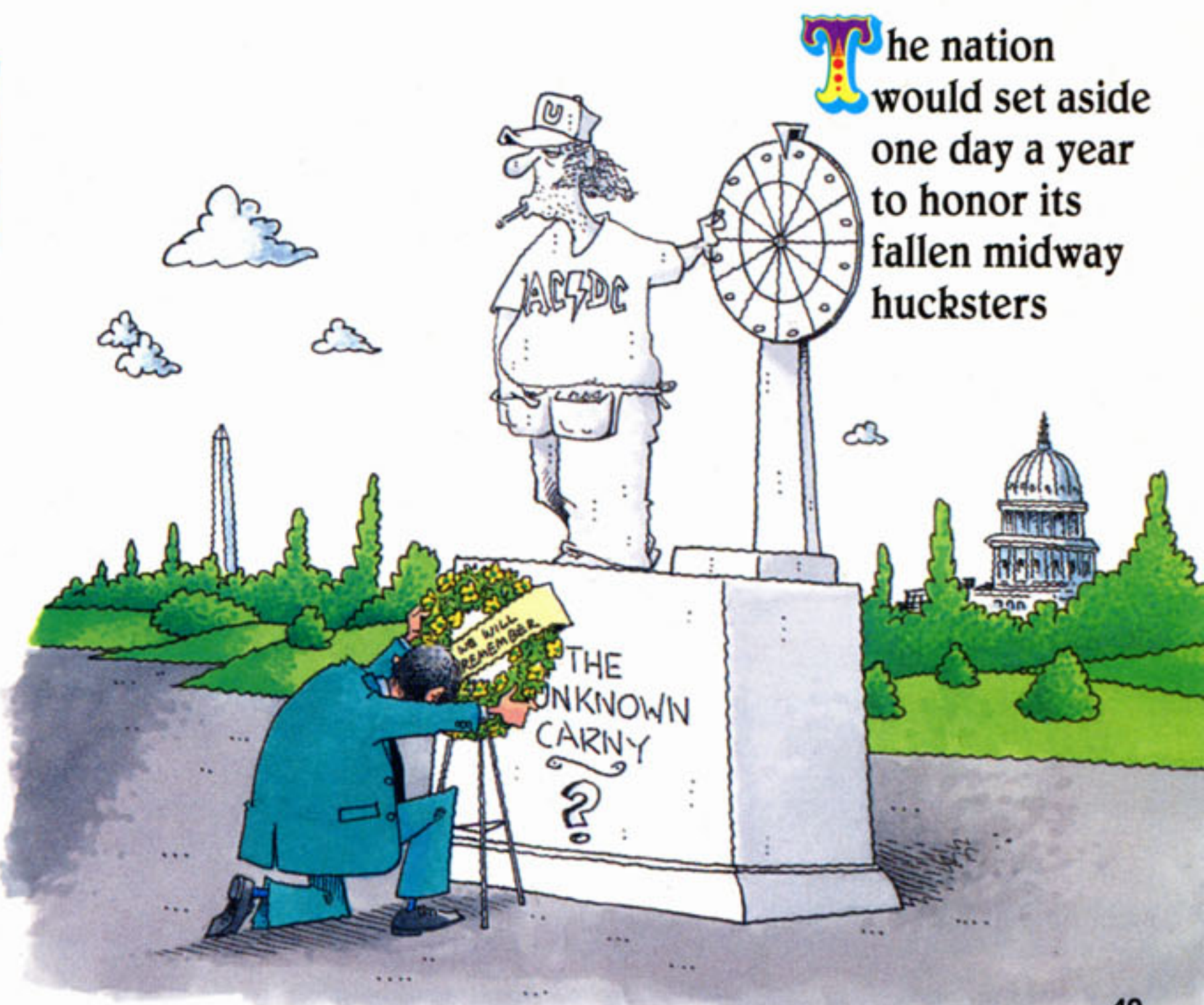
Incidents of voter fraud involving two-headed pickled babies would become rampant



An addendum to the Leave No Child Behind Act would involve lowering the minimum ride height



Goodbye long-winded debates, hello televised tests of strength



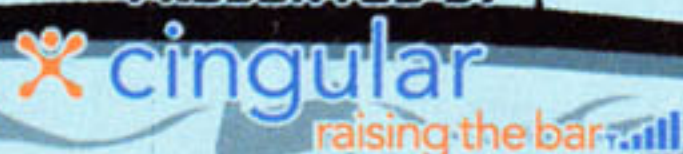
The nation would set aside one day a year to honor its fallen midway hucksters



WARPED TOUR 2006



PRESENTED BY



NOFX • RISE AGAINST • ANTI-FLAG • THURSDAY • MOTION CITY SOUNDTRACK
 UNDEROATH • SAVES THE DAY • SENSES FAIL • AGAINST ME! • AFI • LESS THAN JAKE
 THE CASUALTIES • JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS • THE SOUNDS • THE LIVING END
 HELMET • THE BOUNCING SOULS • BUZZCOCKS • STATE RADIO
 DANNY DIABLO • HELLOGOODBYE • ZOX • FROM FIRST TO LAST • EVERYTIME I DIE • SILVERSTEIN
 18 VISIONS • THE EARLY NOVEMBER • BULLET FOR MY VALENTINE • THE ACADEMY IS...
 BILLY TALENT • ARMOR FOR SLEEP • THE PINK SPIDERS • SADSIN • PLAIN WHITE T'S
 GREELEY ESTATES • GYM CLASS HEROES • REGGIE AND THE FULL EFFECT • THE BLEED
 FROM AUTUMN TO ASHES • MONEEN • EMANUEL • PROTEST THE HERD
 DOWN TO EARTH APPROACH • MUTE MATH • THE FALL OF TROY
 RED JUMPSUIT APPARATUS • OVER IT • AMBER PACIFIC • AIDEN • PARAMORE • EMERY
 STRETCH ARM STRONG • PISTOLITA • FLASHLIGHT BROWN • DROPPING DAYLIGHT
 SPITALFIELD • RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS • GATSBY'S AMERICAN DREAM
 VALIENT THORR • VOLTERA • DIE HUNNS • ASG • EIGHT FINGERS DOWN
 THE SUNSTREAK • CARTEL • THE SMASHUP • WE ARE THE FURY • MY AMERICAN HEART
 BOY SETS FIRE • THE CONFESSION • THE GERMS • ADAIR • CHIDDOS
 THE VINCENT BLACK SHADOW • BRITT BLACK
 AND MANY MORE

NEW FOR 2006: CINGULAR SIGNING STAGE.
 ERNIE BALL BATTLE OF THE BANDS.
 MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL VAGRANT RECORDS STAGE.
 ENERGIZER ENCORE, VANS AMATEUR SKATE JAM,
 DR. MAD VIBES MEDICINE CABINET (SPOKEN WORD TENT),
 ADRENALIN CREW (STREET BIKE STUNTS).



CHECK OUT WWW.WARPEDTOUR.COM FOR DETAILS

When MTV debuted, way back in 1981, people said it was stupid, pointless, annoying and would never last! Boy were *they* wrong — at least about the “lasting” part! The same way you’ll sing “Happy Birthday” to the kid in class you hate, just because everyone else is doing it, bear with us as...

MAD Celebrates

25 OF YEARS



WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN
ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN

MTV hits the airwaves with footage of the Apollo rocket blasting off to the moon. The expensive explosion, leading to an empty and lifeless void, symbolized the channel's “launch.” Apparently, MTV thought it was a slightly less obvious metaphor than a farmer shoveling manure onto waiting swine.



Viewers enjoyed seeing the very best Caucasian stars of the era. But 90% of rock's performers in 1981 still looked like unshaved rodents with problem skin. However, they were judged by their musical ability, rather than by how perky they looked in some flashy video. MTV would soon fix that.



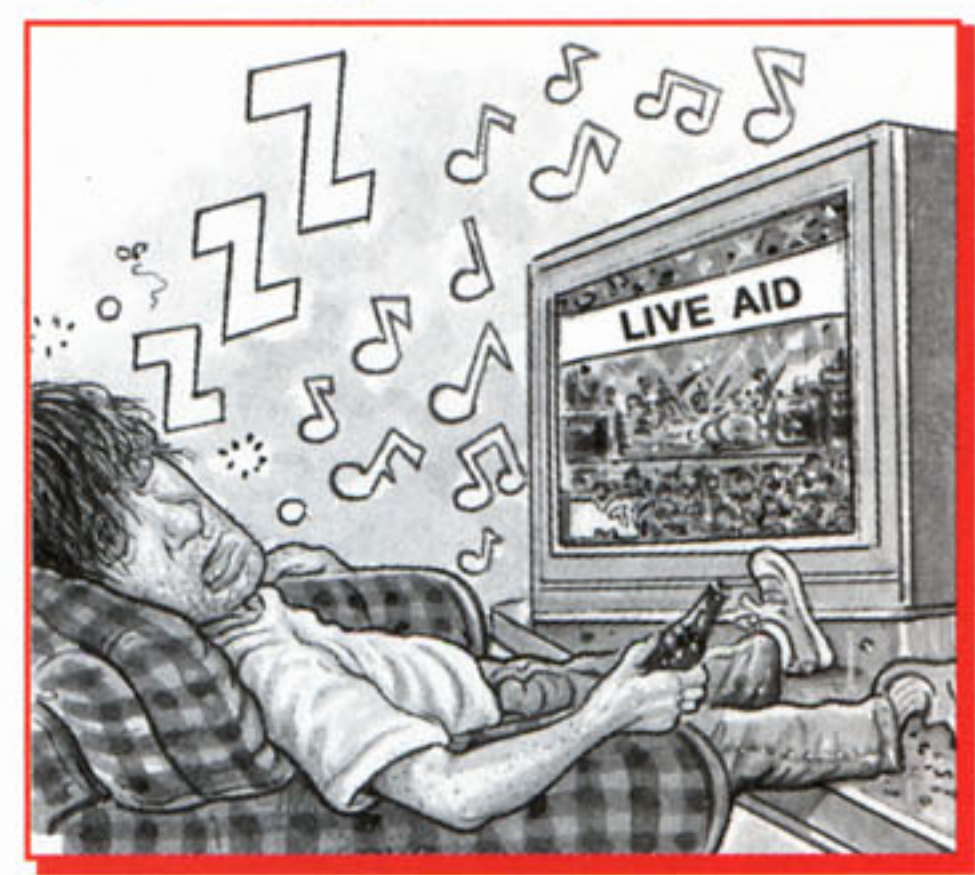
The epic 15-minute Thriller was a sensation, marking both the final time MTV viewers could pay attention to something for 15 minutes, and the last time Michael Jackson needed make-up to pretend his face was rotting off.



1981-1986: THE DAWN OF MTV

Making the leap from oblivion to the back of a Trivial Pursuit card were the original five VJs that America would come to know and tolerate: Nina, Alan, J.J., Mark and Martha. This powerhouse lineup of charismatic talent wouldn't be matched until Jose Canseco, Cousin Balki and Omarosa showed up on *The Surreal Life*.

But MTV wasn't only about image. The proudest moment of its early history came when it aired 2 hours of stirring, magnificent stage performances from Live Aid. Unfortunately, it was spread out over 17 hours of programming.





By 1987, the network suits realized they'd never get fat golden parachutes if all they did was run Bangles videos...er, that is, MTV Creative had an epiphany to expand the channel's brand identity by spicing up the schedule with alternative programming. And so the shift away from 24-hour music began. The programming department took a "throw it at the wall and see if it sticks" attitude, the same approach used by alpha monkeys in the zoo.



Sniffing the winds

of the cultural zeitgeist, MTV totally embraced hip-hop by creating Yo! MTV Raps. Okay, so it only ran once a week at first. In the middle of the night. And true, the channel still spent the other 166 hours per week running videos by Steve Winwood, The Grateful Dead, Cher and George Harrison. But the show's unplanned popularity was proof that MTV always defined the cutting edge.



1987-1991: THE BRUNCH OF MTV

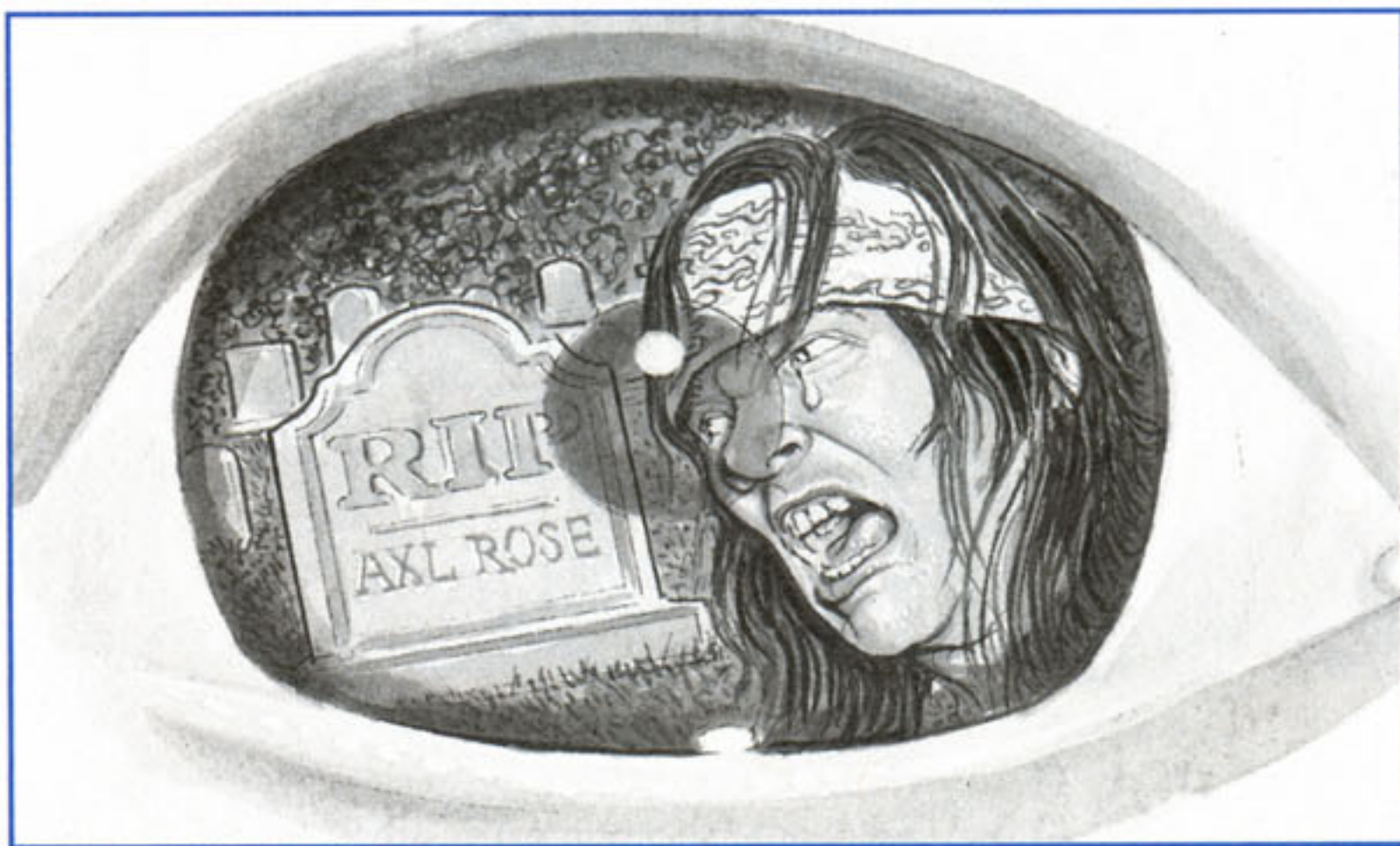
Supermodel Cindy Crawford, sporting the most famous media mole until Scooter Libby, hosted the fashion-centric *House of Style*. The show was hugely successful, although the ratings among male viewers had a tendency to abruptly peak at about the 7-minute mark of each episode, then taper off.



Pee-wee Herman's career as a kids' entertainer had been derailed by his arrest in a porn theater. But the public masturbator's surprise appearance at the 1991 Video Music Awards received a wild ovation, thus making Pee-wee the biggest one-handed star on MTV since Def Leppard's drummer.



In the histrionic Guns 'N' Roses videos of the early 90s, Axl Rose watched two copies of himself argue and walk through a mirror, visited his own grave inside a baby's eyeball, and went off to live among the dolphins. Axl would later quit the music business, because he felt no one understood him.



By its second decade, MTV had clout. They expanded into Hollywood with a filmmaking division and the annual Movie Awards. They expanded into politics with the "Choose or Lose" campaign. They expanded into psychiatric counseling with the 5-minute-long Van Halen "reunion." And most shocking of all, with the introduction of MTV2, they expanded into the business of broadcasting music videos.

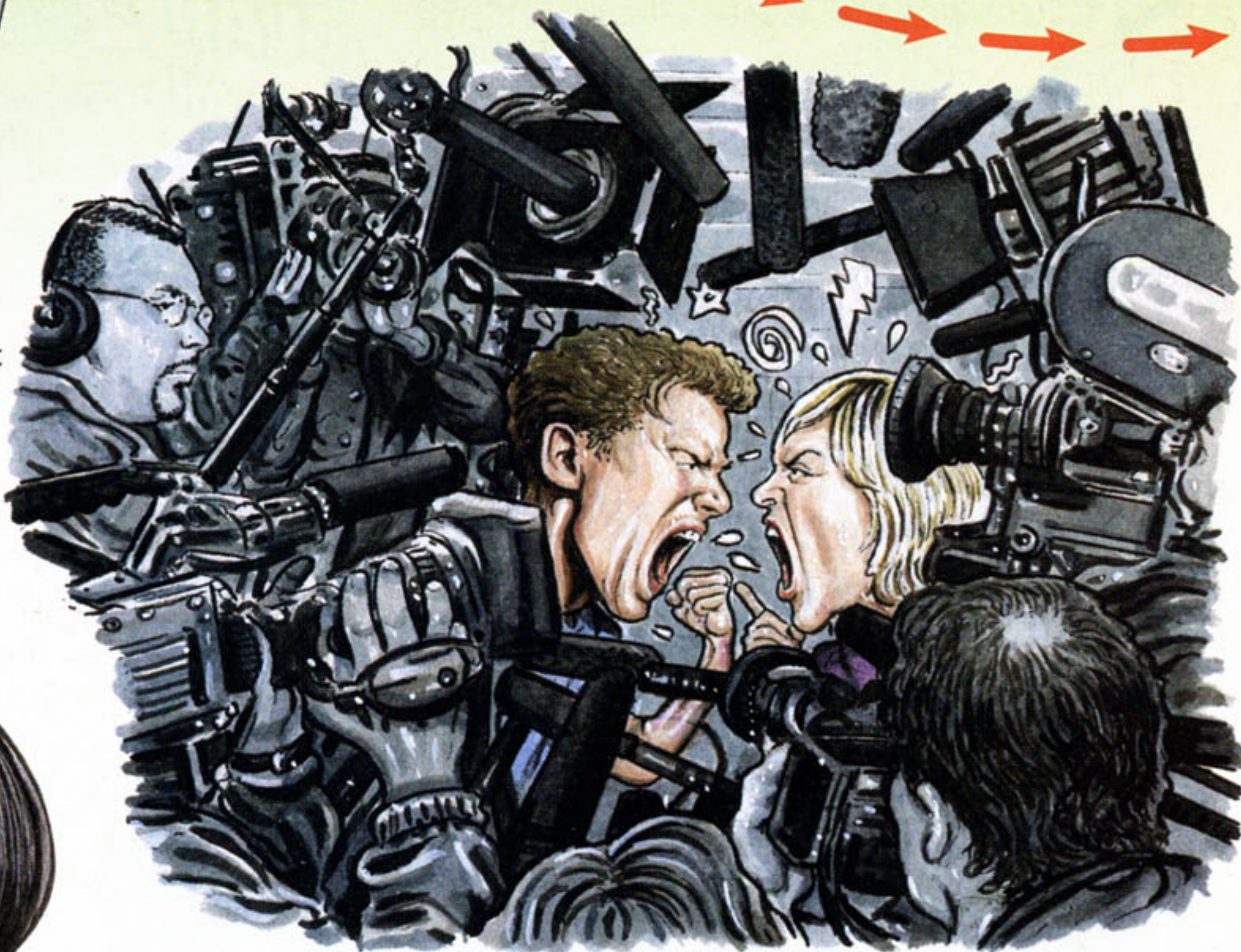


All uses of the word "fire" are banned on Beavis and Butt-Head, because MTV doesn't want its pair of ugly, retarded sociopaths to set a bad example.



1982-1996: THE AFTERNOON BLAHS OF MTV

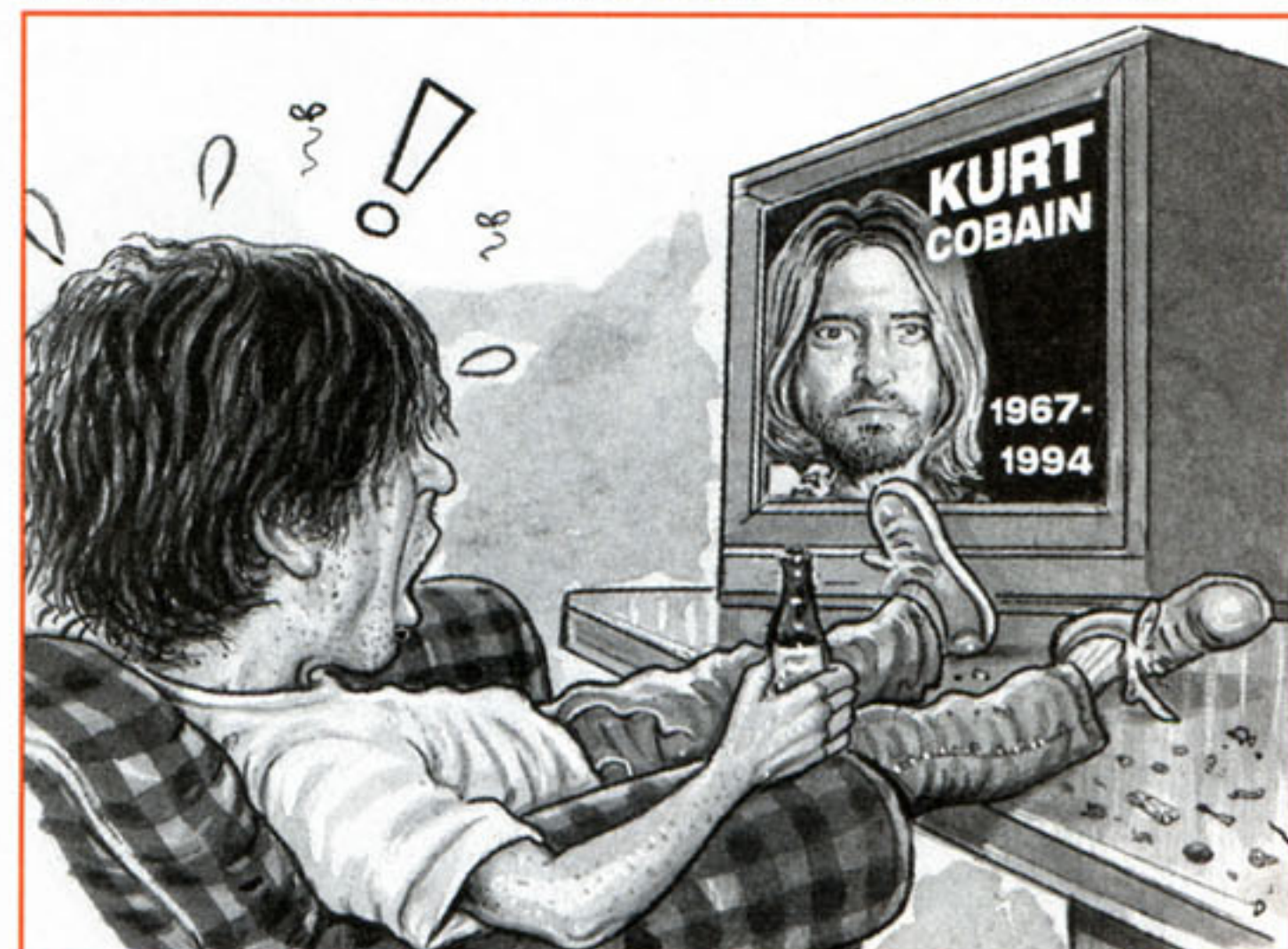
The sulphurous gates of Hell were loosed in 1992, and reality television was born. *The Real World* answered the question no one had been asking: what happens when seven demographically-selected gay models, insufferable bitches and beach volleyball rejects go into a full-sized Barbie Dream House and start getting real? It turned out that viewers couldn't get enough of the show, albeit only because MTV spends six months at a time running the series in 24-hour marathons.

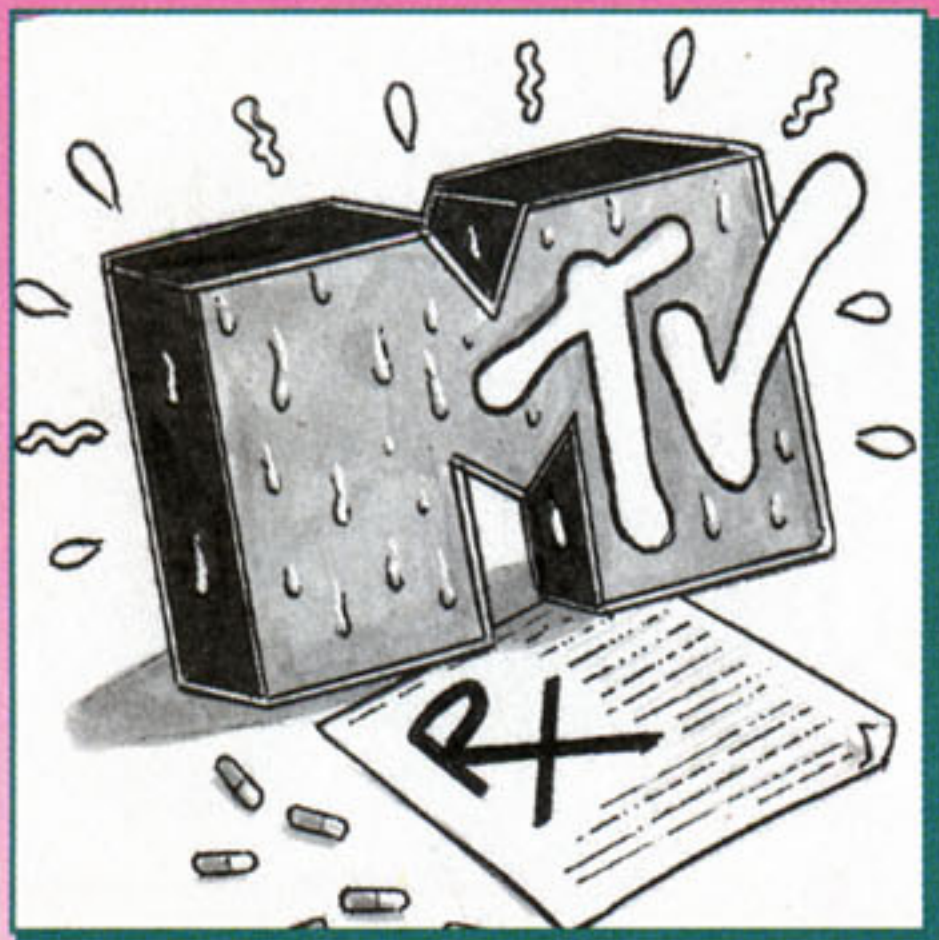


In the *Gin and Juice* video, new rap star Snoop Doggy Dogg went into a bedroom with four women and ten condoms. This was considered a powerful message for safe sex.



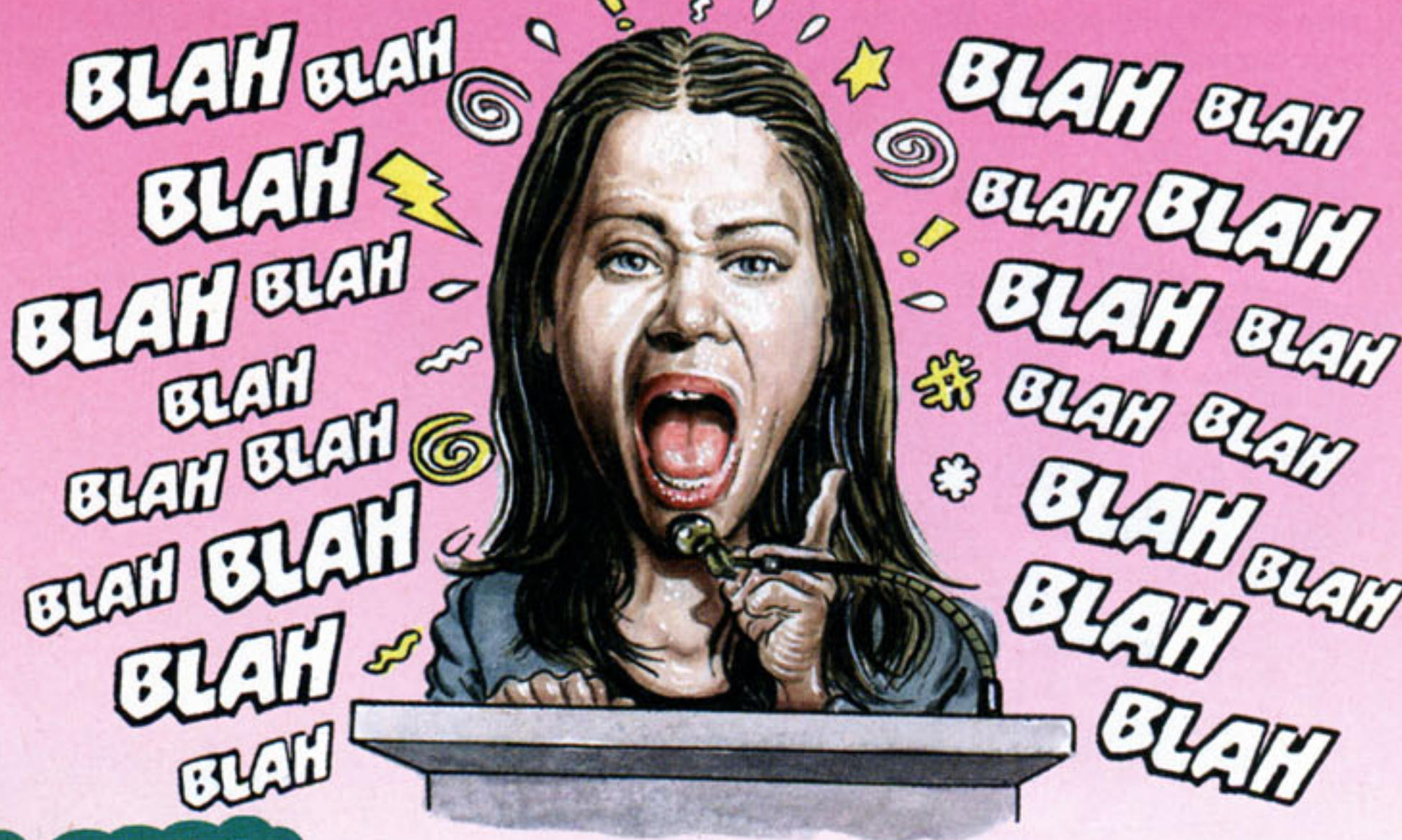
A generation remembers exactly where they were at the moment they heard the news of Kurt Cobain's death: sitting on their asses watching MTV. They're staggered by the unexpected news that a guy who posed for photos with a rifle in his mouth and who wrote the song "I Hate Myself and Want to Die" would commit suicide.





After 15 years, MTV is forever changing, forever exploring, forever restlessly searching for the next big thing. If it were an actual 15-year-old, it would be put on Ritalin.

On January 24, 1998, Fiona Apple's speech from the August 1997 Video Music Awards finally ended. When Apple wasn't busy stripping off her bra and sticking her head between men's thighs in her videos, she was deeply concerned about the objectification of women in the media.



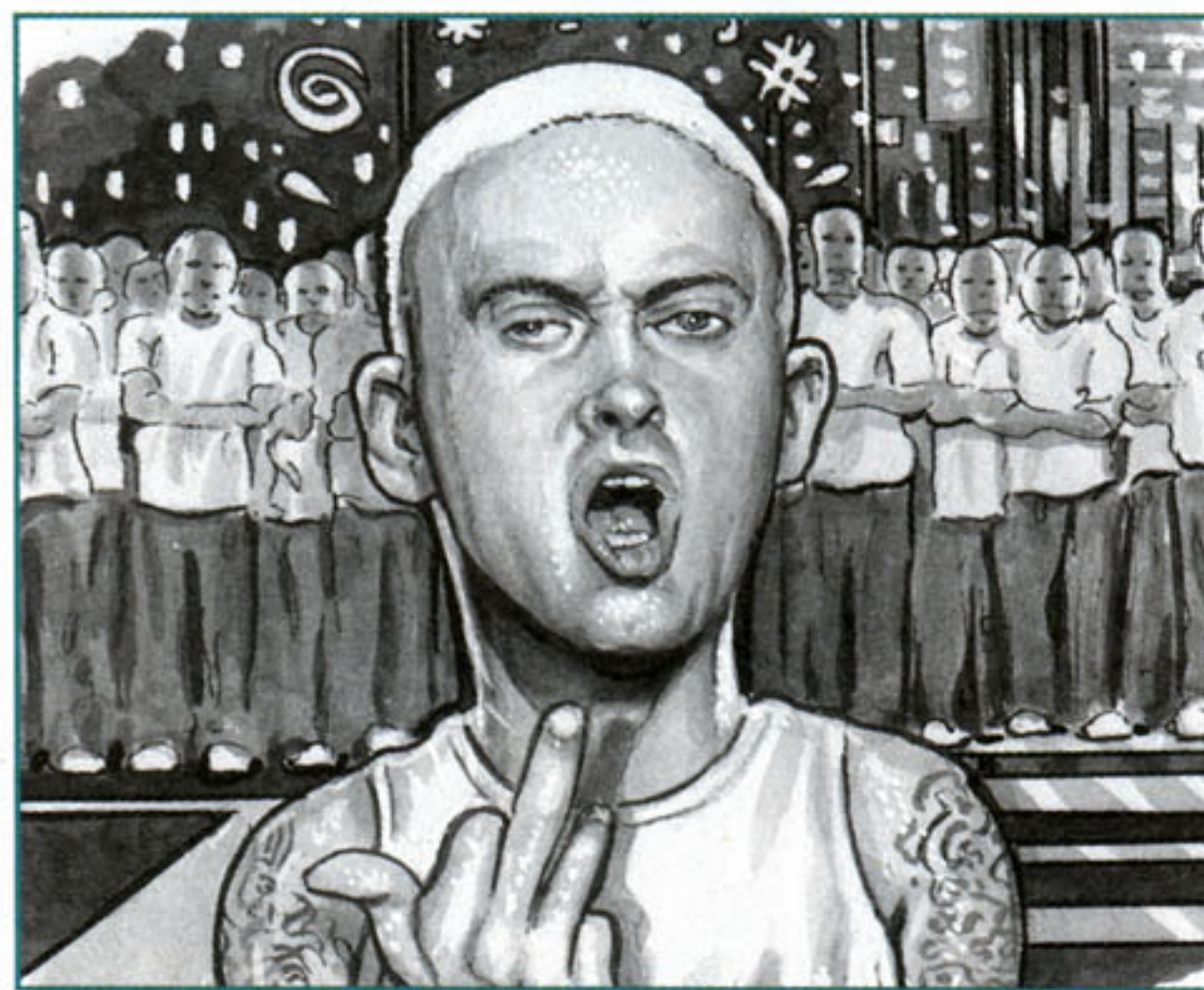
MTV opened its famous glass-windowed studio in 1997, thus raising the bar for shameless whoring in the Times Square area. Within a year, the sitting audience for *Total Request Live* was in place, barely blinking, inside a glass booth, like a giant lizard terrarium. Except real lizards would never have voted for Matchbox 20 videos.

1997-2001: THE DUSK OF MTV

Uncontrolled eruptions of arson, sexual molestation, violence, looting and vandalism marred MTV's coverage of Woodstock '99. And yet somehow, the same things make Tom Green a star.



Eminem stole the show at the 2000 VMAs, spitting out his angry message of intolerance in front of an army of identical white lookalikes. This concept was later stolen and successfully used at the Republican national convention.





Meanwhile, in the single greatest prank ever, Ashton Kutcher tricks the United States into giving him a career.



The nuclear meltdown family of the era was *The Osbournes*. Their hit reality series raised the question "Is an obscenity technically obscene, if no one can understand a thing you're saying?"



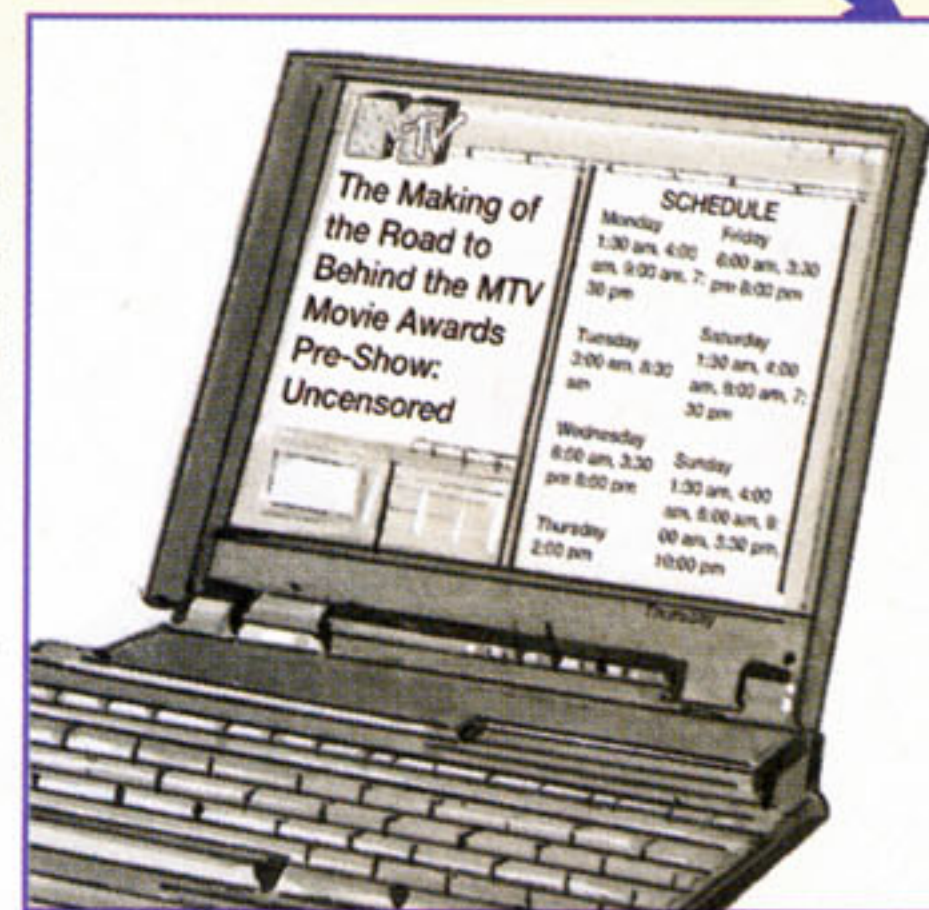
For the first and last time, MTV produced the Super Bowl half-time show, and Justin Timberlake gets further with Janet Jackson than he supposedly ever did with Britney Spears.

2002-NOW: THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL OF MTV

On July 18, 2003, a soul-crushing milestone is reached, as MTV's Spring Break coverage marks its 1,000,000th pointless "Wooooo!"



The Making of the Road to Behind the MTV Movie Awards Pre-Show: Uncensored was the least successful of the channel's many "exclusive" award show specials. It was so unpopular that it would only be rerun 40 times.



The 2005 Video Music Awards went on as scheduled in Miami, just 72 hours after Hurricane Katrina had swept through the area, causing massive damage. In fact, local residents were still without power and couldn't watch the broadcast. So, some good did come out of the hurricane.

WHERE IS IT
MOST IMPORTANT
TO STOP THE INFUX
OF UNSKILLED
AND UNSAVORY
WORKERS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

It's no secret that there are many workers who are doing jobs that are not rightfully theirs. There have been many instances where their incompetence has had dangerous and unfortunate repercussions. It's more important than ever to keep an eye on these interlopers. To find out where the worst offenders are popping up, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



IN MANY WAYS, THE PUBLIC IS PLAGUED BY THIS
BUSINESS. THESE PARIAS ARE SOME OF THE EARTH'S
LOWEST PARASITES. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE. IN
CABS, PLANES, HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, EVEN IN POSH IN-
SIDER'S CLUBS. IT'S BECOME AS BAD AS IT CAN GET

A

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

B

WHERE IS IT
MOST IMPORTANT
TO STOP THE INFLUX
OF UNSKILLED
AND UNSAVORY
WORKERS?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



IN
BUSH'S

CABIN-
ET

A

B

**GRAB LIFE
BY THE HORNS**



DODGE

FOLD PAGE OVER TO RIGHT **A** **B** THEN FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**IT'S
ANYTHING
BUT
CUTE.**

A **B**

GRAB LIFE
BY THE HORNS



DODGE

FOLD PAGE OVER TO RIGHT **A**

B THEN FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



IT'S FUN GOING TO A DRIVE-IN. ALL
ANYONE NEEDS IS A CAR. THE ONLY THING
BETTER IS TAKING THE FAMILY OUT
WITH YOU. EVEN BETTER IS
CURLING UP WITH A FAVORITE DATE.

A THE ALL-NEW 2007 DODGE CALIBER STARTING AT \$13,985.*
172-horsepower 2.4-liter engine with CVT2. MusicGate Power™
Boston Acoustics® sound system with swing-down liftgate speakers.
Visit dodge.com or call 800-4ADODGE.

B

*Available for order. R/T AWD as shown, \$20,385. MSRP's exclude tax.

**GRAB LIFE
BY THE HORNS**



DODGE

FOLD PAGE OVER TO RIGHT **A** **B** THEN FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**IT'S
ANYTHING
BUT
CUTE.**

A **B**