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THE WALKING DEAD

SPY VS. SPY! PLANET TAD!
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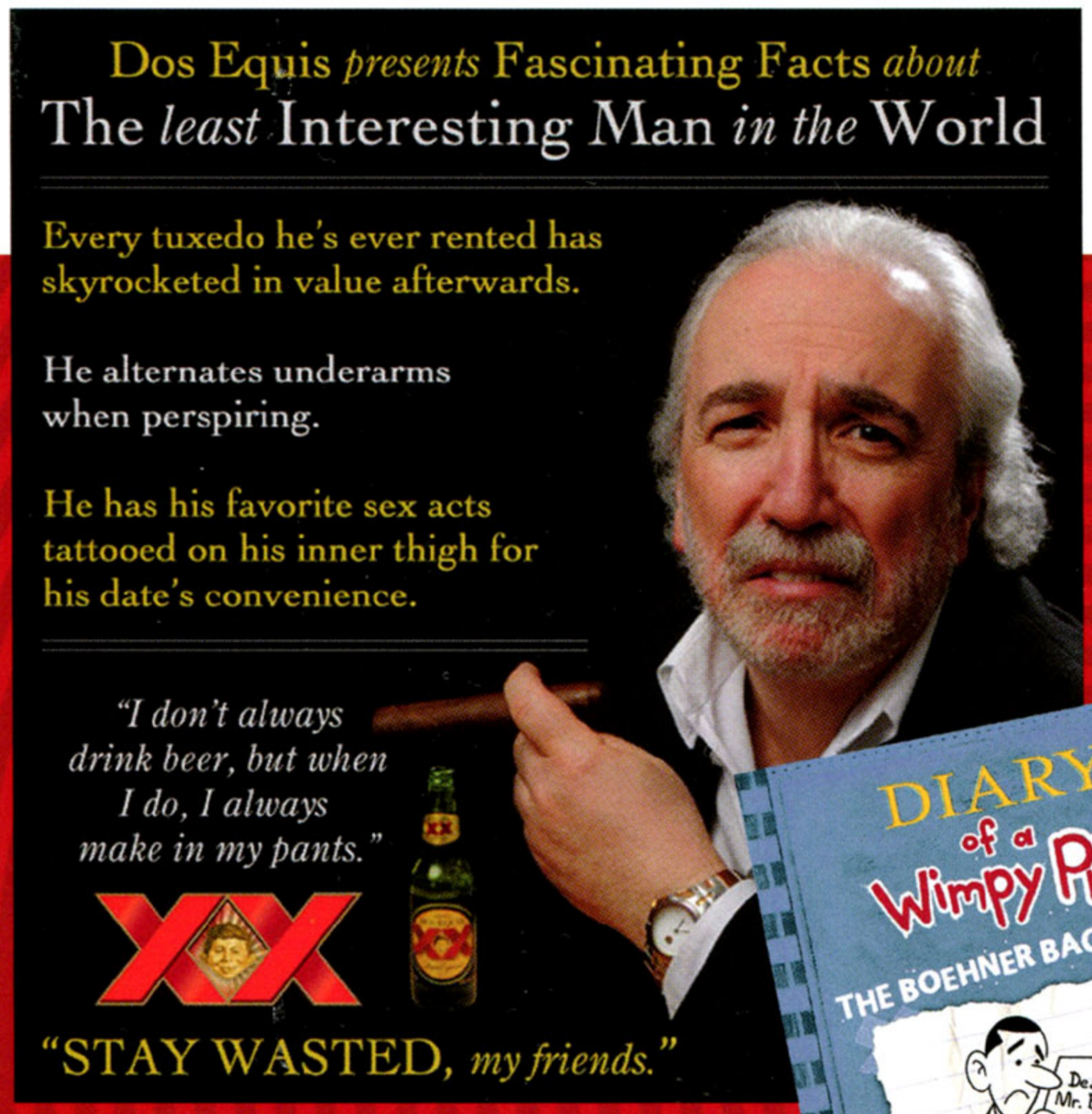
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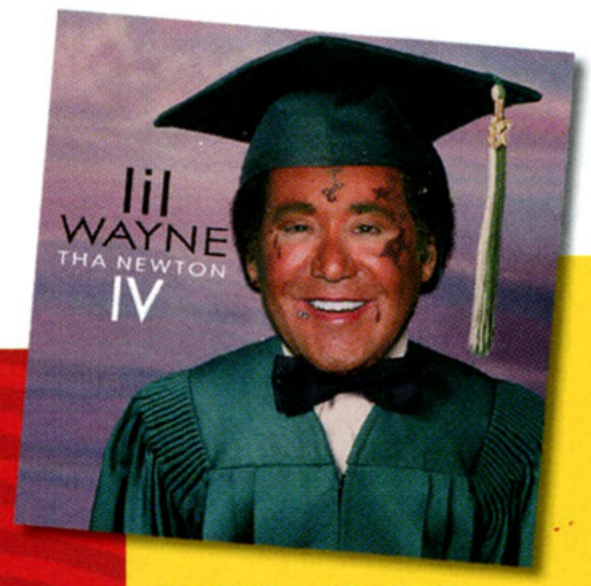
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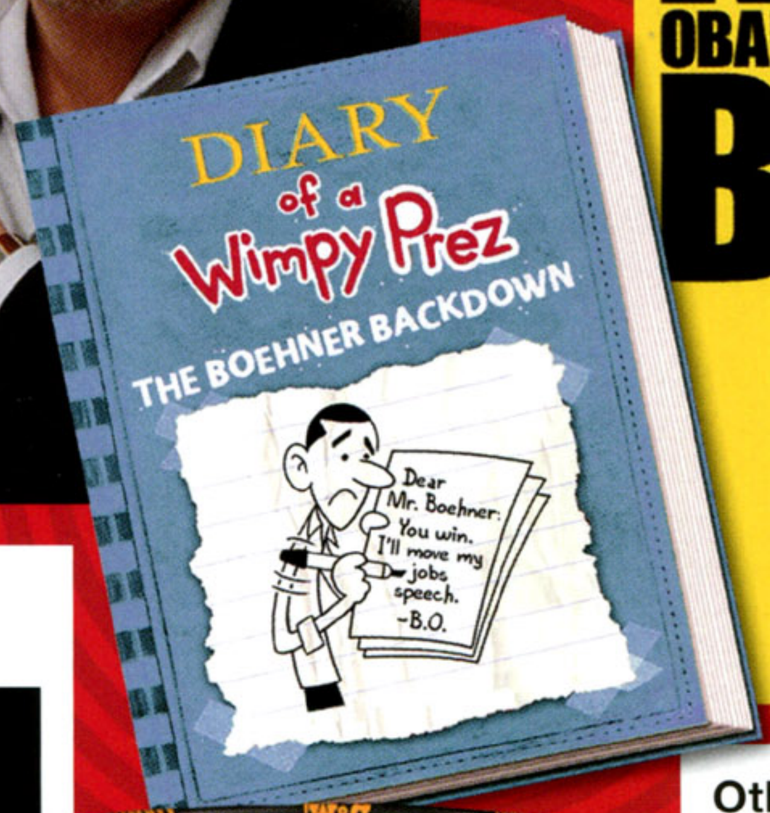
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Here's just some of what you missed!

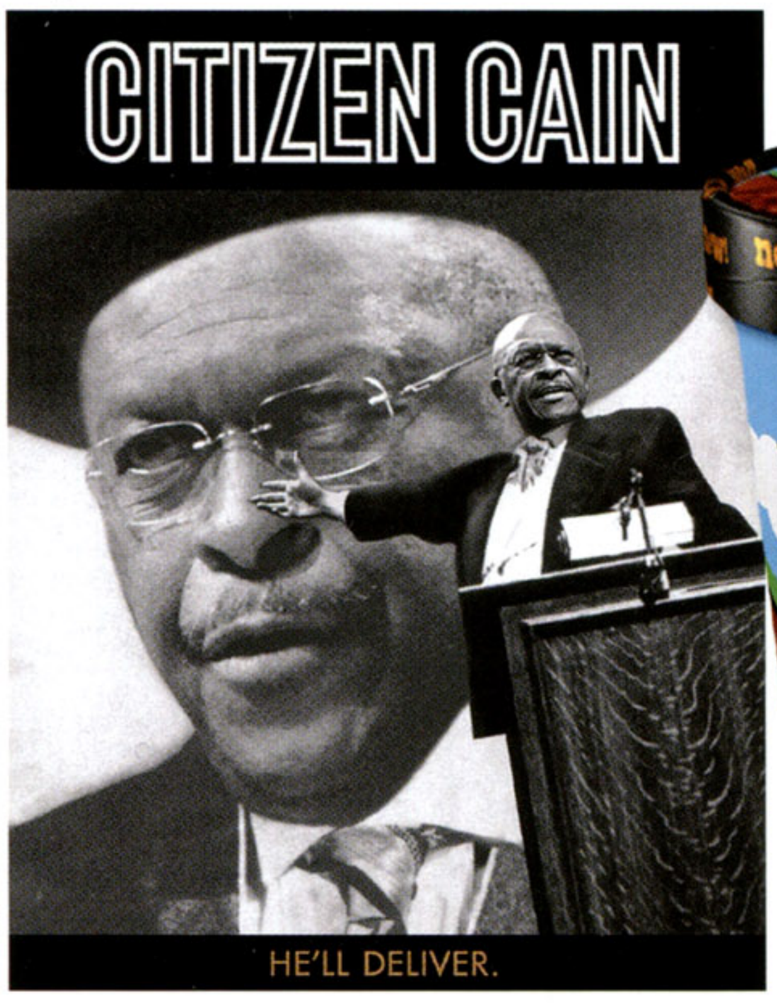








Herman Cain Calls for Obama's Impeachment





Other Souvenirs Ransacked from Qaddafi's Compound





Theldiotical.com

THE OFFICIAL BLOG OF MAD MAGAZINE

Bookmark it now — and delete all your others!

MAD

Departments



NUMBER 512
DECEMBER 2011

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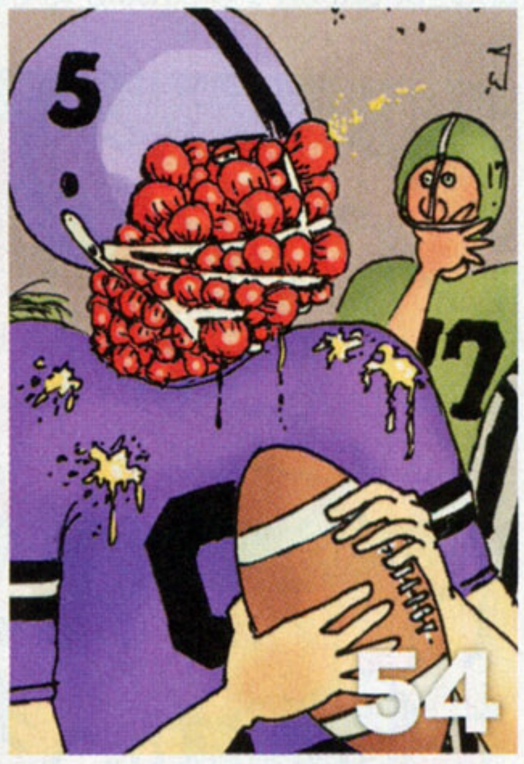
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COVER ARTIST: MARK FREDRICKSON





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Letters and Tomatoes

CRAPPY ASKERS OF STUPID QUESTIONS

Why do you keep using up all those trees to publish/print MAD magazine? Isn't there something more useful that could be done with those trees? And why when I unplug my computer cord does the green light take a few seconds to go out? Are those electrons still going through the cord?

Daniel S. Weinberg • Chicago, IL



Weinberg, Dead Ahead! — We thought it was interesting that you're so concerned about using paper, yet you wasted a sheet on your moronic letter. We guess you probably would've emailed, but you still haven't figured out how to plug your computer back in. (Hint: the pointy end goes into the wall!) —Ed.

GOOD TIMES AND DAD

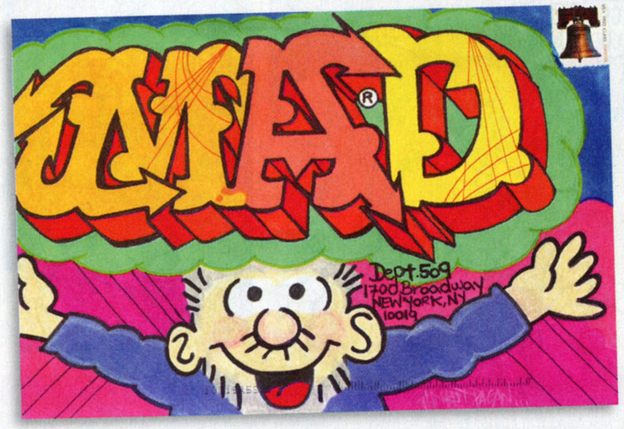
I love reading your magazine! It's one of the best things I've ever read (which isn't saying much because I don't read a lot)! My dad used to read your magazine all the time as a kid, he would ride his bike to the store on the first of each month and buy your magazine. I basically do the same, only I go once every two months and my mom gives me a ride to the store, and it costs three dollars more...but your magazine's still the best!

Sam Driscoll • Gilbert, AZ

Driscoll of the Wild — That's funny that your dad used to get MAD just like you did. It just goes to show you that some things never change...except for the price, the mode of transportation and the frequency. So, actually, most of the details changed quite a bit. On the other hand, your letter ended up being pretty stupid — just like Daniel S. Weinberg's! Look at that — some things never change! —Ed.

ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

Thomas Pagan of Summit, IL sent in this Technicolor, graffiti-esque, Jaffee-centric envelope! Will this envelope inspire Al to finally give up studio work and get out on the streets to throw up some tags? Only time will tell...



AWARD TO THE WISEASS

MAD's Maddest Writer, the one and only Dick DeBartolo, was awarded the prestigious Inkpot Award at this year's San Diego Comic-Con! Congratulations, Dick! Just don't go getting a swelled head. You're not THAT great — after all, you write for MAD!



Photo: A. Gorum ©SDCC

DISGUISE VS. SPIES

Every single Halloween it's the same problem! You end up completely paralyzed when it comes time to pick out a costume! There are just too many options to choose from! And let's face it, you can't go as a slutty French maid again — everyone was VERY clear about that! Thankfully, elope.com has come to the rescue with these amazing black and white Spy costumes!



TO AIRPORT IS HUMAN

My name is Cathy Gaines Mifsud...YES! That's Gaines...G-A-I-N-E-S.

This is a letter of complaint. My travel agent, Gary Goldstein, has read MAD Magazine since he was a wee tot...and he is old now...very, very, old. When Gary left on his most recent trip to Mexico, he discovered that there were NO MAD Magazines to be found in the entire airport. How can that be? Is the city of Baltimore boycotting MAD? Are the airlines boycotting MAD? Is this happening in ALL airports? What the hell is going on?

Since we all know that MAD supports nepotism, I hope that I have some pull in getting MAD Magazine back into the Baltimore airports. This is blasphemy!

Ghoulishly yours,
Cathy Gaines Mifsud, President • William M. Gaines Agent, Inc.

Sudsy — Clearly, this is a big problem for airports. More uncomfortable than the full body scan. More distressing than the fajitas at Chili's Too. More disturbing than a cross-country flight showing *The Lincoln Lawyer* on a continuous loop! Still, while the FAA sorts that whole mess out, if ol' Gary's having trouble finding MAD, why doesn't he take the plunge and subscribe today! (By calling 1-800-4-MADMAG or going to madmag.com). Or is he so old that he doesn't want to make that long a commitment? —Ed.



CELEBRITY SNAPS

Recently, Life.com did a photo feature on the history of MAD. While they were researching the piece, they unearthed this amazing shot of Jimi Hendrix reading an issue, from some time in 1968! Head over to Life.com and check out "MAD Magazine: A Semi-Secret History" for all the photos and factoids!

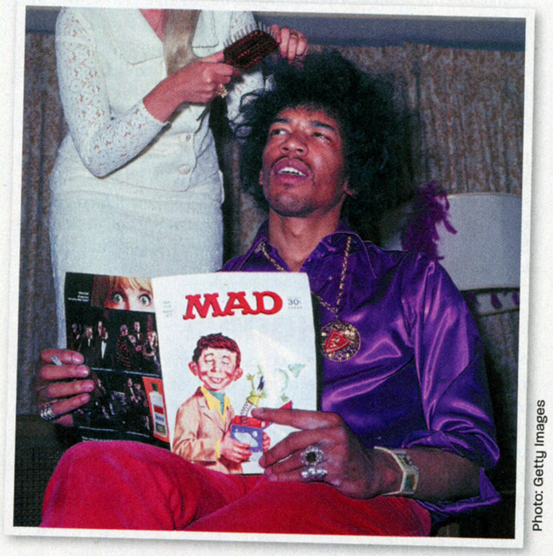


Photo: Getty Images



Letters and Tomatoes

HIDE AND SNEAK

I have been a reader of your magazine for five years now, and I think your TV show is hilarious. Normally I would run up to my local grocery store and buy the magazine with no problems, but now MAD is hidden behind the other magazines, like they're embarrassed of you! How could this happen?

Jacob Wilhelm • Logansport, IN

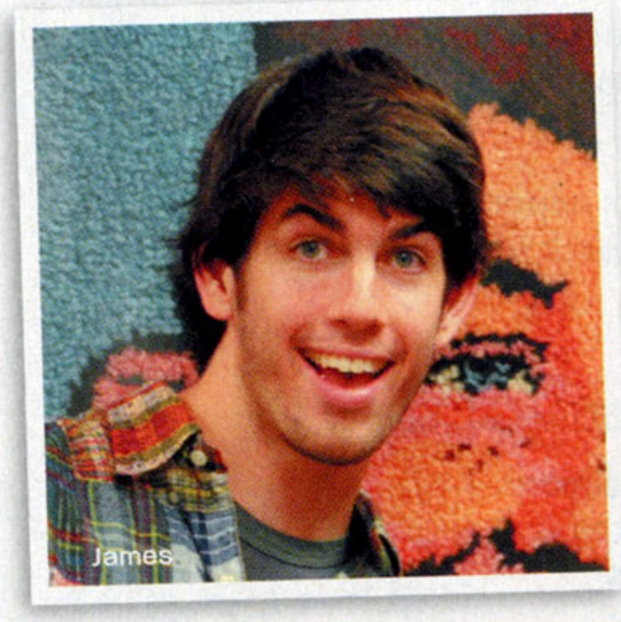
Let's Jake a Deal — You've got it all wrong — we're hiding because WE'RE embarrassed! Who wants to be seen with all those covers showing the Kardashian wedding, Jennifer Lopez's divorce, and, worst of all, the new Land Rover Evoque (shame on you, *Autoweek*)! But keep digging and you're bound to find us. And if that fails, look for us in the frozen foods section! —Ed.

WHOOPS!

At MAD, we pride ourselves on our accuracy and journalistic integrity. After all, we were among the first to alert the public about the specific warning signs of a ventriloquist going bad (MAD #510). Which is why we were mortified to learn that in MAD #511, we misidentified our Alfred E. Neuman look-alike as Barrett Buscher. Barrett sent in the pic, but the mascot-mugged individual was actually Alex Paris. Our deepest apologies to Barrett for the unfortunate mistake. And even deeper apologies to Alex for his unfortunate lot in life!

EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTHS

It's time for us to give a huge thanks to our summer editorial interns, Jacob Thompson and James Grebey! They were hard-working, punctual, talented and professional. Suffice to say, they didn't fit in here at all! Sorry guys — maybe someday you'll find a workplace that actually values those qualities in a worker!


James


Jacob

Photos: Alicia Viviano

TOYS WILL BE TOYS

I, like everyone else, have noticed the special Spy vs. Spy figurines and I really like the ones done by Gavin Strange and Bill Amend and I was wondering if we would ever be able to get our hands on one of these?

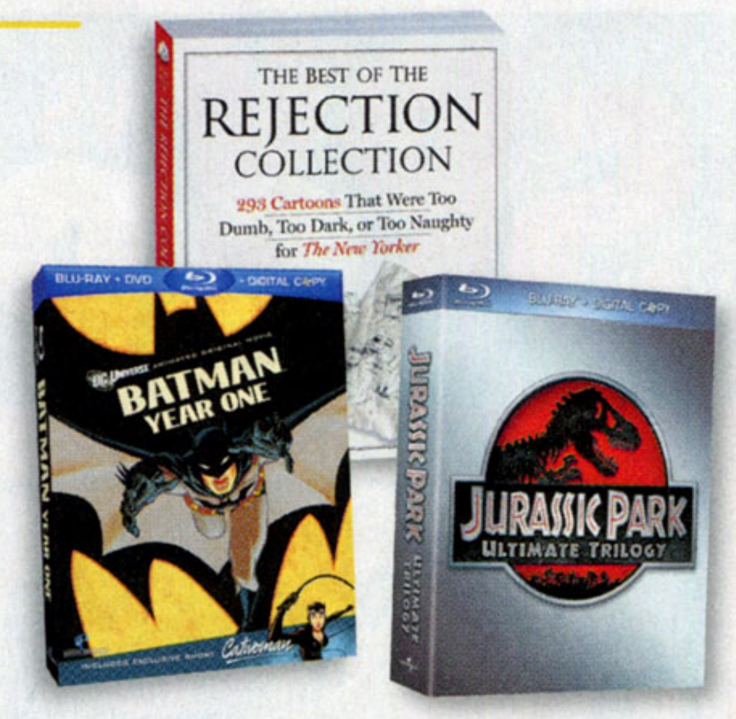
Graeme Frelick • Toronto, Canada

Takes a Frelicking — Hold up — are you trying to "get your hands" on the toys...or on Gavin Strange and Bill Amend? You stay away from them, you sicko! Right now, there are no plans to make any of those toys available for sale — so either way, you'll just have to keep your hands to yourself! —Ed.



READER ALERT

If you had the EXTREMELY good fortune to have your letter printed, your good luck ain't over yet, pappy! You'll also be getting the *Jurassic Park Ultimate Trilogy* (on Blu-ray/DVD Oct. 25), courtesy of our friends at Universal Pictures, a *Batman: Year One* Combo Pack (including a Blu-ray, DVD AND digital copy) courtesy of our pals at Warner Home Video, *The Best of the Rejection Collection: 293 Cartoons That Were Too Dumb, Too Dark, or Too Naughty for The New Yorker*, from of our amigos at Workman Publishing; and from our chums at Cartoon Network, you'll get a DVD copy of *Adventure Time: My Two Favorite People* AND a Deluxe 10-inch Finn figure with changing faces! We're just too good to you! If you missed out, don't get your knickers in a twist, they're all on sale now (or soon after!)



MAD #513 is on sale December 20!

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Dave Croatto Associate Editor

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Ryan Flanders Assistant Art Director
Doug Thomson Production Artist

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The Usual Gang of Idiots

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Or e-mail us at letters@madmagazine.com

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By Norman Mingo
From "The Soul of MAD" Collection

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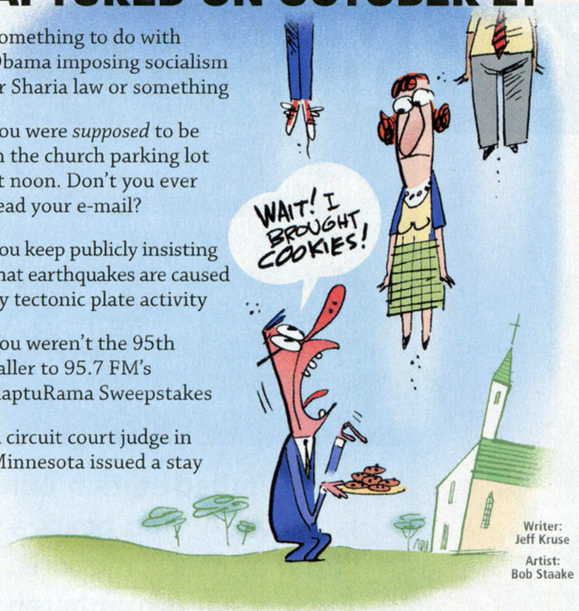
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2. CALL 1-800-4 MADMAG (1-800-462-3624)

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THE FUNDALINI PAGES

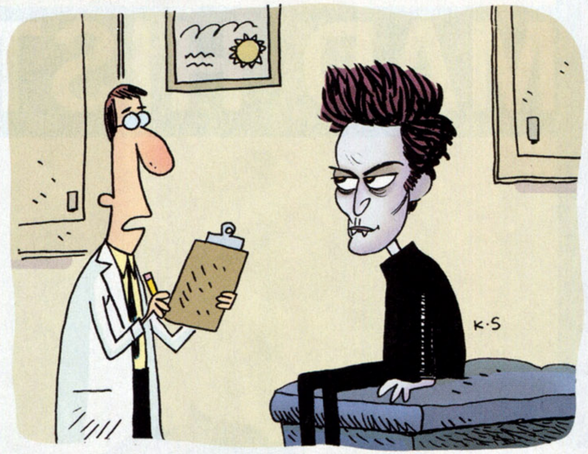
THE FAST FIVE
REASONS YOU DIDN'T GET RAPTURED ON OCTOBER 21

1. Something to do with Obama imposing socialism or Sharia law or something
2. You were *supposed* to be in the church parking lot at noon. Don't you ever read your e-mail?
3. You keep publicly insisting that earthquakes are caused by tectonic plate activity
4. You weren't the 95th caller to 95.7 FM's RaptuRama Sweepstakes
5. A circuit court judge in Minnesota issued a stay



Writer: Jeff Kruse
Artist: Bob Staake

Plugged Nickel



"Edward, I think we've discovered why you have **blood** in your stool..."

Writer: Kit Lively Artist: Scott Nickel

The Cover We Didn't Use



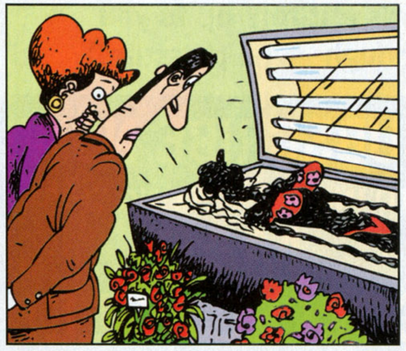
Donnie the Douche's Guide to Slashing Your Veterinary Bills

- If one leg is injured, it's no big deal — just wrap it in gauze. Dogs and cats have four legs for a reason.
- Tijuana has several deep-discount clinics, but don't spend a lot on airfare to get there, or you'll negate the savings.
- If your parrot says things like "Ouch" or "Help," chances are he picked it up somewhere and is just repeating it.
- Always be aware that even one pill of human medicine, such as Tylenol, can kill a cat or dog. So, if your vet says you must make that sad decision to euthanize, Tylenol's a pretty economical method.
- Kidney and liver disease are surprisingly common in pets, so limit them to one glass of wine a day.
- As with humans, exercise will help animals stave off illness. I recommend a rowing machine for most medium-sized pets.
- Pet care is often much cheaper at an animal shelter. And if they screw up, you can just pick up a replacement right there.

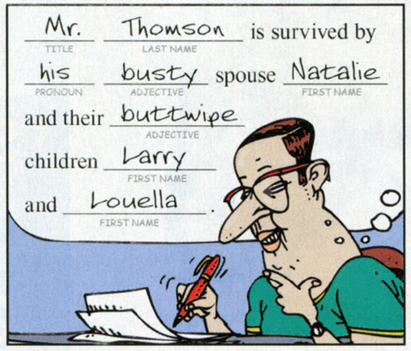
Writer: Jeff Kruse



Funeral Home Services You Probably Don't Want to Spring For



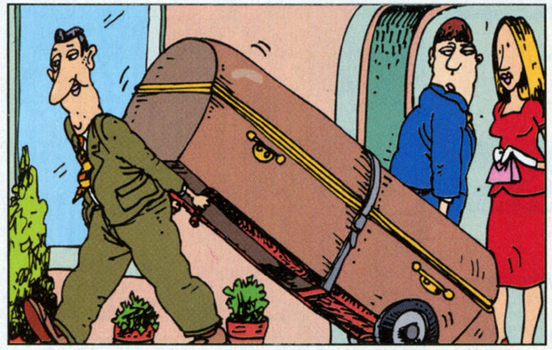
Open tanning bed ceremony



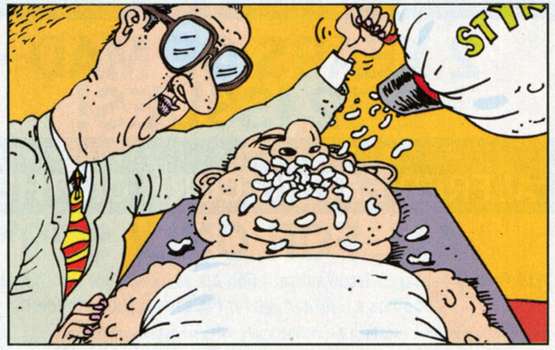
Discount Mad Libs obituary



Video loop of the actual cremation



"Potsy" the price-conscious pall bearer with a hand truck



The latest trend in creative embalming — styrofoam peanuts

Writer: John Caldwell Artist: Kevin Pope

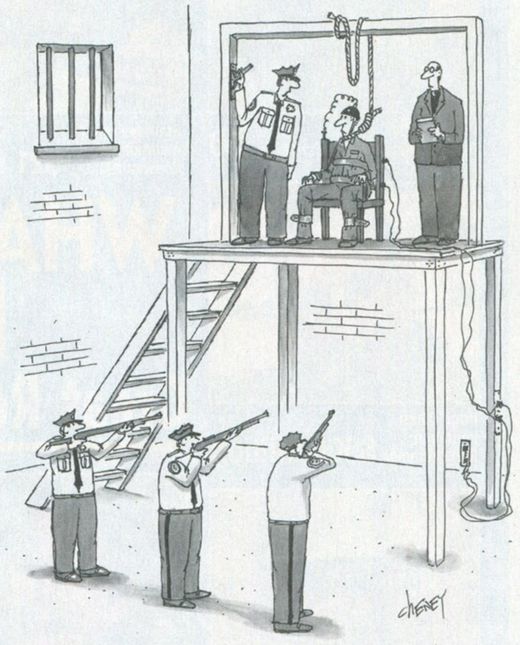
THE FASTER FIVE
THINGS WE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO IF MICHELE BACHMANN BECOMES PRESIDENT

1. Horrifying on-air election night orgasms from the entire Fox News team.
2. A booming, revitalized economy — thanks to Treasury Secretary God.
3. A move to have *The New York Times* and *Huffington Post* classified as terrorist organizations.
4. America's first non-Muslim president since 2008.
5. Finally, a man in the White House who's in touch with his feminine side.



Writer: Jacob Lambert
Artist: Ward Sutton

Pull My Cheney



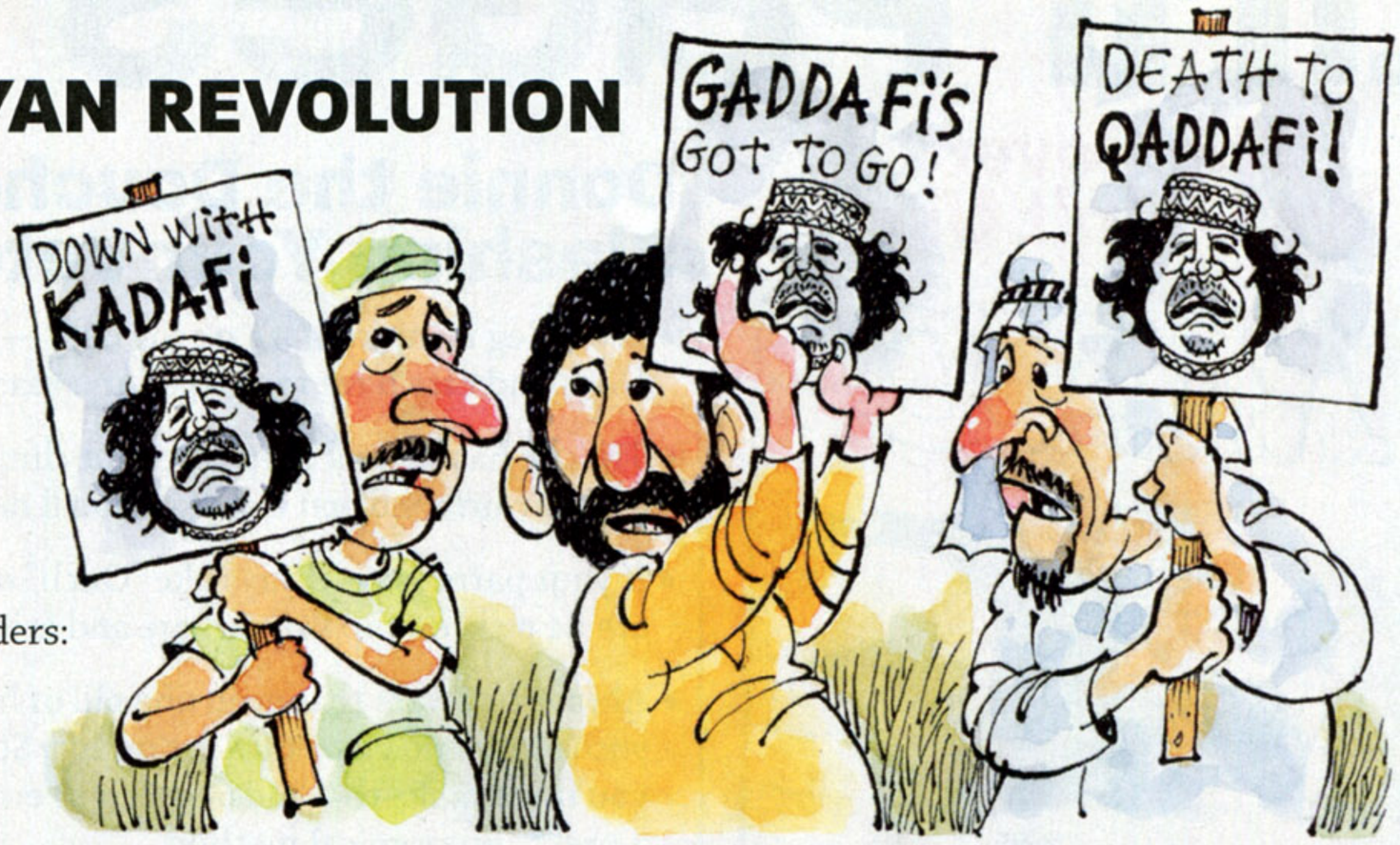
"THE WARDEN LIKES TO BE THOROUGH."

Writer and Artist: Tom Cheney

The Fundalini Pages

THE FASTEST FIVE
REASONS FOR THE LIBYAN REVOLUTION

1. Finally realized that Kadafi, Gaddafi, and Qaddafi are the same person...and he's been in power waaaaay too long
2. Tired of hearing "Blame Israel" every time the cable service guy is late
3. After 40 years, even the quirkiest blood-soaked murderer gets to be a drag
4. High food prices, unemployment, indifferent leaders: the Mid-East is becoming too Americanized
5. Just a pathetic way of getting the attention of Pippa Middleton

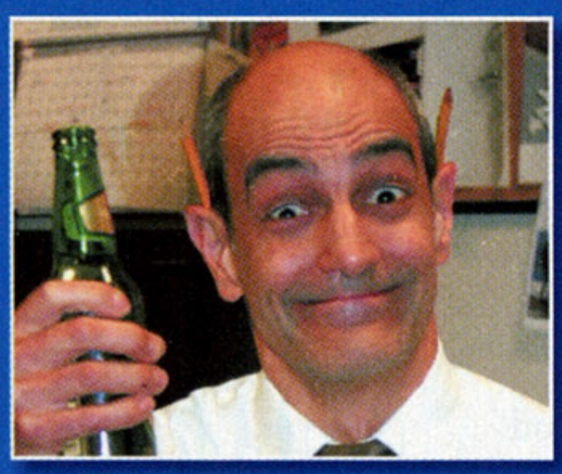


Writer: Barry Liebmann Artist: Paul Coker

PARADE



Phyllis Stiffy
Owner, Sunshine Real Estate **$0**



Stanley Friggs
Incompetent
Corporate CEO **$21 million**

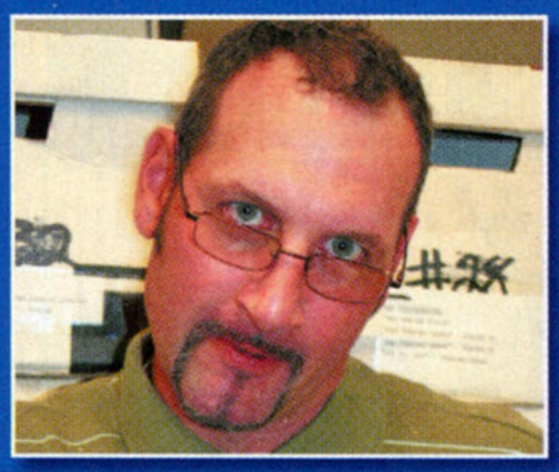


Doug Greebfet
Returning Afghanistan
War Veteran **$0**



Gary Chevers, PhD
Walmart Greeter **$8,500**

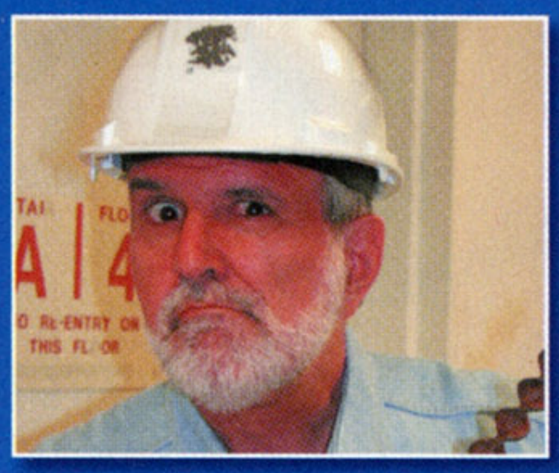
WHAT PEOPLE EARN
Great Recession Edition



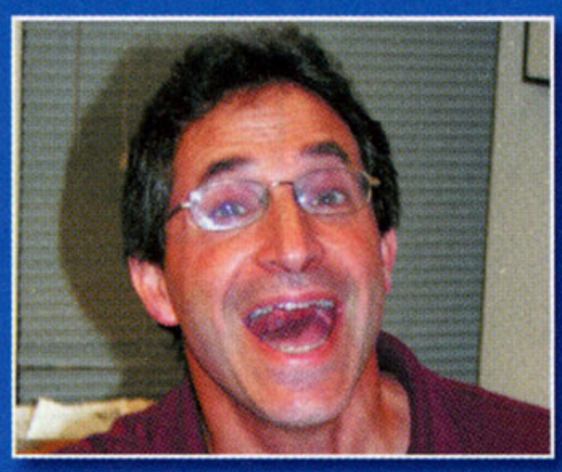
Hugo Ovum
Pentagon
Subcontractor **$500 million**



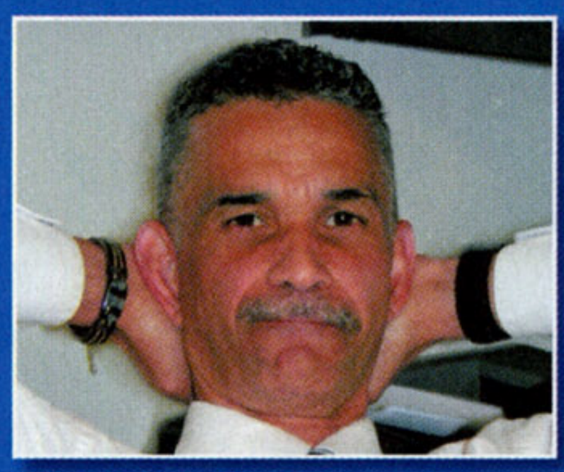
Amy Vicks-Spackinton
Bankruptcy
Attorney **$5.2 million**



Butch Ripoli
Construction Site Foreman **$0**



Jay Barnes • Corporate
Tax Loophole
Strategist **$2.7 million**



Stiles Holestedder
Highway Repair
Supervisor **$0**

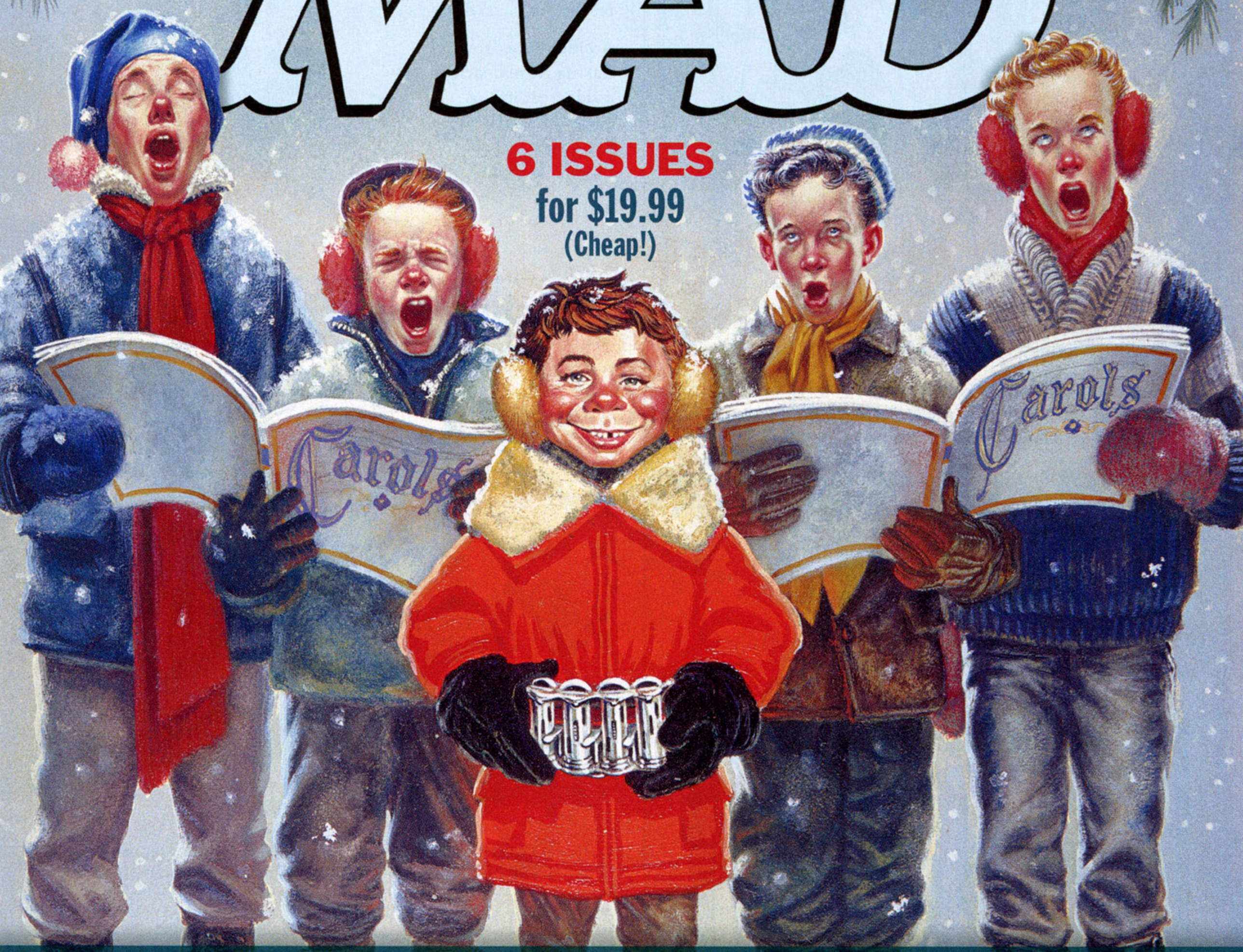


Muammar Gaddafi
Fleeing Dictator **$1 billion**

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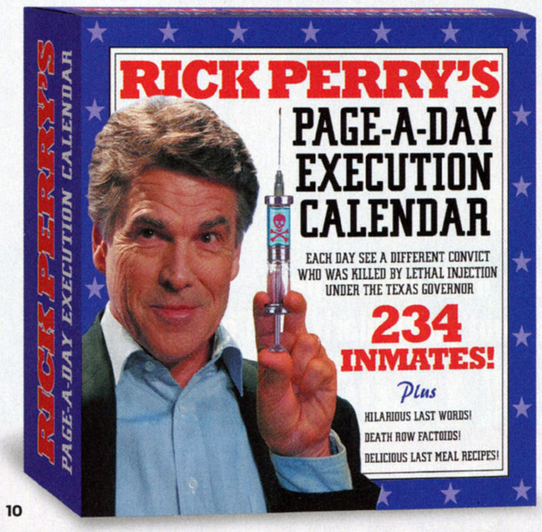
THE FAST FOUR +1
REASONS BURGER KING IS RETIRING THE KING



Writer: Kit Lively Artists: Evan Dorkin & Sarah Dyer

1. Creepy, startling appearance of The King was causing even more heart attacks than their menu items
2. As the only employee to have ever worked at Burger King for more than six months, he was getting dangerously close to being eligible to collect a pension
3. The gaudy attire, the ridiculously oversized headdress, the blank, dopey stare...Burger King execs were afraid he was being mistaken for Lady Gaga
4. Although it hasn't been proven yet, there's a pretty good chance he got coked up and killed Grimace
5. He's just another victim of this crappy economy

On Sale Now!



Celebrity Cause-of-Death Betting Odds
KATE MIDDLETON

- Moat mishap.....1:1
- Dies of boredom while visiting the Queen.....4:1
- Crown rash.....6:1
- Royal wardrobe malfunction (impaled on a fascinator).....18:1
- Accidentally drowns during royal charity mud wrestling event against her sister Pippa....875,047,961:1



Artist: Sam Viviano

Other Ways the U.S. Postal Service is Cutting Back



Cutting off the pension to John Ratzenberger and Wayne Knight, since they only played postmen on TV

Only showing the FBI's top *five* most wanted criminals

Switching from steak to hamburger to distract angry dogs

Carriers now only delivering stuff that "looks important"

Encouraging unstable employees to "go postal" only on co-workers who are about to retire and begin collecting their pensions

You know how when you're in an insanely long line, with only one teller on duty, and another teller comes from the back room and looks like she's going to open up another register, but she doesn't, and goes into the back again? She's fired.

Writer: Jeff Kruse Artist: Anton Emdin

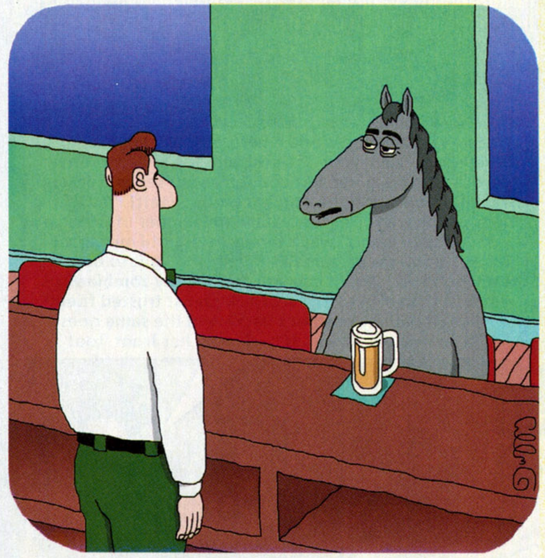
THE LAST FAST FIVE
EARLY RUMORS ABOUT THE *DIRTY DANCING* REMAKE

1. To save money, Justin Timberlake will play both Johnny AND Baby
2. Due to pressure from conservative groups, any character considering an abortion will have to be shown fetal sonograms
3. The setting has been moved from the Catskills to a post-apocalyptic Australian outback
4. The climactic dance scene was done entirely in Claymation
5. As a tip of the hat to the late Patrick Swayze, there's a scene where a ghost beats up a couple of guys at a roadhouse

Writer: Jeff Kruse Artist: Rick Tulka



When the Going Gets Duff



"I'll have something hilarious to say after the results of the caption contest come in."

Writer and Artist: J.C. Duffy

BITTERMAN



Writer and Artist: Garth Gerhart

IF YOU CAN'T EAT 'EM, JOIN 'EM DEPT.

Horror fans! There's nothing scarier than watching our society be destroyed by a snarling mob of vicious, unreasoning, soulless cannibals with no thought besides a furious hunger without end, and no goal beyond devouring their fellow man. But until the Republican and Democratic conventions start up, you'll just have to make do with...

THE WALKING DUD

Imagine a **fearsome world** where people **drop like flies**, every minute could be the **end**, and the survivors **envy** those who are **gone**. But enough about **series creator Frank Darabont** and the **original writing staff!** I'm **Officer Stain Warped**, and I'm the **last living member** of Georgia's police department. I was a **lumpy loser** until my partner **Thick Grunts** was presumably **killed**, and I got to become his **wife's lover**. I'm telling you, this **deadly zombie virus** is better than **eHarmony!** As Thick's **most trusted friend**, I always had my **partner's back!** And the **same** goes for his **widow**. I had **her back**. And her **front**, too!

Just to be **clear** — it's **not cheating** if you have **sex** with your **husband's best friend** while your **husband** is **comatose**. Although it's **polite** to move him **out of the bed first!** What can I say? I **go** for a **man in uniform**. I once **slept** with the **entire day shift** at **Chuck E. Cheese**. But **don't** judge me for **what I did**, and who I did, and in **how many positions**. I'd been given **false information** that my **husband** was **dead!** That's when I went through the classic **five stages** of **grief**: **denial, anger, depression, horniness** and **infection!**

I'm her kid, **Kid!** This has been a **confusing time** for me. I have all the **natural, normal fears** of any kid adjusting to a **second father**. Can I **love him** as much? Should I call him **Daddy?** And will my **real dad** come back and **eat my face?**

As the **elder** of the group, the others look to **me** for my **time-tested wisdom**. In other words, I'm the **neighborhood coot!** I watched a pack of **zombies** bite their way through my **wife's intestines!** Figures! She hadn't given **ME** a **hot meal** in **twenty years!** Seeing them eat her alive has **motivated** me. I'm going to **fight** to **survive** as long as it takes for my **prostate** to **harden**. If I gotta **go**, at **least** I want to give one of those **bastards** a **stomachache!**

One way to **stop** a **zombie** is to **smash its head** with a **baseball bat**, really **hard**, with **strength** and **ability!** That explains why the **Seattle Mariners** were the **first to die!** My **outdoor skills** have gotten me this far. If we're going to live through this, we've got to **scavenge**. **Food**, yes. **Weapons**, sure. All the **used-up clichés** from all the **other zombie stories? Most definitely!**

Take it from me, no matter **how frustrated** you get, **never** tell a **zombie** "Hey pal, **bite me!**"

I'm **Merde**. I **hate Arabs, beaners, chinks, dagos**, and **all other minorities!** I may be a repulsive racist, but I'm alphabetically organized! This outbreak finally gave me a **Z** to add to my list of hate: **zombies!** If that **ethnic-looking** one over there **bites me**, I'll catch his **zombie virus**, but he'll get **five diseases** back from **me!**

I'm **Merde's** redneck brother, **Feral Dickweed!** I'm **more civilized** and **genteel** than my big brother. That just means that **unlike** him, I hired a **tattoo *professional*** to **engrave** the **swastika** on my **genitals!** The group needs an **expert hunter** like **me**. With my **crossbow**, I can hit a deer **right between the eyes** from a **thousand feet!** You should have heard the kids at the petting zoo **crying!** Buncha **pansies!**

What a choice! Leave our **campground** and risk sudden, violent **death!** Or **stay here** with these two **ignorant, bigoted rednecks** and maybe end up **hanging** from a **tree!** I just hope I don't choose **wrong!** None of this seems **real**. Watching my comrades fight **zombies** is like living inside a **video game**. Except **our** personalities aren't as **emotionally complex** and **nuanced** as **Kirby** or **Wario**!

Society has **collapsed**, and we're all **total strangers** who've somehow **banded together**. For once, one of these corny **MAD intros** with everyone **standing around** awkwardly and **introducing** themselves makes **narrative sense!** My name is **Anemia**, and I try to remain **philosophical** about our **terrible situation**. Sometimes it takes a **crisis** before you find out **what** you're **made of**. Unfortunately, **another** way to find out is **after** they **chew you open!**

I don't really **fit in** with a **post-apocalyptic meltdown** in which every spark of **humanity** has been utterly **crushed** and **spiritual survival** is an **impossibility**. I bring the mood **down!** I wasn't **always** this **depressed**, though. I used to be **worse!** I **used** to work on the **shrinking staff** of a major **city newspaper**. Finally I feel like I've got a **new lease on life!**

See what you **miss** by being in a **coma** for a month? The **world** I knew is **gone**, my own **family** thinks I'm **dead**, and I have absolutely no idea **who** got **eliminated** on ***So You Think You Can Dance*!** I'm **Thick Grunts**, and I've learned a **lot** in the past **48 hours**. The **city** is **completely overrun** with **murderous zombies**. But I have a **plan**. I'm going to go from the **city** to the **suburbs**, then back to the **city**, then to the **woods**, then back to the **city**, then back to the **woods**, then back to the **city!** That's all I got. But at least if the zombies **eat my brain**, they'll **die of starvation!**

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA

What a **hellish situation! Corpses** in the hallways! **Blood** on the walls! No **doctors**, no **safety**, no **future!** I KNEW they should never have passed **Obamacare** without the **single payer option!**

Look at that! It's **horrific!** All this **death** and **decay** is **heart-breaking.**

Yes, this **zombie out-break** is a real **tragedy.**

Zombies? I'm talking about the **lawn maintenance!** Look at these **lawns**, brown and patchy. They haven't been **watered** or **edged** in **weeks!**

Son, we just found something **worse** than a **zombie** — a **suburbanite!** No matter. You bring him into the **house.** I'm going **upstairs** to aim this **rifle** and **shoot your mother** dead center in the **forehead.**

Now that she's a **zombie,** I guess it's the **only thing** left to do.

She's a **zombie?**

Let me **fill you in** about what's happened. **HEY, LOOK OUT FOR THE ZOMBIES!** Okay, now you know the **whole story.**

Thank God! I also know that my **wife** left this house **alive!** Before she **left,** she took her **most precious possession!**

Love letters? **Engagement** ring? Family **photo albums?**

Let's just say it has **five adjustable speeds!**

Your **late husband** was *my* **best friend** too! But **we're** still **alive**, so let's **live**. I realize I can never **measure up** to him.

In **more ways** than **one!** Did you bring **protection?**

I have a **rifle.**

Great! At least **something** here is capable of **repeating!**

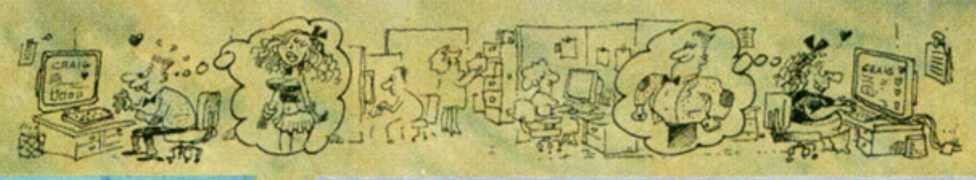
Help! Is there **anybody** out there? **Hello?** Come in, over! This is **hopeless! No one** alive is **listening** to me. I might as well be hosting a show on **Sirius-XM satellite radio!**

It looks like I'm **finished!** I haven't seen an **inhuman swarm** of **growling creatures** behave this **savagely** since the **$7.99 all-you-can-eat buffet** at the **casino**. I think **they** were serving **raw horse meat** that night, too!

Quickly! Follow me to the **roof!** The **First Rule of Zombie Battle Strategy** is, zombies **can't** climb up **ladders!**

Okay, but why **can't** they?

Because of the **First Rule of Network Programming! Never** eat your **entire cast** in the **second episode!**



Starting **now, I'm** giving the **orders** around here! You **got that,** boy?

Let me **remind** you that **I'm** still the **law** around here.

Law and order? Ha! In case you ain't **heard**, Mr. Cop, **civilization** is **gone**. Your **rules** don't **matter!** If a **zombie** catches you, he'll rip your **arms** off and throw them over **there!** He'll tear your **legs** off, and throw them over **THERE!** He'll pull your **organs** out, and scatter them **everywhere!** *Then* what will you do?

I'll arrest him for **littering!**

The **key** to these **handcuffs** is **lost**, and those **zombie bastards** are just **yards** away! **Who** am I **talking** to? The **only one** here is this razor-sharp **metal hacksaw**. I must be going **nuts**, suffering from **sunstroke**, and **crazed** with **thirst** and **hunger!** Hacksaw. *This* **hacksaw**. Now I **know** what I **must do**. And it **won't** be **easy!** Have you ever tried **eating** a **metal hacksaw?**

You're, you're **alive?** But, how could you **survive** for **weeks** in an **empty hospital?** How could you **survive** in a **coma** without **food, water,** or **care?**

How did **this show** get **renewed** without any real **characters** or **plot?** Just **go** with the **flow!**

We were able to **sneak past** the **zombies** to retrieve these **guns,** but we were **too late** to **rescue** your **brother!** Thank goodness, though, **97%** of him **escaped!**

It's **him!** The **fingerprints** are a **match!**

Why are you frantically **digging** a series of **open graves?** It's **100 degrees** outside, under a **blazing sun!**

Oh, that's okay. I'm **keeping cool** in the **obvious foreshadowing!**

Why do **zombies** need to **eat?** If they ***don't*** **eat,** they still **walk around** anyway.

And **how long** can a **zombie walk around,** before its **legs rot** too much to **keep moving?**

Shouldn't they be **rotting faster** than this? We've already established that it's **sweltering hot.**

How come we're always so **surprised** when **zombies show up?** Their decaying **smell** should **give away** their **position** long before they **reach** us.

Why do we **stay out here** in the **open,** instead of finding an **island?** If **zombies** can't **climb ladders,** they probably **can't swim!**

Why wouldn't a **hungry zombie** eat ***another*** **zombie?**

If his **brains** and **nervous system** are **destroyed,** why would a **zombie** even ***feel*** **hunger?**

Sometimes we need to **suspend disbelief.** *Sometimes* we have to **suspend** it a **lot.** And ***sometimes*** we have to **suspend** it further than the **Golden Gate Bridge!**

We're **doomed! *Doomed!*** They **chewed up Ed! Half** of his **insides** are **gone!**

You're such a **pessimist!** ***I*** prefer to think of him as **half full!**

Hey — **Remember *me?***

This **isn't** the **way** I wanted to **celebrate** my **little sister's birthday** — putting a **bullet** into her **zombie-infected brain.**

It's still **way better** than the year I got the complete **Blu-Ray collection** of **"Spy Kids"!**

In **my opinion**, we need to **travel** to the **Center for Disease Control**. Let's take a **vote** on it. All those who want to **stay here** in **camp**, raise your hands. **Six votes!**

All those who want to **make the trip**, raise your hands. ***Seven votes!*** That means we're **leaving!**

Hey, that adds up to **thirteen votes!** How is that **possible?** There are only **twelve** of us!

Hundreds of **dead soldiers!** Now I wish I'd donated to **anti-zombie research**, instead of throwing that money away on **cancer!** I'm not even **sure** this is the **right building**. It looks more like a **fortress** than a **medical facility!**

Bzzt! To **come inside**, step up to the **monitor**, turn your **head** and **cough!**

This **must** be the **place!**

What you're seeing is a **time-lapse digital scan** of the **medical effects** caused by the **virus** as it **metastasizes** inside the **protoplasmic axons** within the victims' **cerebral cortex**. And *that's* how **zombies** are **born**!

Dear God in heaven! You can **literally see** the **brain tissue decaying** before your eyes, minute by minute! It's like reading the **ESPN.com message boards!**

A **marvelous feast!** But don't bother **clearing** the **table**. Our **power supply** is almost down to **zero**, and that means the **entire building** is scheduled to **destroy** itself at **12:00**. The **harsh** but **inevitable end** to our **research!** But as an **educated man**, I know it's **important** to ask for rigorous, peer-reviewed **second opinions**. Tell them more about it, **Dr. Binky!**

Ehhhhh... I think we'll be **skipping** coffee and dessert.

The **building exploded** because it **ran out** of **fuel**. But **WHY?** And **HOW?** What's **powering** the **explosions?**

No time to **think** about it! **Big ex-plodey** goes **ka-boom!**

Everyone! Head for the **highway!** But be **careful** not to **trip** over any of the **hundreds** of **weapons** or **ammunition supplies** that are scattered every place!

Should we **pick up** some of these **weapons?**

No time to **pry them** from their **cold, dead hands**. Hey, I just **realized** — this is the **first time** that stupid **NRA slogan** has ever **made** any **sense!**

We didn't outrun them! They're moving in from **every direction!** There's **no escape!** Tell **someone else's wife** that I **love** her!

When we were in the **woods**, those *weren't* **moans** of **pleasure!** My **butt** was on top of a **pine cone!**

I also have a **personal confession!** Although I **hate** almost every **race** and **creed**, I'm strangely **indifferent** to **Swedes!**

Wait, **these guys** aren't **zombies!** They're **television executives** from **AMC!** Mindless **network suits** that keep **coming**, and **coming!** They're going to **tear us apart!**

We **LOVE** what you're **doing!** It's **PERFECT** television! We just have a **few itty-bitty notes**. Can you make the **new season** more **drawn out** and **mysterious**, like ***Lost*****?** Also, you need to **speed up** the **pace!**

Great news! We've landed a **huge endorsement deal**. All we need is **one scene** per **episode** where the **zombies** eat **Jolly Ranchers candy!**

Just thinking **outside the box** a little, is there any way to have the **zombies** run a **1960s ad agency?** It'd be a genius **crossover** for **sweeps!**

We also want to add a ***friendly*** **zombie** as the hero's **sidekick**. It would show the **viewers** that ***all*** **zombies** aren't the same. Uneasy **partnership**, sarcastic **banter**, bone-deep **flesh bites**, the **dialogue** practically **writes itself!**

Oh, the **humanity!**

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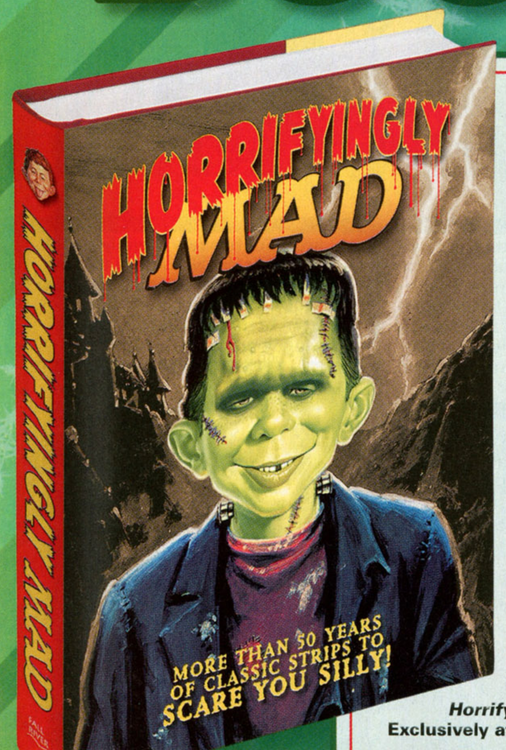
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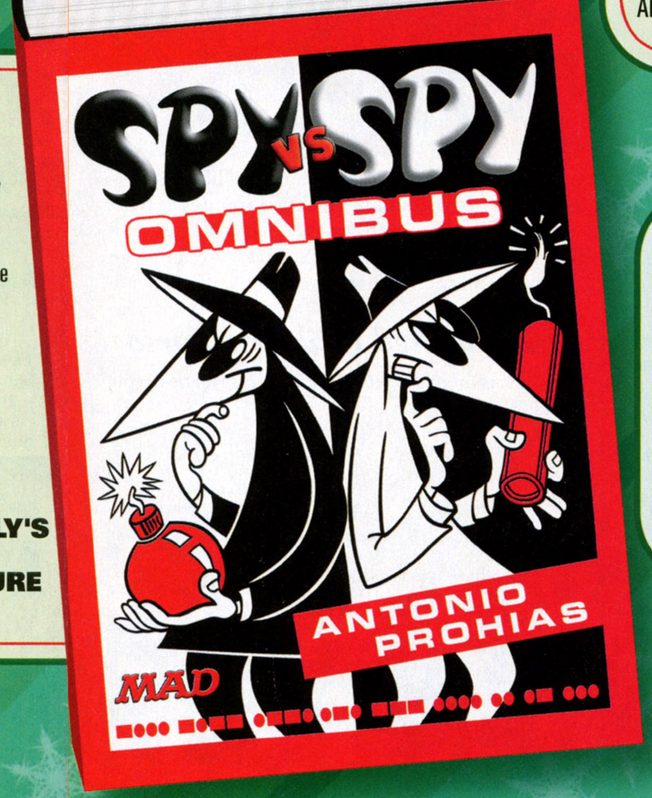
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With this issue, MAD begins a new section devoted to obituaries of MAD subscribers and other noteworthy crackpots who recently passed. Because of the volume of people who check out every day, reader submissions of deceased loved ones' obituaries for this section cannot be accepted.

THE MAD OBITUARY PAGES

Jehosephat Frye, 47, Dead



A competitive eater has swallowed his last mouthful of junk.

Jehosephat Frye, who gained fame by winning the Coke & Mentos Challenge in 2005, as well as the Kraft Cheddar Slab Open earlier this year, was found dead in his bathtub last night, surrounded by Pringles.

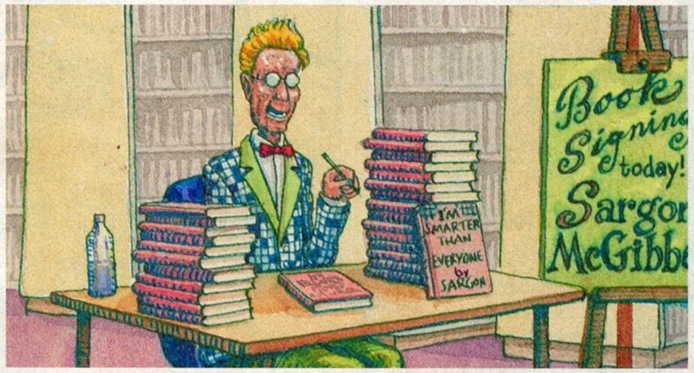
Frye had very few interests aside from eating, and trained up to 18 hours a day. In a 2009 interview, Frye listed his favorite foods as chili burgers, fried chicken, and vodka.

Cause of death is unknown, though "heart failure" is a pretty good bet. He was 47, and, shockingly, unmarried. His parents request that you not make fun of his death, even though it was kind of humorous.

Sargon McGibbet, 59

Sargon McGibbet, the controversial crossword puzzle creator for the tiny *New York Bleater* has died at his domicile at the age of 59 from improperly-prepared fugu.

McGibbet gained notoriety in 1998 by giving the clue "Hero to millions," to which the answer was "Lucifer." His book, *I'm Smarter Than Everyone*, did well on the *Bleater* Bestseller List, but not any other papers'.



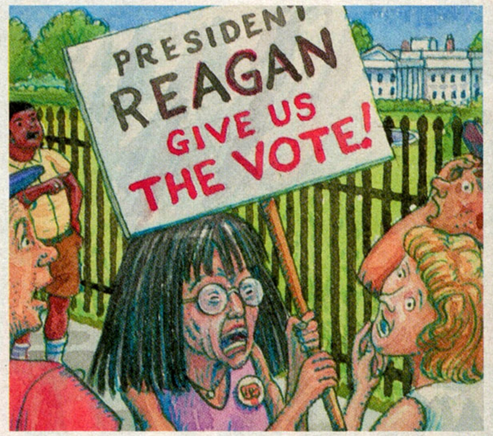
He is survived by his wife Terpsichore, son Chattahoochee, and daughter Agronomical.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests that you just send cash, preferably in tens and twenties. The wake/yard sale will be held Sunday at Big Ed's Swap Meet & Chapel. Fondly remember/everything must go!

Serendipity Wong, 45

Serendipity Wong, the wealthy, socially-committed socialite, has died.

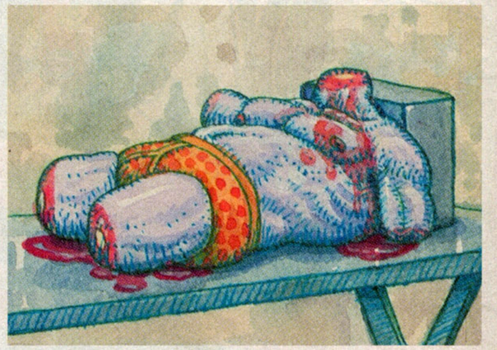
Throughout her short life, Wong was a tireless campaigner for women's right to vote, which, considering she lived in the U.S. during the second half of the 20th Century, was considered a complete waste of time. Her wealthy, easy-scrabble upbringing compelled her to help those less fortunate than she was, leading to numerous arrests while protesting various obscure causes, like increased medical coverage for transgender guava farmers in Bolivia.



Wong, who was never married, had life-long premonitions of premature burial, so you might want to check every now and then at Greenish Acres cemetery, starting this Saturday. She was also an organ donor, so first come, first served.

Unidentified Headless Torso

Caucasian male, between 25-30. He will be deeply missed.



Vlad Gzhmlsdizech, 90

Vlad Gzhmlsdizech, the eccentric strongman dictator who ruled the small Baltic state of Gunkovia from 1937-1989 is dead.

Gzhmlsdizech made news during World War II by siding with the Nazis on odd-numbered days and with the Allies on even-numbered ones. In the following decades, he angered Gunkovians by officially shutting down all media outlets except the ones he ran, a period he dubbed "The Great Progression of Freedom."



Gzhmlsdizech's reign came to an abrupt end when he was overthrown by the 7-year-old grandson of a political rival. He spent the rest of his days in exile.

He was never married and produced no children, so draw your own conclusions. Gunkovians certainly did. Celebrations are expected to last through the weekend, and gloaters can view the funeral at vladsfuneral.com (Must have RealPlayer 7 or higher).

Sir Henry Northwestforshireham, 78

Sir Henry Northwestforshireham, the esteemed English mystery author who created the Inspector Piccadilly series, has died at the age of 78 — unless it was actually his twin brother.

Sir Henry died with a dagger in his back, in a locked room, holding a white chess rook in his right hand, his left hand pointing to a bust of Julius Caesar.

He is survived by Allison, his estranged wife who hated him; Clive, the younger brother who stood to inherit a fortune; and Reginald, the butler.

If you have any information on the death, be at Hyde Park at midnight on the 24th. Come alone.



WRITER: JEFF KRUSE **ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA**

Kitty Byrd-Braine, 43

The non-human community lost a friend on Thursday, as the longtime animal rights activist and nature photographer Kitty Byrd-Braine was mauled to death by a lion on safari in Kenya.

Byrd-Braine's friends remember the 43-year-old as being "basically a good person, but really overbearing and tedious on the whole animal rights thing." Fittingly, at the time of her death, she was busy translating the Bible into dolphin squeaks, but only got as far as Deuteronomy. Ironically, the lion that attacked her choked to death eating Byrd-Braine.

Byrd-Braine's funeral arrangements have still not been announced, although the lion's have been.



Finbar Phlogg, 86



Finbar Phlogg died a few days ago.

Phlogg was the newly-hired obituary writer for this magazine. Now we'll have to get another.

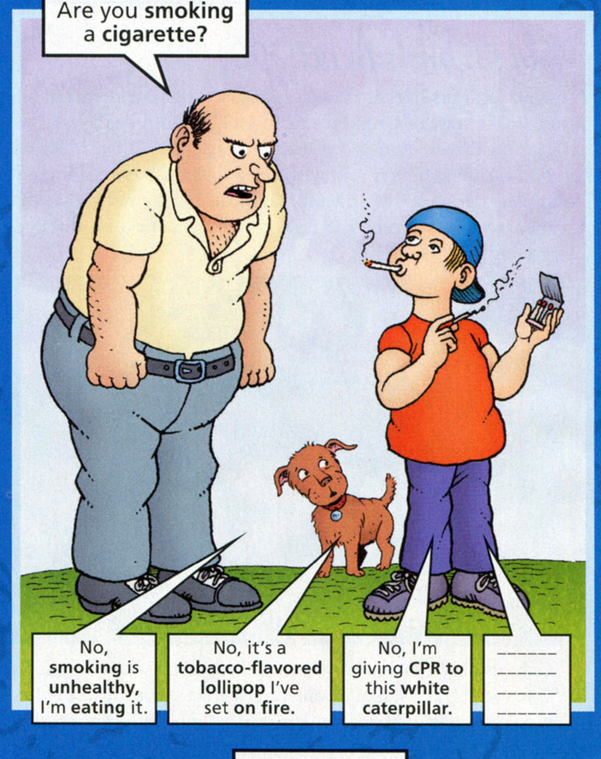
TO PLACE AN OBITUARY, CALL 1-555 DEAD GUY

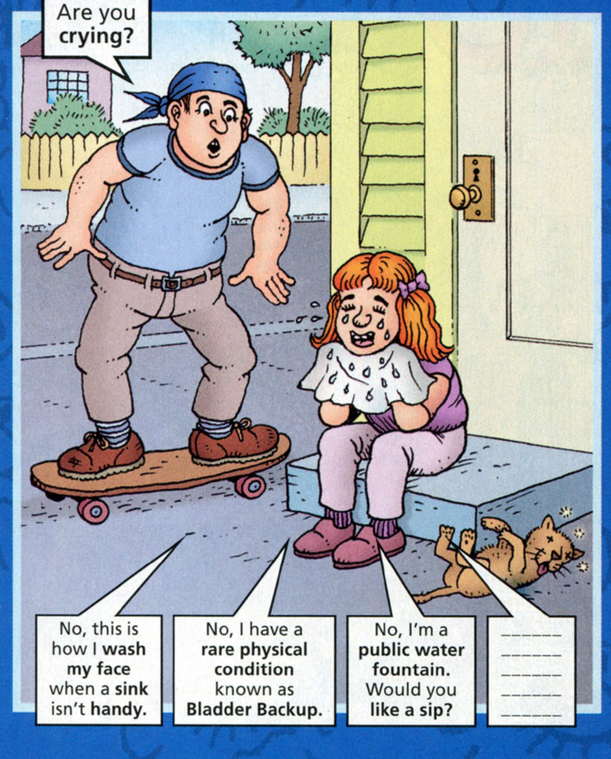
Is this another installment of Al Jaffee's popular, long-running feature? Why yes, yes it is.

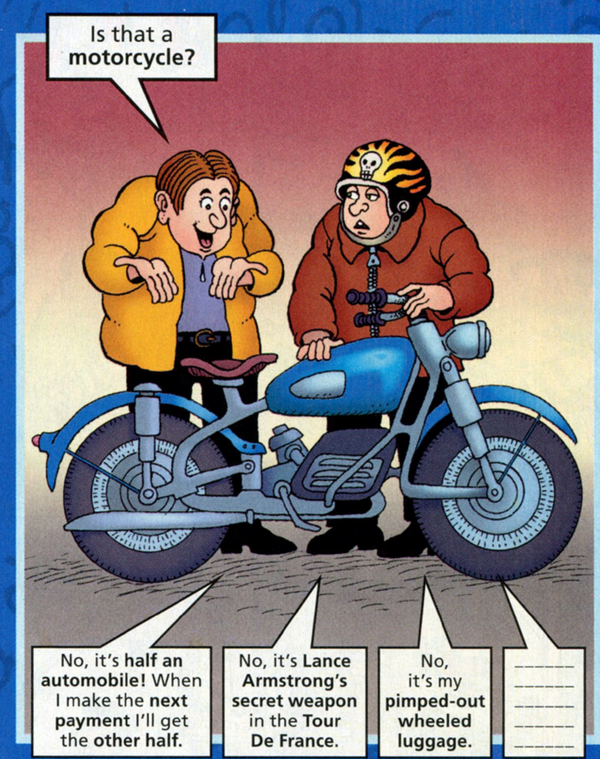
Thank you for asking!

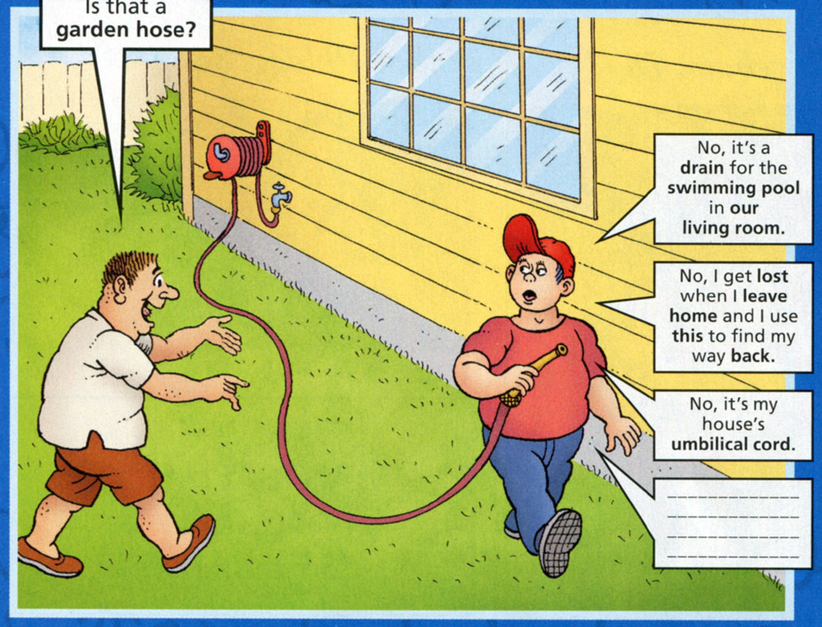
SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS

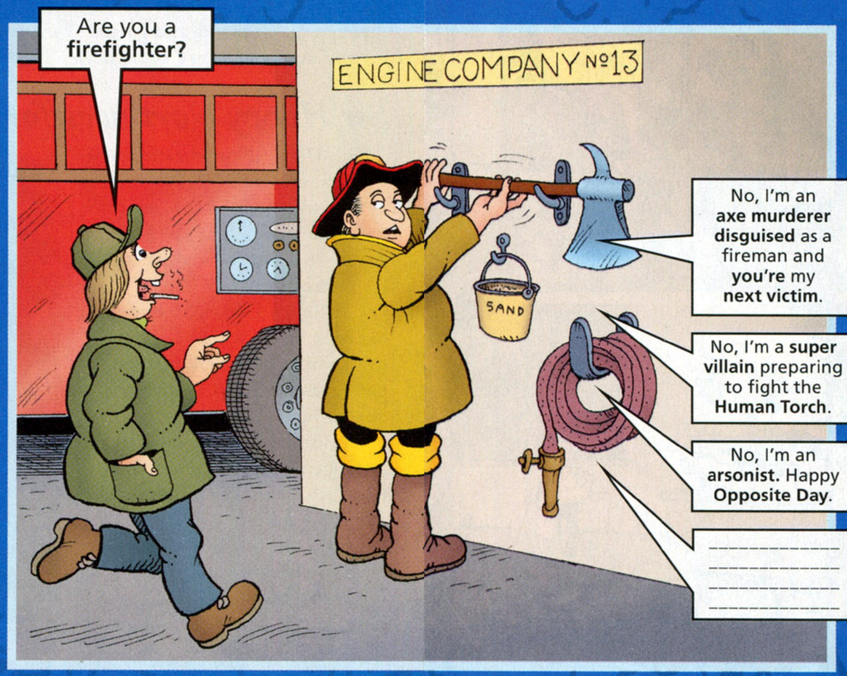


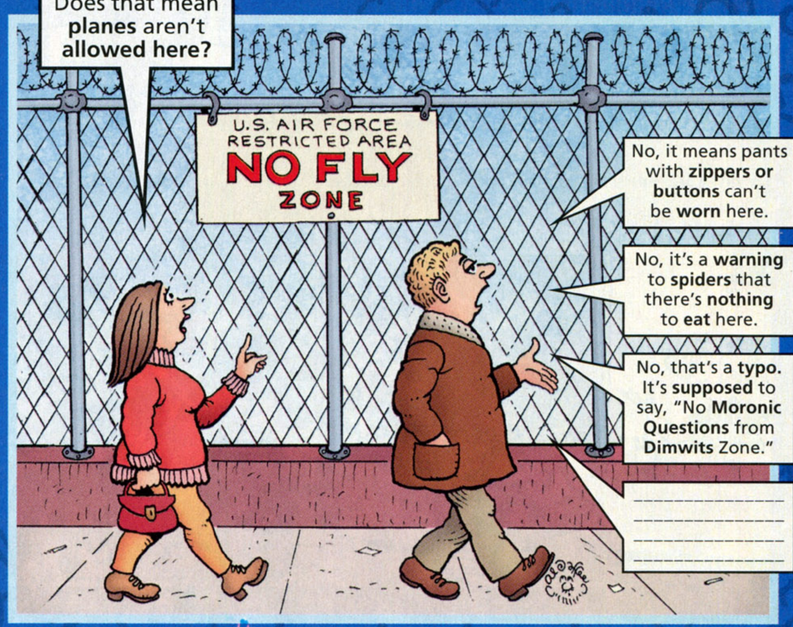








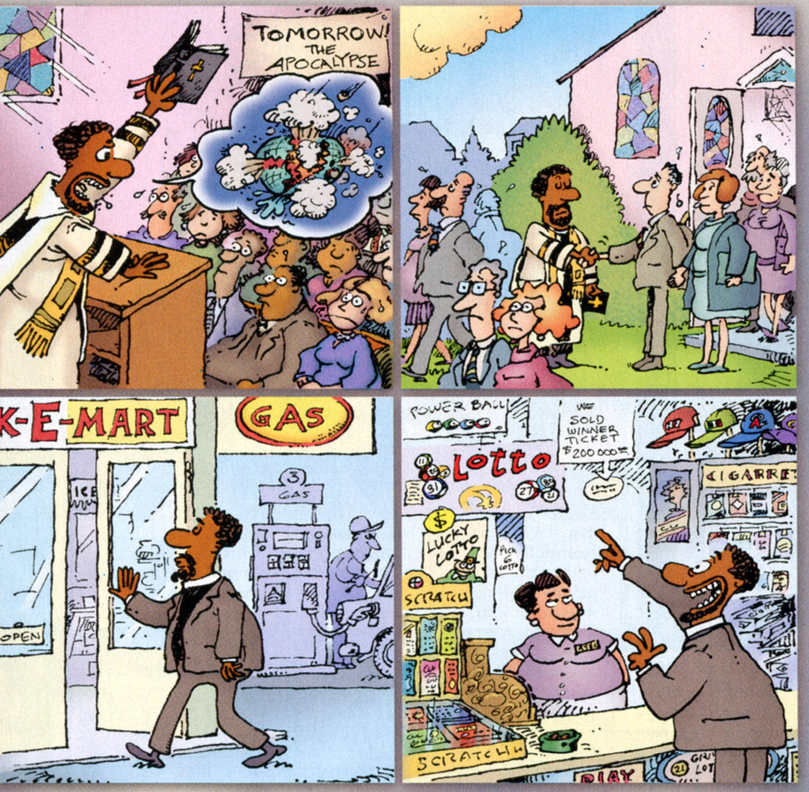


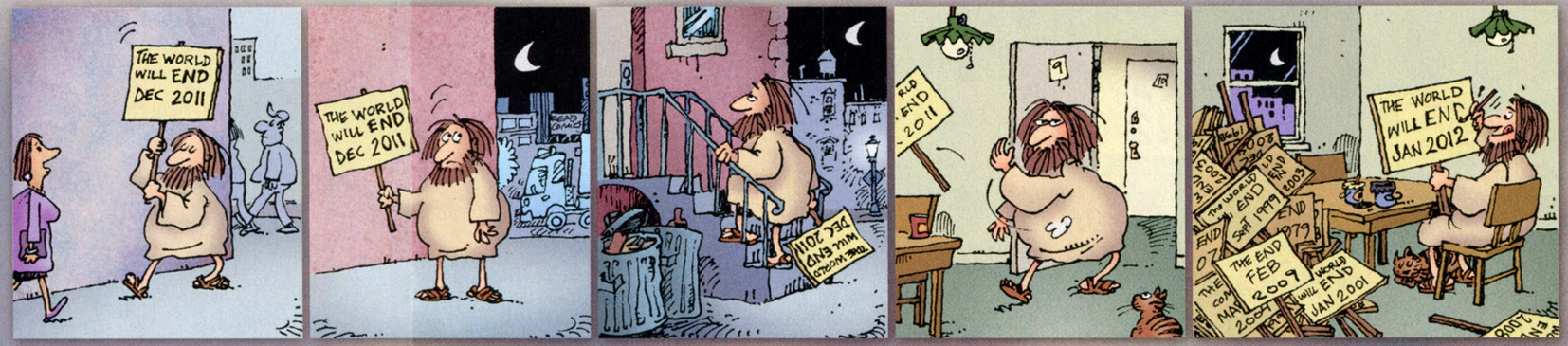


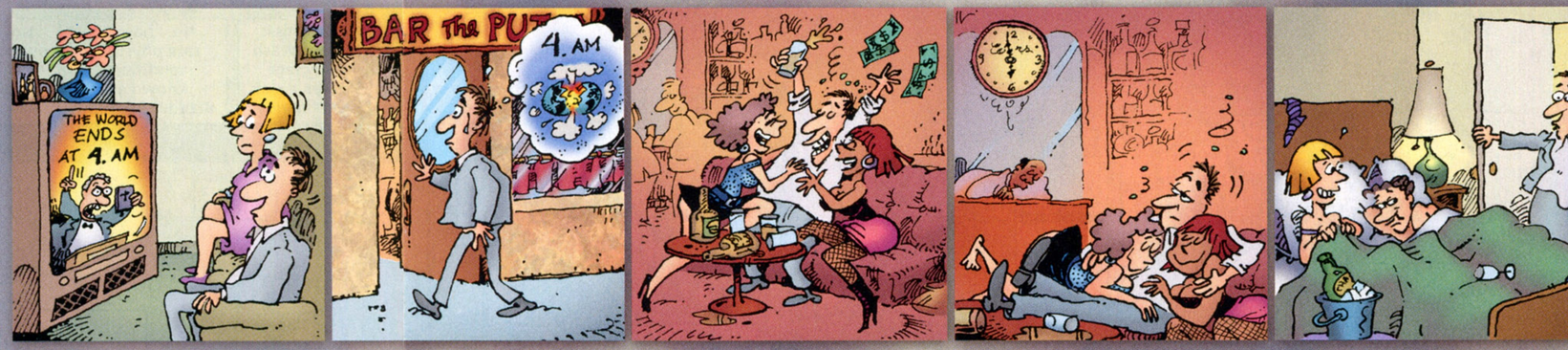
WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

COLORIST: TOM LUTH

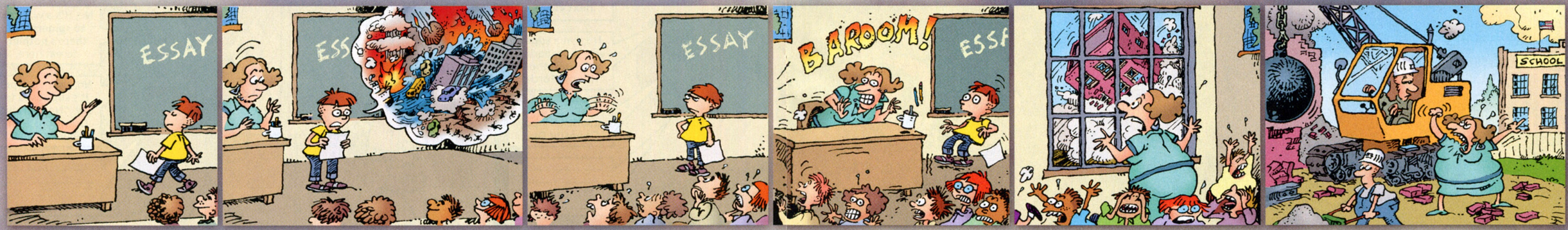
sergio aragonés Presents A MAD LOOK AT THE APOCALYPSE

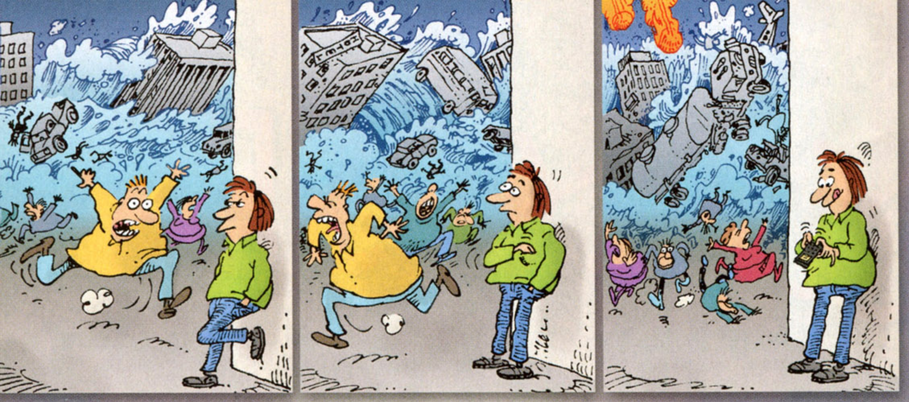






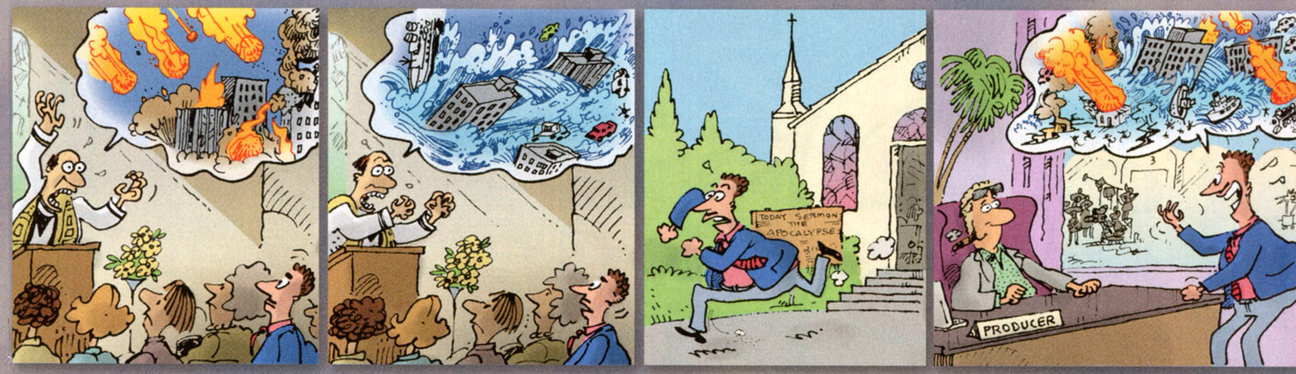
WRITER AND ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONÉS COLORISTS: TOM LUTH AND CARL PETERSON

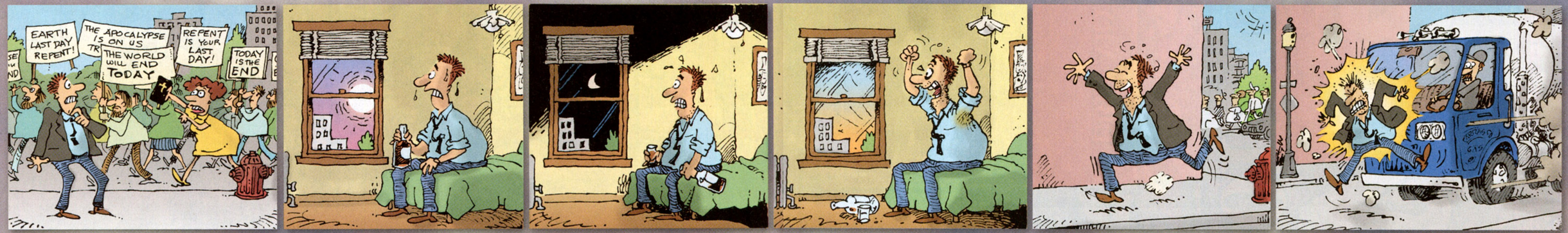


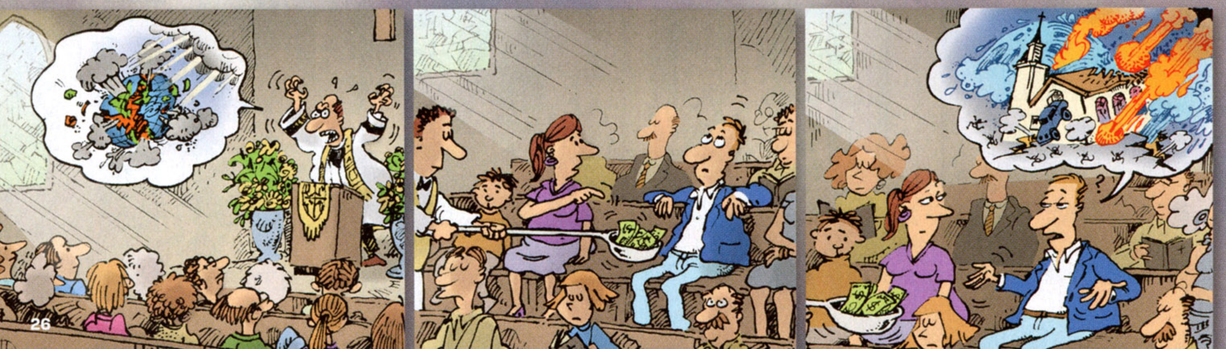



MOTEL


THE APOCALYPSE
2012
THE END!
2011
2012


TODAY SERMON
THE
APOCALYPSE
PRODUCER


EARTH
LAST DAY
REPENT!
THE APOCALYPSE
IS ON US
THE WORLD
WILL END
TODAY
REPENT
IS YOUR
LAST
DAY!
TODAY
IS THE
END




THE END OF
THE WORLD
THE
APOCALYPSE
HOME
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?
ABCD

MAD 60th ANNIVERSARY

2012 CALENDAR

JANUARY

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= Another ridiculous issue of MAD on sale today!

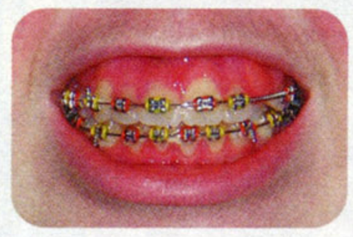


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http://www.galaxyo'blogs.com/planettad

Search

PLANET TAD!!!!!



ABOUT ME »NAME: TAD »AGE: 4417 DAYS »HEIGHT: 7 SMURFS HIGH

November 4, 2011

Who's the first guy who came up with the idea of juggling? Like, was there some caveman who once picked up a hot potato and started throwing it back and forth between his hands, and everyone was like, "Hey, do that again!"?



November 5, 2011

I feel like, now that they've made three **"Paranormal Activity"** movies, they shouldn't be calling them "Paranormal Activity" anymore. If something's happened three times, it's just "Normal Activity."



November 6, 2011

So, I really like this girl in my class, Chelsea Hamilton. She's the editor of the **school newspaper**, and really cool, and she looks sort of like **Reese Witherspoon**, if Reese Witherspoon were in the seventh grade. And I've been trying and trying to talk to her, so I can ask her to the **Pilgrimfest Dance** later this month, but she doesn't even notice me. Like, literally, doesn't notice me. We were assigned as lab partners in biology last week, and she turned to me and said, "So, did you just transfer to this school?" And I said, "No. We've gone to school together for the past seven years." And she said, "Ha ha, very funny, I think I'd remember that. So, where did you transfer from?" And I said, "Ohio." It just seemed less embarrassing for both of us.

November 7, 2011

This morning in homeroom, the captain of our **wrestling team**, Scott Scanlon, showed up with glasses — he said that he got them over the weekend. "My parents think I've never done so good in school 'cause I can't see the blackboard, so they sent me to an optimist to get my eyes checked, and now I can see more goodly." (I think that sentence may help to explain why I don't think Scott's eyesight is why he hasn't done well in school. Unless maybe his optometrist also has a really positive outlook on life.)

Then later in the lunchroom, I overheard Chelsea talking to her friends about Scott, and how much she liked his new glasses, because they make him look so smart. If they can make Scott look smart, I bet glasses would make me look like a genius!

Now I just need to figure out how to get myself some glasses. Ugh, I wish my eyesight were worse. Scott's so lucky to have crappy eyes.

November 8, 2011

So, last night, I started trying to get my parents to get me glasses. I told them I thought my eyesight was bad, and my mom said, "Well, what are you having trouble seeing?" And I said, "Everything." And my dad said, "It can't be everything. Are you **nearsighted**, or **farsighted**? Are you having trouble seeing stuff that's close to you, like your textbooks? Or far away, like the TV?" And I said, "Which is the one where I can watch TV, but can't read my school books?" And he said, "That's farsighted." And I said, "That's what I am." My parents looked a little suspicious, but they made me an appointment with the eye doctor anyway.

November 9, 2011

Went to the eye doctor today. He started trying different lenses for each of my eyes, and each time, he'd say, "Better, worse, same?" And I was answering at random until he said, "A minute ago, you said that lens was better, and now you say it's worse." Which seemed uncool of him, to pull a trick question like that. But from then on out, I said every single lens was better than the one before it, until he finally said, "Well, these are the strongest lenses we have." And I said, "Awesome!" I bet Chelsea Hamilton will be really impressed when I tell her my prescription's way stronger than Scott's.

November 13, 2011

We picked up my new glasses at **LensCrafters** today. I don't know why that place is called LensCrafters. To me, "craft" means you made something with, like, glue and felt and papier mache. Like, if they made your glasses out of pipe cleaners and googly eyes, then they'd be LensCrafting. They're just LensMakers.

Anyway, I got home with the glasses and put them on. I'm not sure how I look in them, because I can't see myself in the mirror when I'm wearing them. I showed them to my little sister Sophie, though, and she said, "Whoa! Cool!" And I said, "They look good?" And she said, "They make your eyes look so huge! You're like an **anime character!**" Which is probably good, right?

November 14, 2011

I wore my glasses to school for the first time today. I walked right up to Chelsea and said, "Hey, Chelsea! Notice anything different about me?" And she said, "I notice that you're late for class, but if you hurry, I won't write you up for it." And then I took my glasses off and discovered that the blurry thing I thought was Chelsea was actually Mrs. Plimpton, our vice-principal. (And by the way: these are some pretty impressive glasses if they can make Mrs. Plimpton look like anything but Mrs. Plimpton.) As the morning went on, I also mistook our school janitor, a trash can, and a motivational poster of a kitten hanging from a branch for Chelsea.



Finally, at lunch, my friend Chuck pointed me in Chelsea's direction, and I walked over to say hi to her. And I was halfway there when I walked right into an eighth grader's tray full of **Sloppy Joes**. Man, they call those things "sloppy" for a reason — they go everywhere.

Later in the day, my friend Brian ran up to Chuck and me in the hallway and said, "Hey, did you hear? Some dorky new kid from Ohio totally embarrassed himself in the cafeteria today! Hey — what happened to your shirt?"

November 17, 2011

Chelsea Hamilton and Scott Scanlon are officially dating, and they're going to the dance tomorrow night. Chuck tried to comfort me by saying, "Look: You did everything you could. But maybe it's not the glasses that Chelsea likes. Maybe it's the fact that he's got a huge neck and sort of looks like that guy from **"Captain America"**. So, you know...you never had a chance." I hate it when Chuck tries to comfort me.

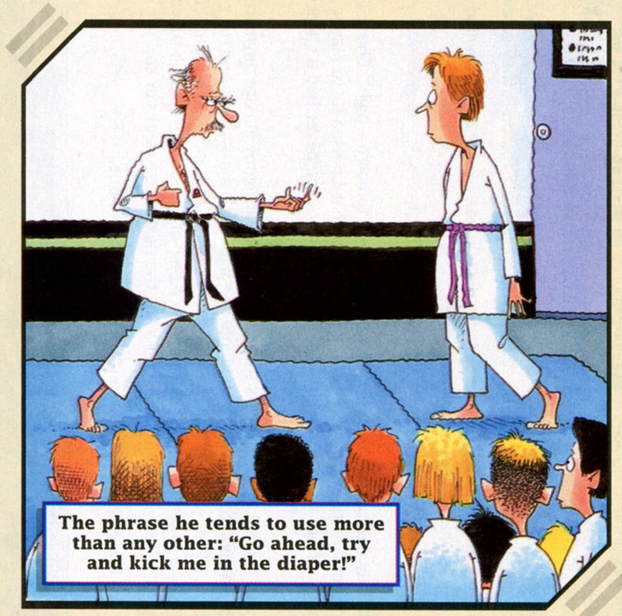
To make things worse, I needed to figure out a way to explain to my parents that I won't be wearing my glasses anymore. So tonight at dinner, I announced that I didn't need my glasses anymore: "My vision's suddenly fine again! It's a miracle!" And my parents looked at me for a long moment, and then my dad said, "So, what was her name?" And I said, "Chelsea." And he said, "Did it work?" And I said, "No." And he said, "Well, tell you what: It's a shame to let a nice, expensive pair of glasses like that go to waste. So how about you get a little more wear out of them — say, anytime you want to watch TV for the next three weeks or so?"

So, if you'll excuse me, I should get going. A new **"Big Bang Theory"** is on, and I can't wait to hear it.

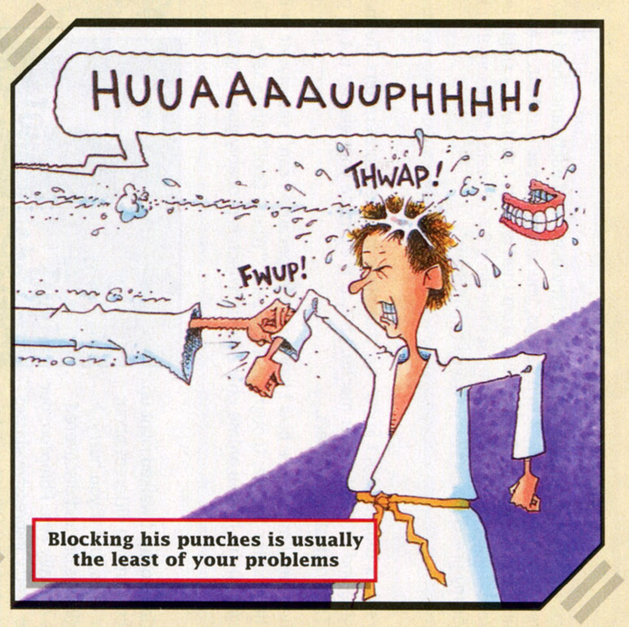
WRITER: TIM CARVELL ARTIST: BRIAN DURNIAK JANITOR PHOTO: ISTOCKPHOTO.COM/LEEZSNOW

It's a story as old as Betty White. Some 98-pound weakling gets fed up with being pushed around, so he goes down to a local strip mall and signs up to learn some martial arts. Sadly, many of these dojos are rip-off joints run by aging Steven Seagal wannabes. So before you and your bank balance get taken down, keep your defenses up and study these...

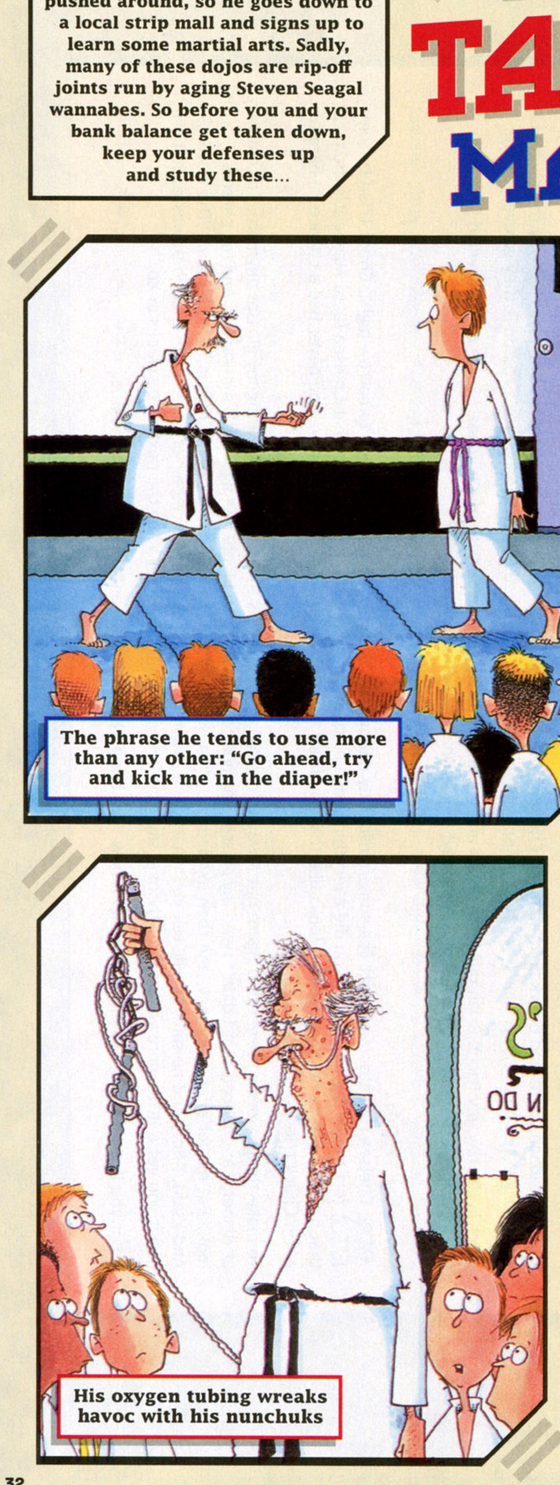
SIGNS YOUR TAE KWON DO INSTRUCTOR MAY BE OVER THE HILL



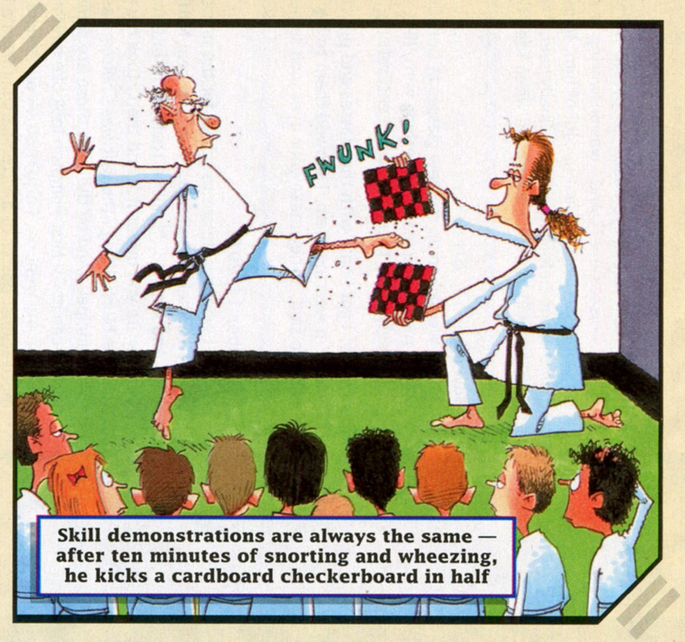
The phrase he tends to use more than any other: "Go ahead, try and kick me in the diaper!"



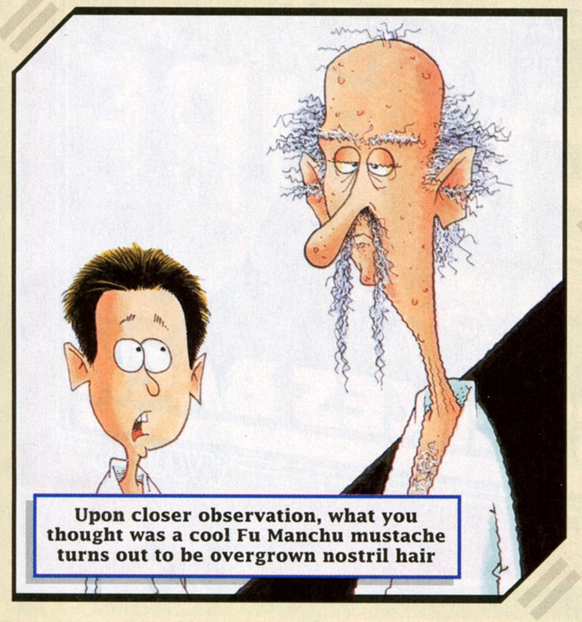
Blocking his punches is usually the least of your problems



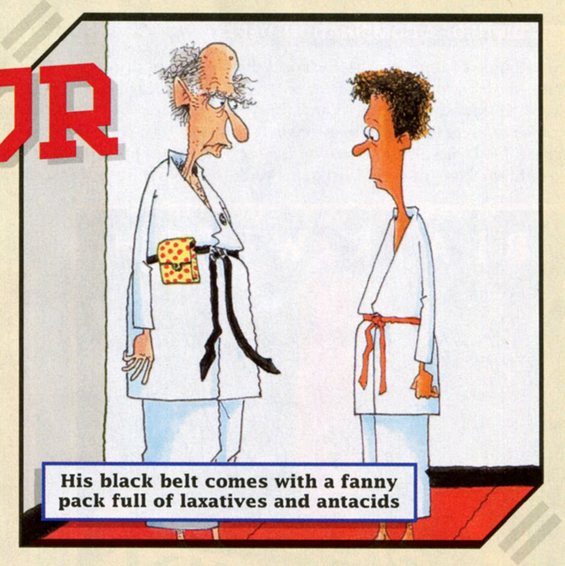
His oxygen tubing wreaks havoc with his nunchuks



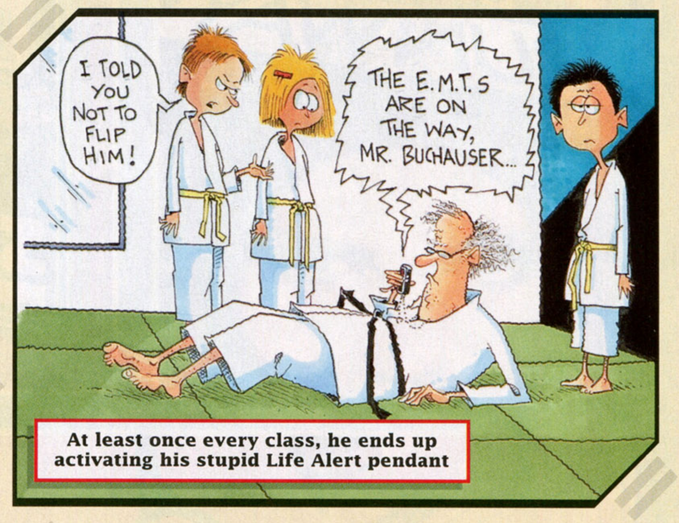
Skill demonstrations are always the same — after ten minutes of snorting and wheezing, he kicks a cardboard checkerboard in half



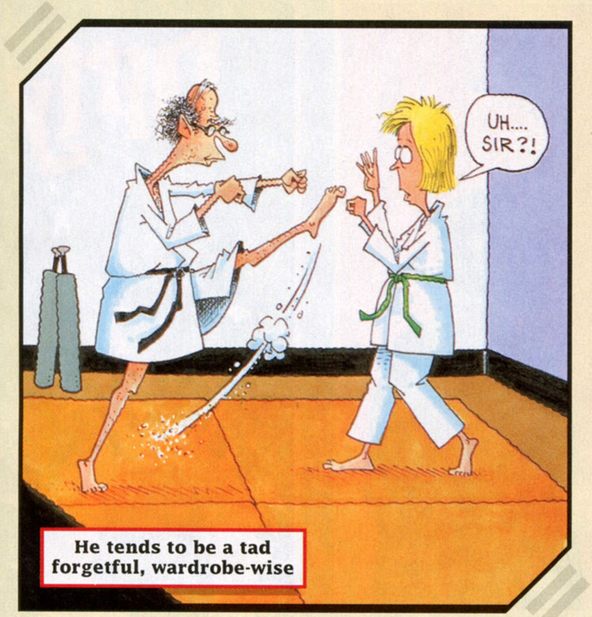
Upon closer observation, what you thought was a cool Fu Manchu mustache turns out to be overgrown nostril hair



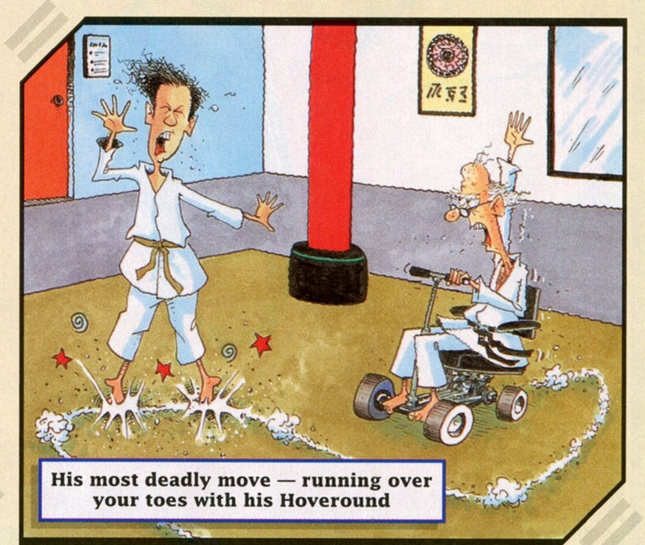
His black belt comes with a fanny pack full of laxatives and antacids



At least once every class, he ends up activating his stupid Life Alert pendant



He tends to be a tad forgetful, wardrobe-wise



His most deadly move — running over your toes with his Hoveround

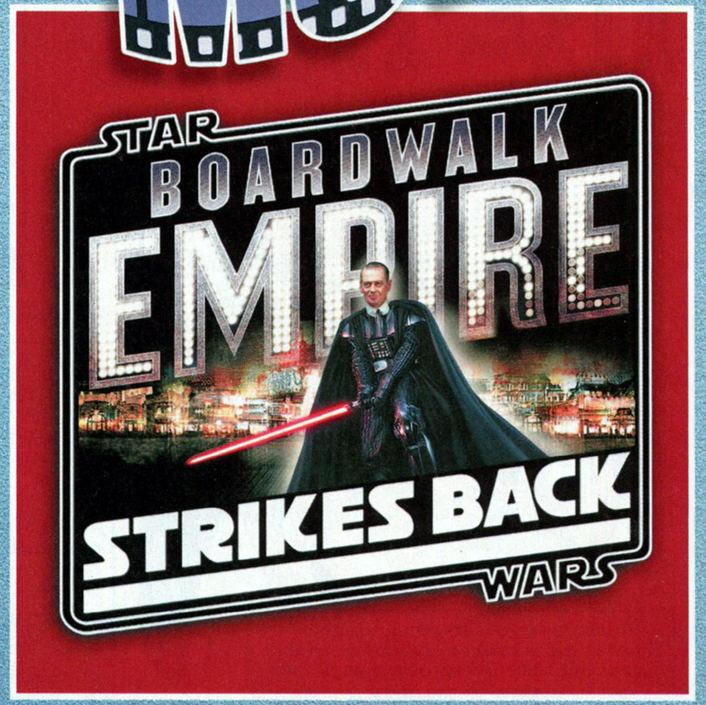
WRITER AND ARTIST: JOHN CALDWELL

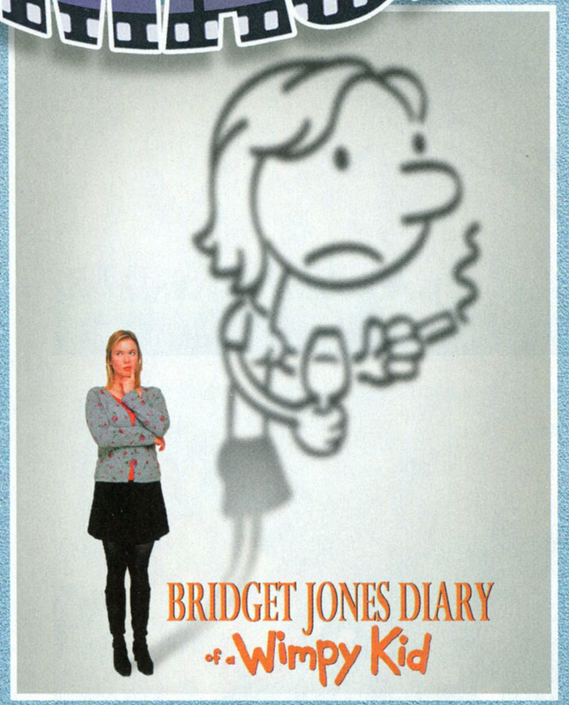
BIRTH OF A COMBINATION DEPT.

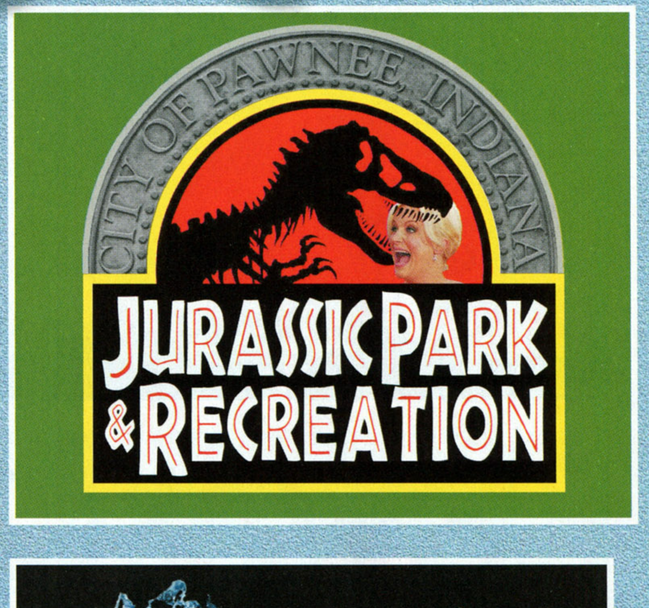
Sometimes it seems as if Hollywood doesn't make original movies any more, they just make sequels. Then, sequels to sequels. And don't even get us started on prequels! What's next? Well, if their streak of unoriginality continues, how long before the film industry starts combining hit movies in an effort to milk every last cent out of a franchise? Well, we here at MAD are also known for our lack of originality, so we're beating Tinseltown execs at their own game with the following two-pager called...

MOVIE MASHUPS WE'D HATE TO SEE



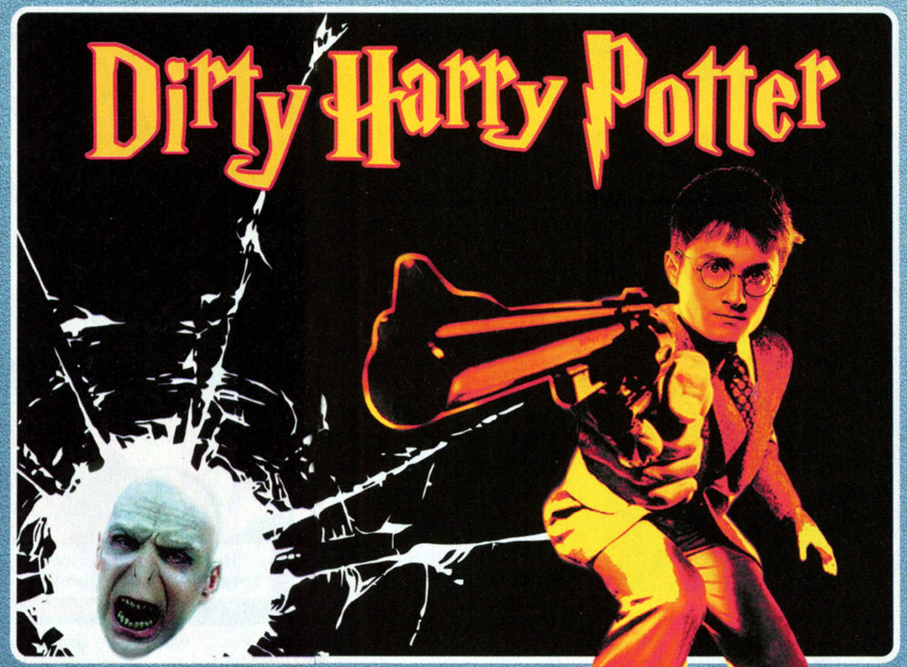






ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER



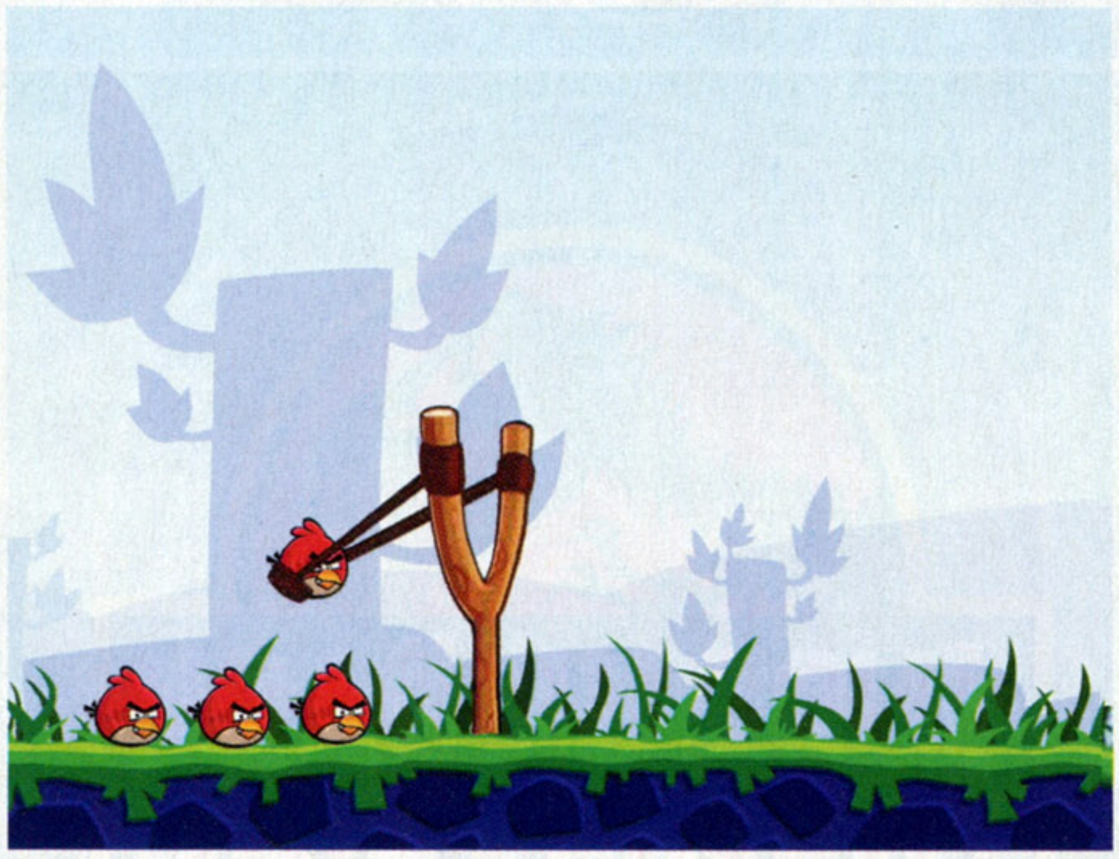






One Day on the Hudson River

(What *Really* Happened)





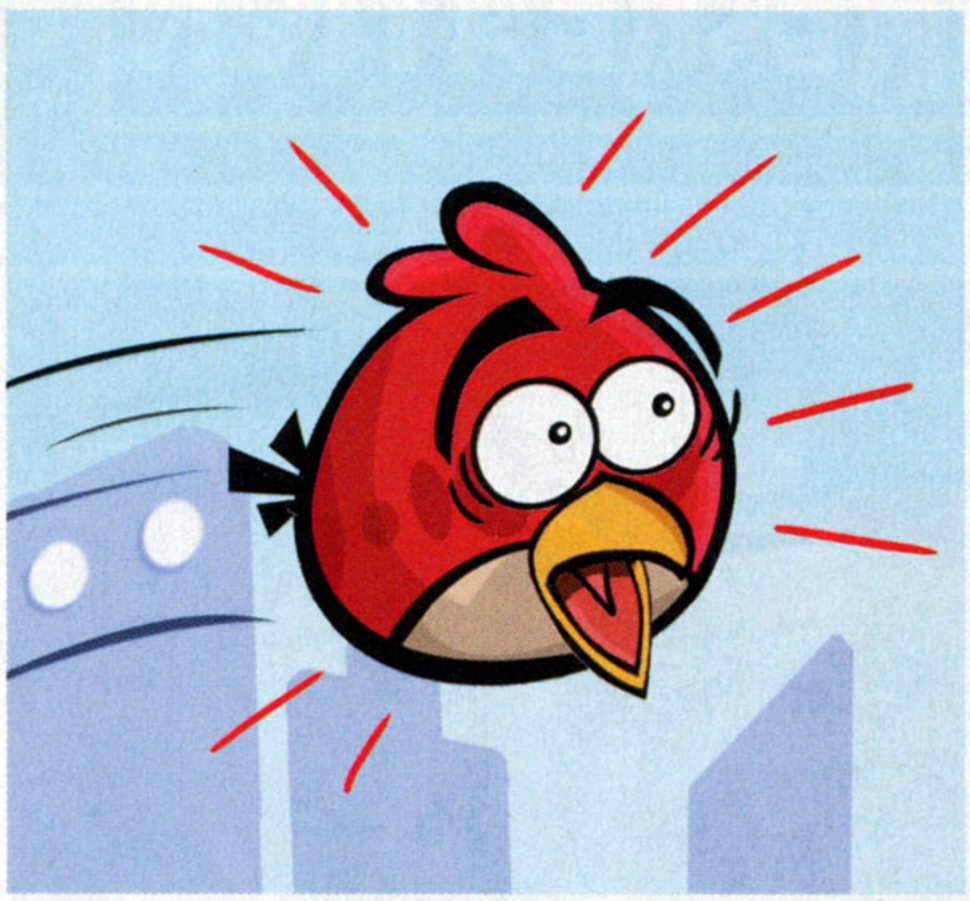
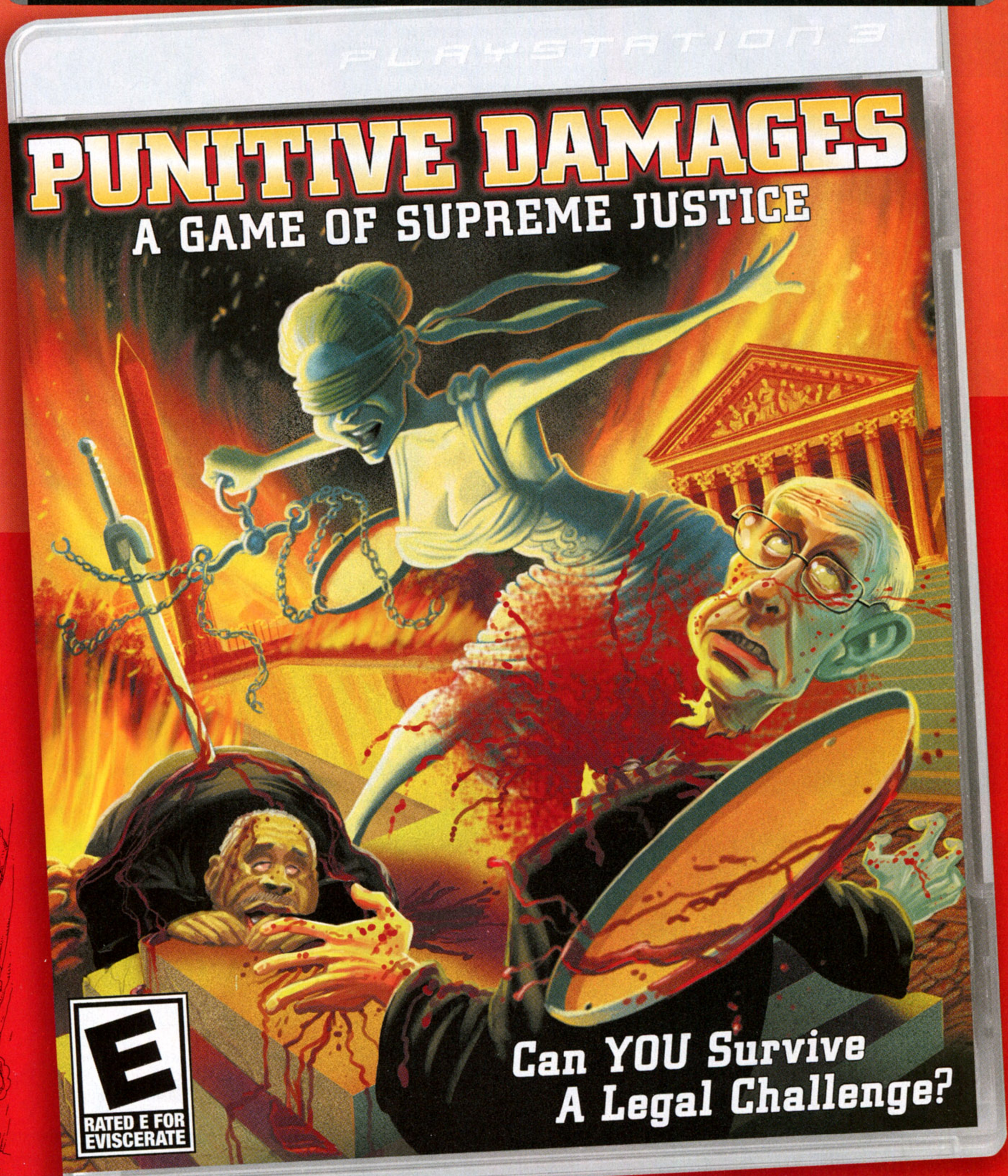






Photo: Steven Day, AP/Wideworld Photos

Recently, the Supreme Court invalidated a California law intended to regulate the sale of violent video games to children. They went so far as to classify video games as art, and afforded it the same first amendment protections as books, plays, movies and music, no matter how sick, violent or vulgar the game is. This got our sick, violent, vulgar, yet very artistic minds wondering: how would the Supreme Court like it if THEY were the victim in a violent videogame? We're sure it's just what the Justices had in mind! Here's a walkthrough of the game we call...





WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

LEVEL ONE
First Monday in October

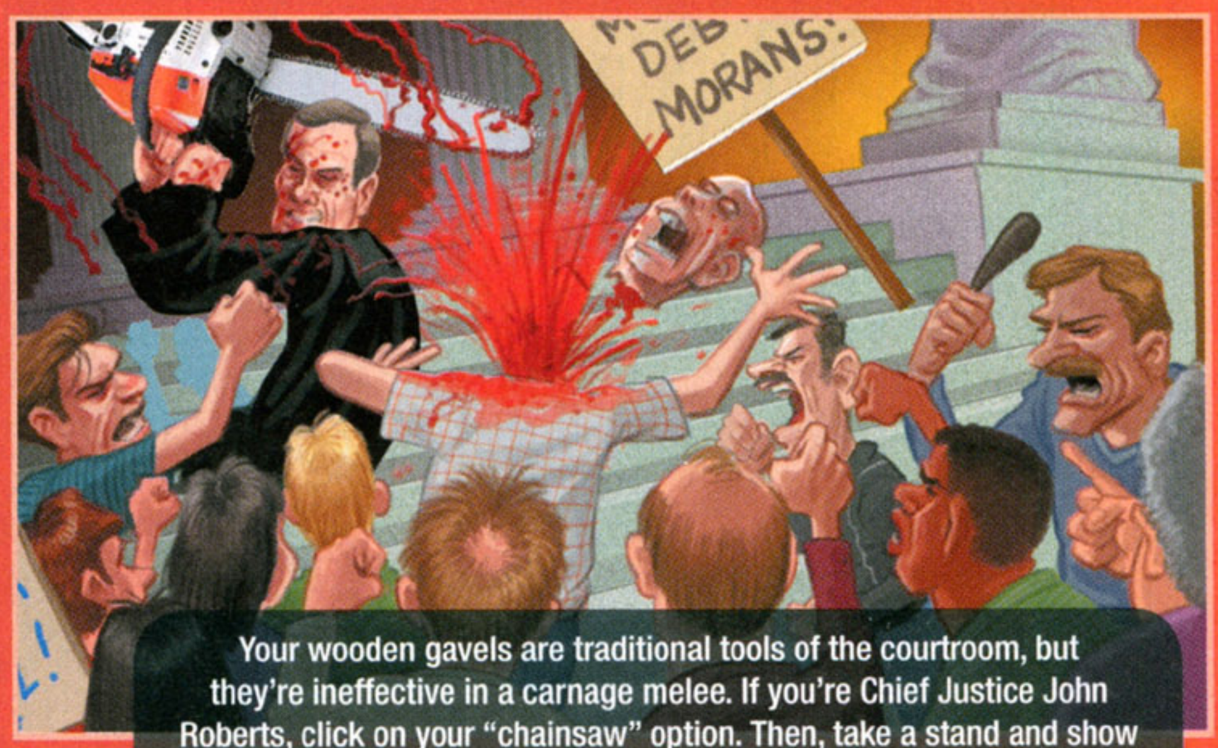
There are 33 steps leading up to the marble hall of justice that defines and protects our nation's liberty. That means there are 33 places to die. Get safely into the courthouse building by navigating the nine Justices past roving bands of Gitmo protesters, Death Penalty protesters, Birthers, Truthers, and one guy who's still ticked off about Marbury v. Madison.



Oops! Your colleague Justice Stephen Breyer got separated from the pack! He's being aborted, in his 289th trimester! His gushing blood and entrails are turning the courthouse steps into a literal slippery slope!



From the far right comes a swarm of the "God Hates Gays" lunatics! They're jamming their picket signs into Sonia Sotomayor's eye sockets! Now justice really IS blind!



Your wooden gavels are traditional tools of the courtroom, but they're ineffective in a carnage melee. If you're Chief Justice John Roberts, click on your "chainsaw" option. Then, take a stand and show that you believe in the fundamental separation of head and spine!

LEVEL TWO
Law of the Jungle

The genius of our Constitution is that it is a living, breathing document. But after 200 years of being battered, abused and misinterpreted, it's hungry — for judicial blood!

This Constitution wants to insure anything EXCEPT domestic tranquility! Using expendable Supreme Court Clerks to block the document's progress is useless — its power is unimpeachable!





You need to preserve, protect and defend your butt! It'll take speed, reflexes, and...oh no! The Constitution has taken a gruesome chomp out of Clarence Thomas, and now he really IS 3/5ths of a person!



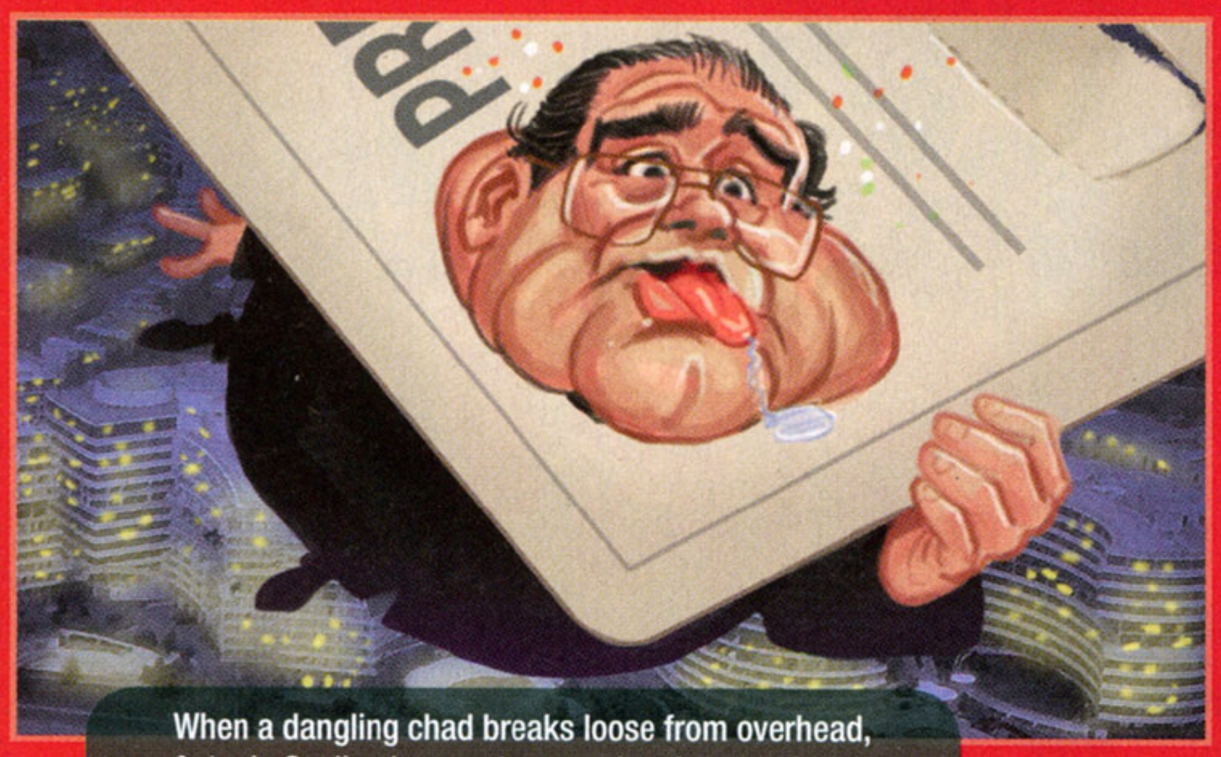
Hiding in chambers is useless! Each room has an angry amendment waiting inside to faithfully execute you. Those dying howls of pain are from Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, as the 17th Amendment tears her into 17 pieces!

LEVEL THREE
Changeable Chad Challenge

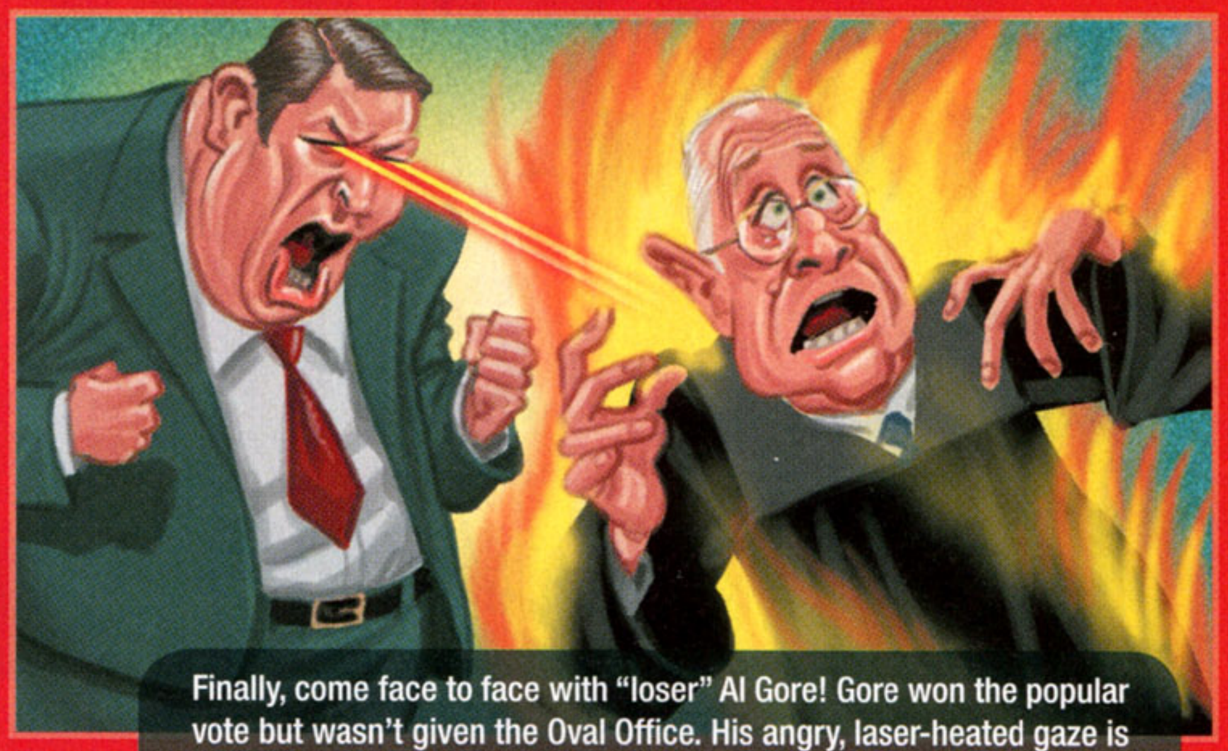
Following the 2000 election, the Supreme Court controversially stepped in and ended the Florida recount, handing the Presidency to George W. Bush. But today, it's time for gore, gore, gore! Escape the Supreme Court Building by leaping from the roof and onto an aerial path of rickety Florida Butterfly Ballots!



What Republican election official designed these shaky paper platforms? Step on a loose trapdoor chad, and splat! Wave bye-bye to your lifetime appointment, Justice Elena Kagan!



When a dangling chad breaks loose from overhead, Antonin Scalia also meets a cruel and unusual fate! His jowly head becomes fatally wedged in one of the little square spaces. It's a hanging chad for a hanging judge!



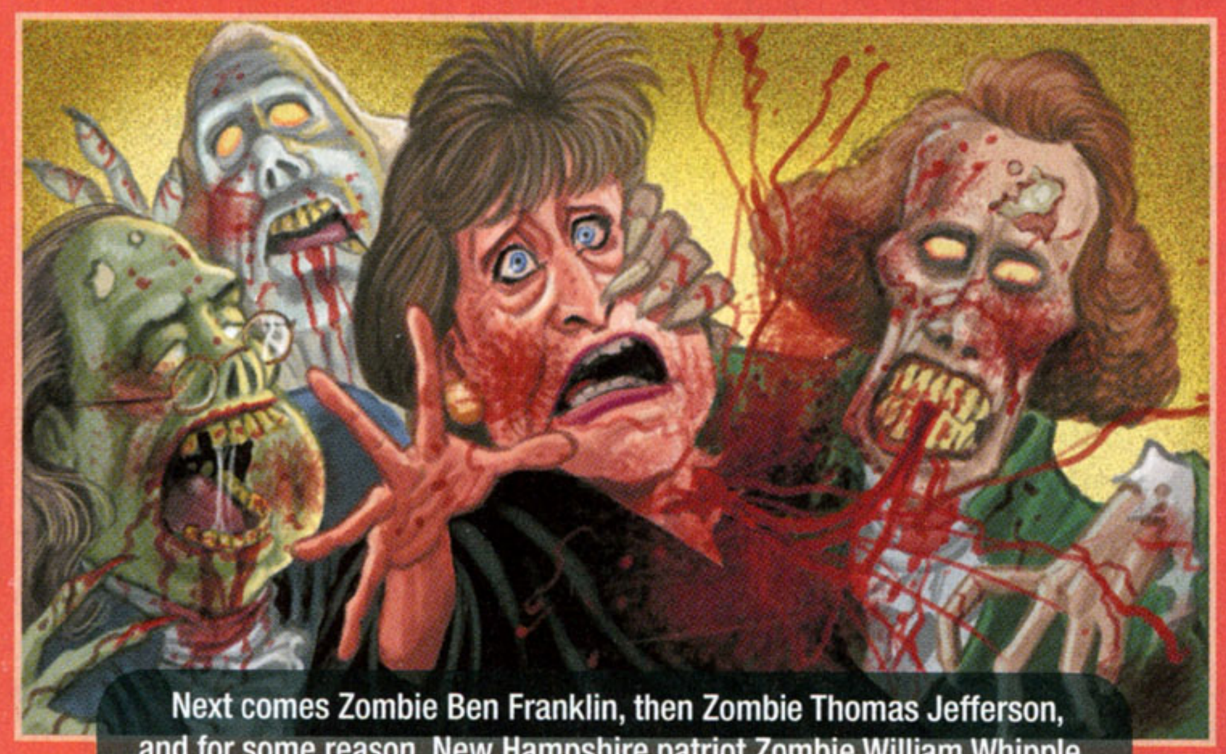
Finally, come face to face with "loser" Al Gore! Gore won the popular vote but wasn't given the Oval Office. His angry, laser-heated gaze is hotter than any Global Climate Change yet recorded! Justice Anthony Kennedy discovers he has probable cause to crap his pants!

LEVEL FOUR
Our Fiending Fathers

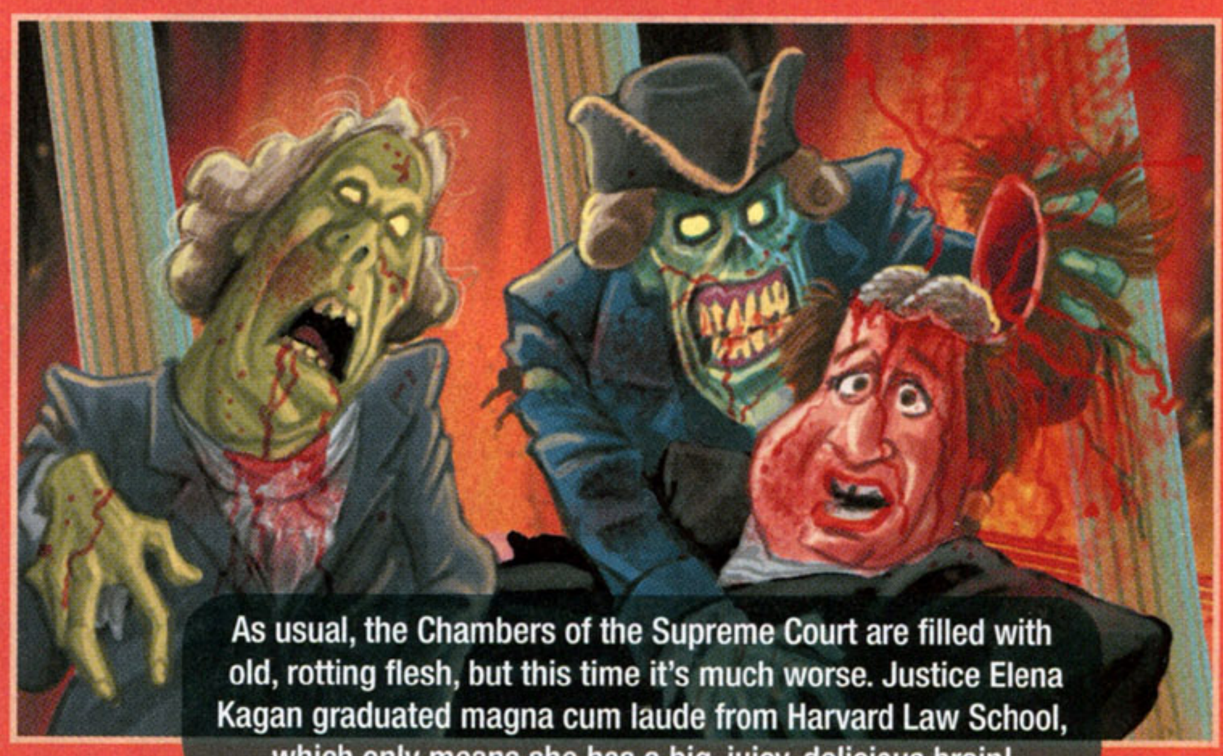
Any still-surviving Justices may have escaped the court building, but there's plenty more action on the D.C. Maul! A responsible Supreme Court Justice always seeks to divine the Founding Fathers' original intent. But 235 years later, their only intent is a gnawing zombie desire for legal flesh!



Zombie George Washington is first. Again. He still seeks to win the hearts of his countrymen, starting with unlucky Chief Justice John Roberts! Roberts' still-beating heart is easily hacked from his chest plate by George's trusty hatchet, and the President's snapping wooden teeth do the rest!



Next comes Zombie Ben Franklin, then Zombie Thomas Jefferson, and for some reason, New Hampshire patriot Zombie William Whipple. Their now-zombiefied colonial minds aren't as sharp, which is bad news for George W. Bush's ill-fated lightweight Supreme Court nominee Harriet Miers, who is devoured in the bloody confusion!



As usual, the Chambers of the Supreme Court are filled with old, rotting flesh, but this time it's much worse. Justice Elena Kagan graduated magna cum laude from Harvard Law School, which only means she has a big, juicy, delicious brain!

FINAL SCREEN

With eight habeus corpses, just one Justice survives: the honorable Samuel Alito. It's been a long, bloody road. But the good news is that we'll be getting a lot of unanimous decisions!

WINNER!

REPLAY

Nowadays, no legal outcome is considered final. Start the game over and try again until it comes out the way you want! Of course, since you've just suffered an 88% fatality score, you'll be needing a mostly new Supreme Court. Go back to the opening screen, and click "Fill Vacated Seats" to have the President nominate as many qualified candidates as you need to dish out another full court press!

WHAT NATURE NEVER TORTOISE DEPT.

MAD SALUTES ONE OF OUR UNSUNG HOUSEHOLD PETS:

THE TURTLE

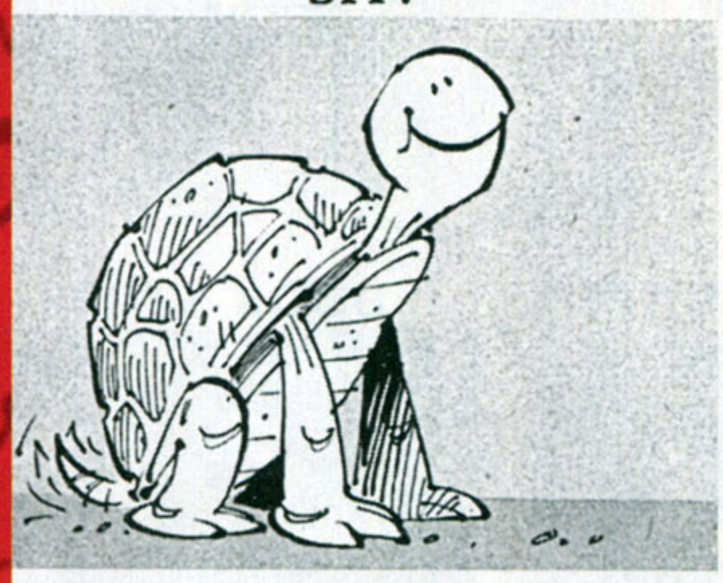
ARTIST:
PAUL COKER

WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGES

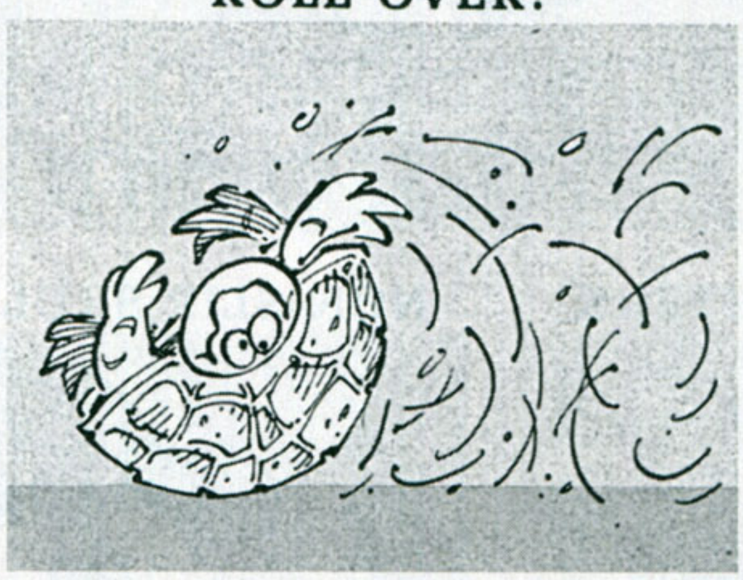


EXCITING TRICKS TURTLES CAN DO...

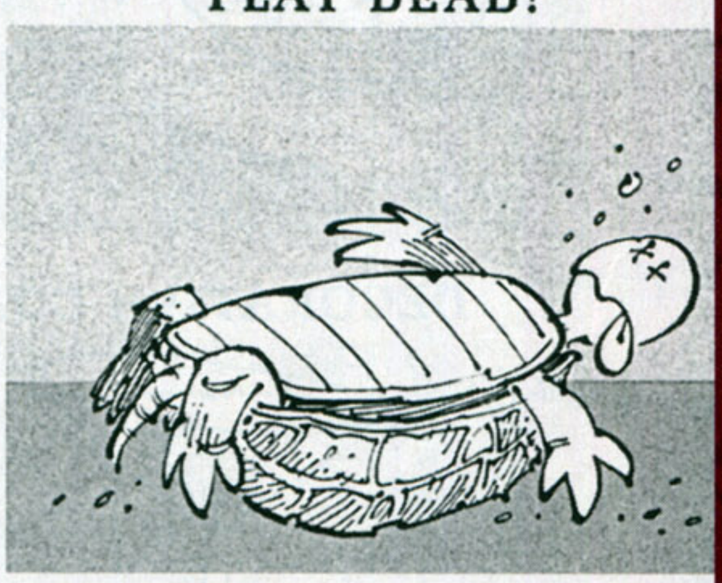
SIT!



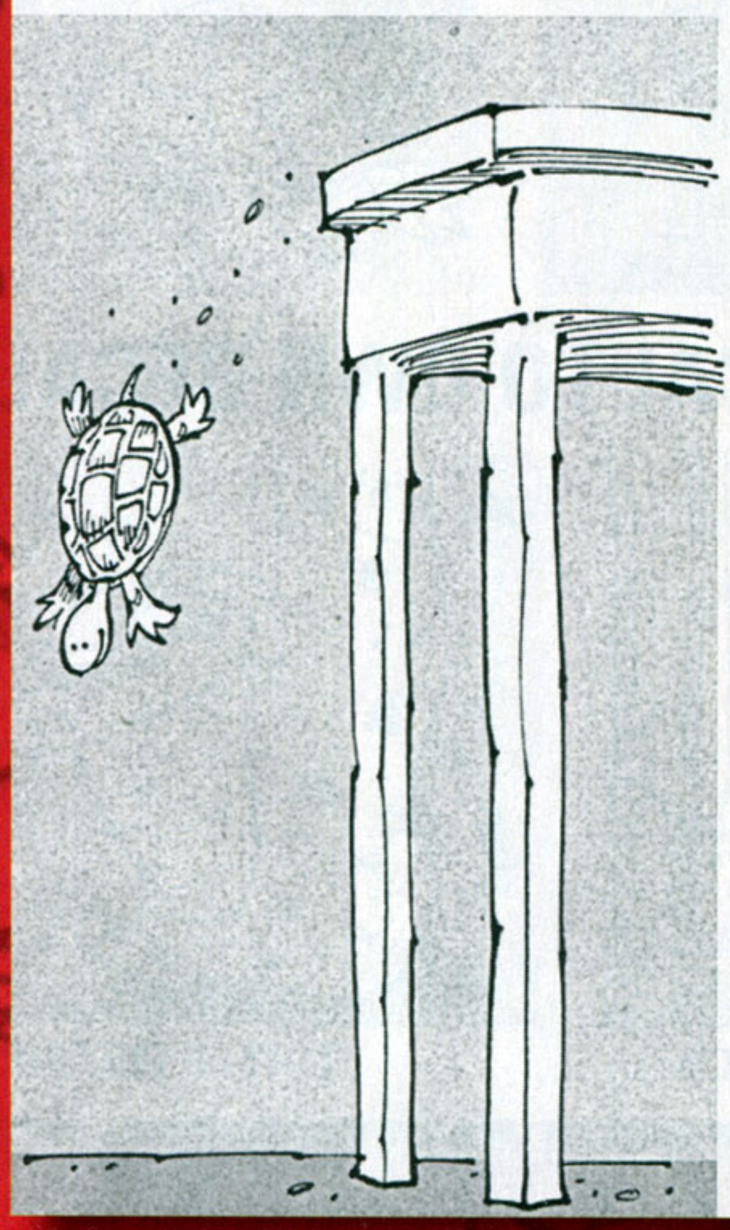
ROLL OVER!



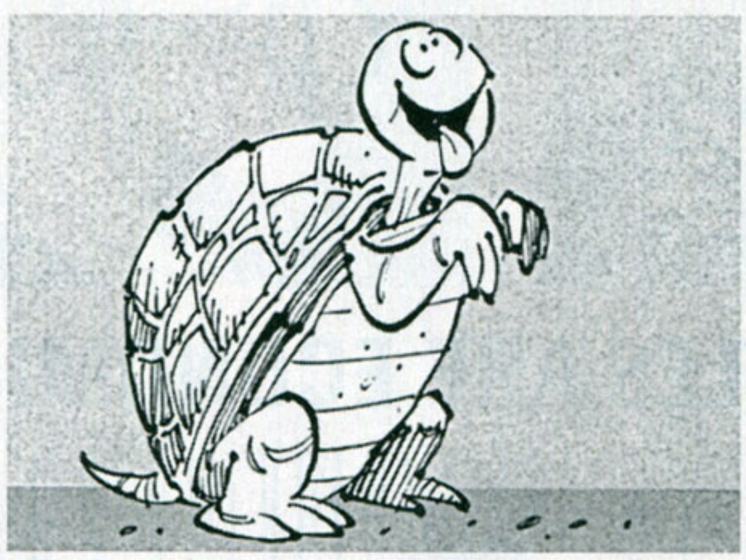
PLAY DEAD!



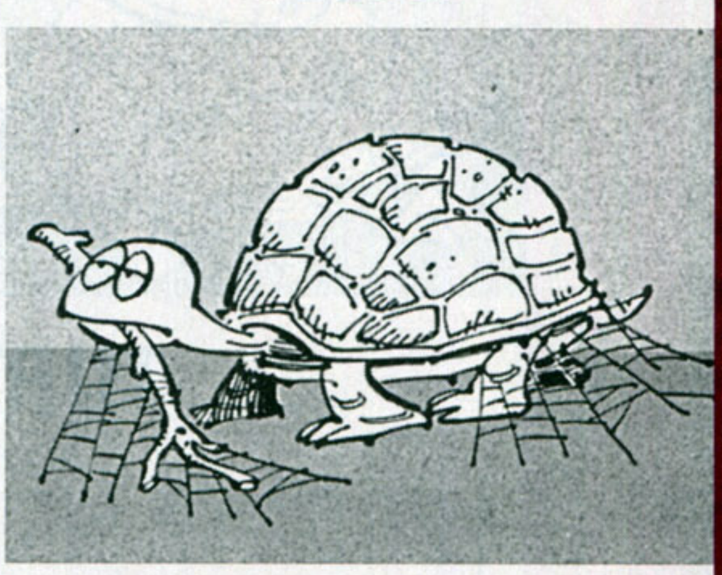
JUMP!



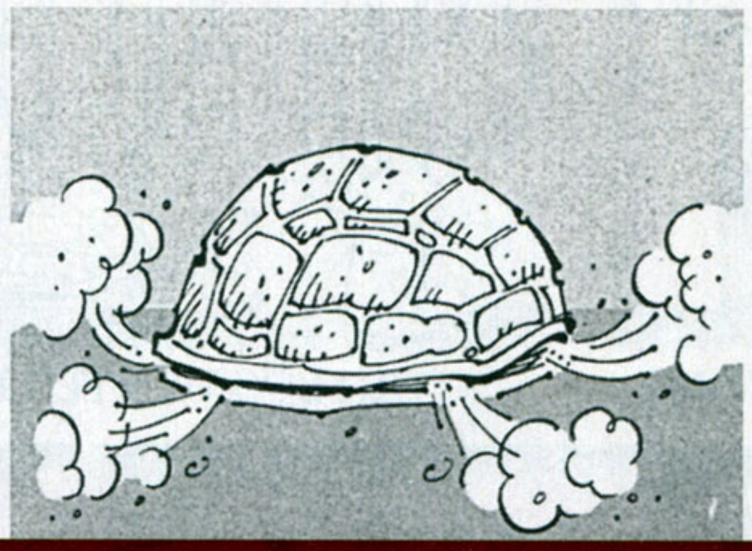
BEG!



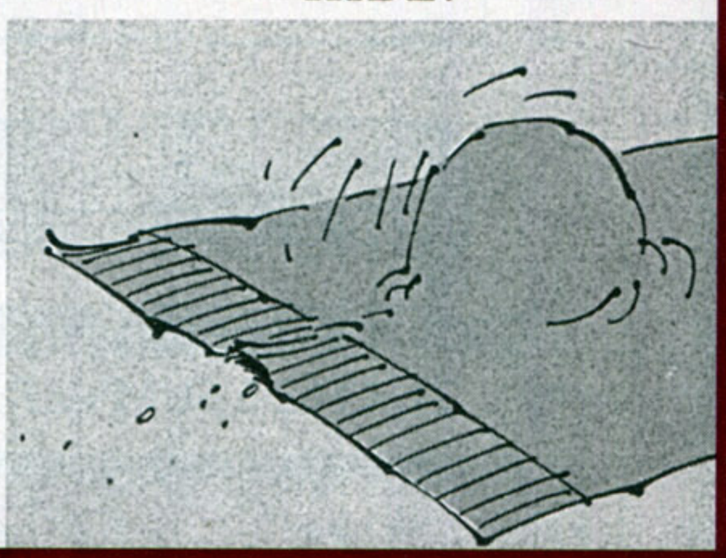
FETCH!



STAY!

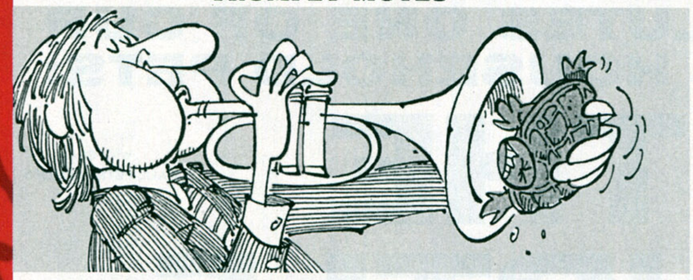


HIDE!

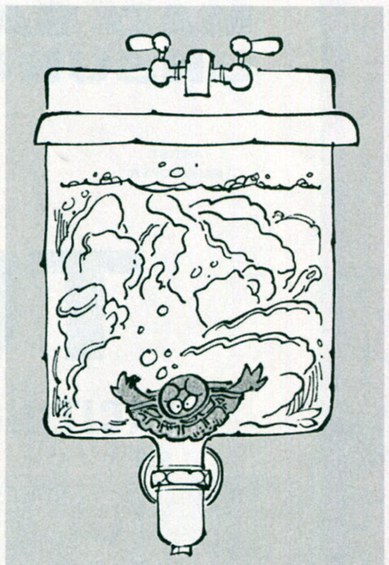


TURTLES ARE GREAT TO HAVE AROUND THE HOUSE

TRUMPET MUTES



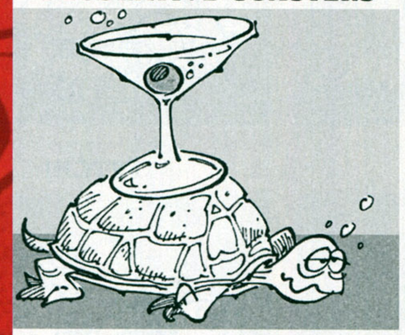
SINK STOPPERS



HOCKEY PUCKS



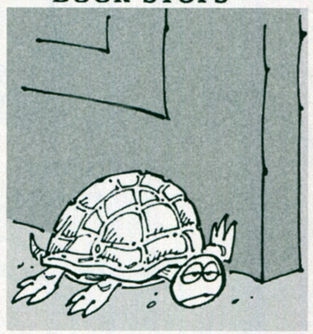
DECORATIVE COASTERS



NON-SLIP SKULL CAPS



DOOR STOPS

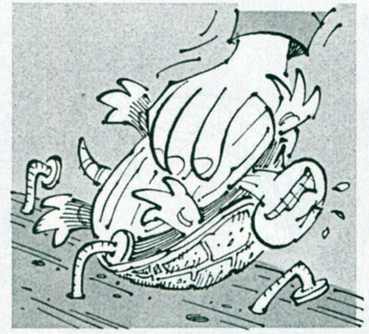


BECAUSE THEY'RE VERY USEFUL AS

MUD SCRAPERS



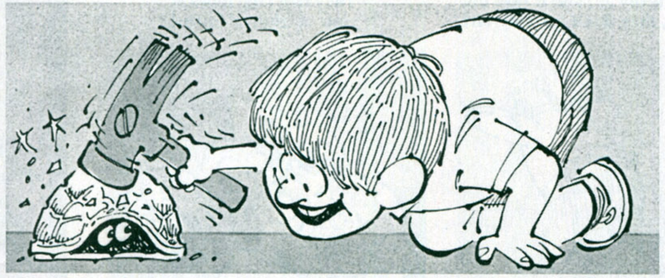
BENT NAIL REMOVERS



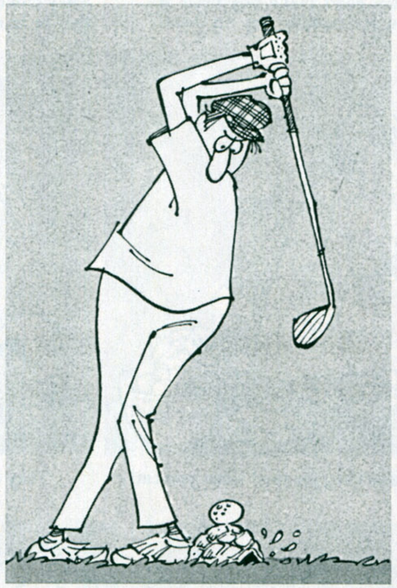
MATCH STRIKERS



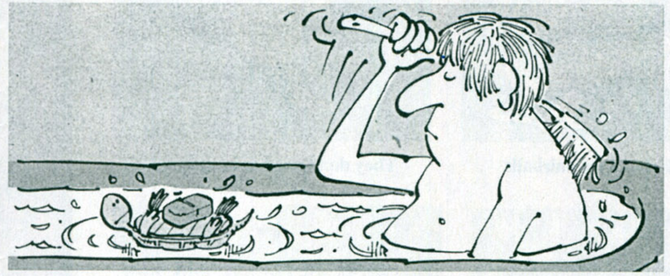
BABY SITTERS



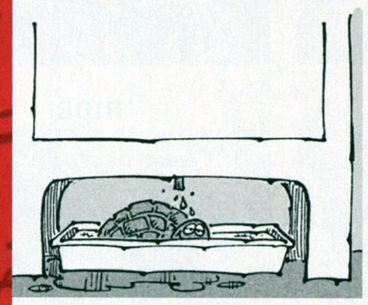
PRACTICE GOLF TEES



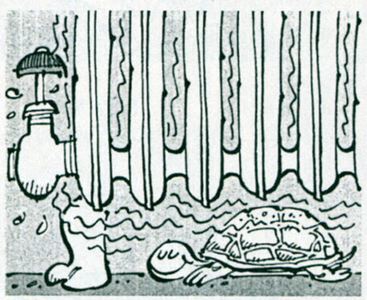
FLOATING SOAP DISHES



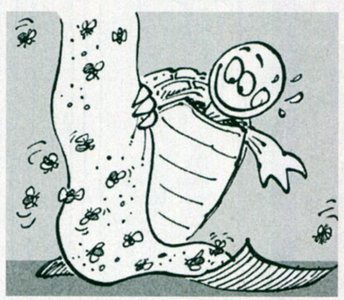
TURTLES ARE ECONOMICAL TO OWN BECAUSE



TURTLE'S SUMMER HOME

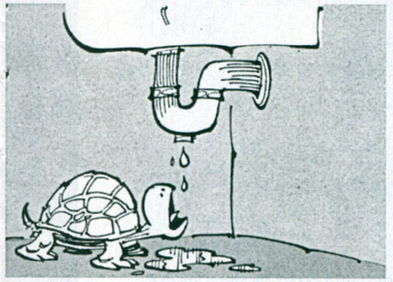


TURTLE'S WINTER HOME

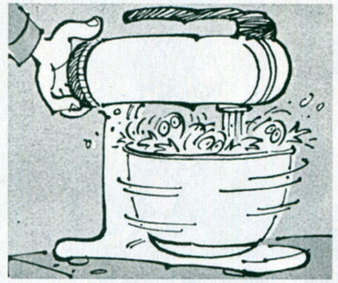


TURTLE FEEDER

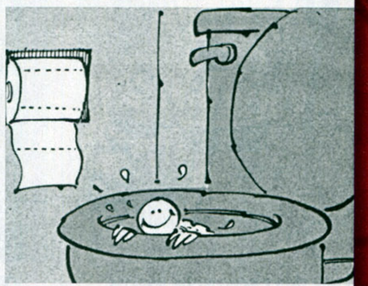
THEY DON'T NEED EXPENSIVE ACCESSORIES



TURTLE DRINKING FOUNTAIN

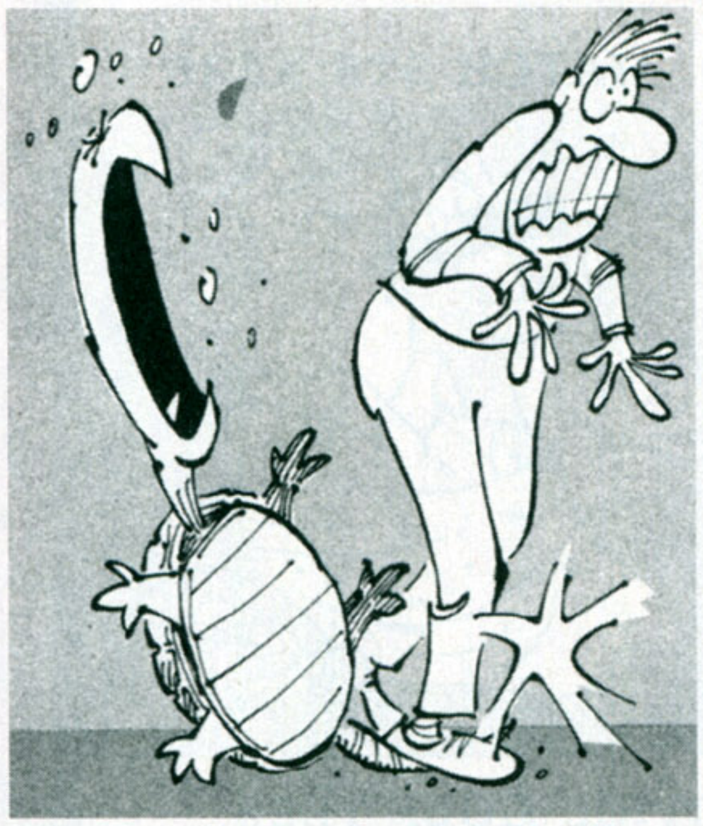


TURTLE EXERCISER



TURTLE SWIMMING POOL

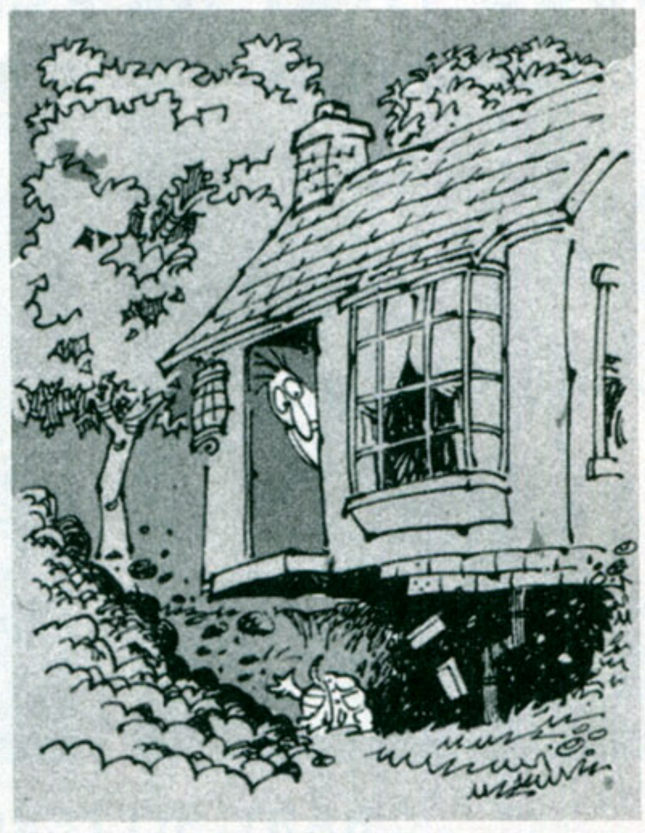
TURTLES MAKE GREAT PETS BECAUSE



They don't make any noise if you accidentally step on them!



They don't run away . . . and if they do, they're so slow, they don't get very far!



They don't dig holes in your neighbors' lawns!



They don't beg for food when you eat!



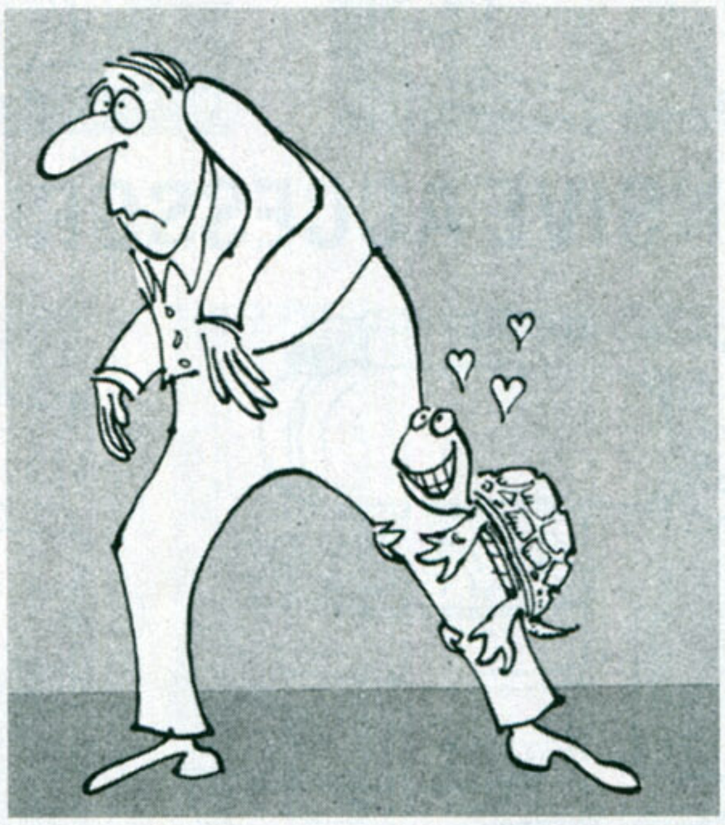
They don't choke on hairballs



They don't need to be spayed!



They don't need to be walked outdoors in rotten weather!



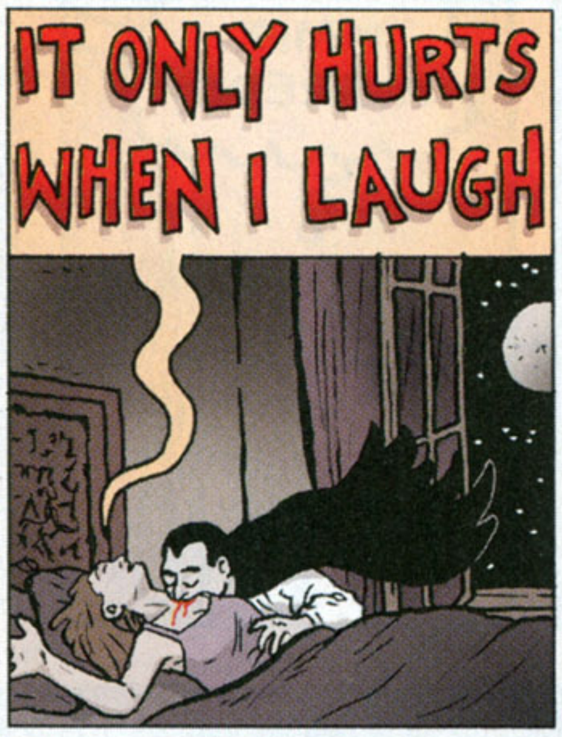
They don't jump in your lap, or rub against your leg in a horny fashion.

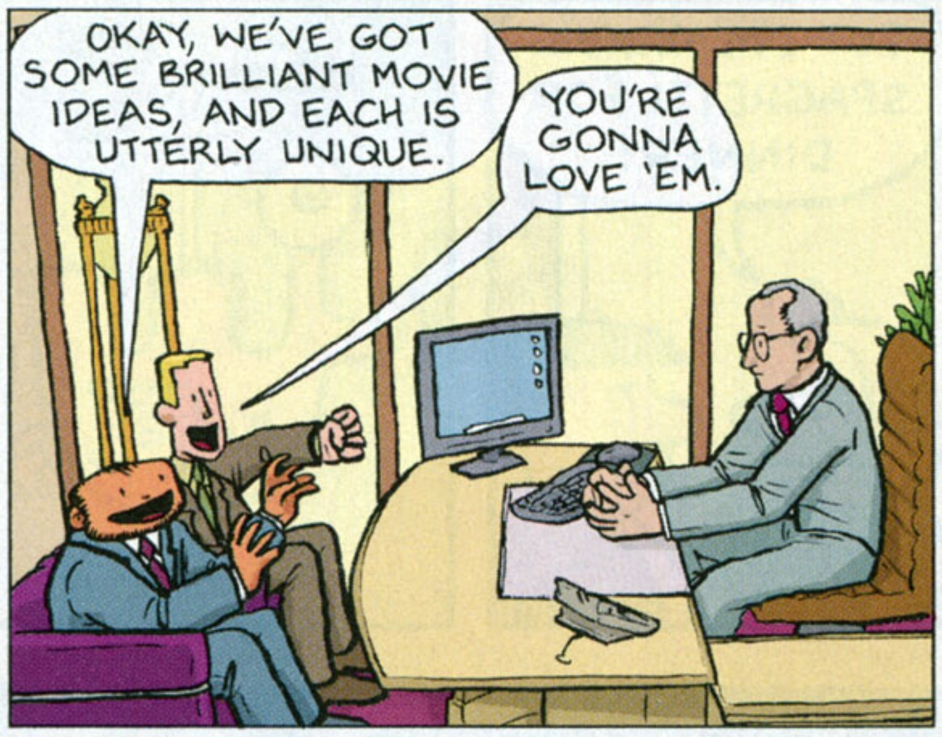


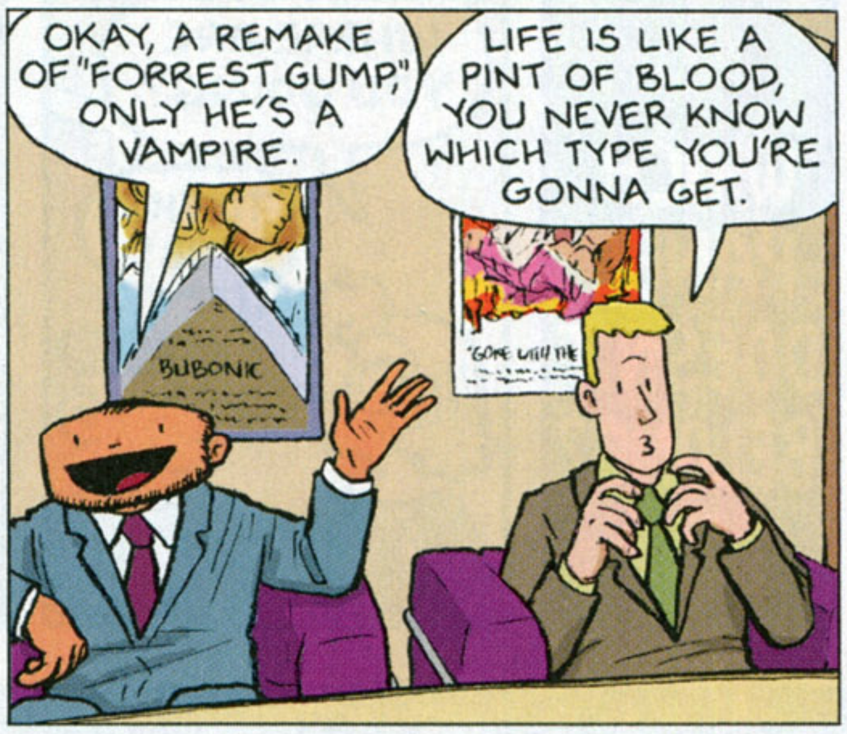
They don't have to sleep in bed with you during a thunderstorm!

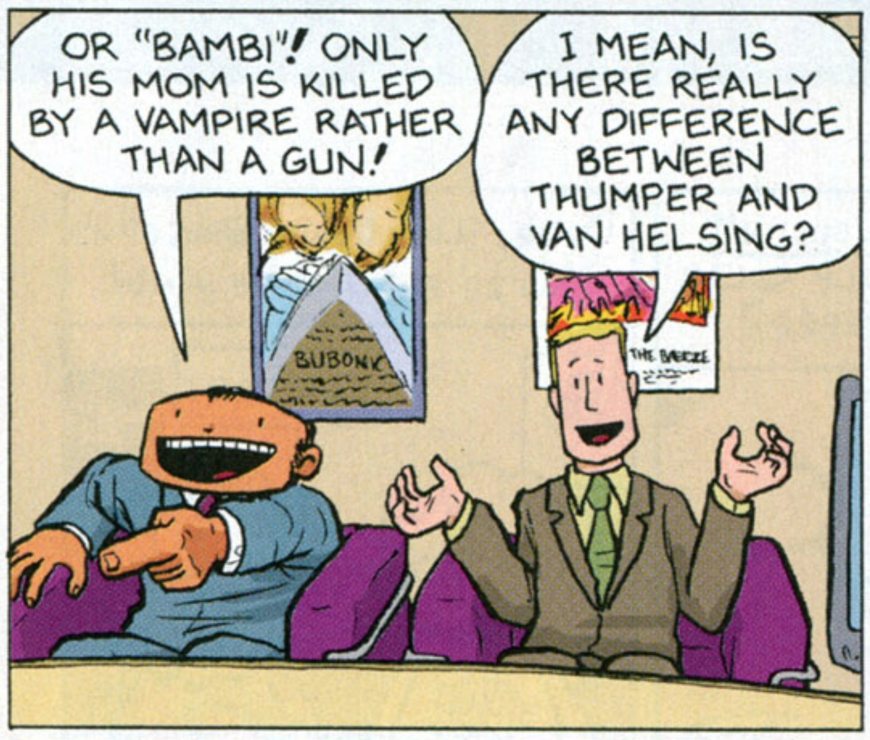
THE STRIP CLUB

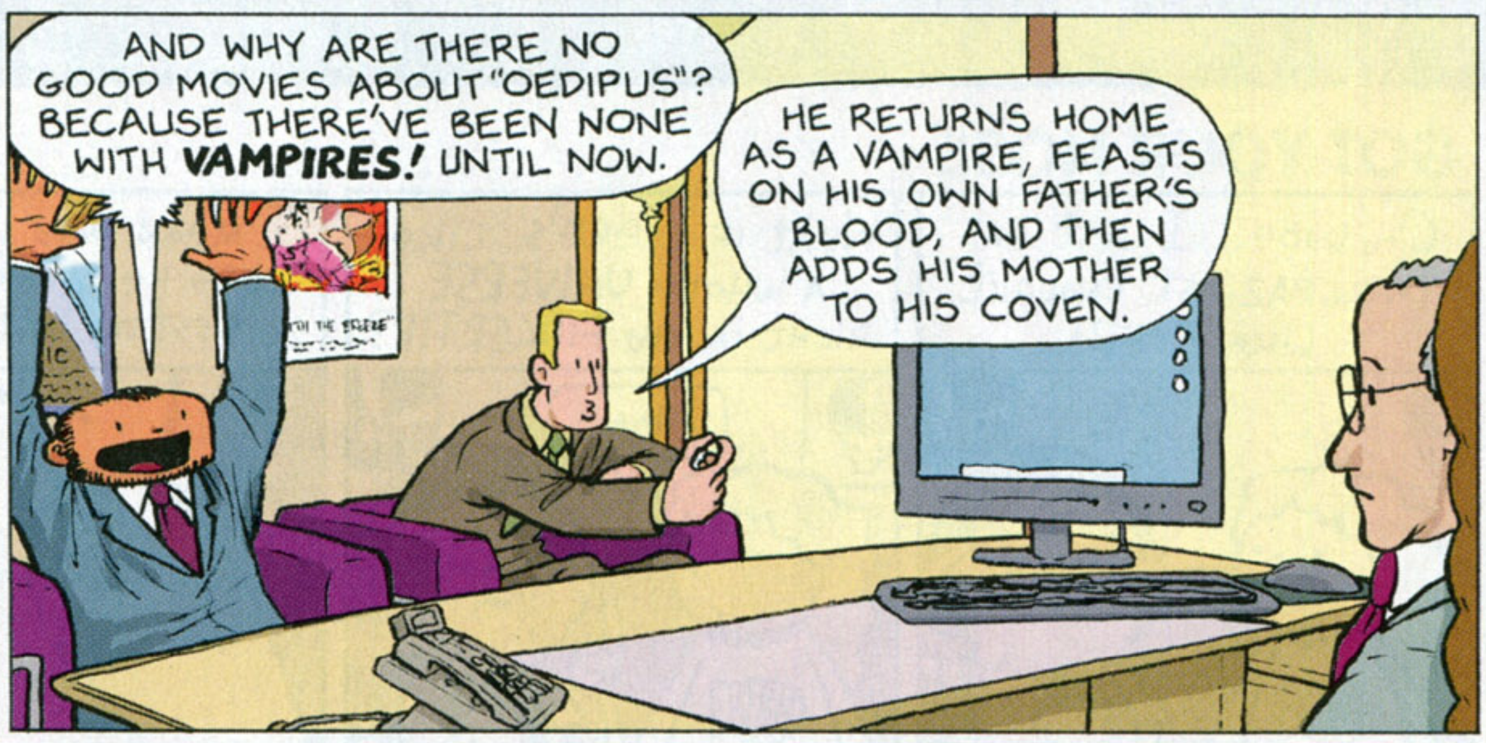




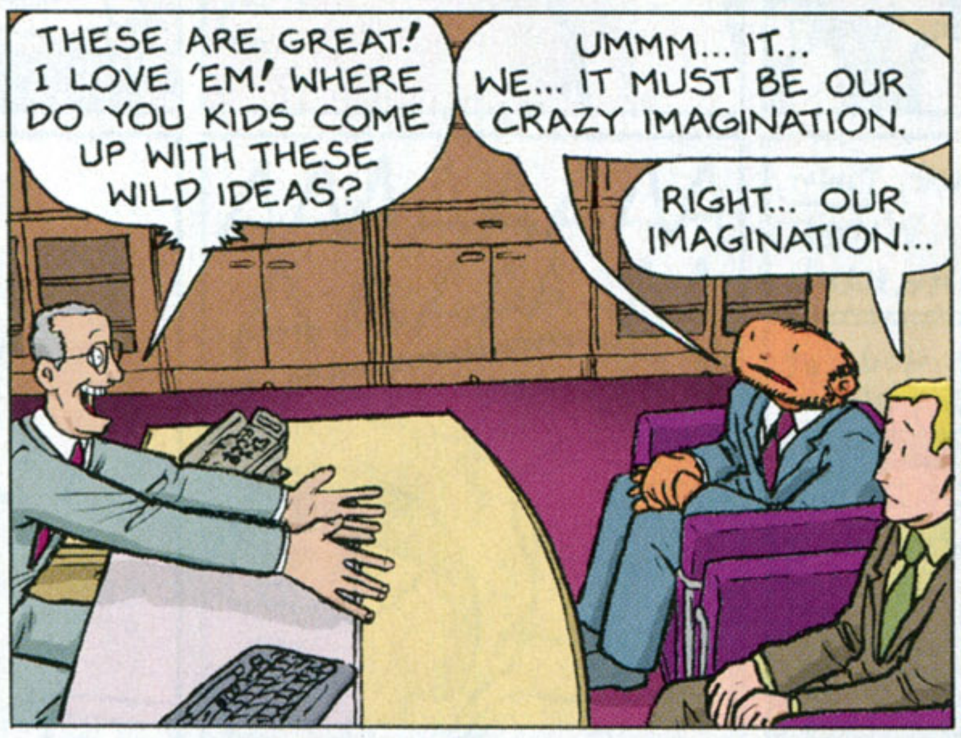


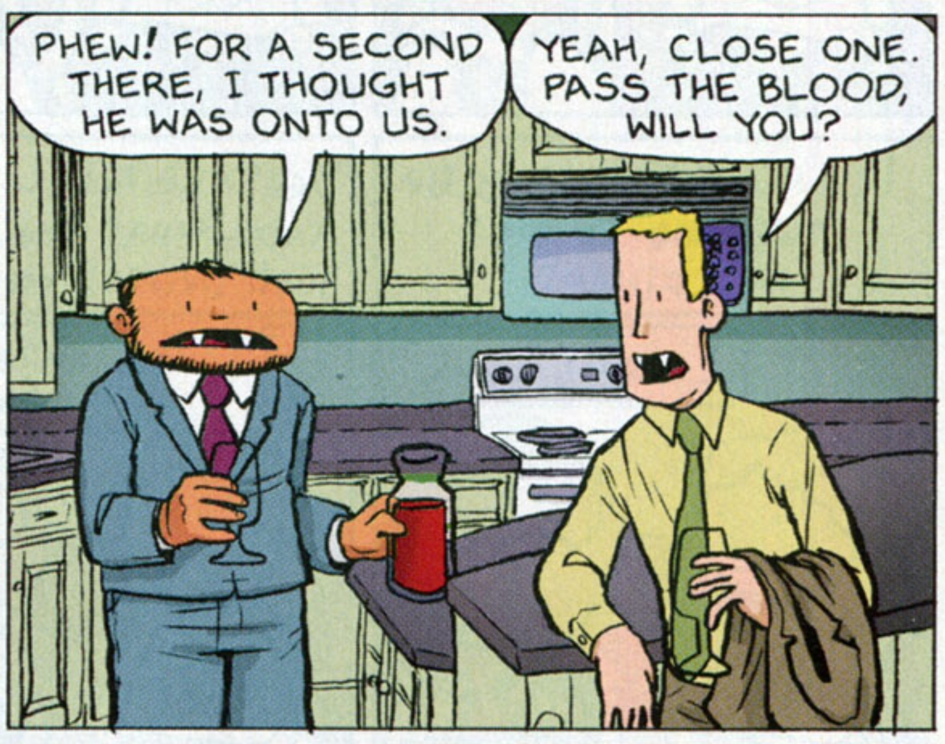




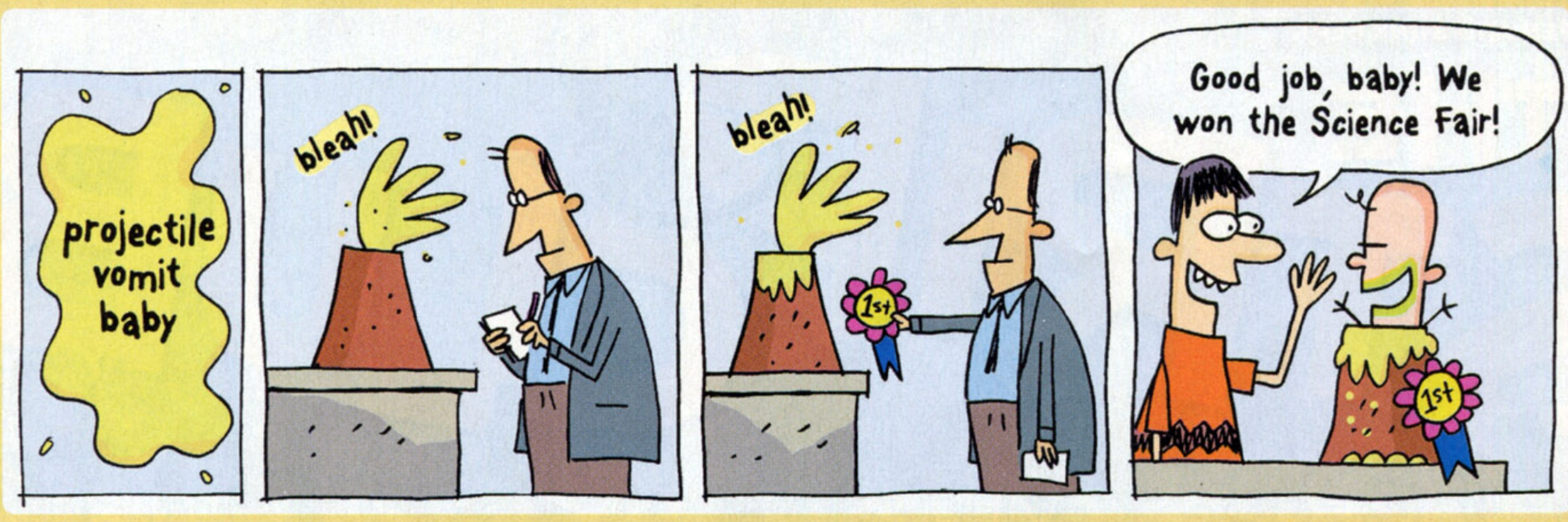




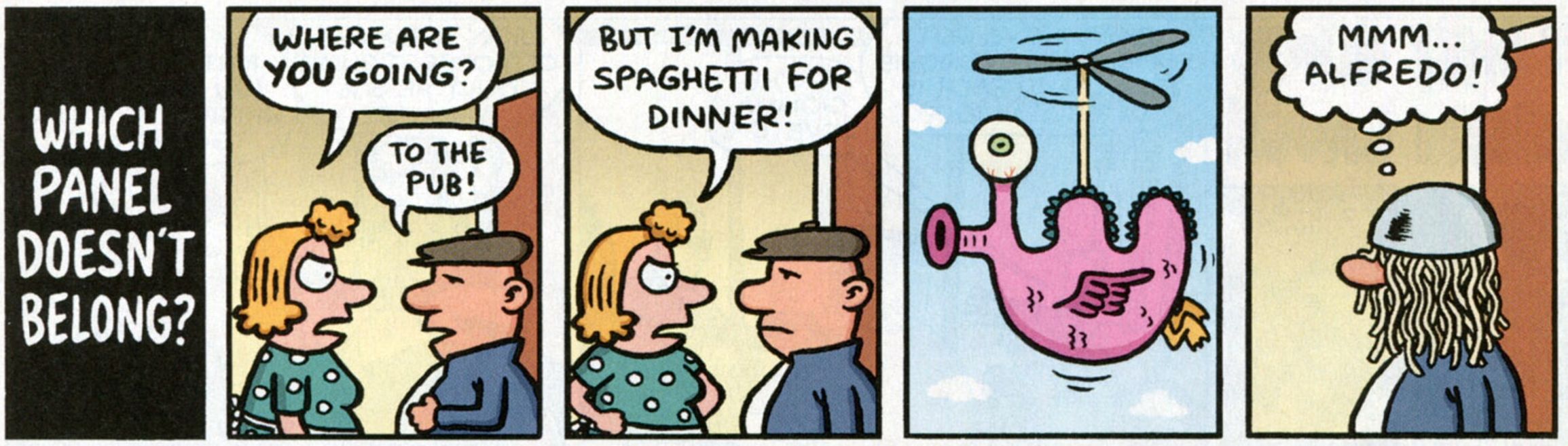




CHRISTOPHER BALDWIN

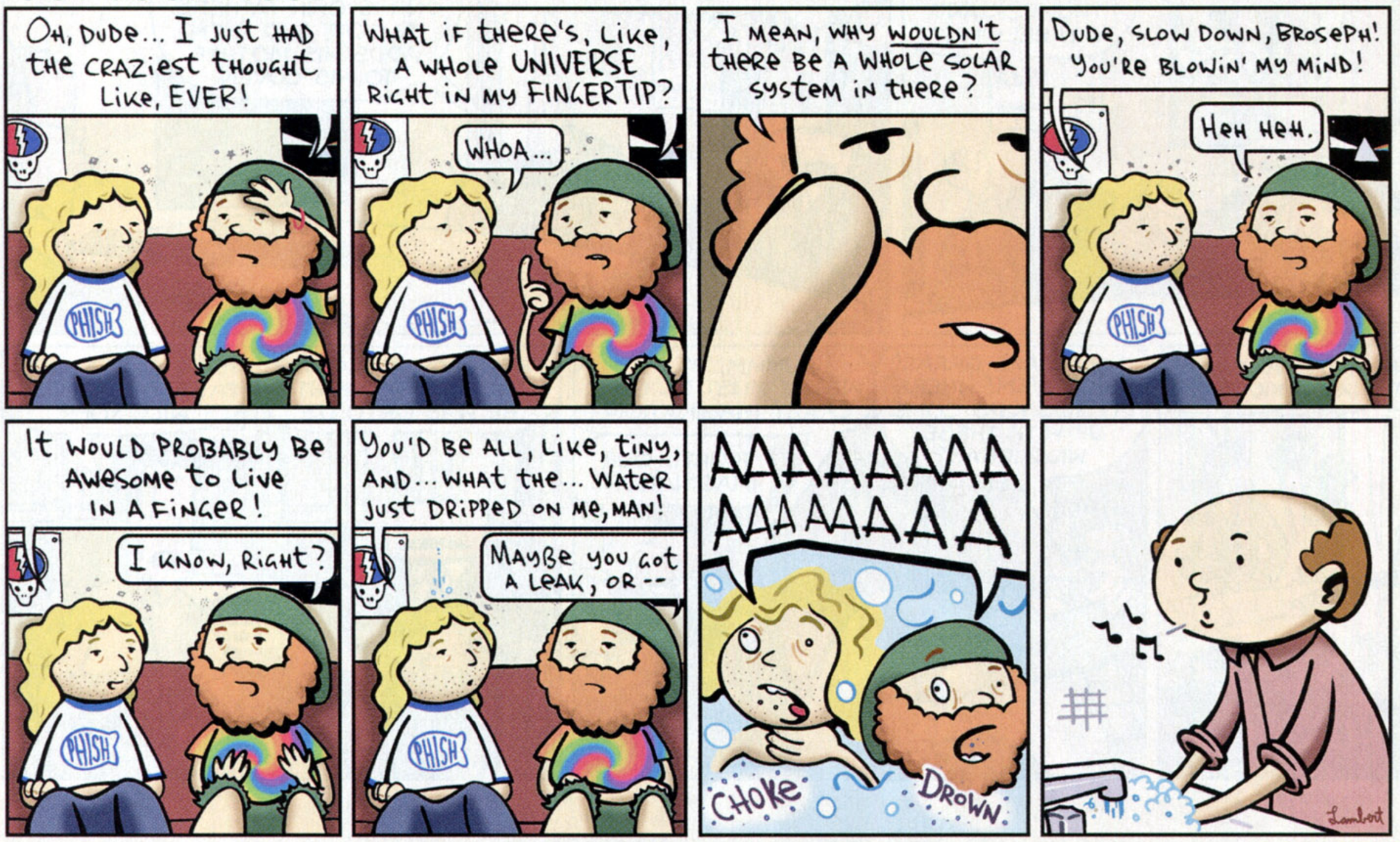


SCOTT NICKEL



S.A. JOHNSEN & JEN SORENSEN

GOT YOUR NOSE



JACOB LAMBERT



BROWNBEAR

Hi, boys and girls! Come with me as I get some porridge.

mmm! I can't wait! You see those wavy lines? That means it's HOT!

Hm-Those lines aren't moving.

AAAAHHH!!

NOAH VS

NOAH VAN SCIVER

---

the MACHINE that travels through time

Bank robbery?

The Gazette
BANK ROBBERY!

I should go back in time and stop it.

I'll be a hero! And maybe even get a reward!

HALT!

Bank of

I'm from the future and I'm here to stop you from robbing this bank.

Any dummy can commit a crime. But it takes a true genius to be a hero.

Pfft. You think robbing banks is easy? I'd like to see you do it.

SOON...

ta-da!

Hey! Not bad.

Thanks!

eee-ooh-eee-ooh

gasp Police sirens!

I'm outta here!

He went that way, officer.

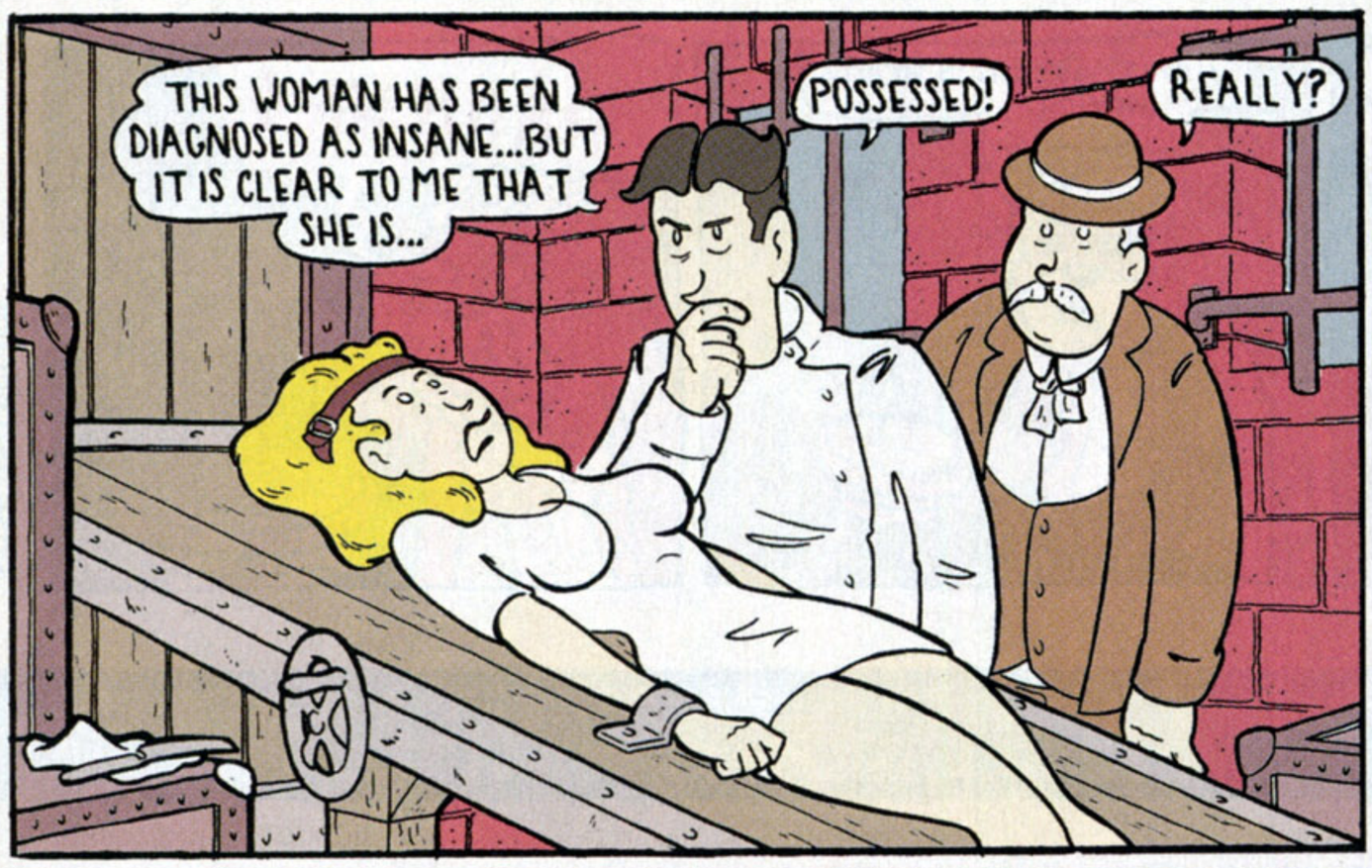
SO...

The Gazette
HERO STOPS ROBBERY, GETS $10,000 REWARD

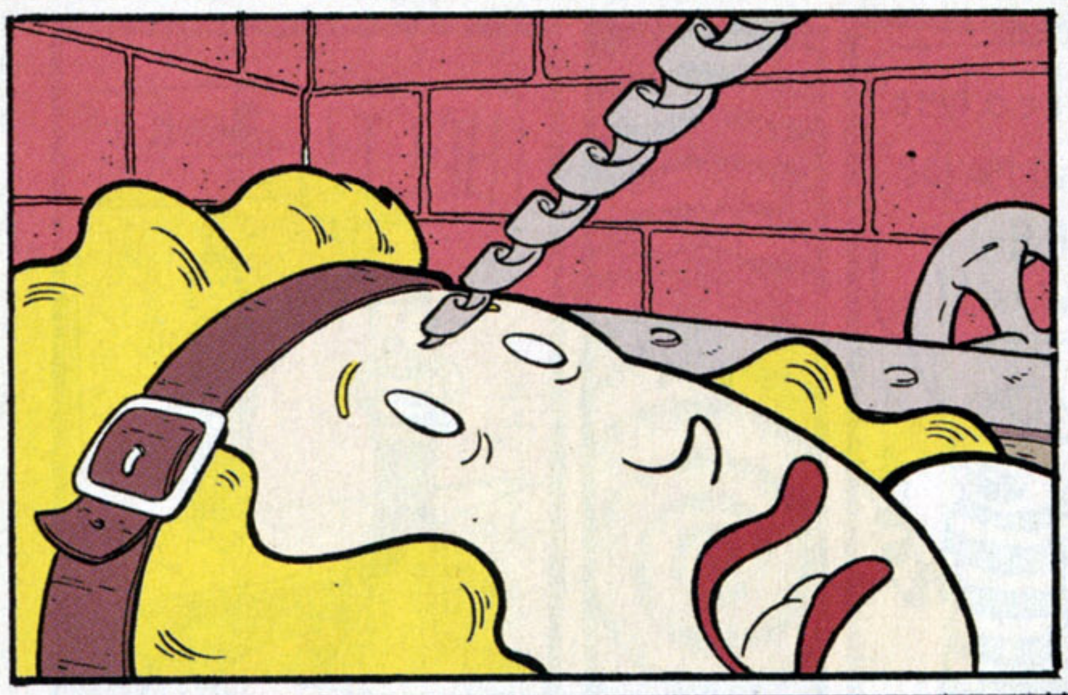
sigh

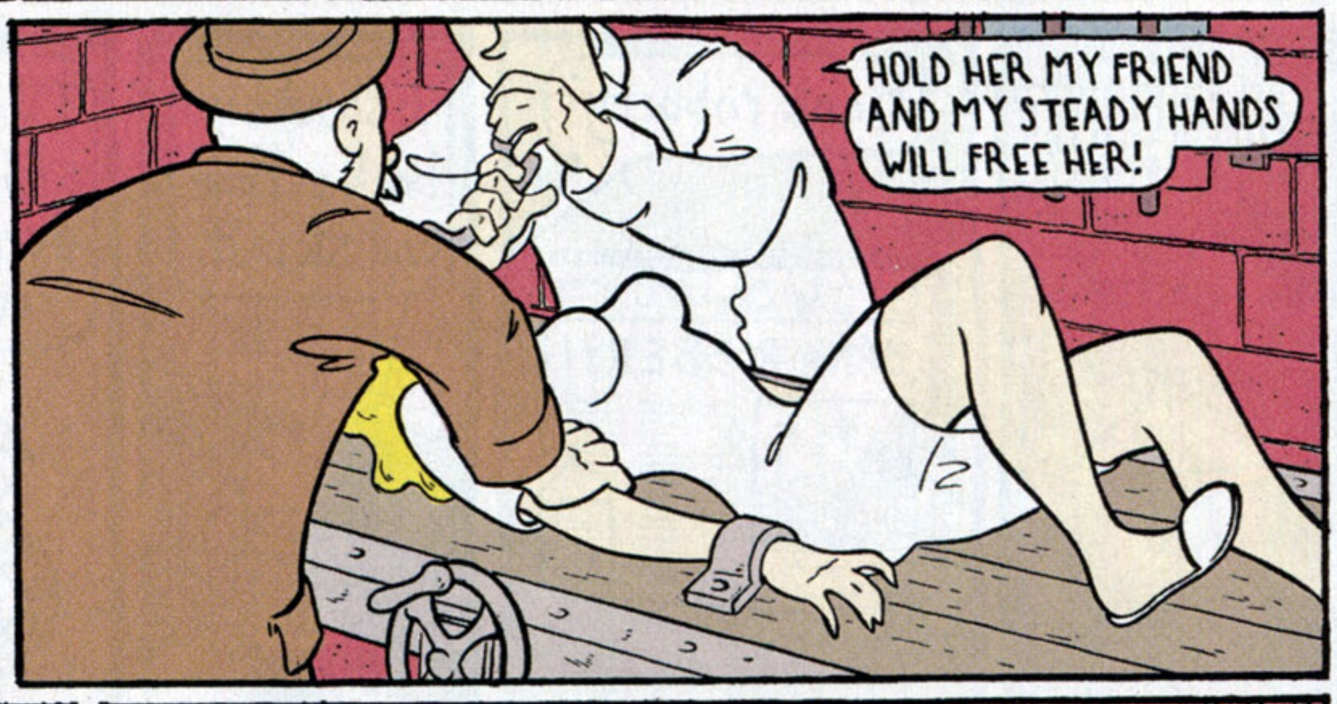
JOEY ALISON SAYERS

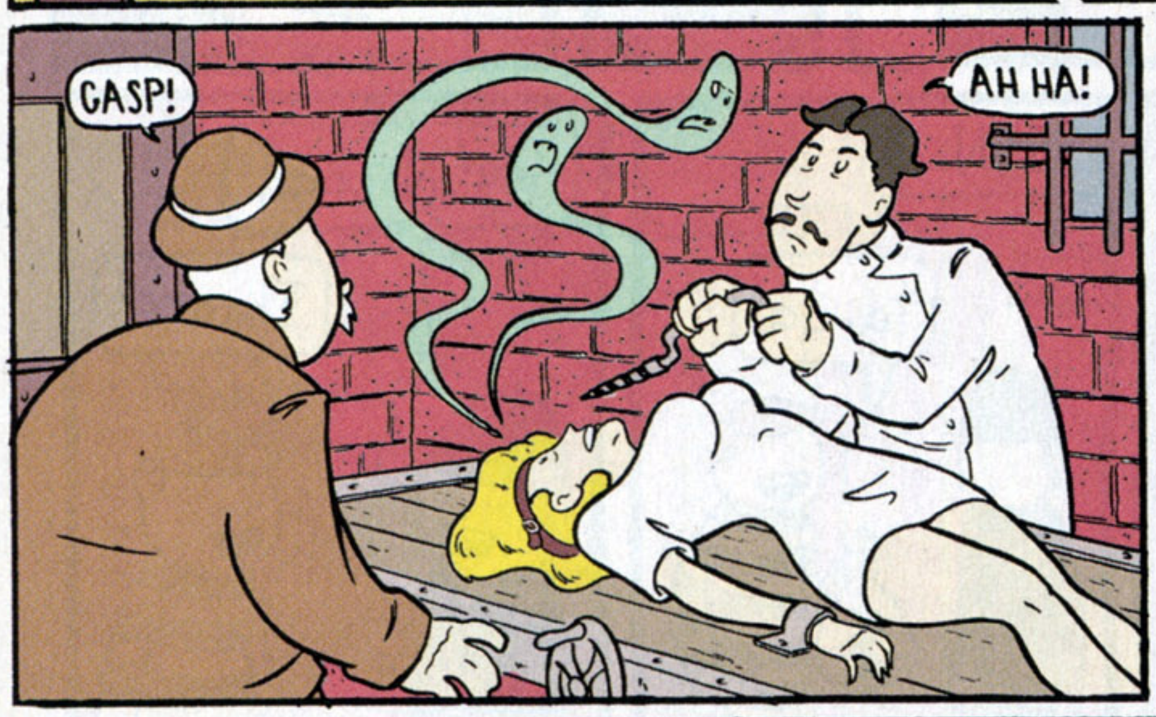
JUST BELOW THE SURFACE

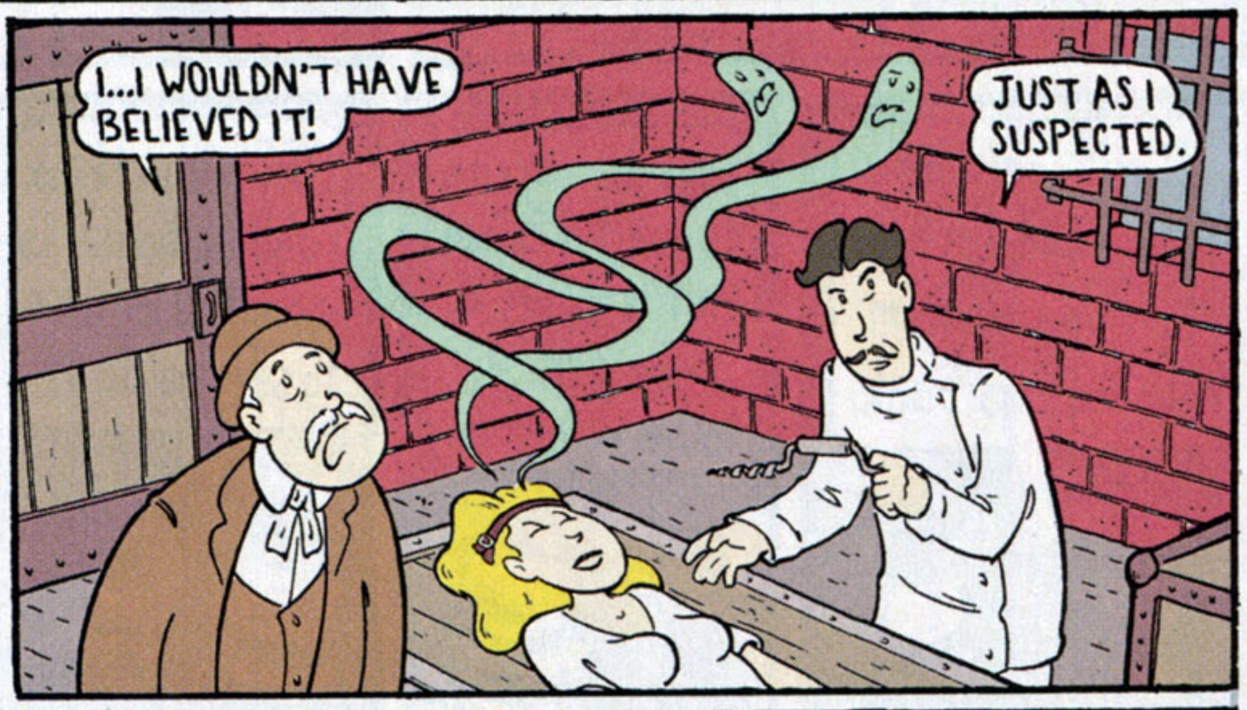


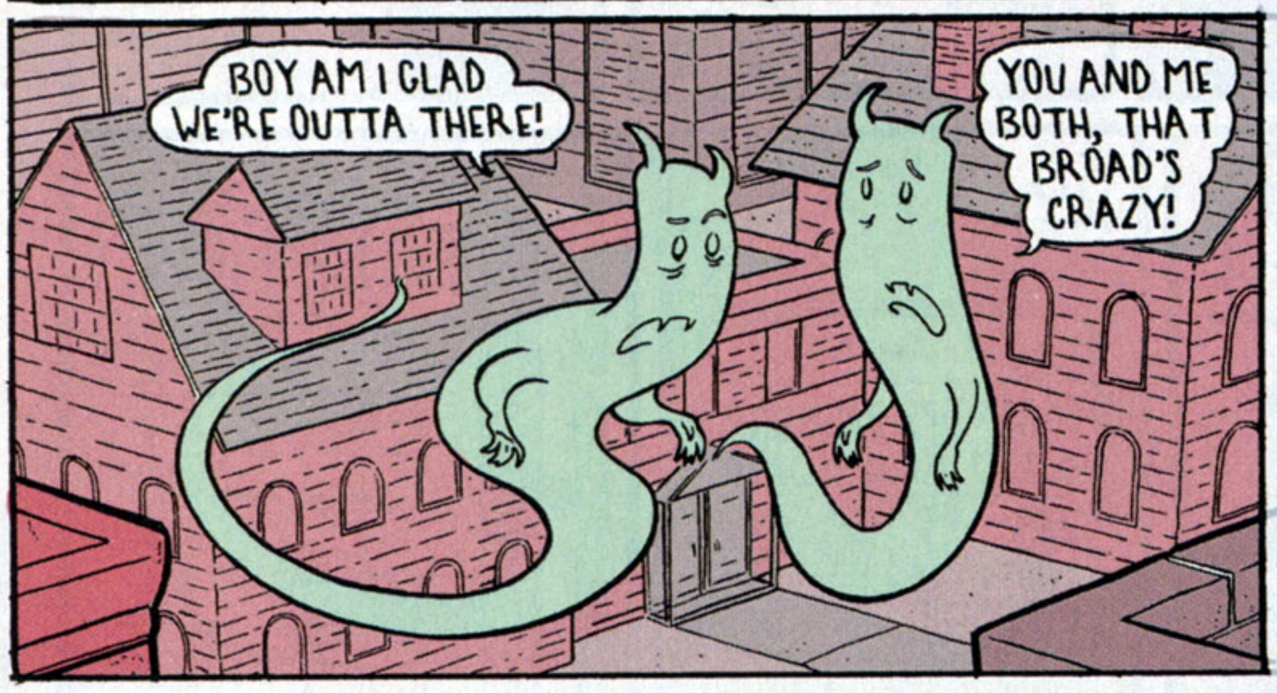


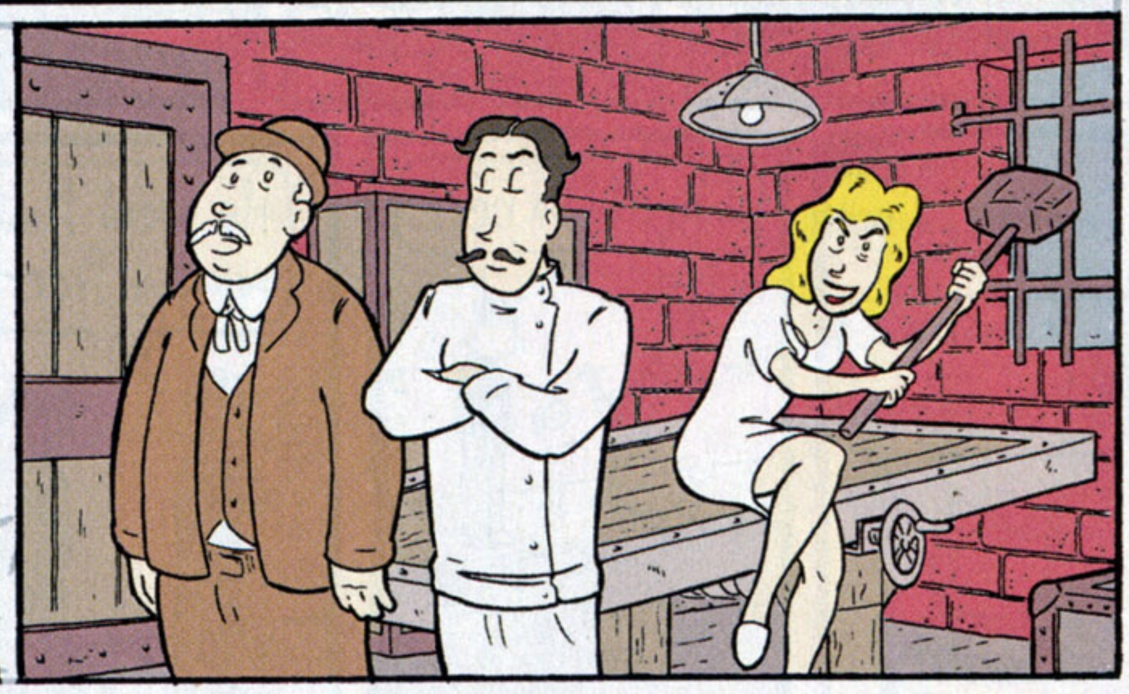












DOUGLAS PASZKIEWICZ

Recycling — it's everybody's job!

(And almost nobody does it.)



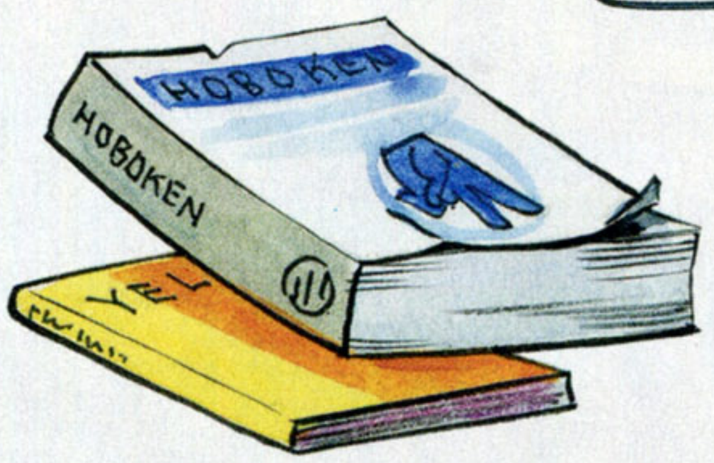
empty soda or beer bottles

fill them with water from the hose and hand them to people jogging by. they'll grab them and keep running.



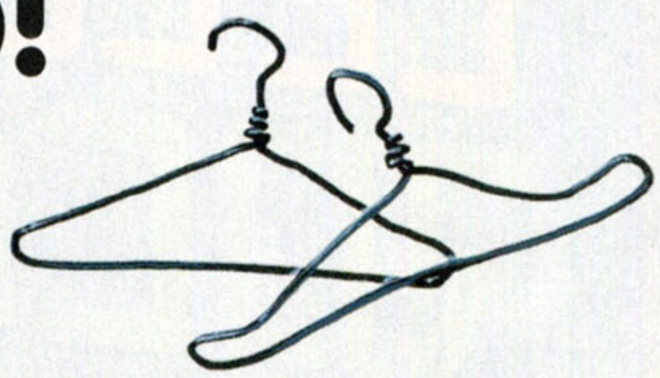
plastic bags

fold neatly and put in a plastic bag. (when you get a lot of them, put them in a larger paper bag and hide between old newspapers.)



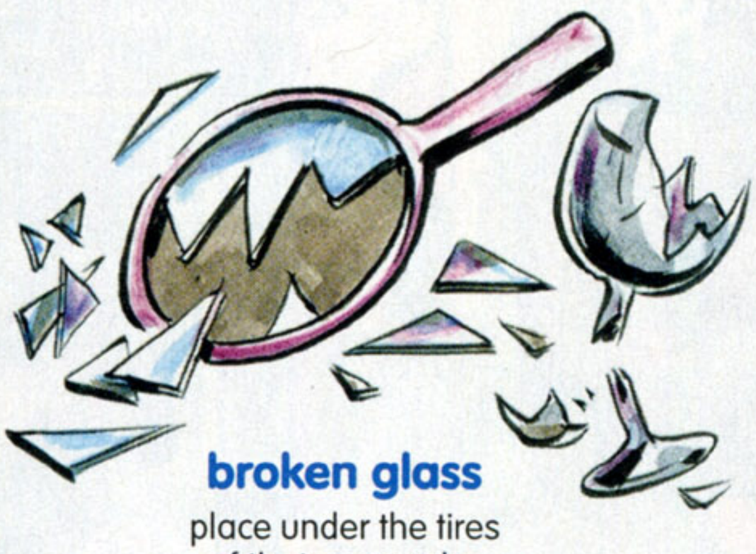
old phone books

using a magic marker, write "famous people who live in this town" on the cover. drop them off at a nursing home for the old folks to enjoy.



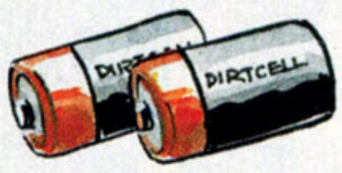
wire hangers

put all the wire hangers you don't want in a shopping bag, go out to the airport and walk through the metal detector with them. the TSA will take them away from you.



broken glass

place under the tires of that creep who keeps parking in your parking space.



batteries

remove the batteries from a new pack you just bought. put your old, dead batteries in the package and return to the store. show them the receipt for the new batteries and tell them you were sold dead batteries. demand replacement.



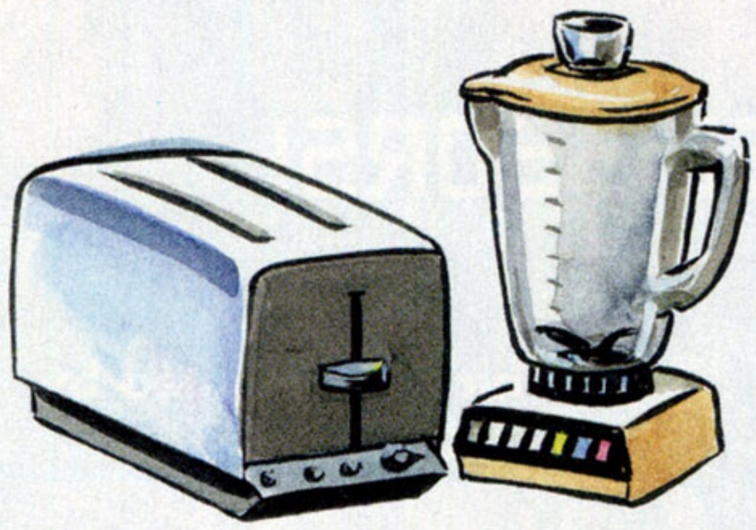
personal electronics

bring to any lost and found. say you found it.



old furniture & large appliances

store in basement or garage until you see someone new moving in on your block. quietly mix in your unwanted items among their possessions. the moving men will bring all of it inside. it's their problem now.



small appliances

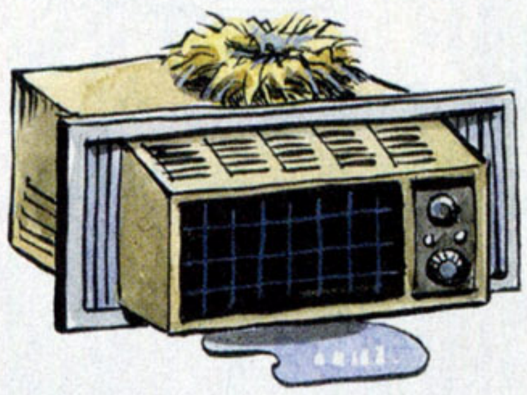
put a bow and ribbon on them and leave in the open trunk of your car. they'll be gone in minutes.



old clothing

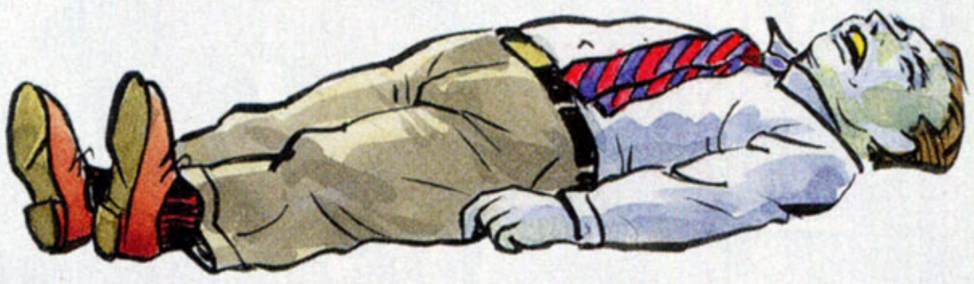
mens – donate to goodwill, salvation army, or homeless shelter.

womens – give to weird aunt edna (or weirder uncle jake).



air conditioners

leave on curb (in front of neighbor's house).



dead body

put in the river. use one or two used air conditioners for weight.

A MAD "GREEN" POSTER

WRITER: DICK DeBARTOLO ARTIST: GARY HALLGREN

CELEBRITY ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS

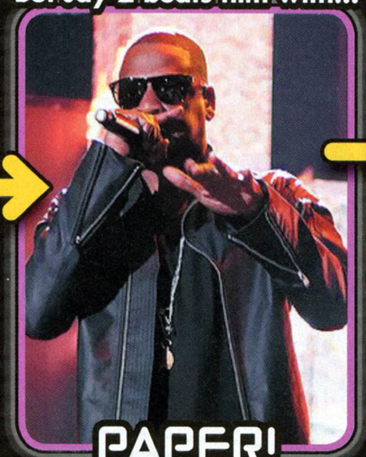
WRITER: DAVE CROATTO

Will.i.am throws...



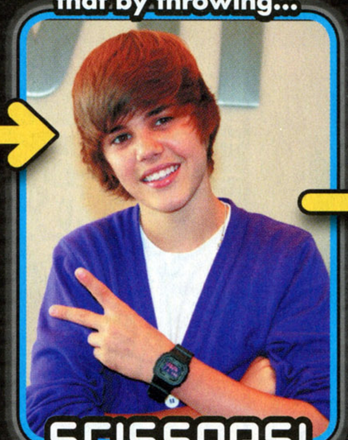
ROCK!

But Jay-Z beats him with...



PAPER!

But Justin Bieber beats that by throwing...



SCISSORS!

Only to be defeated when Sarah Palin throws...



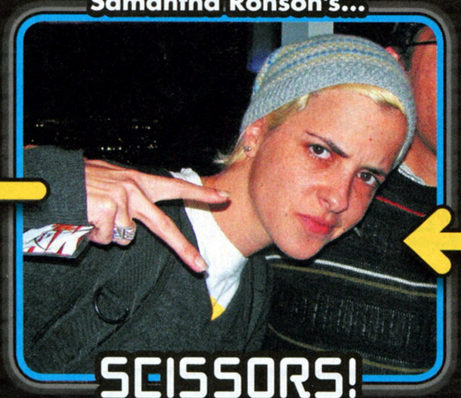
ROCK!

Which is covered by Robert Pattinson's...



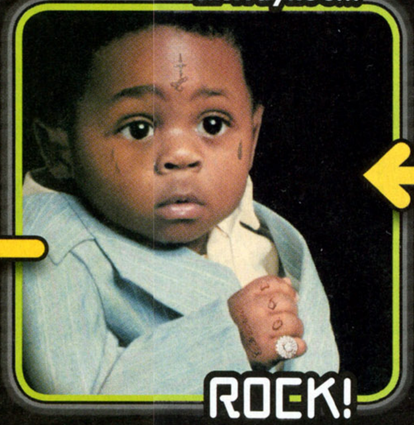
PAPER!

Which gets cut by Samantha Ronson's...



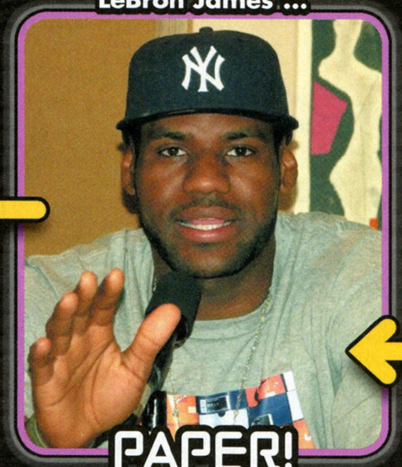
SCISSORS!

Which gets smashed by Lil Wayne's...



ROCK!

Which gets covered by LeBron James'...



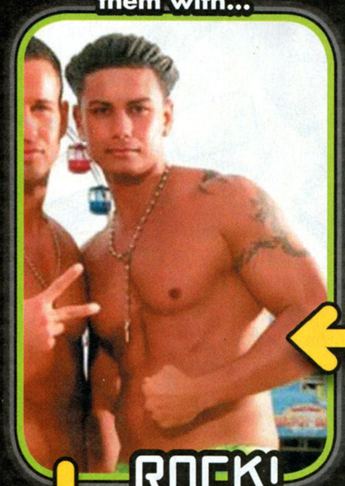
PAPER!

But The Situation slices through it with his...



SCISSORS!

But Pauly D smashes them with...



ROCK!
(Not cool, bro!)

Which gets covered by Hitler's...



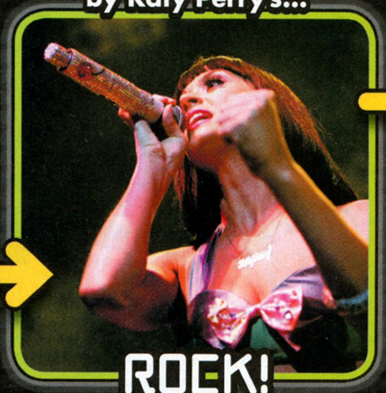
PAPER!

Which is defeated by Churchill's...



SCISSORS!
(Whew!)

But those get smashed by Katy Perry's...



ROCK!

But that gets beaten by President Obama's...



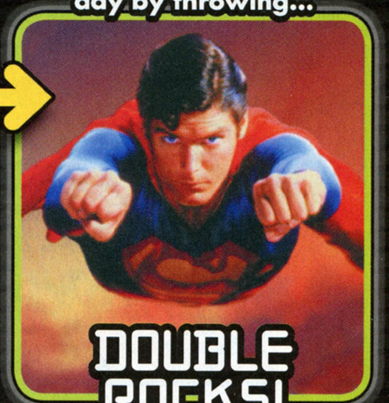
PAPER!

Which gets cut by Nixon's...



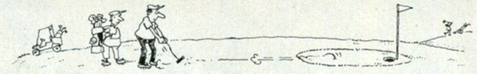
DOUBLE SCISSORS!

But Superman saves the day by throwing...

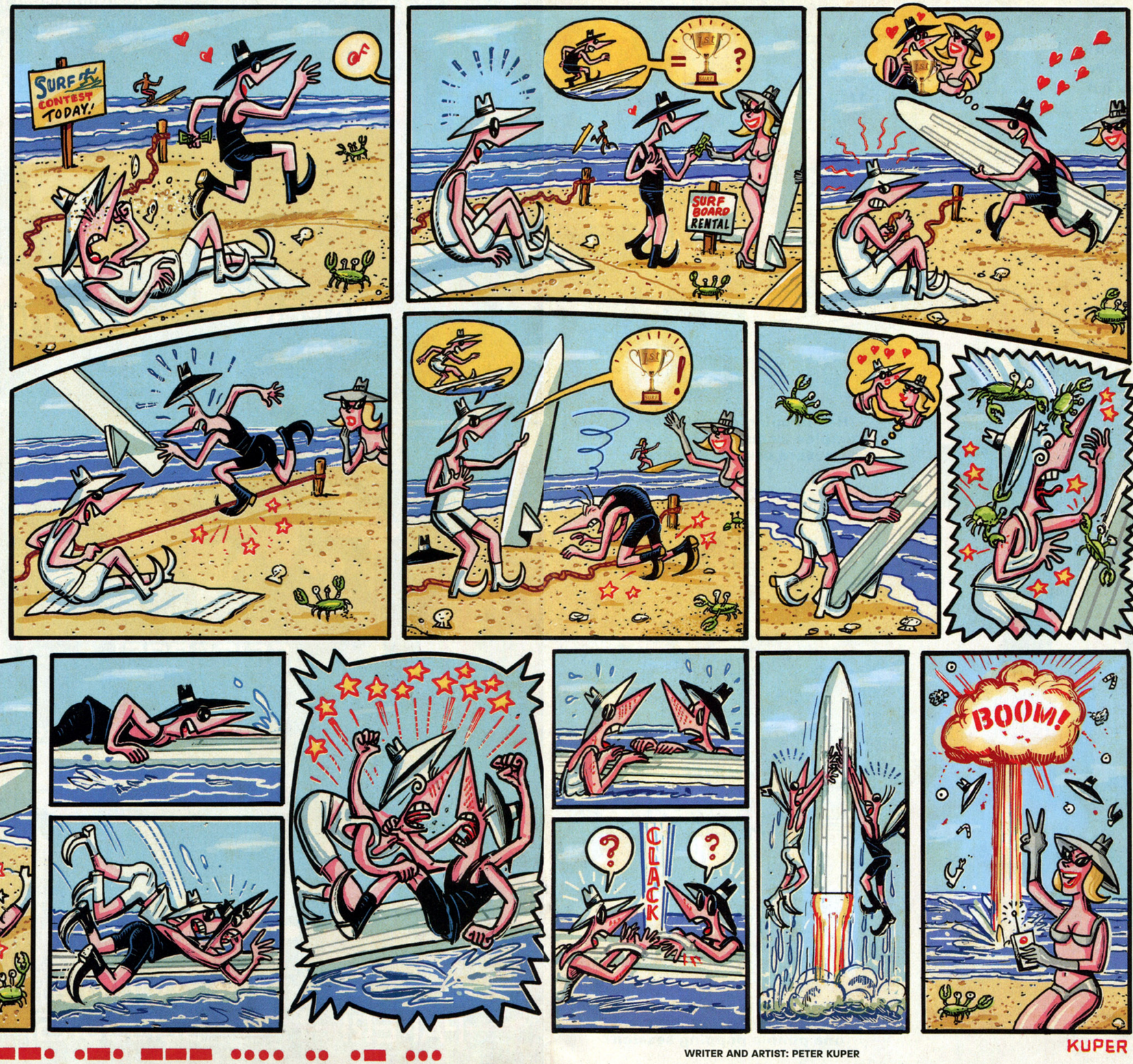


DOUBLE ROCKS!

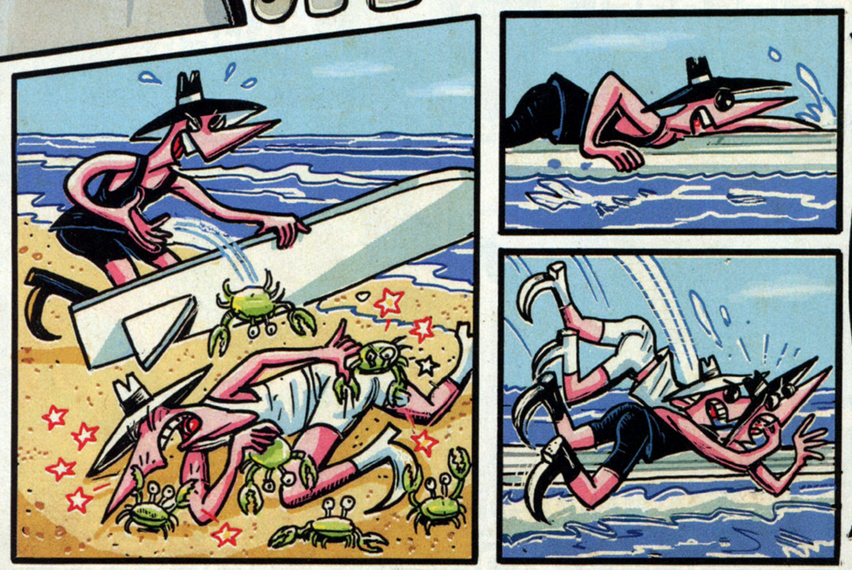
Will.i.am: Moses Namkung; Jay-Z: chickswithguns; Justin Bieber: Kevin Aranibar; Sarah Palin: Roger H. Goun; LeBron James: David Shankbone; Samantha Ronson: Roman Pinzon-Soto; Robert Pattinson: Nicolas Genin; Adolf Hitler: Bundesarchiv; Katy Perry: José Goulão

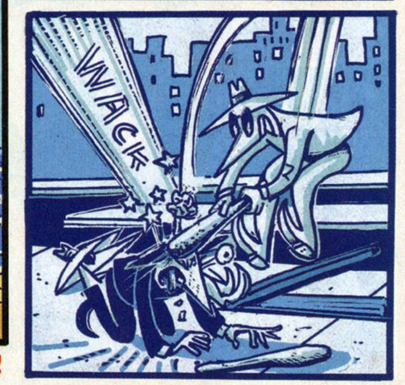












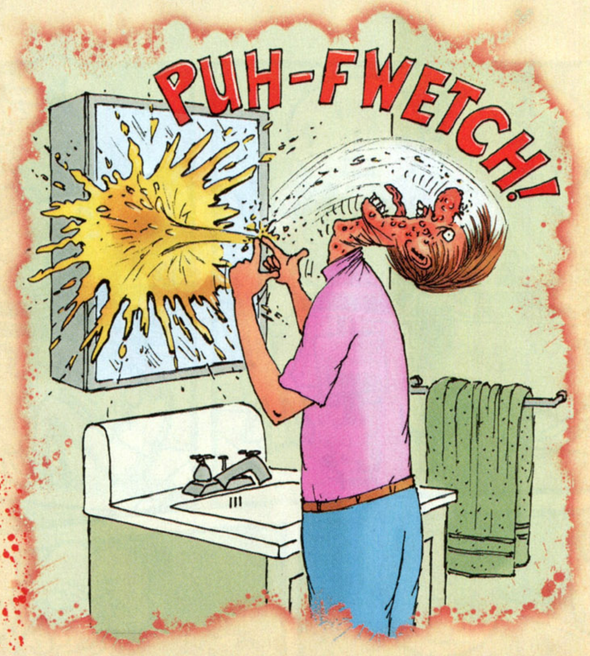
KUPER

WRITER AND ARTIST: PETER KUPER

Some people are blessed with skin as soft and smooth as the freshly driven snow. They always look good in photos, always have a date on Friday night, and always seem to come out on top in life. We hate these people. Then there are others, like Jeff in the purchasing department. Hoo-Boy! To call this guy Pizza Face would be an insult to pizza! Jeff could eat a vat of Proactiv and it wouldn't do any good. What about your skin? Have you looked in the mirror lately? Are you like Jeff?

ARE YOU A CANDIDATE FOR THE ZIT HALL OF FAME?

WRITER AND ARTIST: TOM CHENEY
COLORIST: CARL PETERSON



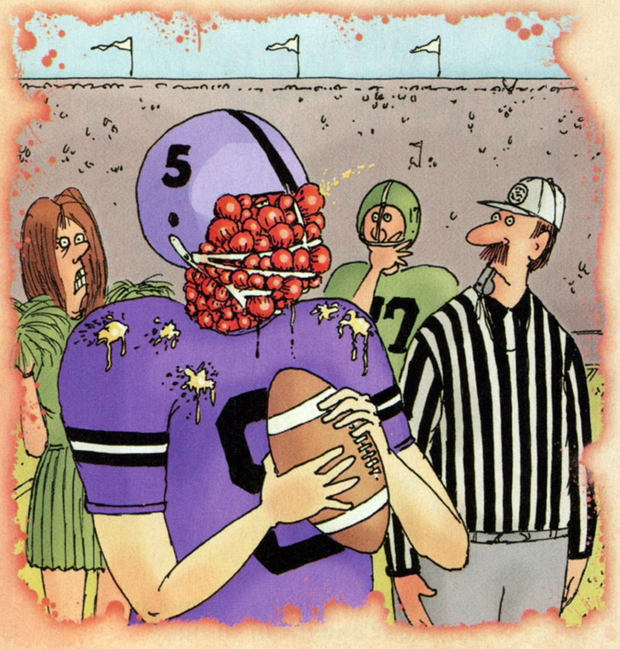
Has popping one of your pimples frequently resulted in a severe case of whiplash?



Are you able to drastically reduce your body weight with just one pimple popping session?



Has the ineffectiveness of acne medication forced you to switch to power tools instead?



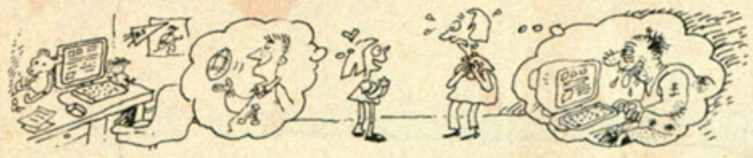
Does your skin condition interfere with your use of sporting equipment?

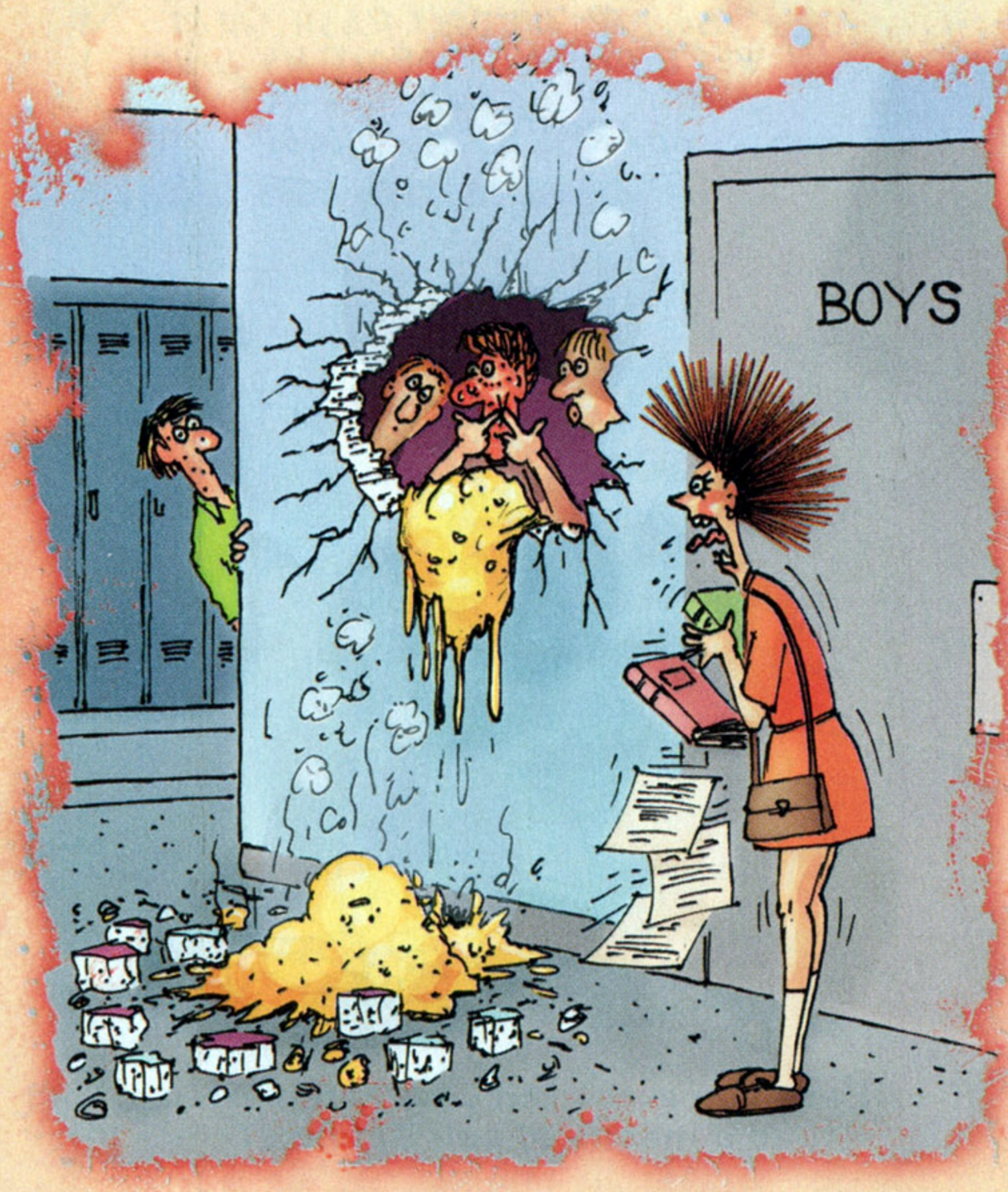


Have you ever used your complexion as a means of self defense?



Do your blemishes sometimes erupt unexpectedly during changes in aircraft cabin pressure?





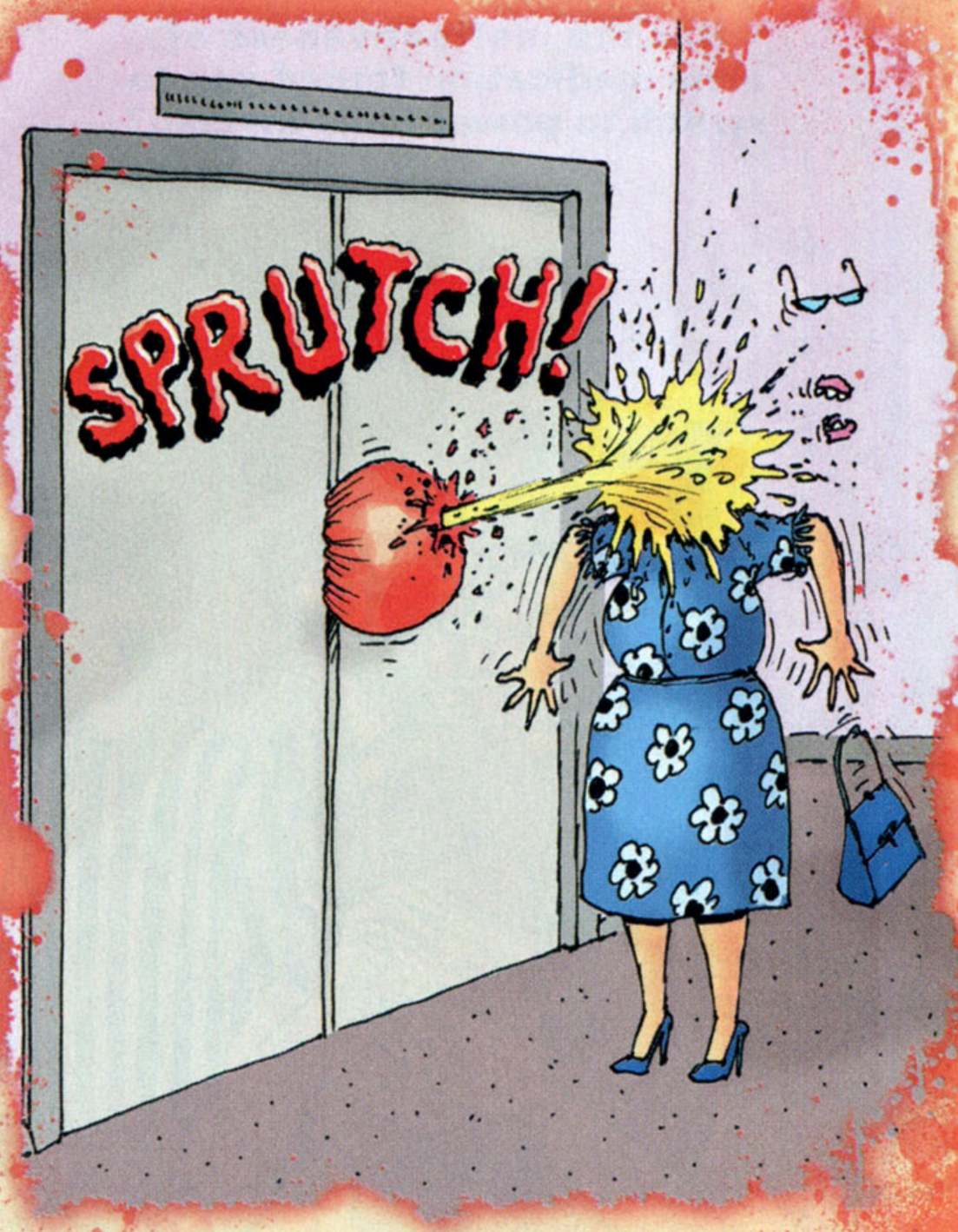
Can popping your larger pimples result in property damage?



Have you ever had to wear a "zit bra" to keep your larger blemishes from jiggling while you walk?



Have your pimples ever been the direct cause of an embarrassing tattooing accident?



Are your pimples large enough to get caught in things?

WHICH UNION IS THE REPUBLICAN PARTY MOST EAGER TO BREAK UP?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Ever since there've been unions, there's been "union-busting." But lately, Republicans have been gunning for one union in particular. The union's supporters claim to be fighting for what's right, but Republicans say their unreasonable demands threaten the entire nation! Maybe Republicans will come around — after all, politics makes for strange bedfellows! To find out what union has been under attack, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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

REPUBLICANS WANT DEMOCRATS TO STOP GOVERNMENT SUPPORT FOR UNIONS. THEY SAY ONCE UNIONS ARE SMASHED, EVERYONE'S TAXES WILL DECLINE WHILE STRIKES DISAPPEAR.

A WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE B

WHICH UNION IS THE REPUBLICAN PARTY MOST EAGER TO BREAK UP?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



GAY ONES

A B

NOW ON 5 NIGHTS A WEEK!

The BIG BANG THEORY



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