

MAN OF STEEL • SPY VS. SPY • FAST FOOD

MAD

We Quack Wise On...

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MAD

Departments

Most people simply repeat whatever they hear. You can quote me on that!



NUMBER 524
DECEMBER 2013

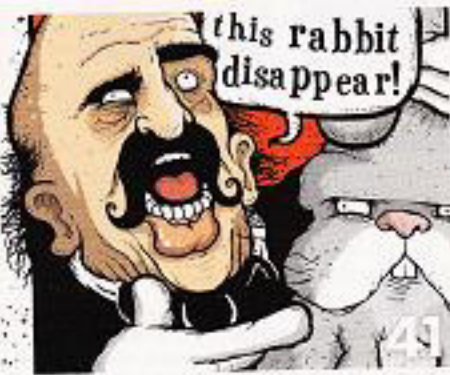
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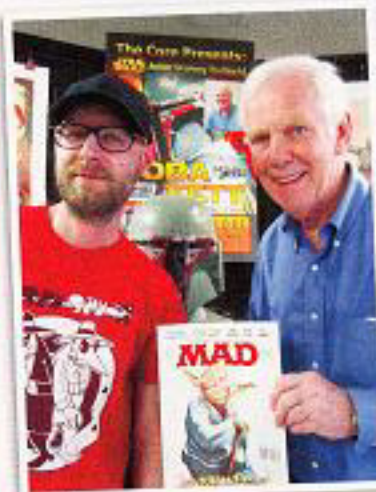
EIGHTIES AND GENTLEMEN

Look at all the goodies and gifts you receive if you get a letter printed in MAD Magazine nowadays (books, games, DVDs, etc.). Is this "goodies" deal retroactive? I had a letter printed in MAD 27 years ago, way back in issue #267 (Dec. 1986, the *Top Gun* issue), and I didn't receive anything. (Except, of course, for all of the wild acclaim from many of my surrounding communities.) Now...where are my goodies?

Daniel Wilder • Clinton, SC

National Lampoon's Dan Wilder — Our apologies, what an oversight! You know what, though? We're going to make this right! Since we printed your letter in this issue, you're entitled to all the giveaways featured on page four. However, instead of the swag from this issue, we're going to send you some 1986-centric "goodies." You'll be getting a Betamax copy of *Ruthless People*, a hardcover copy of *Jacocca: An Autobiography*, a cassette of El DeBarge's "Who's Johnny" (playable on all Walkmen!) and a copy of *Alex Kidd in Miracle World* for the Sega Master System! Enjoy! And remember, avoid the Noid! —Ed.

CELEBRITY SNAPS



Steve Potter of Cedar Falls, IA sent in this awesome shot of Jeremy Bulloch, the original Boba Fett (the good one, not the mopey toddler one), posing with him AND our *Empire Strikes Back* issue from 1981! Very cool! Steve, we hope you stopped Jeremy from paging through your issue, just so you could say, "It's no good to me read!"



GAME OF THRONES

I've been reading your magazines for quite some years now and mostly enjoyed them. But when I was younger, it took me more than 20 minutes to read the entire mag. I now read the entire magazine in one toilet visit (about 15 minutes). What happened to the rest of the book?

Mike Metz • Gulf Breeze, FL

Meet the Metz — An issue of MAD from the mid-70s had 48 pages — while this very issue clocks in at 56 pages. So that means that you're reading more magazine in less time! The good news is, the years of private tutoring have really paid off — your reading comprehension has never been better! The bad news, though, is that the same thing can't be said about your digestive system. 15 minutes?!? Gadzooks, man! Stop talking to us and start talking

ALFRED PANCAKE

Under the hashtag #pancakebattle on Instagram, illustrator Travis Millard and Vice co-founder Gavin McInnes have been challenging each other with increasingly intricate pancake



designs. Recently, the dual (and breakfast itself) took a turn for the worse when McInnes posted the ungodly creation pictured here. Most important meal of the day, our foot!



X MARKS THE SCOTT

A few days ago, I received my first MAD magazine, and in the Pen and Stink Department, I found a strip by Scott Nickel. The name sounded familiar, so I scannied through my *Boys' Life* scouting magazine's joke section and I found a drawing signed "Nickel." So I guess those are the same people. (The drawings look the same.)

Daniel Lopez • McKinney, TX

Lopez Dispenser — You are indeed correct, and we're glad that you brought this to our attention! Due to a regrettable incident between MAD and *Boys' Life* (we ordered an \$18 personal hovercraft from a *Boys' Life* ad in 1988, and are still waiting for the thing), any MAD contributor who works for *Boys' Life* receives an automatic lifetime ban from our magazine. Thanks to your keen eye, Mr. Nickel will now have to replace his once-steady MAD income with door-to-door magazine sales and/or subway trumpeting. And although we hate to lose his comics — and put a dent in his income — we hate not being able to tool around Manhattan in a hovercraft even more! Thanks again for rattling him out! Way to do unto others! —Ed.

IF WE RUN YOUR LETTER, WHAT DO YOU GET?

Regular letters/everyone on the letters page ➔ All of the amazing giveaway items!

Nifty Fifty Celebrity Snap ➔ All the giveaways AND a two-year subscription!

Regular Celebrity Snap (celeb holding the issue is always preferred) ➔ All the giveaways AND a one-year subscription!

Envelope of the Month

Alfred Look-A-Like

MAD Fan of the Month

any photo/drawing we print



OBJECTIONABLE D'ART

Recently, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art presented an exhibition on the career of legendary film director Stanley Kubrick. Wouldn't you know it — they included "A Clockwork Lemon," MAD's parody of *A Clockwork Orange*.

Todd David Schwartz • Los Angeles, CA

Sweeney Todd David — Thanks for writing! We're surprised that the Los Angeles County Museum of Art would include MAD in an exhibit after the Museum of Modern Art's disastrous 2004 John Caldwell retrospective — and who can forget the Louvre's infamous 1997 "Horrible Clichés" exhibition? Although we salute LACMA for its misguided bravery, we also can't think of a more compelling argument for defunding the arts. Get to it, Congress! —Ed.



FUTURE SCHLOCK

I love reading your magazine, it is awesome and hilarious and the TV show is great. In your next issue, try to make it less awesome. Because there is too much awesome! Cause if you put any more awesome in it, my head will explode. I have a question: if you go into the future and kill your future self, is it murder or suicide?

Dustin Drage • Magna, UT

Dustin Loose — Per your request, we are taking action to make our issues less awesome — our first step was printing your letter! Now, to answer your question: your future self would know you were coming, since he's already been you. That being the case, he'd then try to kill YOU before you could kill HIM. (Wrap your head around THAT, Dr. Hawking!) Perhaps the better question is, why would you want to kill your future self? Why do you dislike him so much? We sorta get it, though — your present self is fairly annoying, so we're sure your future self will be even worse. Best of luck with your time travelling — and watch out for those wormholes, ya kook! —Ed.

WOMEN'S BLIGHTS

I find your magazine to be highly offensive to women. Your magazine references women as if they are some kind of toy! I find this severely inappropriate! What happened to the older MAD magazines? The good ones from the '70s and '80s? Go back to the older, funnier MAD. The humor used now is no funnier than what a common jackass middle-school boy would say! In fact it looks like the content WAS written by a middle-school boy who knows nothing about how to treat women!

Peg Wilson • Houston, TX

Peg of Lamb — We were going to offer a robust rebuttal to your allegations of sexism until we came to your final two sentences. On your charges of using jackass middle-school boys as writers, we're afraid you have us dead to rights. After all, longtime MAD scribes Desmond Devlin, Scott Maiko and Jeff Kruse are 11, 12, and 10 years old, respectively. Just the other day, Kruse missed a deadline because he was grounded for egging the house of a girl from biology class. Maiko is known as "Snotty Scotty" for the time he sneezed on Kate Lippman's arm at the Haunted Hayride, and Devlin — well, the less said about Devlin the better. We'll try to do better, Peg — but with our stunted, prepubescent stable of writers, we really can't make any promises! —Ed.

LIKE MAD ON FACEBOOK!

We're on Facebook! You should go there and "Like" us. Go on... it'll make you feel good about the internet!



THE NIFTY FIFTY

It's that time again — time for the latest edition of Ed's Nifty Fifty! What you see below is a list of the most exciting, most enticing, most print-able Celebrity Snaps we could ask for! We've done our part by printing the names; now you do YOUR part and send us some pics! Send your non-returnable photos of the celeb holding an issue of MAD via snail mail or email (letters@madmagazine.com) and we'll print it right in these very pages! As if that honor weren't reward enough, you'll also get a two-year subscription to MAD! Even better — if your Nifty Fifty Celebrity Snap is one of the first SIX that we print, you'll also get this awesome, limited edition "flocked" "Batman Black and White" statue by Sergio Aragonés Hop too!



- Paul "Don't call me Pig Vornit" Glanville
- Odd Future's Earl Sweatshirt
- The Poet's man's Lady Gaga, Ke\$ha
- Nappy-changing royalty Keri Linton
- Noted physicist Kate Upton
- Meth-od actor Bryan Cranston
- Aaron Paul, Bitch!
- Yankee villain Alex Rodriguez
- The Walking Dead's Andrew Lincoln
- Stand-up guy Patton Oswalt



- Motorsexual misogynist Seth MacFarlane
- Lena Dunham or any of the girls from *Glee*
- Kevin Spacey, who was Kiefer Sutherland — SPOILER!
- Whipped cream artist Katy Perry
- Big fat Ear Poole Dean
- Ugly loser Tom Brady
- Pretty, pretty man Ryan Gosling
- The 123-year-old man, Carmelo Flores Leizaola (hurry!)
- Poison pusher Dr. Oz
- Professional creepazoid Michael Shannon

- Twitohy weirdo Christopher Walken
- Any Expendable
- Pistol-packer! Wayne LaPierre
- Jim Parsons (Beckinsale)
- Bristol Brit Gordon Ramsay
- Famed chair-spinner Adam Levine
- Archery enthusiast Jennifer Lawrence
- Either of those Hemsworth Boys
- Gorkin-talker Olivia Munn
- Nord fetishist Zooey Deschanel



- Tween terror Chloë Moretz
- Former Pope Benedict (Pope Francis will NOT be accepted)
- Tiny miracle Peter Dinklage
- Mobster Whitey Bulger (there are visitors!)
- Russian scaredy-cat Edward Snowden
- Mariah-nemesis Nicki Minaj
- Blood-sucker Alexander Skarsgård
- Third Rock From the Sun's Joseph Gordon-Levitt
- Harry Potter author Robert Galbraith
- Smut-peddler E.L. James

- Chatty nerd Ira Glass
- Apple-shiller Tim Cook
- Sir Ian McKellen (with or without robe and wizard hat)
- Dwayne "Not the Rock" Johnson
- Bearded bozo Charlie Day
- Ray Donovan's Uex Schneider
- Community outie Allison Brie
- Hunger Games scribe Suzanne Collins
- Bug-eyed bully Steve Buscemi
- Anchorman of the people Will Ferrell



Letters and Tomatoes



GOING PRAISE-Y

I recognize that the majority of your letters are from either nine-year-olds, 60-year-olds who are still obsessed, or a snotty guy trying to correct some "mistake" you made. Well, I'm 12, and I have a compliment. Seeing your magazine in the mailbox brightens up my day. Thanks for all the fun and laughs. Maybe you should promote yourselves to "The Usual Gang of Close-but-Not-Quite-Idiot" ... maybe I wouldn't go THAT far...

Frankie Cahoon • Glen Lyn, VA

Dark Side of the Cahoon — Since we've never received anything complimentary in the mail, we weren't quite sure what to make of your letter. After reading it out loud a few times, debating your intent and just generally sort of frowning at it, we think we've finally figured out what happened. You must have meant to send your letter to the one magazine that brings actual happiness and joy to its readers. That's right: *Dirt Wheels*. Their mailing address is P.O. Box 958, Valencia, CA, 91380-9058. We're happy to have cleared this up — and we look forward to any angry, cruel and abusive letters you might want to send in the future! —Ed.



A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCKHEADS



This is Charlie Kogen on his 12th birthday chuckling at something in a recent MAD. I think it was the hysterical "Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective" notice on page one. Charlie's grandfather (Arnie Kogen) is a longtime MAD writer and Charlie's

father (Jay Kogen) was also a writer for MAD. When Charlie grows up he wants to be either a writer for MAD or have a career in vacuum cleaner repair. He figures vacuum cleaner repair will give him more street cred, is more glamorous and will get him more dates.

Arnie Kogen (his grandfather) • Los Angeles, CA

Hulk Kogen — Thanks for the kind words. We know two things for sure — 1) given his genes, Charlie's future is doomed. And 2) if he was laughing at that issue, it didn't have anything written by a Kogen in it! —Ed.

READER ALERT

For those of you lucky enough to have your letter printed, boy oh boy do we have a treat for you! You'll get *Furious Cook: Richard Pryor and the World That Made Him*, courtesy of our buds at Algonquin Books; Blu-Ray copies of *Transformers Prime: Season 1* AND *Transformers Prime: Season 2* AND *Transformers Prime Beast Hunters - Predacons Rising*, from our amigos at Shout! Factory; a copy of Uncle John's *iFlush: Swimming in Science Bathroom Reader for Kids Only* (by MAD's own Patrick Merrell), from our compadres at Portable Press; and one randomly-selected *Just-Us League of Stupid Heroes* figure from our homies at DC Direct! Fun, right? Well, stop being a wallflower and letting the world pass you by! Write us a letter, get it printed and get some free stuff.



MAD

MAD #525 is on sale December 17!

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John Ficarra VP & Executive Editor

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Dave Croatto Editor
Jacob Lambert Associate Editor

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Sam Viviano Art Director
Ryan Flanders Associate Art Director
Doug Thomson Assistant Art Director
Lana Urdin Production Artist

Contributing Artists And Writers
The Usual Gang of Idiots

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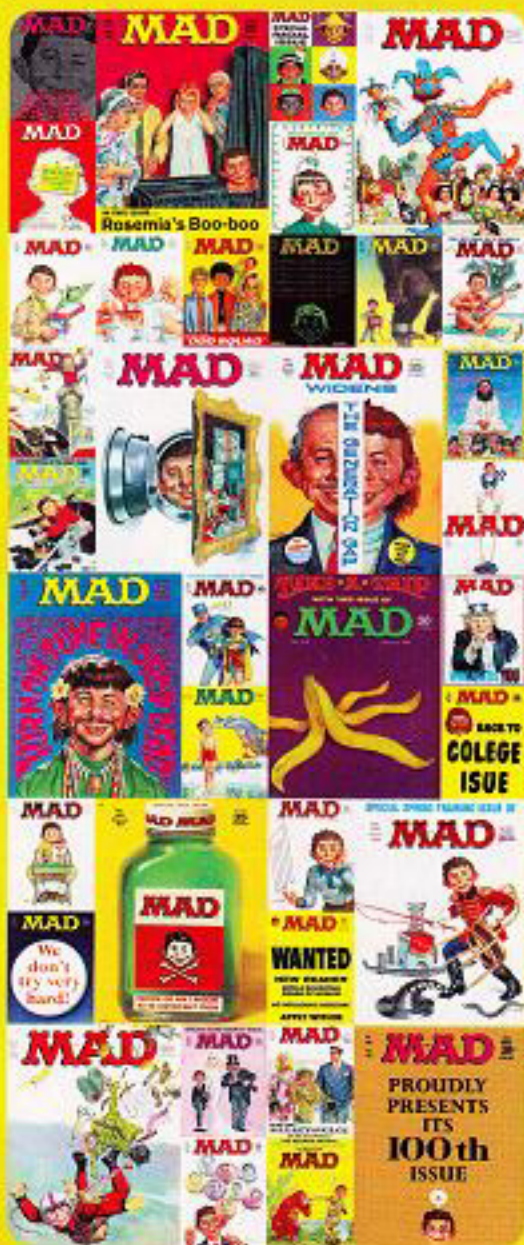
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MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't need food submissions!

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THE FUNDALINI PAGES

Three Things About Paula Deen That Would Actually Be Surprising



If those weren't just big, fat raw onion tears she was spilling all over *The Today Show*



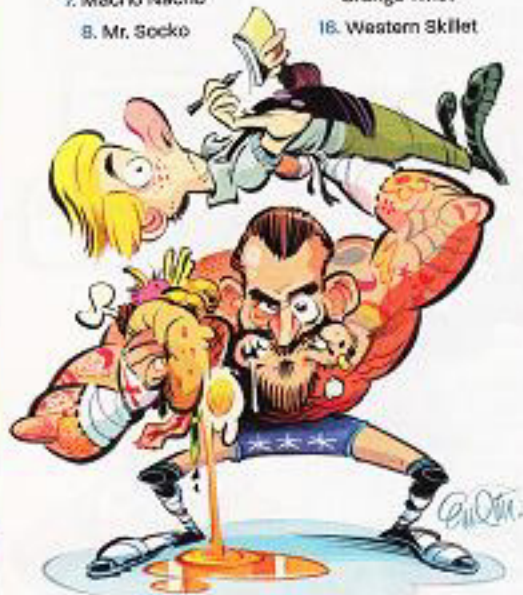
If she ever had any leftover bacon grease



If she ever used the OTHER "n-word"

DENNY'S MENU ITEM OR PRO WRESTLING MOVE?

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. All-American Slam | 9. Green Asian Mist |
| 2. Mongolian Chop | 10. Frosty Roast |
| 3. Running Powerslam | 11. Stone Cold Stunner |
| 4. Belgian Waffle Slam | 12. Chicken Strips |
| 5. Pacific Chiller | 13. Double Chickeringwing |
| 6. Modified Flap Jack Slam | 14. Northern Lights Suplex |
| 7. Macho Nacho | 15. Blackberry Orange Twist |
| 8. Mr. Socko | 16. Western Skillet |



Numbers 1, 4, 6, 7, 10, 12, 15 and 16 are Denny's menu items. All others are wrestling holds.

World Language Facts

The U.N. has translators of made-up, science-fiction languages "just in case."

Hakawa'u has 117 punctuation marks, including one for "disregard that previous sentence."

Writer: Jeff Krosco

MAD'S GENDER-SPECIFIC TIP CALCULATOR

...for Men

...for Women



Writer: Alison Grante

The Faster 5

WAYS MICROSOFT CAN IMPROVE NOW THAT CEO STEVE BALLMER IS LEAVING

- 1 Think outside the plunging PC market. Start selling Apple products.
- 2 Speak to an actual Windows user. And actually listen.
- 3 Save hundreds of millions of dollars by not creating crappy products like Windows CE, Windows ME, Zune, Surface RT, Vista, Clippy and Kin phone.
- 4 Set up a lab to test stuff in-house, instead of making the customers find all the coding screw-ups and security holes.
- 5 Disable Ballmer's electronic key so he can't get back in the building.



Writer: Dick DeBartolo Artist: Ward Sutton

Eckstein Marks the Spot!



"Too many players on the field thanking Jesus."

Writer and Artist: Bob Eckstein

The Cover We Didn't Use



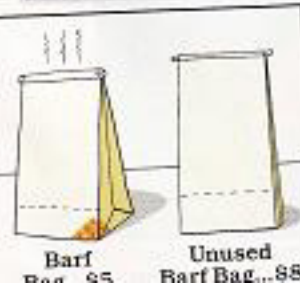
À LA CARTE AIRLINES Where Everything is Optional



Seatbelt
(Left Side)...\$10



Seatbelt
(Right Side)...\$12



THE FUNDALINI PAGES

Celebrity Cause-of-Death Betting Odds

EDWARD SNOWDEN

- Pneumonia after going shirtless-horseback-riding with Vladimir Putin.....3:1
- Bad borscht7:1
- Perishes in Siberian exile after making an off-handed pro-gay remark8:1
- Beaten by debt-collecting goons from the Russian Airport's Duty Free Shop...12:1
- Tragic nesting doll accident.....15:1
- Chokes on ticker tape during parade welcoming him back to U.S.....8 million:1



Artist: Rick Tulka

More World Language Facts

The Xi?ondgrilu tongue of the Kalahari consists of a combination of yodeling, belching and sneezing, making it Rosetta Stone's worst-selling course

Writer: Jeff Krase

When the Going Gets Duff



"I'm betting that if you knew how to read, you would order the Bananas Foster."

Writer and Artist: J.C. Guffy

SURPRISES IN THE 2014 GUINNESS BOOK



For the first time ever, the fattest man in the world and the oldest man in the world are the same man



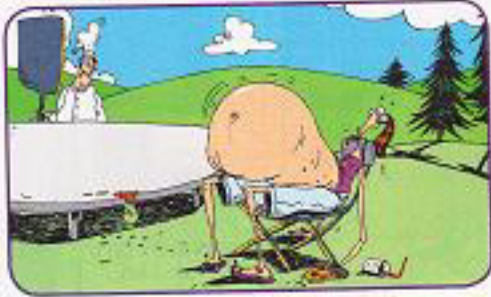
There's a 150-page preface by Noam Chomsky, ranting about the false paradigm of meritocracy



Neil Armstrong is still the first man to walk on the moon, even all these decades later



The cheetah had its record as



A 2015 update: the World's Thinnest Woman is still the World's Thinnest Woman, as neither

Writer: Jeff Krase Artist: Kevin Fagan

Fundalini Movie Review

SALINGER

Directed by Shane Salerno, Rated PG-13, 120 minutes

Reviewed by Holden Caulfield

Now you wouldn't believe me if I told you, but they made a phony documentary about this famous writer. In case you never heard of him, his name was J.D. Salinger, a huge hotshot who frequently published in *The New Yorker* and once was on the cover of *Time* magazine and all that crap. That was about three hundred years ago, when everyone paid attention to writers and their swanky ideas and all. Would any magazine put a writer on the cover nowadays? Maybe the one who wrote those vomity *Twilight* books, but that's it.

Anyway, Salinger was considered very hot stuff. You probably know about *The Catcher in the Rye*, but he also wrote short stories about a depressed guy who shoots himself, and a depressed guy who has a nervous breakdown and a depressed 10-year-old who predicts his own death. *Uplifting* bastard.

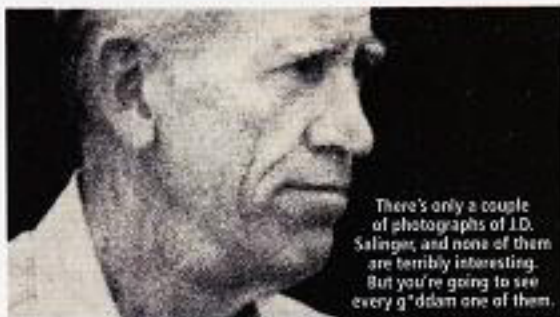
I forgot to tell you the main part. Just when everybody was the most interested in Salinger, or not exactly the most interested but still pretty interested, guess what he did? He quit. He left the writing biz and became a hermit up in Vermont or New Hampshire. And that's what old J.D. Salinger did for the next 45 years. Hid in his cabin in the woods with a long white beard, drinking his own pee and typing like a madman. That's how I like to picture him, anyway.



The jerks who said their shootings were inspired by *The Catcher in the Rye* were strictly screwballs. I sort of understand them, though. After I read *Tuesdays with Morrie*, I wanted to kill everyone in the world.

The only person you could get to star in his own stinking documentary would be exactly the kind of guy you couldn't stand. But if you wanted to hear what he had to say, he probably wouldn't do it. That kills me, it really does. Anyway, his being dead didn't stop those Hollywood morons. They got some actor to pretend to be him, pacing back and forth to his typewriter all artistically *tortured*, smoking like a fiend in the dark, with a big screen showing ex-girlfriends and piles of dead bodies behind his head. Subtle as hell.

They show the same handful of real photos of him, over and over, like they're precious *heirlooms*. They also found ten



There's only a couple of photographs of J.D. Salinger, and none of them are terribly interesting. But you're going to see every g'ddam one of them.

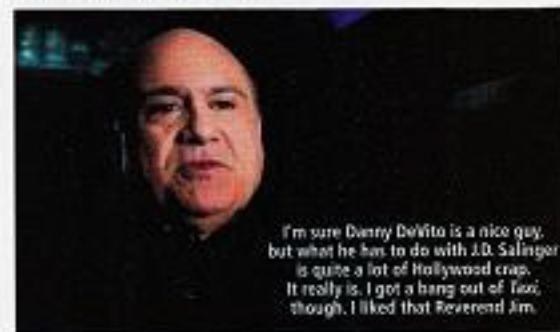
seconds of film from his army days where you don't even get a good look at his face. So naturally they show it down and play it again. If the director could have gotten hold of Salinger's driver's license, I'll bet he would have fainted from excitement.

"That was about three hundred years ago, when everyone paid attention to writers and their swanky ideas and all."

Anyway, most of the rest is gossip stuff about how he went for young girls and was a bit of a snob and an emotionally stunted perfectionist who didn't have the best relationship with his children. You'd never guess a *hint* of that, unless you read those words of his work. Worst of all, they blast the corniest Mickey Mouse music under every scene. He picks up his mail, there's a g'ddam symphony orchestra.

After he died, they immediately broke their necks running to find everything he'd written, and they're going to publish it all. He would never sell any of his stories to Hollywood except for one that ended up lousy, and now they've made a movie about him for Christakes. And they'll probably give it fifty Oscar statuettes for Best Documentary and slap each other on the back and laugh like hyenas and then head over to Chasen's or the Brown Derby to kiss Harvey Weinstein's ass and make a handshake deal to remake *The Catcher in the Rye* into next summer's blockbuster release starring Jaden Smith. I could puke.

I mean, there's loads of writers and actors saying lovely things about him and how meaningful he is and all, but you just *know* he would have hated every stinky minute of it. I guess the trick is, never die.



I'm sure Danny DeVito is a nice guy, but what he has to do with J.D. Salinger is quite a lot of Hollywood crap. It really is. I got a bang out of *Twist*, though. I liked that Reverend Jim.



TALES FROM THE KRYPTON DEPT.

Before he could walk, they packed him inside a cramped rocket ship. Throughout his childhood and teens, he was forced to stay compartmentalized by repressing his powers. Later on, he moved from place to place, his emotions locked away, always hiding from the world. With that kind of stunted upbringing, is it any wonder he turned out to be a...

M A N O F

Council! Our planet faces total destruction!

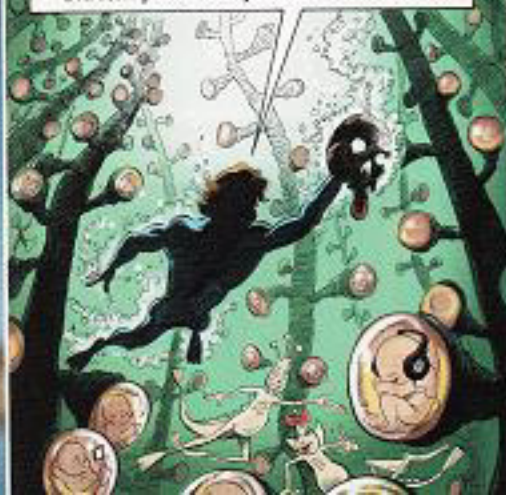
Yes, we know, we KNOW! We already saw Krypton explode the last time they made Superman movies. And also the time before that!

This is a crisis! We MUST act! I move that we table next month's scheduled provisory bylaw review, and instead convene for an emergency executive session to debate the possibility of commissioning a non-binding procedural cost-analysis memorandum whose recommendations could be implemented in stages, subject to a voice vote by quorum!

You gotta hand it to Foss-ll. Carrying around a 200-pound chandelier on her head hasn't affected her thinking at all!



The MacGuffin carries the historical genetic record of every Kryptonian's birth! It must be kept out of Generally Odd's hands! That's why I will steal it, dissolve it, and encode the data inside my son's body. He'll contain more different DNA samples than Taylor Swift's bedsheets!



At least I finally know what it's like to feel the earth move. Lord knows I didn't feel it while we were conceiving our son! But must we send Krack-El to Earth? He'll be an outcast...like LeBron James in Cleveland!

He'll be a god...like LeBron James in Miami! Either way, the endorsement deals will be enormous!

Bye-bye, son! You have a playdate in another galaxy!



VEAL

I respect you, Snor-Ell! You are the only scientist I ever saw who can do a pushup. Join me! Just think of the team we could make! Me, doing anything I want! And you, letting me!

I'm sorry, Odd. I'll fight you to the death, to protect a planet that has one week to live!

It's logic like that that made you Krypton's smartest scientist!



For your crimes, you have been given a ridiculously ironic prison term in the Fanatical Zone. It's a life sentence. That is, you get to keep living, while all of us will be blown to char-broiled atoms! Do you have any final words?

You believe your son is safe? I will find him! I will find him! I will find him! I will find him! I will find him! I will find him!

That's it! I'm adding another 1,000 years to your sentence for this histrionic, scene-chewing performance!



I hear everything! I see everything! Now I know what it's like to work at the NSA!

Thanks to his super vision, we're all getting blasted with enough unprotected chest X-rays to give the city of Milwaukee cancer... and we're supposed to feel sorry for HIS problems?

You're not human, Dark. I never thought anyone could ever underplay me. But everything changed when you arrived. Your deadpan monotony makes the corn stalks seem charismatic, and it makes me seem like Al Pacino on bath salts!

This is your rocket ship. When I hid it inside this barn, it was filled with six months of intergalactic baby feces. I'd rather not go into detail, but the cows have refused to sleep in here ever since!

This answers all my questions except one. How is it that I can see through anything with my X-ray vision, but I never spotted a rocket ship in the barn right next to my house?



I brought this piece of your rocket to a scientist at Kansas State University. He told me there's no metal like it anywhere on Earth. That's when I knew you'd been sent here as a force of good. Someone to bring the world kindness and mercy.

Why didn't the scientist report it to authorities?

Oh, he tried to. I strangled him!

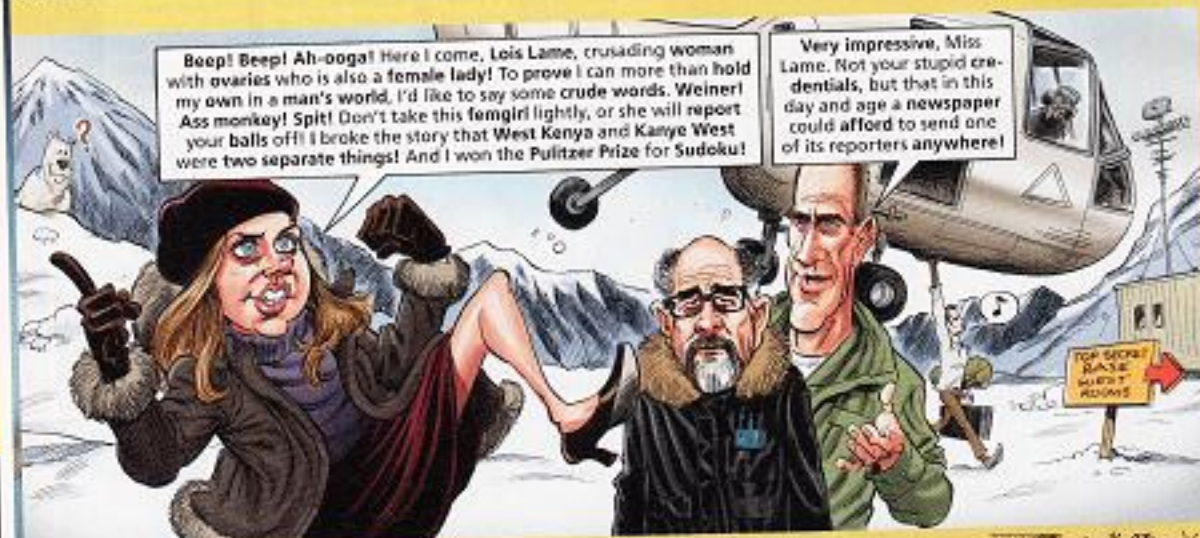
It says here you've had work experience as a crab boat fisherman, then a busboy in a loggers' bar, then a tango instructor, then aromatherapist to the stars, then a door-to-door radiologist, then the understudy in Blue Man Group Denver. You're just the man for this top-secret opening!

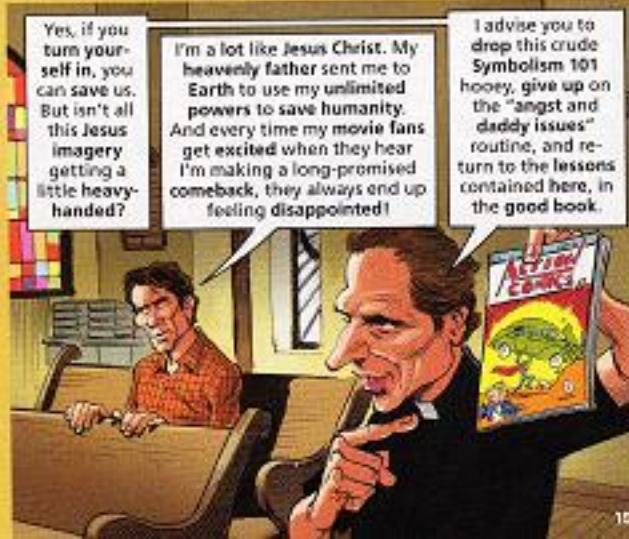
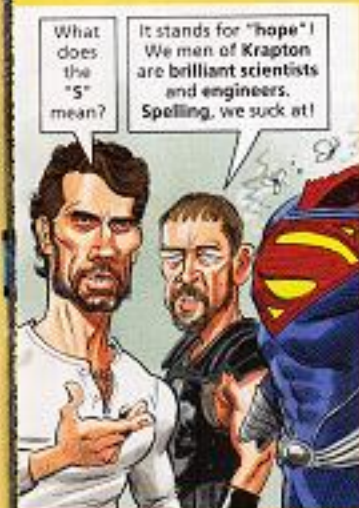
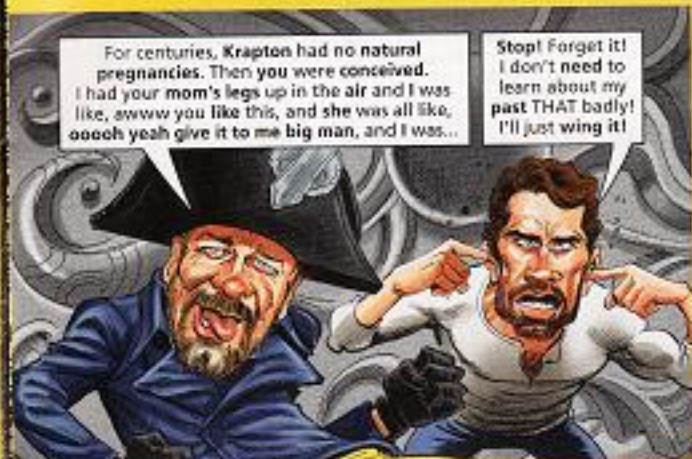
Unbelievable! Nobody can get ONE job in this crap economy, and this sullen hobo lands a new job every month! He must be some kind of Superman!



Beep! Beep! Ah-ooga! Here I come, Lois Lane, crusading woman with ovaries who is also a female lady! To prove I can more than hold my own in a man's world, I'd like to say some crude words. Weiner! Ass monkey! Split! Don't take this fengirl lightly, or she will report your balls off! I broke the story that West Kenya and Kanye West were two separate things! And I won the Pulitzer Prize for Sudoku!

Very impressive, Miss Lane. Not your stupid credentials, but that in this day and age a newspaper could afford to send one of its reporters anywhere!





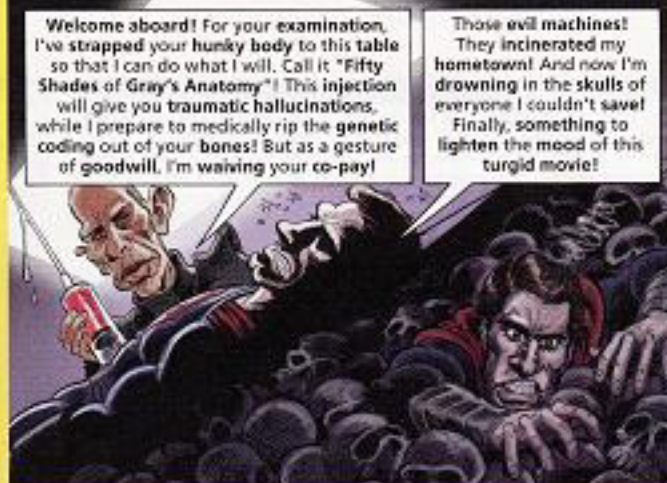


So the "S" stands for hope?

F.U., General! Oh, excuse me. On my planet, "F.U." stands for "that's correct."

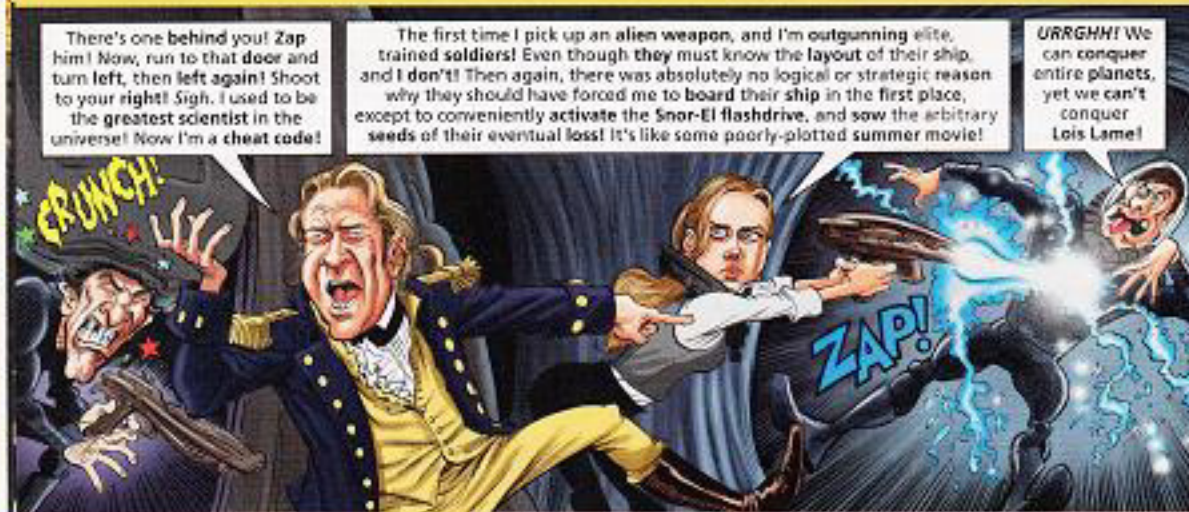
Well, we'd better take you to Odd's spaceship, ASAP!

WHAT did you just call my mother?



Welcome aboard! For your examination, I've strapped your hunky body to this table so that I can do what I will. Call it "Fifty Shades of Gray's Anatomy"! This injection will give you traumatic hallucinations, while I prepare to medically rip the genetic coding out of your bones! But as a gesture of goodwill, I'm waiving your co-pay!

Those evil machines! They incinerated my hometown! And now I'm drowning in the skulls of everyone I couldn't save! Finally, something to lighten the mood of this turgid movie!



There's one behind you! Zap him! Now, run to that door and turn left, then left again! Shoot to your right! Sigh, I used to be the greatest scientist in the universe! Now I'm a cheat code!

The first time I pick up an alien weapon, and I'm outgunning elite, trained soldiers! Even though they must know the layout of their ship, and I don't! Then again, there was absolutely no logical or strategic reason why they should have forced me to board their ship in the first place, except to conveniently activate the Snor-El flashdrive, and sow the arbitrary seeds of their eventual loss! It's like some poorly-plotted summer movie!

URRGHH! We can conquer entire planets, yet we can't conquer Lois Lane!



They've wrecked the IHOP! My God! So much syrup...so much syrup!

GAAAH!! Now I wish Kansas really WAS flyover country! This is the worst thing to happen to America's farmland since everything else!

OOO! Have you ever been hit in the nuts by a grain silo?

Oddly, yes!

Free street-fighting tip! You should always keep them tucked up, up and away!



Breaking your helmet and letting in some Earth air was a very good idea!

GASP! Can't... breathe! Every supervillain has...one weakness! Mine is freshly cut grass!

If you promise to leave this planet's citizens in peace, I'll go get you an Allegro!

Stand tall, my loyal troops! Clor-Oxi! Skrill-Ex! Post-It! Hans-El! Gret-El! Burl-Ap! Giz-Wiz! Snork-El! Talc-Um! And Fed-Ex! Our dream of New Krypton is almost a reality! Our two enormous SFX machines are in position to warp Earth's gravity and turn this squalid planet into our new home! After all, Krypton's stronger gravitational pull is what gave me these eyebrows!

You mean, get rid of the same gravity that's been giving us incredible superpowers? And is it such a nifty idea to recreate the physics of a planet that, you know, blew up?

That's enough from you, Cyn-ic!



You're supposed to be able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. So LEAP them, you lackadaisical a-hole!

ACKK! SPLEHH! Don't you just hate it when you get a piece of gargoye stuck in your teeth?

This is horrendous! Awful!

It's fantastic! I sell glass windows!

Jeez, dudes, chill out. Dial it back a notch!



POW!

I have an idea! Let's take this fistfight up into space, smash up a satellite, and then fly back to Earth and somehow land in the exact same spot we left from!

For some reason, I feel like a 58th punch might do the trick. Let's give it a try. Nope!

This is bad, yes. But at least they're not drinking any 32-ounce sodas!



You should probably check on some of the thousands of people who must be severely injured and buried in the rubble. But first, it's smoochy-smoochy time!

Can you believe it? I'm 33 years old and this is my first-ever tongue kiss! Or as the average comics reader would call it, an early start!



You did this, Krack-El, when you chose the side of the humans. But I'm going to make them suffer. I'm going to totally wreck their office cubicles. I'm going to destroy their rally chairs! Before I'm done, not a single corkboard or coffee cup will stand! I'll kill more human beings than the McBri!

You're a monster. And not one of those funny ones like Cookie Monster or Sully, either. The bad kind!



I'll stop you from hurting those people, Odd! Unless you remember that you have peripheral vision, and glance over to the side!

If I were Stuporman, I'd yank Generally Odd up-and-away through the ceiling! Or use my own heat vision to burn a hole in the floor underneath us. Or blow the civilians to safety with my super-breath! But instead, he breaks out a WWE rest hold that the wrestlers use to take a break!



Well, that was quite literally a twist ending. It really makes you think.

Yeah. It makes me think, how do you snap an invulnerable neck? And if you can, then why didn't the "pitiless," "murderous" Generally Odd snap Stuporman's during the fight? Most of all, it makes me think, why did Stuporman choose to kill to save four people in a train station, but not to save 100,000 victims in a pile of broken skyscrapers?

Hey, Stuporman! Does any of this make sense?



Is this a thank-you letter from the President?

Guess again! It's a bill for damages! As the only Kryptonian left alive, you're the one who gets stuck paying for all the cleanup!

This... looks like a job for STUPORMAN!

Seriously, I'm going to need a job!



Say hello to the Daily Pomegranate's newest reporter, Dark Kent! Hiring a depressed, friendless drifter with zero credentials to report front-page news may seem implausible and stupid. But hey, that's how Anderson Cooper got his start!

His life began on the planet Krypton, and now he's at an American newspaper. From one doomed culture to another!



Take a walk on THE LIGHTER SIDE!

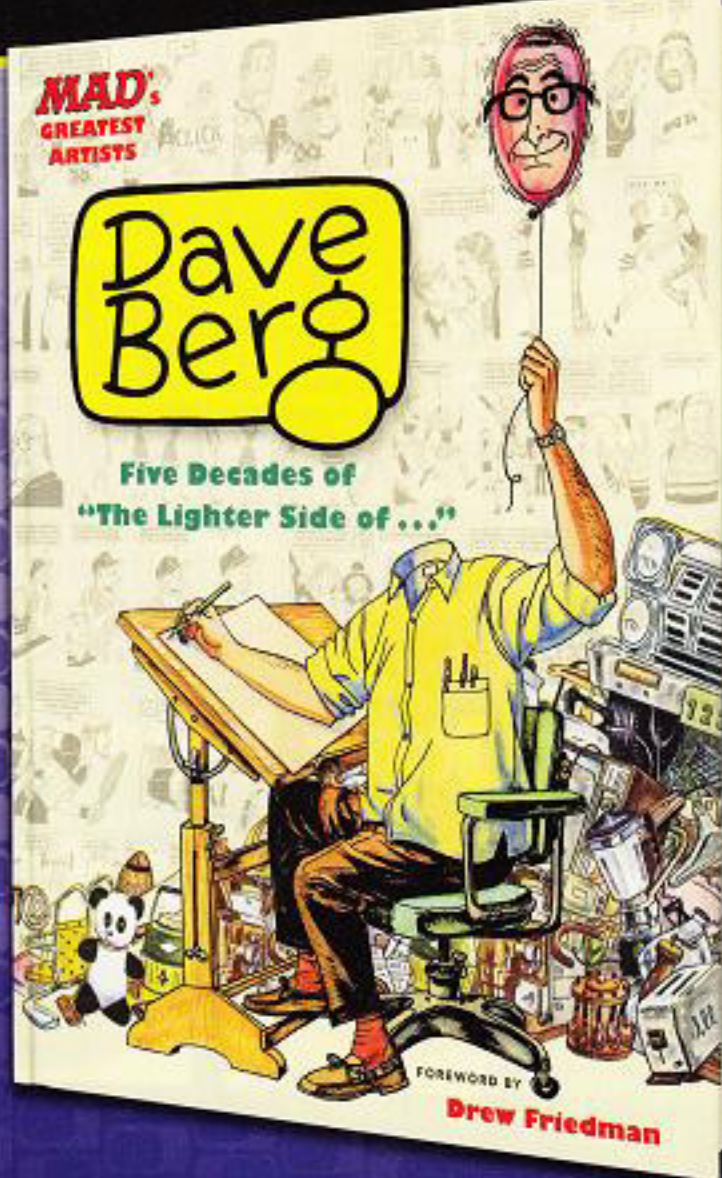


FEATURING DAVE'S GREATEST
"THE LIGHTER SIDE OF..." EPISODES!

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND
AN EXCLUSIVE NEW PORTRAIT OF DAVE
BY DREW FRIEDMAN!

INCLUDES EARLY BERG PIECES!
FAMILY PHOTOS! A RARE INTERVIEW!

PLUS 32 MAD ARTISTS ILLUSTRATE
NEW AND CLASSIC "THE LIGHTER SIDE OF..." STRIPS!



On Sale Now!



EATS MEETS JEST DEPT.

Every fast food restaurant has a menu—but did you know that many also have “secret menus,” offering variations and new options that aren’t listed anywhere? (And no, E. Coli isn’t one of the “variations.”) For example, at In-N-Out Burger, if you ask for your burger “animal style,” you get it with an extra patty and loaded down with an insane amount of extra toppings. Whatever the fast food chain, you have to be in the know to get these hidden dishes...but as you’ll soon see, some dishes are best left hidden.

Unadvertised “Secret Me

McDonald's



Grimace's Lament

Equal parts creamy strawberry shake and Filet-o-Fish tartar sauce.



Sausage McMuffin with Sponge

Toasted English muffin, savory sausage hot off the griddle, a slice of melted American cheese and the sponge they use to wipe the griddle clean when breakfast service is over.



Chicken McFlurry

Reduced-fat soft serve vanilla ice cream with Chicken McNuggets swirled in, with caramel and barbecue sauce drizzled on top.



Saucedilla

Six hot sauce packets folded into a freshly-grilled tortilla.



Ghost Taco

Crunchy corn taco shell unfettered by seasoned beef, crisp shredded lettuce and real cheddar cheese.

Ghost Taco Supreme

Crunchy corn taco shell unfettered by seasoned beef, crisp shredded lettuce and real cheddar cheese, but loaded with sour cream.



Long John Silver's



Trawler's Haul

Whitefish fillet and eight shrimp served in an employee's hair net.



Low Tide at Innsmouth

Platter of fish, shrimp and hushpuppy remnants that fell through the basket and settled at the bottom of the deep fryer. (Call ahead to find out when they drain the oil!)



Tropical Windstorm on the Farm

Salmon caesar salad dumped into a plastic grocery bag, then tossed and gently warmed by holding the bag under the hand dryer in the ladies' room.



Colonel's Cheesy Discharge

Fried chicken crumbs from the trays in the display warmer, swimming in a cup of mac & cheese sauce.

Fast Food "Menu" Offerings

SUBWAY

SIX-INCH CLEANUP

Sub made entirely with items that have fallen into the wrong ingredient receptacles, garnished with the bits and crumbs that accumulate on that long white cutting board.



HEIMLICH DELITE

Avocado pits drenched in marinara sauce, served on your choice of bread.



LAPSED VEGGIE

A sub piled high with peppers, tomatoes, cucumbers and lettuce, hiding the wads of roast beef, Black Forest ham, salami and bacon crammed underneath.



Arby-LGBTQ

Standard Arby-Q sandwich prepared specifically by a lesbian, gay, bisexual or transgender employee.



Potato Cakes, Trapezoid Style

Shredded potato fried to a crispy golden brown, custom formed before frying from their regular triangular shape into a convex quadrilateral with at least one pair of parallel sides.



Atlanta Dip

French Dip sandwich served with a cup of heated Coca-Cola syrup in place of au jus.



Mass Grave

Large bucket with chicken carcass byproducts (left over from processing of new "Boneless Chicken") buried in mashed potatoes.



Extra-Extra-Extra Crispy

Chicken pieces that have been left in the fryer overnight. (Order the night before.)



Jacksonville Lube Job

Unwrapped Triple Whopper sliding around on a heavily-mayonnaised Whopper Jr. bun with extra mayo between each patty. (Available at drive-thru only and served without napkins.)



Crispy Prince Albert

Chicken wrap with an onion ring attached to one end.



Whopper Hyperdunk

1/4 pound beef patty stepped on by the grill cook and embossed with the tread from the bottom of his \$200 basketball sneakers.



DON'T PHRASE ME, BRO DEPT.

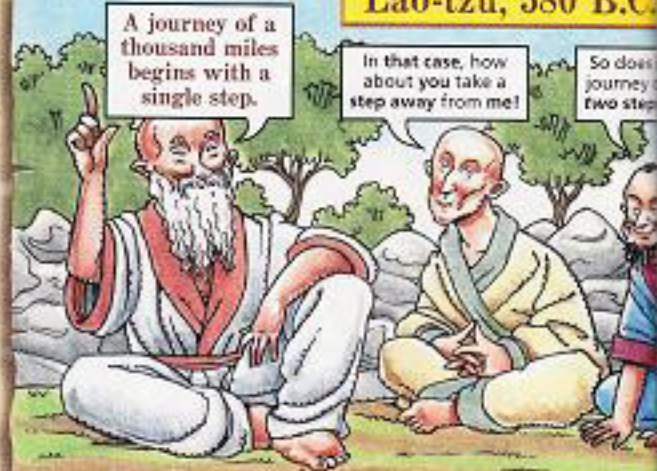
History books preserve great sayings coined by yesterday's heroes. But the books don't tell us how people back then *really* reacted. As a public service, MAD now sets the record straight with...

ZINGERS THAT HISTORY FORGOT

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ARTIST: RICK GRARY

Lao-tzu, 580 B.C.



A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.

In that case, how about you take a step away from me!

So does a journey of two steps.

William Prescott, 1775



Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!

What if they see the whites of our eyes first?

That's gonna be tough when I'm running in the opposite direction.

Theodore Roosevelt, 1901



Speak softly and carry a big stick!

I'd add to that, "shoes you can run in!"

Sorry, could you speak up, please?

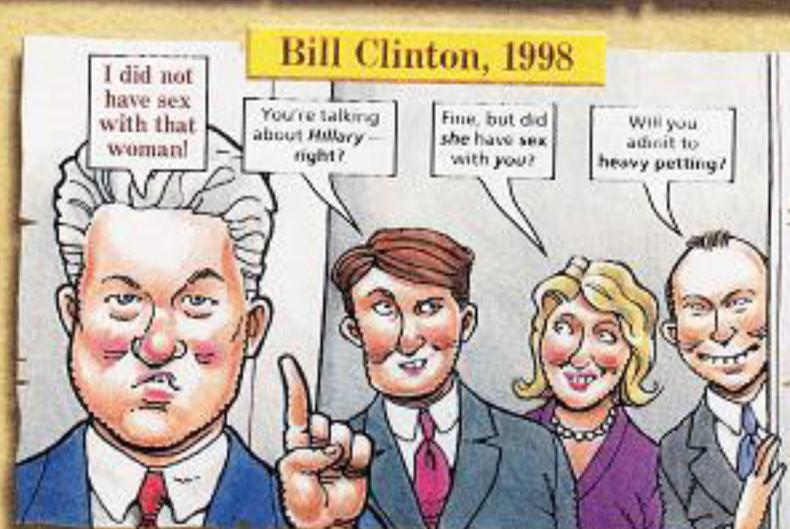
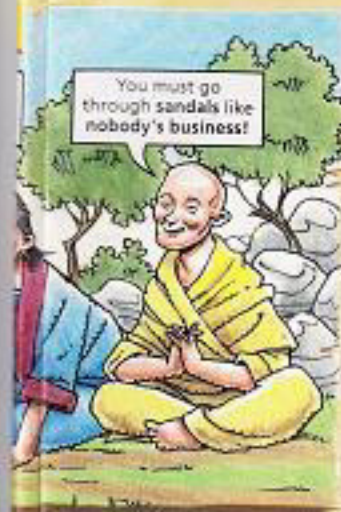
You know what Freud would say about that...

Robe



Good fences make good neighbors.

And let me guess: good carpenters make good fences!





HAIRY GOD MUTTER DEPT.

Every episode of *Duck Dynasty* ends the same way: with the entire family sitting together on the surface of the many miracles that make the Robertson family thankful. So come on

A "DUCK DYNASTY" WE'D LIKE

Father, thank you for giving us this meal. Thank you for the fish we caught ourselves with live bait, and also for the delicious side dish of the leftover bait.

We give thanks that the television industry has collapsed so completely that our viewership numbers now make us the #1 rated show, even though just 25 or 30 years ago the same size audience wouldn't have out-rated a random episode of *General Hospital*.

We're thankful that A&E programming executives took a hard look at the rest of their rotten schedule — round-the-clock reruns of *Bad Ink*, *Flip This House* and *CSI: Miami* — and desperately begged us to let them quadruple our salaries.

We are grateful that undemanding viewers who've somehow never heard of Mad Libs eat up Uncle Si's meaningless "yokel Zen" sayings. "If it's honeysuckle season, never shave a catfish." "That idea ain't worth the hair on a ninja's nickel." There's a demand for witless idiocy, and we thank you for it.

Lord, we are so thankful that the statute of limitations for plagiarizing *The Beverly Hills* has apparently lapsed.

Thank you for allowing us to divert attention from our pungent body odor by the simple act of living next door to a swamp.

Thank you, Father, for making it a fashion statement to look like a full-sized version of the Travelocity Gnome.

And we are truly thankful that the low, low expectations for "reality" TV have plunged to the point where we can build entire episodes around contrived, harebrained schemes that *I Love Lucy* would have rejected as old hat.



at dinner, and the father saying a short prayer. The problem is, the prayers barely scratch A&E, tack on a couple of extra minutes to the end so we can keep the faith with...

CLOSING PRAYER TO HEAR

Lord, we do appreciate white trash bandanas as a cheap alternative to proper grooming.

Father, we are humbled by our ability to cultivate an audience of fans who find Larry the Cable Guy too cerebral.

O Lord, we are thankful that the critters that live inside our beards only come out at night.

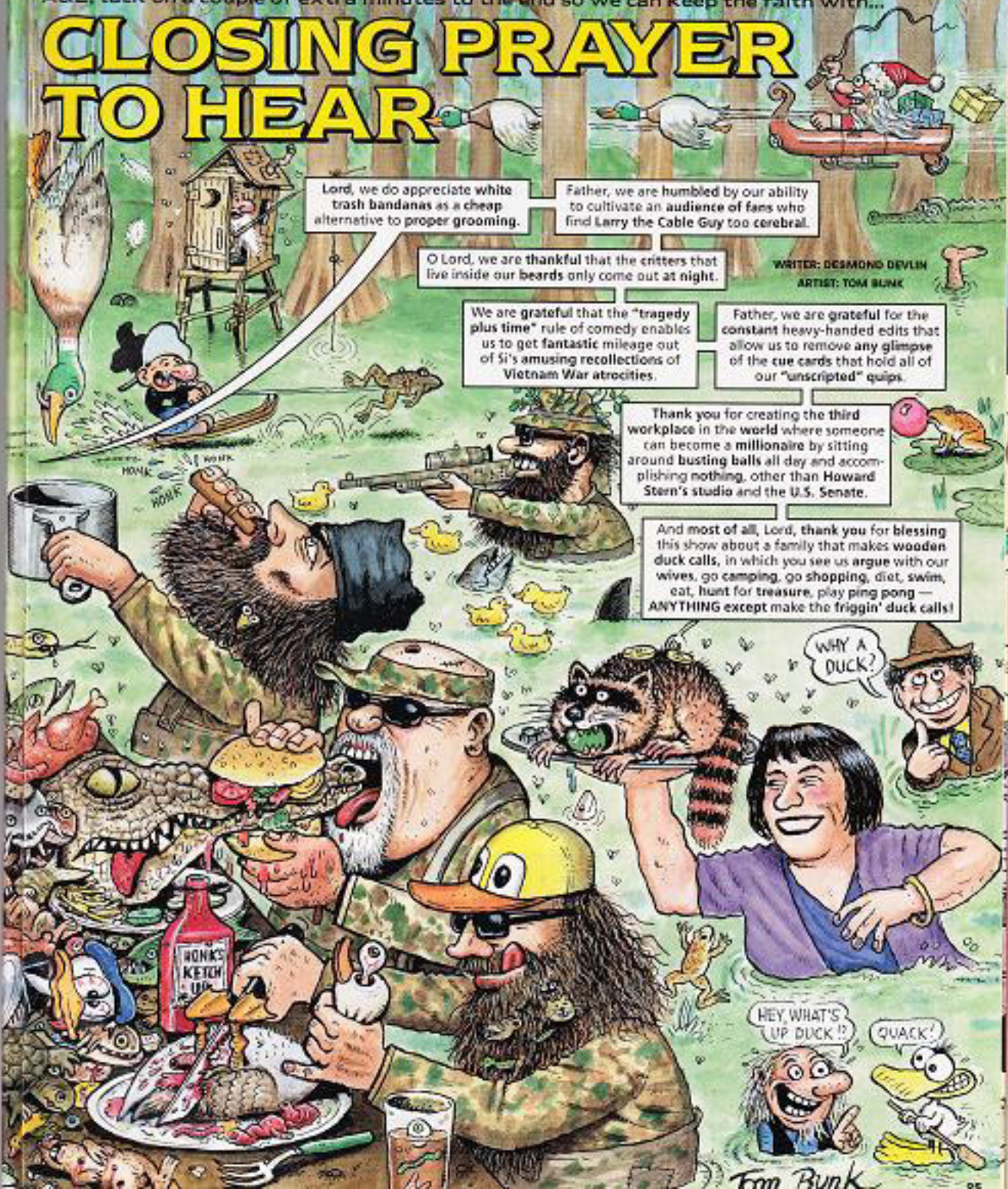
We are grateful that the "tragedy plus time" rule of comedy enables us to get fantastic mileage out of Si's amusing recollections of Vietnam War atrocities.

Father, we are grateful for the constant heavy-handed edits that allow us to remove any glimpse of the cue cards that hold all of our "unscripted" quips.

Thank you for creating the third workplace in the world where someone can become a millionaire by sitting around busting balls all day and accomplishing nothing, other than Howard Stern's studio and the U.S. Senate.

And most of all, Lord, thank you for blessing this show about a family that makes wooden duck calls, in which you see us argue with our wives, go camping, go shopping, diet, swim, eat, hunt for treasure, play ping pong — ANYTHING except make the friggin' duck calls!

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN
ARTIST: TOM BUNK



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.





SPY VS SPY

MAY

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JUNE

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JULY

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NOVEMBER

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DECEMBER

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28	29	30	31			



GET MORE
**DAVE
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PLANET TAD!!!!

SkinnedIn - Networking site for lizards

Search: "blurred lines" video + unblurred



http://www.planettad.com/profile/11-2013

PLANET TAD!!!!



» NAME: TAD » AGE: 176 MONTHS » LANGUAGES SPOKEN: ENGLISH, CONVERSATIONAL DOTHRAKI

SEPTEMBER 16, 2013

Tonight my mom reminded me that I have a dentist's appointment tomorrow. I hate going to the dentist. It feels like such a weird experience — could you mind sticking your fingers in my face and cleaning out my mouth? It is I'm not capable of doing that for me. Dentists are like those little birds that pick stuff out of animals' teeth, but I hate it when you point that out to me. (I found that out the hard way.)

basically what dentists are



SEPTEMBER 20, 2013

Tonight at dinner, my mom mentioned that she was having her book club this Saturday, and that she needed me and my dad to help out. Which was bad enough, but then she said eight words that almost made me choke on my meatloaf: "Your old teacher team will be coming!"

My dad said, "What?!" And she said, "Yes! After you went in to see the dentist, we started talking, and I noticed that she was reading 'The Time Traveler's Wife'. And

NOVEMBER 17, 2013

So, today I went to the dentist. And I was sitting in the waiting room with my mom, using her phone to play Candy Crush, when I heard a mean, old-sounding voice say, "Hello, Theodore." I knew who it was before I even looked up: Ms. Bream, my sixth-grade teacher. She was the meanest teacher I ever had, and the only person who's ever called me Theodore. I said, "Hi, Ms. Bream", and she said, "I see you're still wasting your time on video games." And before I could say, "Are you still wasting your time forcing kids to read 'The Call of the Wild'?", the nurse called my name to see the dentist, and I jumped up and went.

I don't think anyone has ever been happier to see a dentist. I mean, sure, my gums were getting jabbed with pointy metal sticks, but at least I wasn't stuck in a waiting room with Ms. Bream.

NOVEMBER 18, 2013

I wonder if postmen ever get hurt feelings when they see that you've gotten a package from UPS, and are all like, "Oh, I guess I just couldn't be trusted with that, huh?"



PEOPLE I WOULD LEAST WANT TO COME OVER

LATEST TWEETS

PLANET TAD @PlanetTad 3m
I bet in the ocean they just call sea horses "horses" and call horses "land horses".

PLANET TAD @PlanetTad 12m
Today I am going to post without using the letter 'e'. Aw, crap, I just did it four times. And now one more. Now two more. Never mind.

PLANET TAD @PlanetTad 3h
If you're a vampire, I bet it's really embarrassing when you're feeding on someone and laugh so hard blood comes out your nose.

PLANET TAD @PlanetTad 5h
What exactly is a taco bell? Is it a bell made out of a taco? Because that seems like it'd just get messy.

RELATIONSHIP

Single (not by choice)

And I said, "No! It won't be fun! She's mean, and she hated me." Even my dad took my side, saying, "I never liked that woman. She gave me the creeps." But my mom said, "Oh, come on, Dolores seems lovely. Besides, it'll be nice to have someone there who finished the book for a change." (My mom's always annoyed that, like, half her book club doesn't finish the book each month. And her friend Shirley usually just rents the movie of the book.)

My dad and I both tried to talk my mom out of inviting Ms. Bream, but she was dead-set on it. I still can't believe she's coming. I can't think of a single person I'd want to have in my house less than Ms. Bream. Wait, I just thought of one. But the odds of Russell Brand ever coming over to our house are pretty slim.



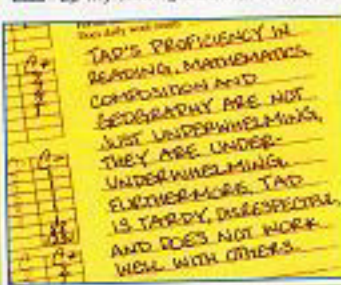
NOVEMBER 19, 2013

I think it's weird that Chewbacca walks around naked all the time. It seems unhygienic. If I were Han Solo, I'd be sure to wipe down any seat with a warm, damp rag before sitting down.



NOVEMBER 21, 2013

In order to persuade my mom to disinvite Ms. Bream, today I dug up my sixth-grade report card. This is what she wrote about me:



I showed it to my dad, and he said, "Yeesh. She really was terrible." We tried showing it to my mom, but she just said, "Look, you two need to get over this. I'm not un-inviting her. And I expect you to help out tomorrow."

Wait. I just had a thought on how to make tomorrow a lot more interesting. I'm going to go talk to my dad.

NOVEMBER 23, 2013

So, today my mom's book club started precisely at 2 PM, when Ms. Bream showed up with a box of homemade lemon squares. My mom said, "Wow, you're right on time!", and Ms. Bream said, "I can't abide tardiness. It's a sign of a disordered mind." And then she told each new person who showed up exactly how many minutes late they were.

As everyone was settling in, my dad and I helped my mom bring out the coffee, and my dad said, "So, how was the book this month? Does everything turn out OK for the time traveler and his wife?" And my mom's friend Carol said, "I've got to confess. I didn't get to the end." And then two more women said they hadn't finished it, either. And I said, "Well, I guess maybe you can watch the movie to see how it turns out." And my mom's friend Shirley said, "That's what I did!"

And that's when Ms. Bream exploded. She reached over and grabbed the lemon squares out of the hands of every woman who'd said she hadn't read the book, and said, "Clearly, you don't deserve these. You're excused. The rest of us will discuss the book." Which is exactly what I'd hoped would happen.

Things got sort of heated from there, with my mom pointing out that Ms. Bream wasn't really allowed to throw people out of other people's houses, and Ms. Bream saying that she was just disappointed that so many members of my mom's group "lacked basic reading skills." It all ended with my mom telling Ms. Bream, "This isn't really going to work out." And Ms. Bream said, "What do you mean?" And my dad said, "I think my wife is asking you to leave."

So Ms. Bream went to get her coat, but even as she was going, she said, "THEY'RE the ones who should leave! They didn't do the assigned reading!" And my dad said, "Yes. But — how should I say this, Tad?" And I said, "You don't work well with others."

As far as I'm concerned, it was the best book club meeting my mom has ever had.

WRITER: TIM CARVELL POSTMAN ARTIST: BRIAN DURNIAK

LIKES



Fall Out Boy (band)



Fallout (video game)



Fall (season)

DISLIKES



Fall of the House of Usher



Legends of the Fall



Falling

ACTIVITIES



Tad is currently filling out the "activities" field on this page (that's pretty much the only truly accurate way to answer this, right?)

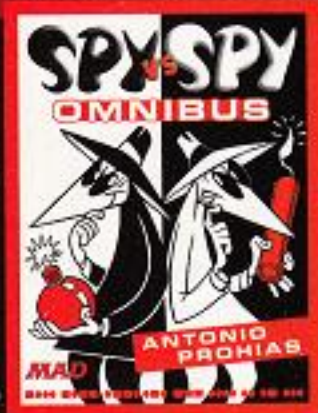
PLACES

Tad visited:

- ✦ Tad's house (MAYOR!)
- ✦ Chuck's house
- ✦ Lakeville High School
- ✦ Michael's Arts & Crafts (dragged against my will)
- ✦ Dentist's office



THIS HOLIDAY SEASON, GIVE



THE MAD FOLD-IN COLLECTION

A four-volume set!
Over 400 Al Jaffee classics!
Includes a brand-new
Fold-In created by Al Jaffee
especially for this collection!

SPY VS. SPY OMNIBUS

Includes every Antonio Prohias
Spy vs. Spy adventure!
All reproduced in their
full, original size for the
first time ever!



SPY VS. SPY: FIGHT TO THE FINISH!

Special digest size!
Includes 95
diabolical adventures
by Peter Kuper!

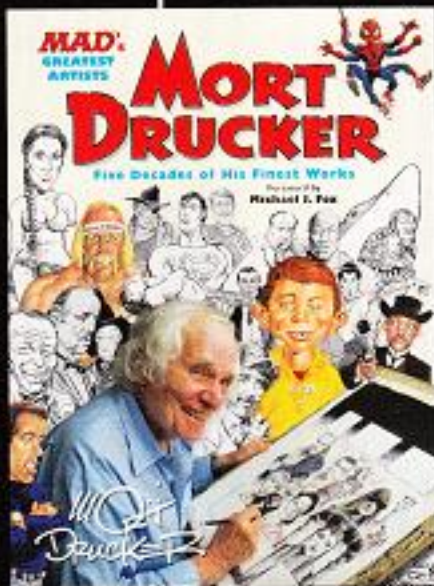


MAD'S GREATEST ARTISTS: MORT DRUCKER

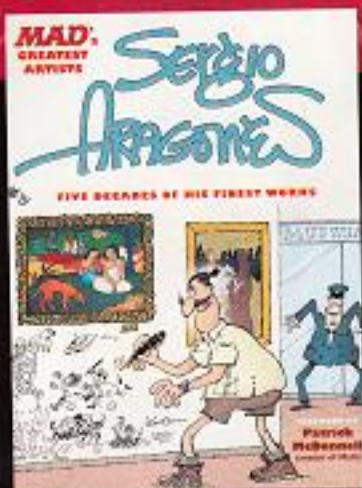
Includes many of Mort's greatest
movie satires plus essays by
Michael J. Fox, Steven Spielberg,
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classic, vintage pull-out poster!

PLANET TAD

239 pages of all-
new adventures! From
the head writer of
The Daily Show
with Jon Stewart



THE GIFT THAT WILL KEEP ON GIVING (A BAD IMPRESSION)!



TOTALLY MAD

258 pages celebrating 60 years of humor, satire, stupidity and stupidity! With an introduction by Stephen Colbert and Eric Drysdale and a dozen collectible, classic MAD cover prints!

MAD'S GREATEST ARTISTS: SERGIO ARAGONES

Includes new, original, never-before-seen Sergio art! Plus an 18"x24" pull-out poster featuring 500 of Sergio's favorite marginals!



SPY VS. SPY: THE TOP SECRET FILES!

Special digest size! Includes 65 explosive adventures by Peter Kuper!

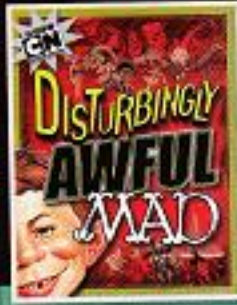
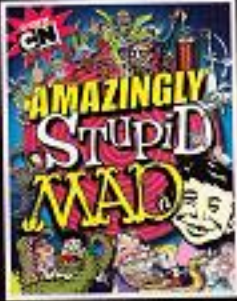
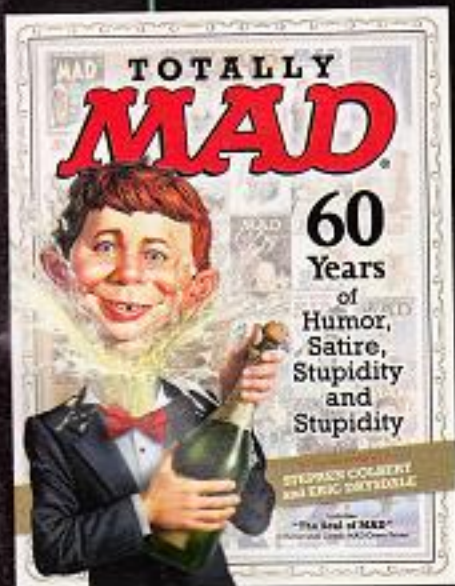


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Includes every Spy vs. Spy adventure from 1987-2007!

AND MORE!

Six wacky collections, perfect for fans of MAD on Cartoon Network!



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WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD — DUH!



SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

SERGIO ARAGONÉS
PRESENTS

A MAD LOOK AT



ETHNIC RESTAURANTS



WRITER AND ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONÉS

COLORIST: JIM CAMPBELL







Brookstone

"You're a Mean One, Mr. Grinch" Musical Bedpan \$24.99

Sturdy plastic bedpan plays beloved song from the animated holiday classic (and holds up to 50 oz. of liquid). Perfect for when a day of enjoying eggnog leaves your bladder feeling "two sizes too small." Choose from ochre or avocado.



The Visible Frosty \$22.95

Demystify the magic of the singing, dancing snowman by letting children painstakingly assemble Frosty's internal organs, bone structure and circulatory system! No educational value.



FAIL ORDER DEPT.

Picking out gifts isn't easy. It requires thoughtfulness, generosity and painstaking care. And if you're the typical MAD reader, those are three strikes right there. But worse are the catalogs that clog your mailbox around the holidays, advertising products that are too crap to sell in stores! You may not know what to get that special someone — but hopefully after reading this, you'll at least know what NOT to

Worst-Selling Ho



HOME TRENDS

Gingerbread-Scented Roach Spray \$14.99

Insect infestations don't take a holiday, but now you can savor the aroma of fresh-baked gingerbread, even while tackling your home's increasingly out-of-control pest problem. 16 oz. can. (Candy cane-scented rat poison also available.)



FINGERHUT

Reindeer Orgy Gift Labels \$4.99

Give your holiday presents an added festive touch with these labels depicting everyone's favorite holiday beasts of burden in a graphic sexual free-for-all. Go ahead and join in all their reindeer games!

Lane BRYANT

Mrs. Claus Plus-Size Girdle \$24.99

Ultra-ultra-elastic cotton-poly blend provides the comfort and support she really needs. (Requires the assistance of at least two "elves" to get into.) Sizes XX-LX available.





Wireless

The Dark Side of Rockwell coffee table book \$29.99

View such lost classics as Santa's Mug Shot, Groped Under the Mistletoe, Shoving Match at the Mall, and 30 other paintings that will make you question why this holiday is considered joyous. Hardcover, 194 pgs.

LL Bean

5,000-Volt Reindeer Prod

\$24.95

Nothing spoils an outdoor nativity scene like unwanted deer wandering onto your property! This non-lethal prod guarantees that more than their noses will end up glowing bright red! Requires 8 D batteries (not included).



Holiday Catalog Items

2013 EDITION



Tracy's Personal Knit Shop
Betty's Attic

Ugly Sweater Unraveling Kit \$12.50

Send a clear message to Grandma that you've had enough of her failed contributions to your wardrobe! Guaranteed to undo even the most disgustingly puce, maroon and olive-drab threads in under 20 minutes. (Not compatible with cardigans.)



Things You Never Knew Existed

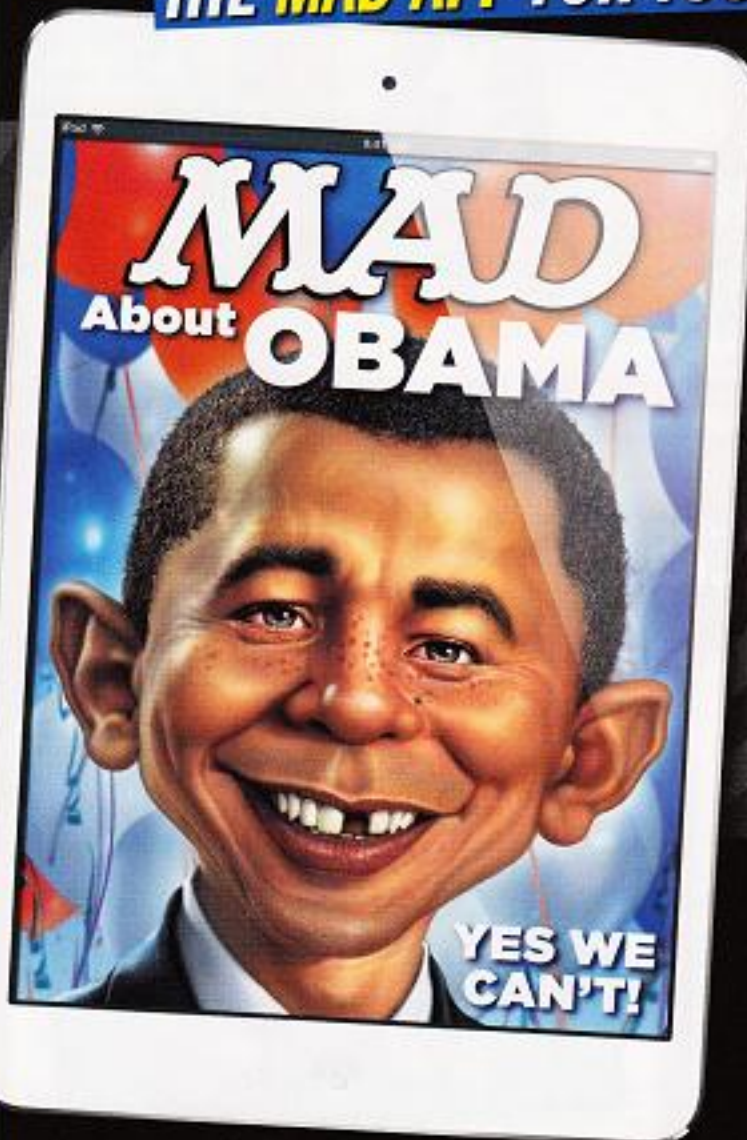
Video Dinner Argument \$19.99

Take a break from Video Yule Log and watch several real-life, angry holiday dinner fights — and take comfort in the fact that your family isn't the only dysfunctional one. The perfect cure for homesickness! Also available: Video Xmas Tree Fire and Video Spoiled Egg on Salmonella Poisoning. Running time 75 minutes each.

GET A DOWNLOAD OF THIS!

THE MAD APP FOR YOUR iPad IS FREE!

THAT'S BETTER THAN "CHEAP!"



Simply download the MAD app from the iTunes store. If you're a subscriber to the print edition of MAD, you get a digital subscription to the magazine **AUTOMATICALLY FOR FREE!**

PLUS YOU CAN...

PURCHASE DIGITAL BACK ISSUES OF MAD!

GET EXCLUSIVE PREVIEWS OF MAD BOOKS

DOWNLOAD iPad-EXCLUSIVE DIGITAL BOOKS INCLUDING MAD ABOUT OBAMA AND BO CONFIDENTIAL!

ORDER A DIGITAL-ONLY SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD (6 ISSUES) FOR \$9.99! (CHEAP!)

EVERY DIGITAL ISSUE OF MAD CONTAINS...

A BONUS CLASSIC FOLD-IN!*

ANIMATED COVERS!

A COLLECTED GALLERY OF SERGIO ARAGONÉS' MARGINALS!

PARENTS: SEEK YOUR KIDS' PERMISSION BEFORE DOWNLOADING!

*Simply slide your finger across the screen to solve the Fold-In. DO NOT attempt to fold your iPad.

THE STRIP CLUB

WHAT IF BOB WAS ONE OF US?



WE ARE A CIVILIZATION IN DOGS.



I HAD THOUGHT THAT NAME - JUST NAME - THESE WERE 4711 PEOPLE WHO FAVORED QUALITY ENTERTAINMENT OVER NOTICEDITY AND INSTANT GRATIFICATION...



BUT OBVIOUSLY I MISJUDGED YOU ALL...



YOUR YOUTUBE VIDEO ONLY GOT 3 VASHE CLUCK.

A DOG WITH A HEAD STUCK IN A THIMBLE BOX FOR 8 MINUTES AND NOBODY CARES A SHIT.

IF I WERE A CAT I'D BE ON JIMMY KIMMEL RIGHT NOW.

KENNY KEIL



THIS WEEK ON...
DEADLY SURVIVAL



BRAZIL'S AMAZON JUNGLE!



NOT A PLACE YOU WANT TO BE LOST.



BUT IF YOU ARE, WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET OUT ALIVE.



WE'LL NEED TO SET UP CAMP BEFORE SUNSET. I'LL GO FIND LOGS AND BRANCHES SO WE CAN BUILD A SHELTER.



AND I'LL HUNT FOR SOME ANIMALS!



LATER

I'M MAKING US SOME BEDDING THAT WILL KEEP US OFF THE GROUND AND AWAY FROM ANTS AND POISONOUS SPIDERS. BOB, WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR US?



I FASHIONED THESE LOAFERS FROM REAL SNAKE SKIN AND MADE US MATCHING SNAKE SHELL BRACELETS!



DANG IT, BOB! WHAT ABOUT FOOD?!

NO PROBLEM, WE CAN COOK IT IN THIS POT I MADE FROM CROCODILE SKIN!



WE'RE GONNA DIE.

IT'S A CROC-POT. GET IT?!

NATHAN COOPER

The Rat's Nest

By
Josh McConch



IT ONLY HURTS WHEN I LAUGH



JONAS OF HOLBRAITH, COME AND FACE ME!



AH, IT'S THE WIMPY YOUNGLING FROM BERRY COUNTY.



I HAVE GROWN INTO A MAN, JONAS, AND I HAVE COME TO AVENGE THE INSULT YOU SPOKE OF MY FATHER'S DISCHARGES SO MANY MOONS AGO.



DO NOT MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU HAVE NO CHANCE AGAINST MY SWORD OF PURPLE FIRE, FORGED IN THE MINES OF MOUNT GROWNLY BY THE WEEBLY DWARVES SO LONG AGO.



I HAVE FOUGHT AND WON THE GREAT SWORD OF KUHNLIA FROM PETER OF ALGERNOTH.



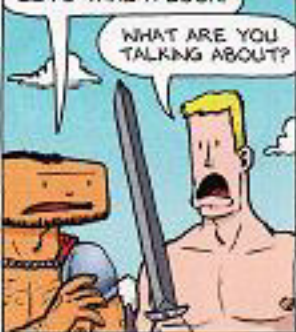
FORGED BY THE GODS THEMSELVES! IT CREATED AND THEN DEMOLISHED KINGDOMS! IT SAT FOR CENTURIES BENEATH A DRAGON'S HOARD! IT-



WAIT A MINUTE. HOLD ON, KUHNLIA? BUT GUNTHER THE MAGNIFICENT HAS THAT SWORD.



LET'S TAKE A LOOK.



AH WELL. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME. AND YOUR FATHER PROBABLY STILL SMELLS LIKE A DUNG HILL.



I'M AFRAID
IT'S VERY
SERIOUS

CHECK OUT ALL
THE TRICKS I TAUGHT
THE DOG TO DO TODAY.

OKAY! READY... SIT!

GOOD BOY!

OKAY. NOW, SHAKE!

GOOD! GOOD BOY!

WOW!

OKAY, NOW LET'S TRY
SPEAK! SPEAK, BOY!

ARF!

YAY! AWW,
GOOD BOY!

OKAY, NOW...
LEVITATE!
LEVITATE, BOY!

WATCH THIS.

WHOA!

WOOO!

YEAH!
GOOD BOY!

WOW!
HOLY
MOLY!

LOST
DOG

DETECTIVE SLOW-ON-THE-DRAW!



YOU REALLY LIKE THOSE CRAYONS, HUH SAMMY? CAN I SEE WHAT YOU'RE DRAWING?



CHIEF! LOOK AT THIS!



THAT POOR BOY! THIS IS HORRIBLE!



WE LET THEM CUT SCHOOL ARTS PROGRAMS!



BROWN BEAR

Hi, boys and girls! I'm Unibrow Bear! Tonight is Halloween! I'm gonna scare Brown Bear with this creepy costume!



Yay! I love trick-or-treating for candy! But I've got to be careful to avoid all the spooky monsters that are out tonight!



HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!



You won't get me, monster!!



Unibrow Bear! What have I done?



I didn't stop the monster before he ate Unibrow Bear!!



SUBSCRIBE TO MAD AND OWN A PIECE OF MAD HISTORY!

In the 1980s, MAD founder and Publisher William M. Gaines foolishly established "The Soul of MAD" — a collection of 12 MAD covers chosen for their idiotic uniqueness, artistic achievement or classic timelessness.

Now, here is your chance to own a special high-quality reproduction of one of those low-quality covers! **Subscribe to MAD** for two years and receive a **limited edition print** of artist Norman Mingo's classic "Alfred as King Kong" (MAD #94) with your paid subscription.

Each limited edition print is 11" X 14" and bears a "Soul of MAD" marking.

Each is hand-numbered and suitable for framing (it's entirely up to you though — no pressure!)



GO APE!

All MAD print subscribers now get a **FREE DIGITAL SUBSCRIPTION** to MAD for their iPad!

DON'T MONKEY AROUND!

GET 2 YEARS OF MAD — 12 ISSUES!

PLUS THE LIMITED EDITION PRINT "ALFRED AS KING KONG" ALL FOR ONLY \$29*

(\$16.99 for a 1-year, 6-issue subscription but you won't get the limited edition print! Don't be a lightweight, go for the 2-year subscription!)

SUBSCRIBE NOW TO INSURE GETTING THIS MAD COLLECTIBLE! Because this is a limited offer, we cannot bill you!

SUBSCRIBE ONLINE AT **MADMAG.COM** OR CALL **1-800-4 MADMAG (462-3624)**



LIKE FUNNY IN THE BLANK DEPT.

ObamaCare has been in the news a lot lately — and Americans are sick...of reading the same old story! So it's time to take matters into your own hands, add some variety to your life and enjoy...

MAD's All-Inclu

①

at a press conference
on *Good Morning Fallowah*
to *Duck Dynasty* groupies
with his "inside" voice
to *Newsweek*'s last remaining reporter
in a quirky Vine video
in Auto-Tune
while checking his email
with a thick Irish brogue
on the condition of anonymity

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS
ARTIST: PAUL COKER

②

savage attacks
hurtful tweets
moans of ecstasy
a triple-dog-dare
a last-minute Evite
wet willies
obscene skywriting
Gothic oaths of revenge
an ad on Craigslist
rumors of an *After Earth* sequel

③

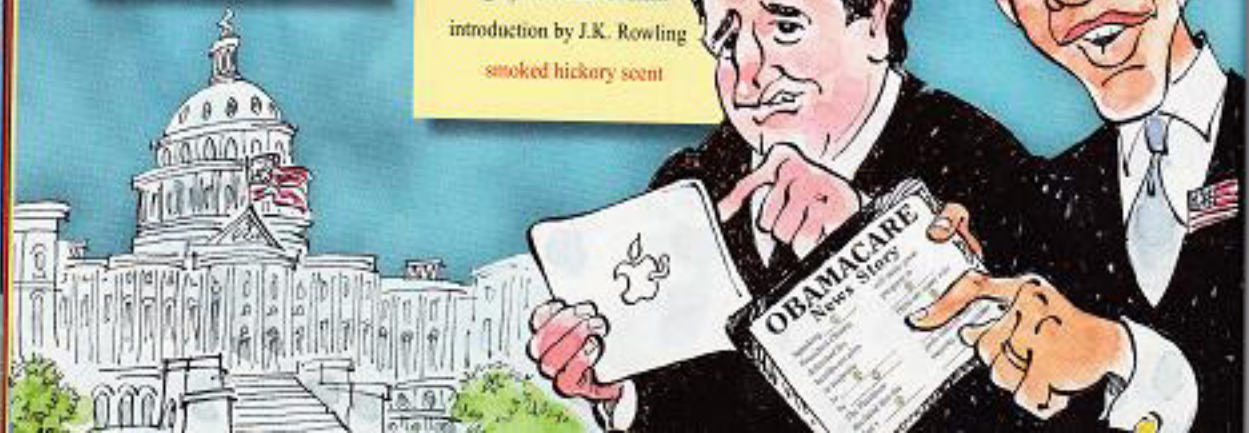
GOP leaders
kazoo aficionados
recovering sex addicts
nude skydivers
all lobbyists named Claude
IHOP regulars
reviewers on Angie's List
a shirtless Vladimir Putin
underpaid fast-food workers
the hosts of *Wipeout*

④

2,500 pages of regulations
illustrated chapter on nose hair
section on do-it-yourself surgery
Howland spoilers
sarcastic tone
anti-Hillary screeds
use of the Helvetica font
graphic sexual content
introduction by J.K. Rowling
smoked hickory scent

OBAMA New

Speaking ①
President Obama
defended his
healthcare plan
in response
to ②
by ③
The President
declared that the
plan's ④



sive, Do-It-Yourself



ACARE s Story

will make great
progress in

⑤

There are many who
still

⑥

most notably

⑦

Recent
polls indicate that the
majority of Americans

⑧

⑤

improving people's lives
enriching insurance companies
glorifying Walmart greeters
bringing lasting peace to the Carolinas
promoting Croatian cuisine
causing nip-slips to skyrocket
clearing sinus blockage
reinvigorating the Beanie Baby market
kickstarting anarchy
eliminating Joe Biden's morning breath

⑥

oppose the plan
refuse to say "Gesundheit"
deny the existence of Al Gore
frequent Amish barn raisings
root for the Cubs
simply adore downtown Detroit
can't locate the Big Dipper
don't "get" Civil War re-enactors
challenge the "Five-second Rule"
wear fanny packs

⑦

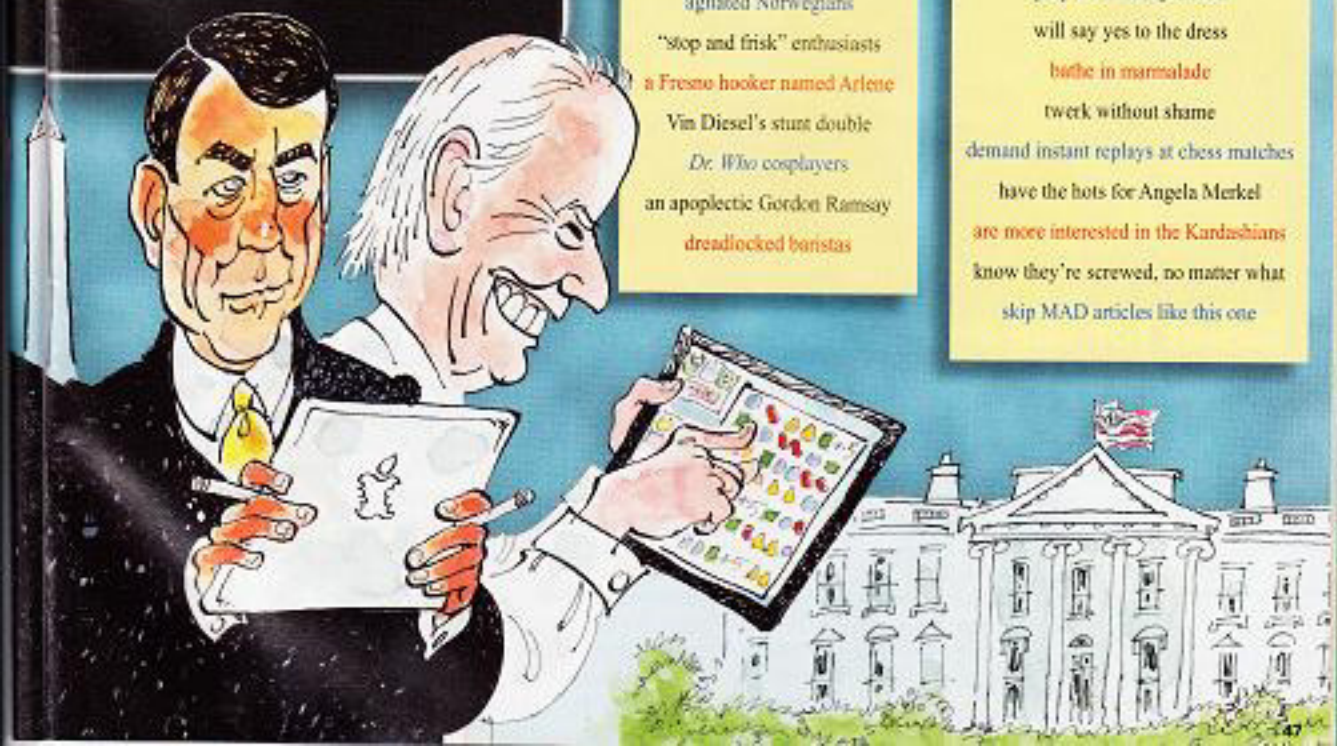
Rand Paul

RuPaul

the Cornhusker marching band
agitated Norwegians
"stop and frisk" enthusiasts
a Fresno hooker named Arlene
Vin Diesel's stunt double
Dr. Who cosplayers
an apoplectic Gordon Ramsay
dreadlocked baristas

⑧

have grave doubts
pray for Lindsay Lohan
will say yes to the dress
bathe in marmalade
twerk without shame
demand instant replays at chess matches
have the hots for Angela Merkel
are more interested in the Kardashians
know they're screwed, no matter what
skip MAD articles like this one



THE HUMDA SEPPUKU.

THE HYBRID CAR FOR YOU



Great for the environment. **Terrible for everything else.**



Powered by a combination of ethanol and hearing-aid batteries, the Humda Seppuku employs an enviro-friendly fuel system that is somewhat offset by the upholstery, which is made from endangered panda skin. This groundbreaking and ecology-conscious hybrid comes in two models — "gas pedal" or "brake" (there isn't room for both). But don't let the Seppuku's size fool you — it may only be five feet long, but at eight feet in height, it's easily the tallest hybrid on the market (in order to accommodate the on-board grandfather clock).

Humda may be new to auto manufacturing, but we're no stranger to giving consumers what they want — in our native Japan, we are the industry leaders in producing vending machines that dispense schoolgirl underwear. With a base price of \$349.99 (or best offer), and with most repairs made with model glue (not included), there's never been a better time to own one.



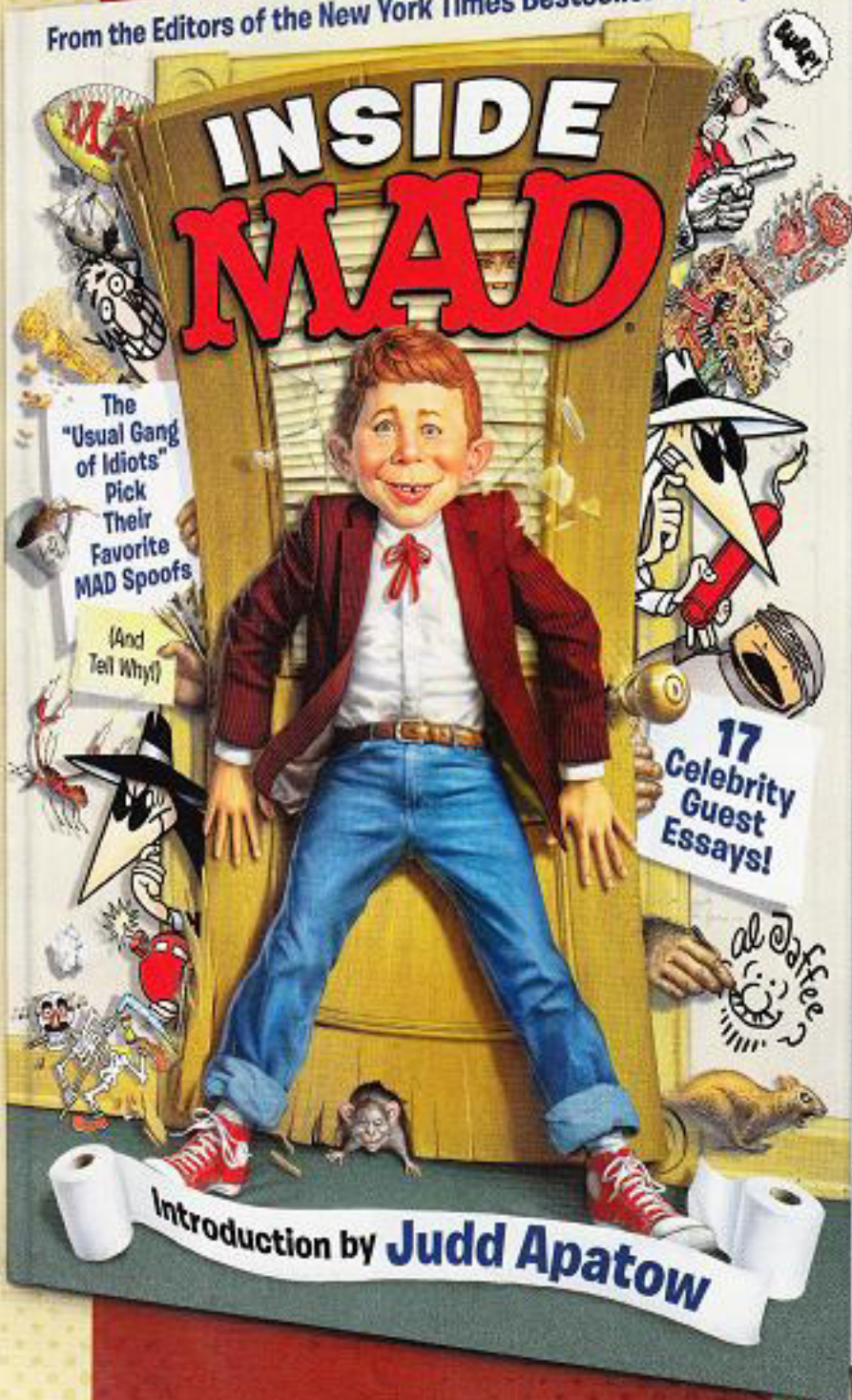


LICENSE TO SHILL DEPT.

Following up on the "success" (relatively speaking) of *Totally MAD* comes *Inside MAD* — a book that delves into the twisted minds of the magazine's creators and its most famous fans! It includes essays from the Usual Gang of Idiots about their favorite pieces as well as remembrances from celebrities such as Roseanne Barr, Whoopi Goldberg, Matthew Weiner, George Lopez, Paul Feig, Tony Hawk and many others — who share what it was like to grow up as a MAD fan, only to find themselves mocked in its pages! This special sneak peek is just a sampling of the book's greatness (again...relative).

ON SALE
October
29th —
pre-order your
copy today!

From the Editors of the New York Times Bestseller *Totally MAD*



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART 1

At The Academy Of Electric Fan Repair



This is an electric fan! I will turn it on by applying an upward thrust with my index finger to this little switch here in the rear of the motor housing...



MAD #112/SEPTEMBER 1967

by Tom Cheney
WRITER/ARTIST

As good Catholic boys, my brother and I were forbidden to read or possess MAD. Apparently our mother perceived some sort of satanic glimmer in Alfred's eye. Thus, after being repeatedly warned about having our flesh perpetually roasted in the furnaces of hell, we regularly went over to our catholic cousin Dave's house and read his copies of MAD.

One afternoon, while the three of us were "blackening our souls"

with Dave's bountiful collection of "Alfreds," my brother started laughing so hard that he fell off the porch railing he'd been sitting on. Bruised, but still giggling like Renfield, he pointed at the page he'd been reading and handed it over to Dave, who was soon gripped by a grand mal seizure of cackling. I snatched the copy away from him, read the strip, and for the next 15 minutes the three of us fed the flames of our convulsive laughter by repeating Don Martin's immortal sound effect: "KUNG-DINGGOON!"

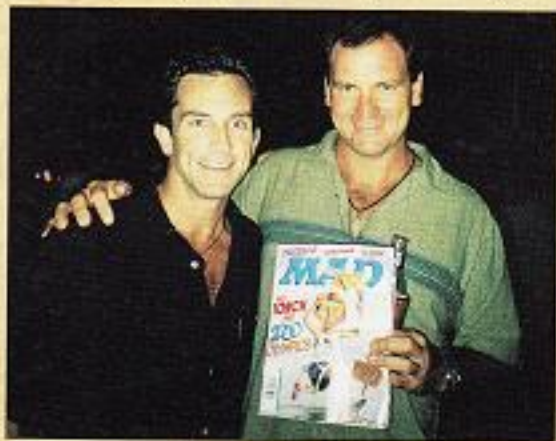
As our good Catholic mother predicted, Don Martin had, in less than five minutes, turned her good Catholic sons into complete, incurable, and perhaps eternally damned MADmen.



Jeff Probst

I grew up on MAD Magazine and would read each issue over and over. I did the Fold-In so many times, the back cover would finally tear apart. I didn't realize it at the time, but MAD's unique sense of humor gave me permission to think outside the lines.

Years later, I achieved a childhood dream when I was put on the cover for a *Survivor* issue! It's a cherished possession to this day! By the way, if you go to page five of that issue, in the "Mad Celebrity Snaps," you'll see a photo of a guy posing with me while holding a copy of MAD. We said he was an out-of-work carpenter who met me at a party and you gave him a free subscription for sending in the photo. We lied. He is the *Survivor Challenge* producer and he just wanted to be in the magazine!



LAST YEAR AMERICA CELEBRATED THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER'S "CASEY AT THE BAT." NOW, IN HONOR OF THIS GREAT POEM AND THE GAME IT GLORIFIED, WE OFFER YOU...

Baseball

THE SUMMERS LACKED EXCITEMENT BACK IN 1800: THE NATION HAD NO PASTIME, WHICH WAS NOT A HAPPY SIGN! THOUGH SOME TURNED ON TO GOLF OR CAUGHT THE FEVER OF CROQUET, THROUGHOUT THE LAND DEEP SIGHS WERE HEARD OF BOREDOM AND DISMAY.

BUT THEN SOME GENTS PROPOSED A PLAN THAT FOLKS WOULD SURELY LOVE—COMPETING TEAMS PROVIDING THRILLS WITH BALL AND BAT AND GLOVE, AND, SPLENDOROUS IN UNIFORMS, PRID PLAYERS KNOWN AS "PROS." 'T WAS BASEBALL, WONDROUS BASEBALL, AND WOULD BANISH ALL OUR WOE.

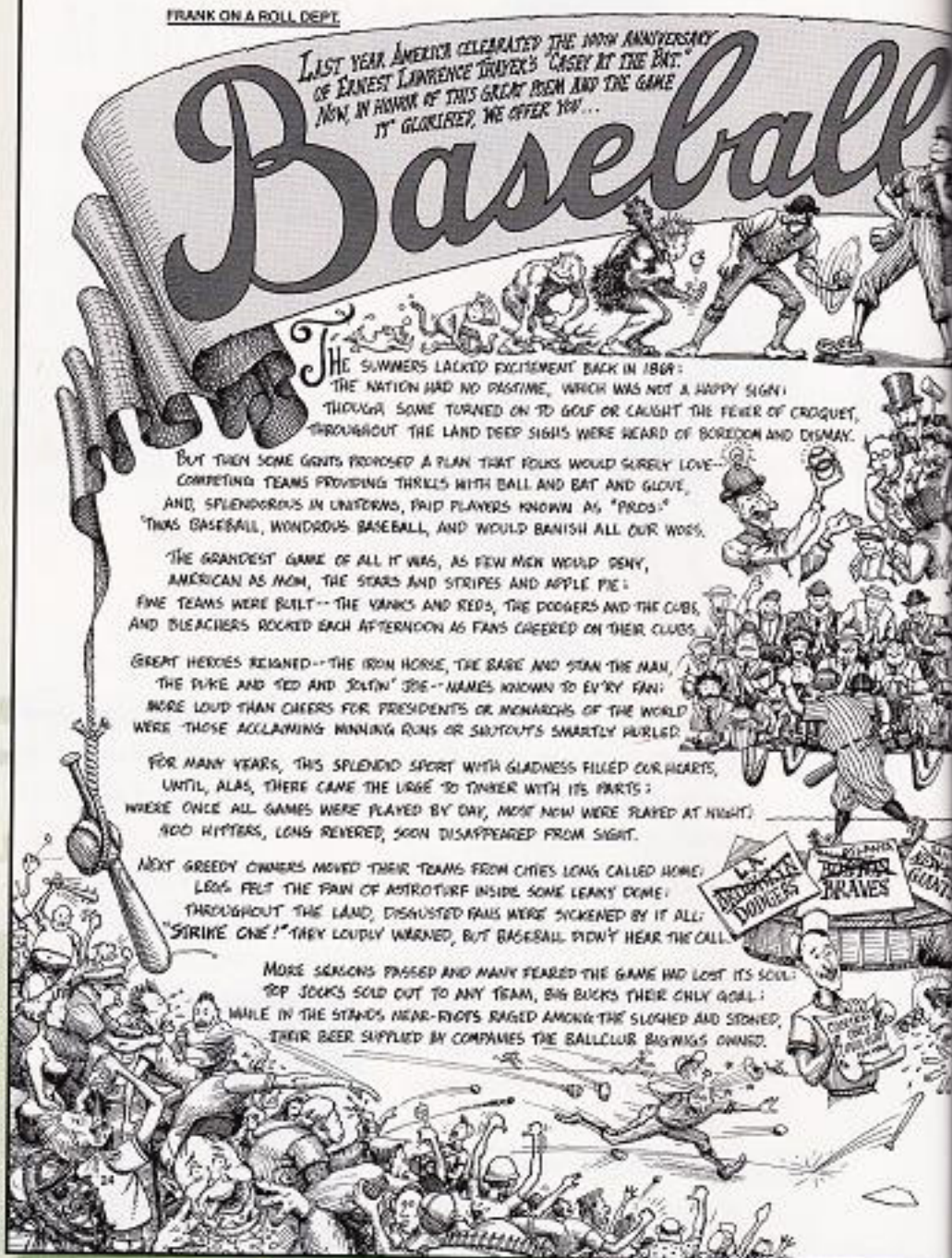
THE GRANDEST GAME OF ALL IT WAS, AS FEW MEN WOULD DENY, AMERICAN AS MOM, THE STARS AND STRIPES AND APPLE PIE: FINE TEAMS WERE BUILT—THE YANKS AND REDS, THE DOOGERS AND THE CUBS, AND BLEACHERS ROCKED EACH AFTERNOON AS FANS CHEERED ON THEIR CLUES.

GREAT HEROES REIGNED—THE IRON HORSE, THE BARE AND STAN THE MAN, THE DUKE AND "RED AND JOLYN" JOE—NAMES KNOWN TO EVERY FAN: MORE LOUD THAN CHEERS FOR PRESIDENTS OR MONARCHS OF THE WORLD WERE THOSE ACCLAIMING WINNING RUNS OR SHOOTOUTS SMARTLY HURLED.

FOR MANY YEARS, THIS SPLENDID SPORT WITH GLADNESS FILLED OUR HEARTS, UNTIL, ALAS, THERE CAME THE URGE TO TINKER WITH ITS PARTS: WHERE ONCE ALL GAMES WERE PLAYED BY DAY, MOST NOW WERE PLAYED AT NIGHT: 900 MYSTERS, LONG REVERED, SOON DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT.

NEXT GREEDY OWNERS MOVED THEIR TEAMS FROM CITIES LONG CALLED HOME: LEGS FELT THE PAIN OF ASTROTURF INSIDE SOME LEAKY DOME: THROUGHOUT THE LAND, DISGUSTED FANS WERE SICKENED BY IT ALL: "STRIKE ONE!" THEY LOUDLY WARNED, BUT BASEBALL DIDN'T HEAR THE CALL.

MORE SEASONS PASSED AND MANY FEARED THE GAME HAD LOST ITS SOUL: TOP JOCKS SOLD OUT TO ANY TEAM, BIG BUCKS THEIR ONLY GOAL: WHILE IN THE STANDS NEAR-RIOTS RAGED AMONG THE SLOTHED AND STONED, THEIR BEER SUPPLIED BY COMPANIES THE BALLCLUB BUSINESS OWNED.



by Butch D'Ambrosio
WRITER

Long before I ever knew what makes a great poem great, I knew that Frank Jacobs was a great poet. I've always been partial to MAD's "Casey At The Bat" parodies and, of the seven (!) the Internet tells me he wrote, this is one of the best. READ IT OUT LOUD! Seriously, I just did again. Rhythm? Rhyme? Meter? It's a master class in poetry. When I sent my first submission to MAD—a 12-year-old boy's parody of "Casey At The Bat"—I didn't know anything about scansion...prosody...stanzas...syllables...spelling. I still don't, but Jacobs does. This thing sings—and it's funny. Alliteration, wordplay, unexpected rhymes: on the micro

at the Bat

RESPONDING TO THE GAME'S DECLINE, THE OWNERS SPUN THEIR WHEELS,
CONTENT TO RAKE IN TONS OF CASH FROM SWEETHEART NETWORK DEALS;
THE FANS, AGAIN FORGOTTEN, SEETHED AS TICKET PRICES SOARED;
"STRIKE TWO!" RANG OUT THEIR CALL, WHICH BASEBALL ONCE AGAIN IGNORED.

"THE YEARS HAVE WEAKENED BASEBALL'S HEART; ITS PULSE IS FADING FAST;
YET HOPE REMAINS IT MAY RECLAIM THE GLORY OF ITS PAST;
BUT NOW WE HEAR OF COCAINE BUYS AND PLAYERS SNEAKING TOOTS,
AND GUMBLING RAPS AND SORDID SEX AND PALMONY SUITS.

VER OUT!!!

OH, SOMEWHERE THERE'S A GRAND OLD GAME THAT'S FREE OF GREED AND SEATS,
A GAME WHERE OWNERS HONOR FANS AND KEEP THEIR GUARANTEES;
AND SOMEWHERE JOCKS REMEMBER WHAT THE GAME IS ALL ABOUT,
BUT YOU CAN KISS THE DREAM GOODBYE--**ALMIGHTY BASEBALL HAS STRUCK OUT!**

ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

scale it's all there. And in the big picture, the setup comes in stanzas, the transformation from past to present, all in service to the truth of the punch line—which seems, to me, as relevant now as it did in 1989. But then, I'm not really a baseball fan; I just love the idea of taking these iconic poems that sound incredible and making them MAD poems that sound incredible. (You did read it out loud, right?) I love that the poem concludes with "has struck out," as in the original, and that this is not a constraint, but a target, skillfully hit, just as a "sturdy bresman" aims "the leather covered sphere come hurtling through the air." In this case, one might say that our Poet Laureate has hit it out of the park. A tip of the cap, also, to James Warhola's art, which shares that classic look-close-and-keep-looking visual-gag-after-gag characteristic that I always knew was a given whenever I submitted a piece with the words "funny picture here."

MAD #281/DECEMBER 1998



6/4/10 John Ficarra's rough sketch kicks things off



6/4/10 Sam creates a digital comp to give a feel for the final cover



6/21/10 Mark Fredrickson starts out by trying an overhead view



6/22/10 He then gives us a front view with Alfred facing the reader



6/22/10 We see how the front view looks more closely cropped



6/22/10 Mark decides to go back to our original composition.



6/22/10 He revamps his rendering of the oil-soaked waves



7/1/10 This version is labeled "More Progress" by Mark



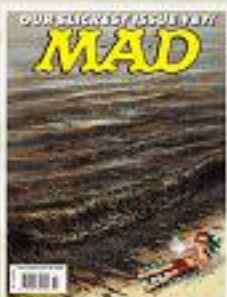
7/7/10 Waves have been added to the larger body of oily water



7/14/10 We receive Mark's finished art and hail it as a masterpiece...



7/15/10 ...until he sends us this revamped version the next day



7/15/10 The final cover, with type design by Ryan Flanders



Nothing stresses me out like cover meetings. Coming up with a great cover for MAD is not an easy task, and there are instances in which we've had daily meetings for several weeks before arriving at the right idea. Even when inspiration hits quickly, there's still the intensive process of comping up the cover to iron out all the details, assigning it to an illustrator, and working with him to achieve exactly what we're looking for.

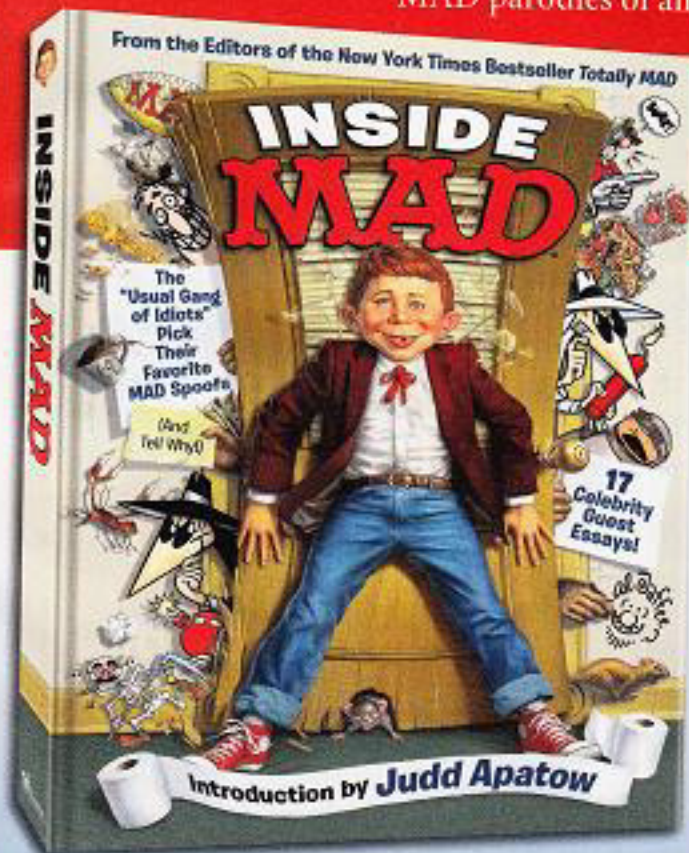
The cover of MAD #505 was inspired by the Deepwater Horizon oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico, and the basic idea came to John Ficarra pretty quickly. He pictured Alfred E. Neuman on a beach, sunning himself, as a huge wave of oil came rushing in to engulf him. I loved the idea at first sight, thinking a cover that was 80% oil with a little sunbathing Alfred in the corner would make a great design, and set off to comp it up, using photographic imagery borrowed from the internet.

Once that was given the go-ahead, I contacted Mark Fredrickson, our regular cover artist and a Photoshop wizard. He played around with the idea at first, trying different points of view, until he settled on something very close to my comp. From there it was three weeks of constant back-and-forth, as Mark labored to create a sea of petroleum that was not only convincing, but in its own oily way beautiful to look at. Hardly a day went by that we didn't receive at least one new version that was slightly different from the last.

Mark is such a perfectionist that, after we accepted his finished artwork — feeling we had a masterpiece on our hands — he worked through the night to come up with a totally overhauled (and even more impressive) rendering. It didn't stop there; after the issue had been printed and bound, Mark called me to ask if it was too late to tighten up a few details! (Yes, Mark, it was too late.) — Sam Viviano

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OUR DAILY DREAD DEPT.

For months now, we've been telling you to check out the MAD blog, The Idiotical, and to "Like" us on Facebook — but have you? NOOOOO! (Well, that's not fair... maybe you have.) These little intrus don't allow for a whole lot of back-and-forth with our readers. Sorry! Anyhoo — if you haven't checked out The Idiotical yet, here's some of what you've been missing.

The Best of The Idiotical

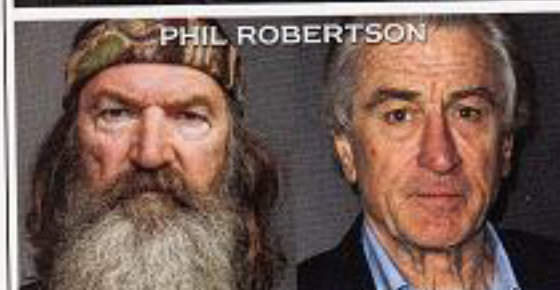
MAD REVEALS THE GUYS OF DUCK DYNASTY WITHOUT BEARDS



UNCLE SI



JASE ROBERTSON



PHIL ROBERTSON



WILLIE ROBERTSON



A SELFIE WE LIKE TO SEE



- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| An unconscionable act against humanity | ✓ | ✓ |
| Is being closely followed by Americans | ✓ | ✓ |
| Most Republicans think it's Obama's fault | ✓ | ✓ |
| Billy Ray Cyrus doesn't have a clue about it | ✓ | ✓ |
| Majority of Americans support military action to ensure it never happens again | ✓ | ✓ |
| Anyone who witnessed it said the horrific images are seared into their memories forever | ✓ | ✓ |

**WHAT DEEPLY BURIED
COMMODITY DO
AMERICANS WANT
TO SEE
ENERGY COMPANIES
PRODUCE?**

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

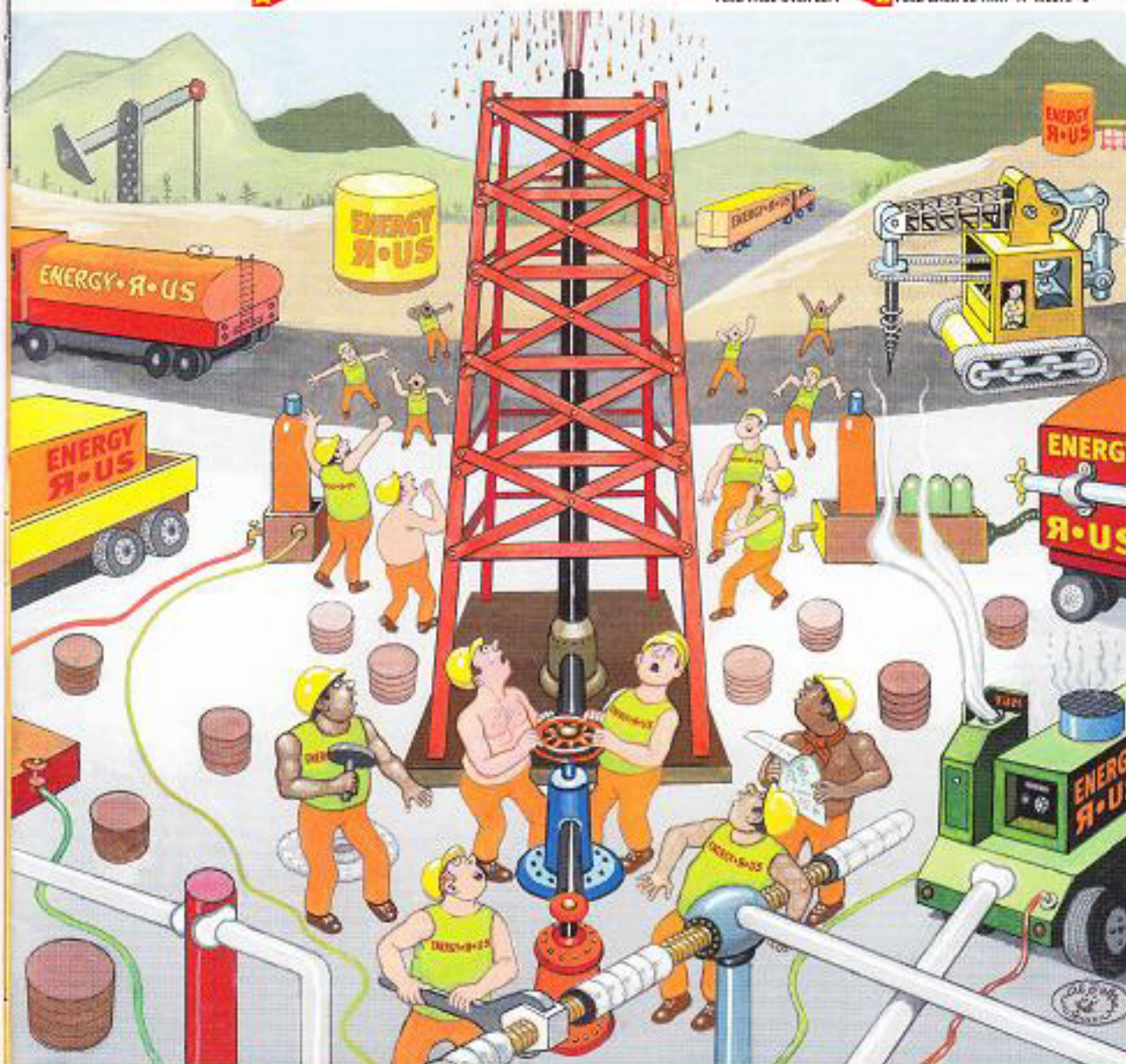
America's energy needs are at an all-time high — and a fractured country is finding a well of common cause by clamoring for change. Grassroots activists are digging in for a potentially earth-shattering battle. In today's environment, it's difficult to know if such intense pressure will make a difference, or if energy companies will just subject us to the same old drill.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**THE TRUE DILEMMA WITH BURIED TREASURE IS BOTH
ABOUT FINDING IT AND RECOVERING IT. THERE'S THE
HAZING FROM MANY ENVIRONMENTALIST BOARDS
OF SELF-APPOINTED ACTIVISTS TO ENDURE.
FRANK DISCUSSION BY ALL SIDES IS SADLY LACKING**

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