LANDMARK FINAL ISSUE!

SEE BACK COVER FOR DETAILS

No. 550 April 2018

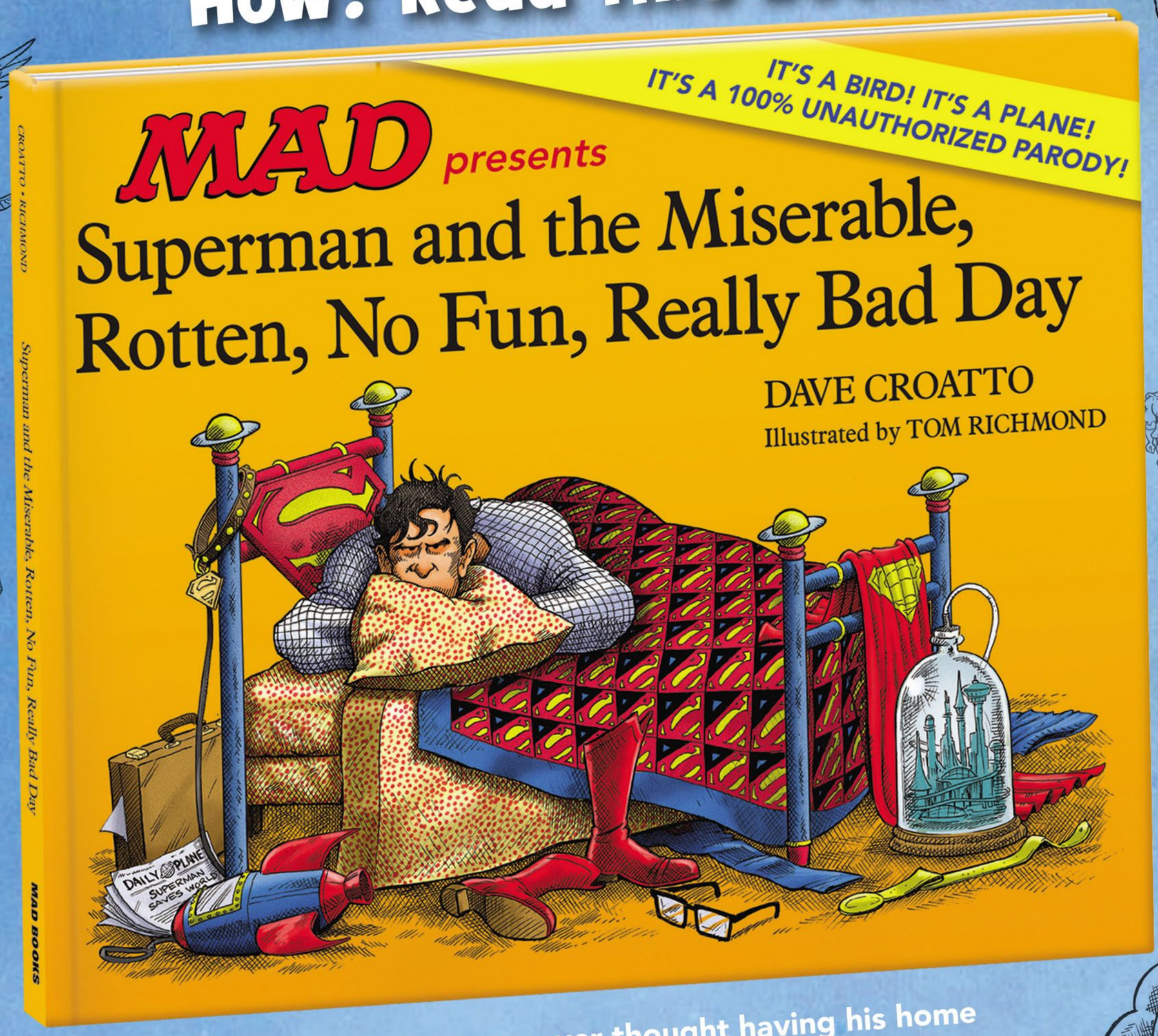
MAD IND ®

Our Price $5.99 Cheap!



HAVE A FABULOUS, WONDERFUL, GREAT DAY!

How? Read this book!

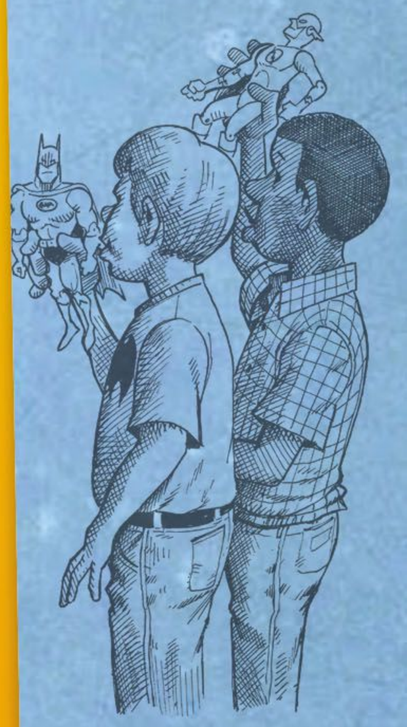








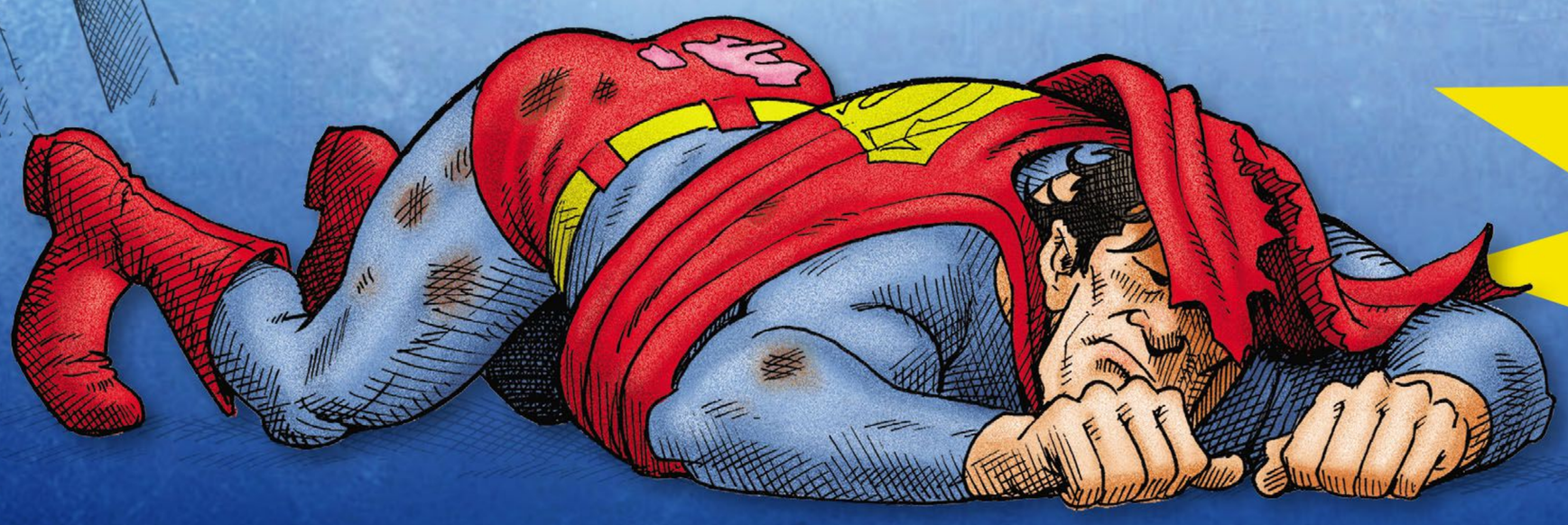






As bad days go, Superman never thought having his home planet explode into bits could be topped...until now!

Here's the story of a day so terrible, so ghastly, so just-not-good that while The Man of Steel could survive it, he's not sure he wants to! On this miserable, rotten, no fun, really bad day, Superman faces rampaging super villains, angry editors, boring chores, a cranky Justice League and, worst of all, bad pizza!



ON SALE NOW!

(Make a day of it!)

MAD

Departments



NUMBER 550
APRIL 2018

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Random Samplings of Reader Mail

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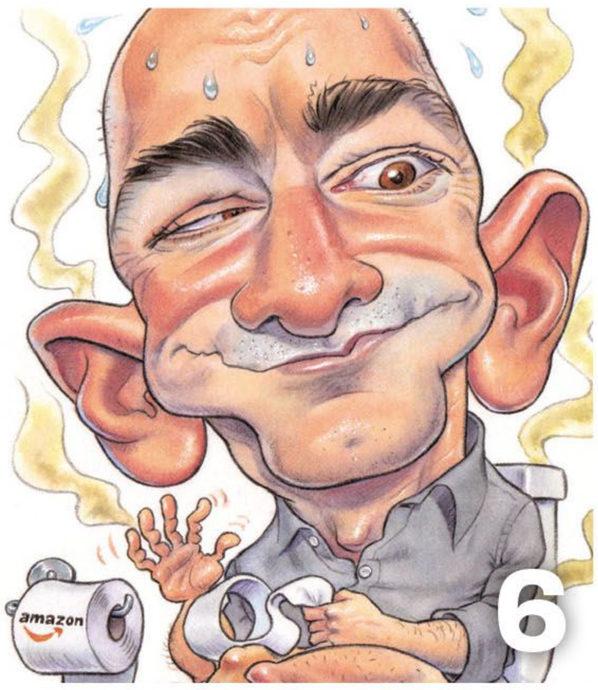
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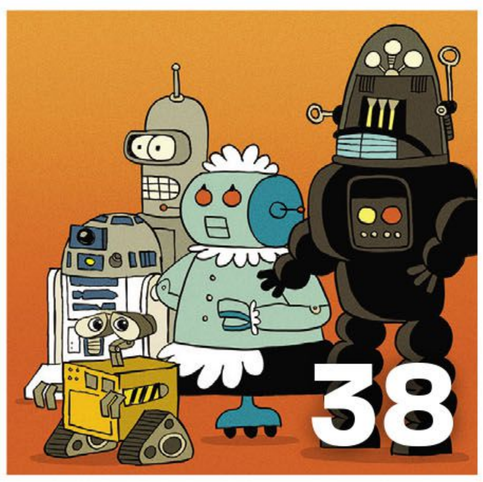
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COVER ARTIST: MARK FREDRICKSON

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Letters and Tomatoes

BRAWL IN THE FAMILY

My four-year-old son, Carter, and two-year-old daughter, Evan, both love Spy vs. Spy! I also like it, but only because it makes my kids' fights seem quaint and non-violent by comparison. Keep up the good work! Maybe "good" isn't the right word...but you know what I mean!

Darcy Savit • McLean, VA

She's Gotta Savit — We're glad we could help you downplay and rationalize the constant, vicious battling among your toddlers! Just to be safe, though, you may want to keep any TNT, rocket skates or giant mousetraps out of their reach! —Ed.



Evan and Carter enjoying a momentary truce



SCOUT'S DISHONOR

I'm a fan of your magazine and here I am writing a letter to you! I know, right? Not an email! Kids do know what paper is (I'm 13). Well, I'm in the Boy Scouts and for my communications merit badge, I have to write to a magazine! So, I chose you! So, I have to tell you my opinion! Well, MAD is great and you have been around since 1952! That's crazy! I say that you should not change a thing, just be yourself and you'll do great!

Aidan Schultz, Troop 7012 • Vallejo, CA

Aiden Abet — First off, we know you could have written to any magazine, and we appreciate you choosing us! Seriously, we hear *Dirt Wheels* is positively swamped with letters from Boy Scouts! Thank you for sharing your opinions with us — we disagree that we are great, that we should not change a thing and that we should be ourselves, but we do agree with you about one thing — MAD has been around since 1952. Hey, here's something we've always wondered — if a Boy Scout hasn't earned a merit badge for sewing, but has a bunch of merit badges sewn onto his uniform, isn't he basically admitting he's a fraud? Anyhoo, be sure to practice safe sew! Always wear a thimble! —Ed.

SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREAK

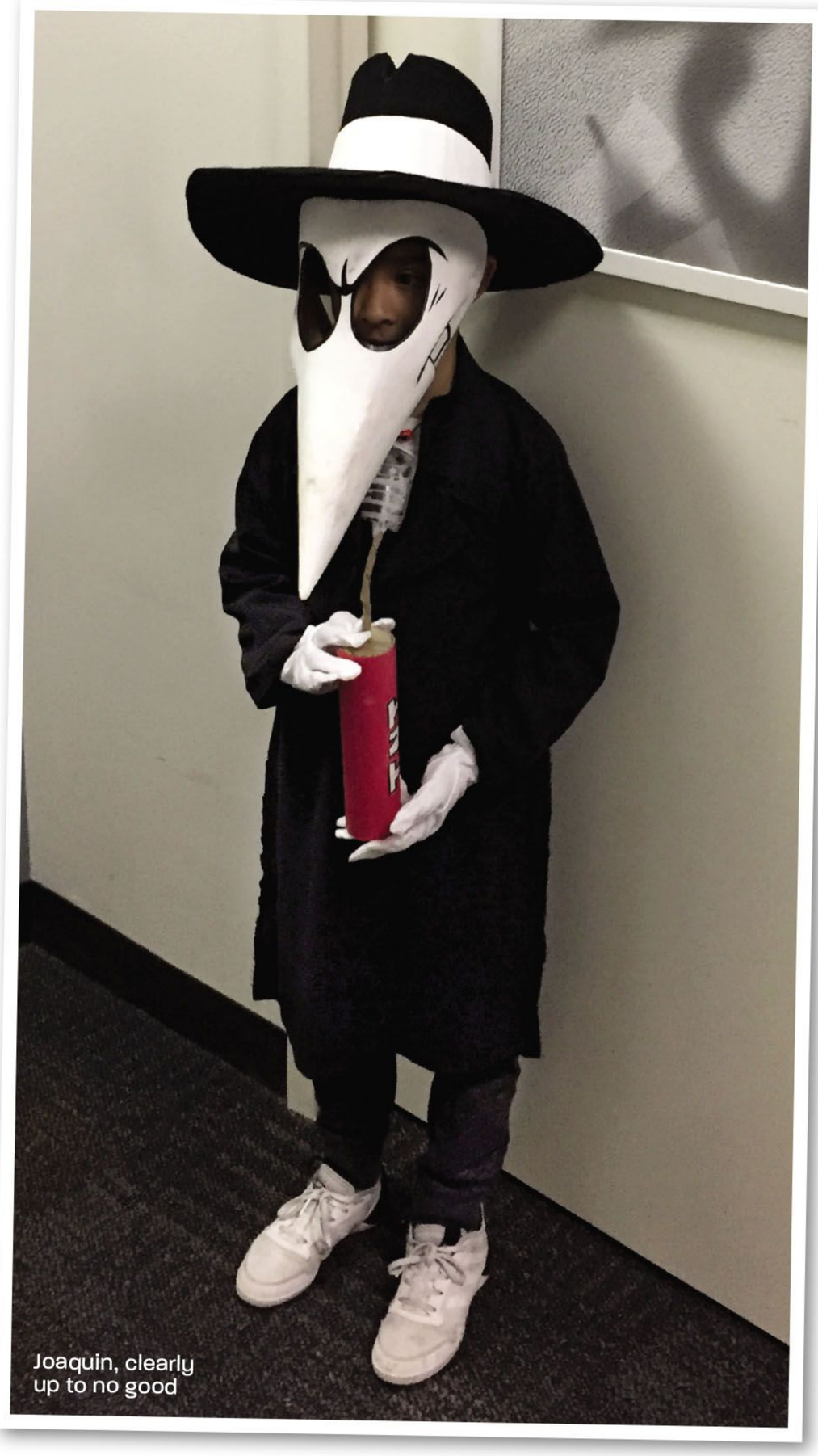
I am writing to inquire: is it really true that Dick DeBartolo has written something for MAD ever since issue #69, way back in 1962? Talk about the Usual Gang of Idiots — I'm an even bigger one for reading him this long!

Thomas Bates • Orlando, FL

Master Bates — Dick first appeared in MAD #69, but his streak of being in every issue actually began with MAD #103 in 1966! And we find that infuriating! We were very clear with Dick when he made his debut back in 1962 that it was supposed to be a ONE-TIME THING! How he snuck by us nearly 450 times over the last five decades, we'll never know, but we really should have been more diligent! Fun fact: there's a streak even LONGER than Dick's! MAD has published a disappointing and inferior issue ever since MAD #1, back in 1952! That streak shows no signs of ending! —Ed.

SPIES-ING THINGS UP

We recently got a special visit from The Black Spy! Actually, it was eight-year-old Joaquin Mejia, showing off the Spy costume that his dad (MAD artist Hermann Mejia) had made for him — suffice to say, we were impressed! Impressed, and also a little concerned that a tiny person in a mask and holding a stick of dynamite could get by our building security so easily!



Joaquin, clearly up to no good

WEDDED BLITZ

I am writing to you with great hopes that you will be co-conspirators in my grand and devious scheme to trick a woman — who I clearly do not deserve — into marriage. It's abundantly clear, even to the dimmest of people (such as my fellow MAD readers), that my beautiful and intelligent girlfriend was either drunk or desperate the day she agreed to be in a relationship with someone who reads your rag on a regular basis. After many years of her tolerating my antics, cooking for me and even spending her hard-earned money to buy me a subscription to MAD, I've decided it is time to pop the big question before she realizes she can do much better. I've given it a great deal of thought, and I couldn't think of a more appropriate and disappointing way to propose to her than through MAD. Your publication is truly the perfect metaphor for the disappointing and substandard life she will be subjected to. In exchange for your help in this matter, I promise to subject her to a lifetime of loudly-read MAD articles, from the bathroom, as I sit on my throne contemplating the meaning of life, and wondering how long it will be before she leaves me.

JANINE, WILL YOU MARRY ME!?!

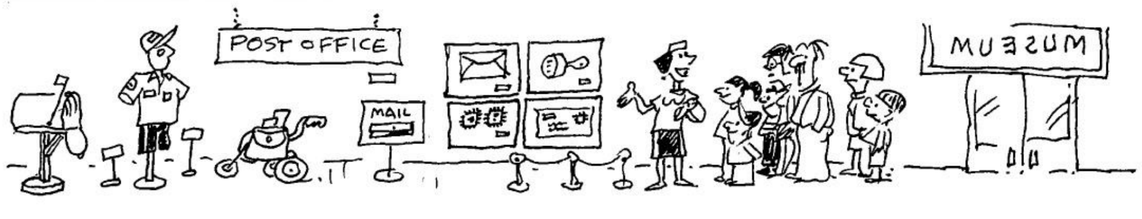
Tony Sedhom • East Stroudsburg, PA



Sedhom Up, Joe — This is truly a momentous occasion! For years, MAD has played an indirect role in ruining countless lives — but this is the first time we've been able to play a *direct* role in ruining one! We're honored and happy to help! Promise us one thing, though? When the time comes, please have Janine reach out to us — we'd love to be the ones who publish her request for a divorce! —Ed.



Janine, with another mess of her own creation



AND A CHILD SHALL READ THEM

Lucy Hildreth has been a (forced) fan of MAD since birth. Her dad, Kyle, even designed her birth announcement to look like an issue of MAD (a transgression for which our lawyers raked him over the coals, we assure you). So, given the dark cloud of MAD hanging over her head since birth, we were pleased to find out that Lucy grew into a normal, well-adjusted young lady (at least as far as MAD readers go). Here's a photo from Lucy and Kyle's recent visit to the MAD offices, proving there are no hard feelings (unless Kyle makes another unauthorized birth announcement – in which case, we'll leave him penniless and ruined)!



Lucy showing off her birth announcment from MAD #482

THE WRITE SIDE OF THE BRAIN

Are the letters you feature published in their entirety, or are they excerpted from a larger body of writing? I'm curious as to whether so many of your readers are as asinine as portrayed on paper.



Brenna Collins • Tulsa, Oklahoma

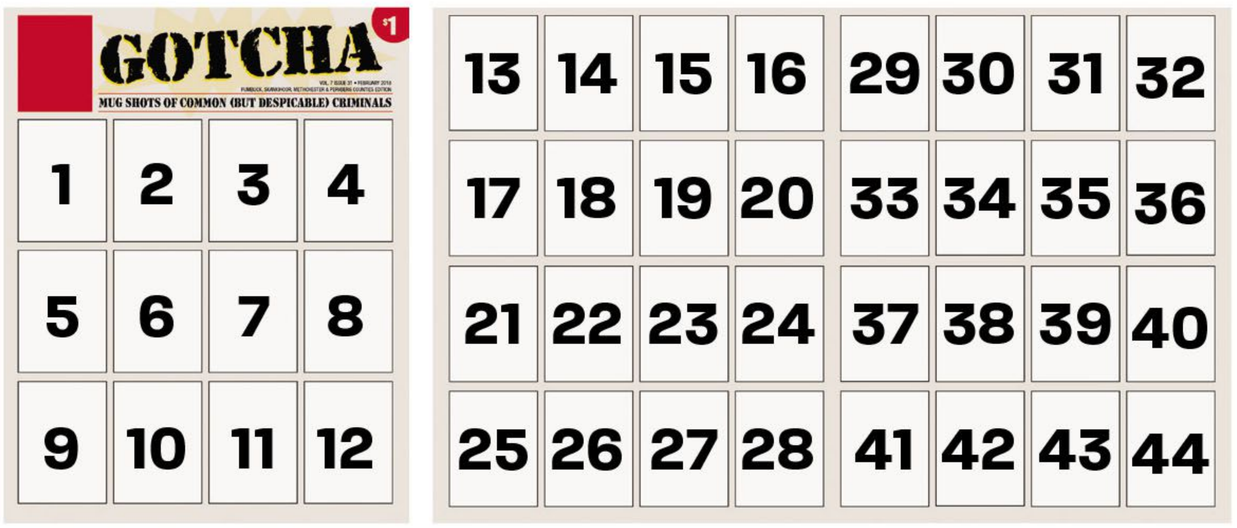
Collins Me Maybe — Good question! The truth is, our readers are actually much, much, MUCH stupider than they appear on paper. For example, we ran your letter in its entirety, and even though you come off as a record-breaking dum-dum, we're confident that your letter doesn't even begin to do you justice! Anyway, thanks for writing (or thanks to whoever helped you)! —Ed.

Letters and Tomatoes



"GOTCHA" ARTIST CREDITS

(FROM PAGE 33)



Self portraits unless otherwise noted:

1. Scott Maiko by Sam Viviano
2. Tom Bunk
3. Desmond Devlin by Tom Richmond
4. Paul Coker
5. Peter Kuper
6. Bob Staake
7. Teresa Burns Parkhurst
8. Justin Peterson
9. Hermann Mejia
10. Sergio Aragonēs
11. Jonathan Bresman by Sam Sisco
12. Richard Williams
13. Mark Stutzman
14. Evan Waite by Anton Emdin
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16. Tim Carvell by Bob Staake
17. David Shayne by Steven Silver
18. Arnie Kogen by Paul Coker
19. Fluffy Earl McScruggs by James Warhola
20. Rich Powell
21. John Martz
22. Dick DeBartolo by Rick Tulka
23. Tom Richmond
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26. Matt Lassen by Ward Sutton
27. Kevin Pope
28. Scott Bricher
29. Kit Lively and Scott Nickel by Scott Nickel
30. Ward Sutton
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32. Rick Tulka
33. Alison Grambs by Hermann Mejia
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35. Anton Edmin
36. P.C. Vey
37. Irving Schild by Sergio Aragonēs
38. Sam Sisco
39. Frank Santopadre by Tom Bunk
40. Christopher Baldwin
41. Kenny Keil by Justin Peterson
42. John McNamee
43. James Warhola
44. Al Jaffee

YULE BE SORRY

I was given MAD's Stocking Stuffer issue as one of my... stocking stuffers. I jumped for joy and screamed, then saw I got a MAD, and stopped. On page 24 ("MAD's Do-It-Yourself Jingle Bells") the contents page said the article was published in 1984. How is this possible if the article had lines referring to eBay, Pokémon, downloading songs and J Lo? Care to explain?

Jonathan Azor • Chicago, IL

A Kick in the Azor — There's only one explanation — it's a Christmas miracle! Sure, as Christmas miracles go, it's pretty lame and unimpressive — but let's face it, a MAD Stocking Stuffer is pretty lame and unimpressive as Christmas gifts go. Oh well, you know what they say: it's the thought that counts. In this case, it was just a terrible thought. Happy holidays! —Ed.

COMFORTABLY DUMB

I was appalled to receive my February 2018 issue and see that the dumbest events of 2017 did not include my decision to subscribe to MAD. Surely, this terrible choice should have ranked in the top 10!

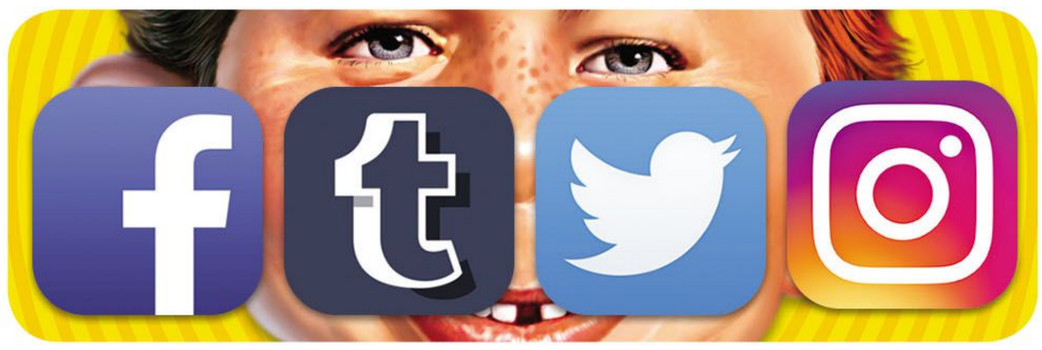
Rod Foroozan, MD • Houston, TX

Pasta Foroozan — So many people stupidly subscribed in 2017, it was hard to single out just one dumb subscriber — although your letter makes a very strong case that you're the dumbest of the bunch. But don't be discouraged! Be sure to check The MAD 20 for 2018 — there's a good chance our decision to print your letter will top that list! —Ed.



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Looking for a way to waste time AND open yourself up to public ridicule? You can do both simply by following us on Facebook, Tumblr, Twitter and Instagram!



To all our friends and readers — thank you.
MAD-ly, John, Sam, Charlie, Joe, Dave, Jacob, Ryan and Patty



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The Usual Gang of Idiots

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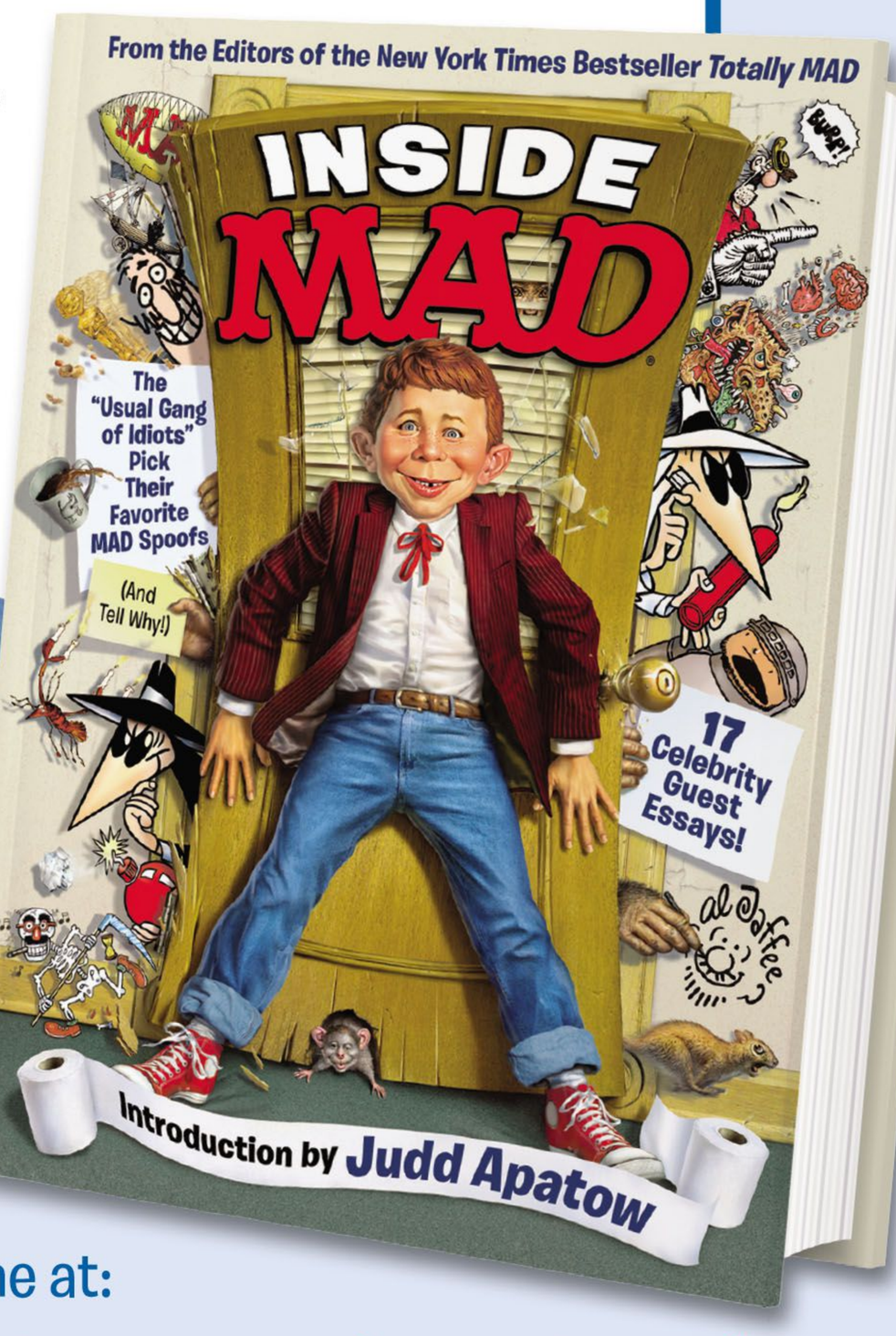
RESIST MATURITY

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THE FUNDALINI

The Fast Five
HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST HACKERS

1. Immediately change your password, Social Security number and mother's maiden name
2. Convert all your money into untraceable cryptocurrencies such as Bitcoin or Dave & Buster's Power Points
3. If canceling all your credit cards and opening a new account seems daunting, keep in mind that Wells Fargo has probably already opened a new account for you without your knowledge
4. Remember, hackers can't ruin your credit score if *you* ruin your credit score first
5. Stop using any electronic devices until the whole thing blows over

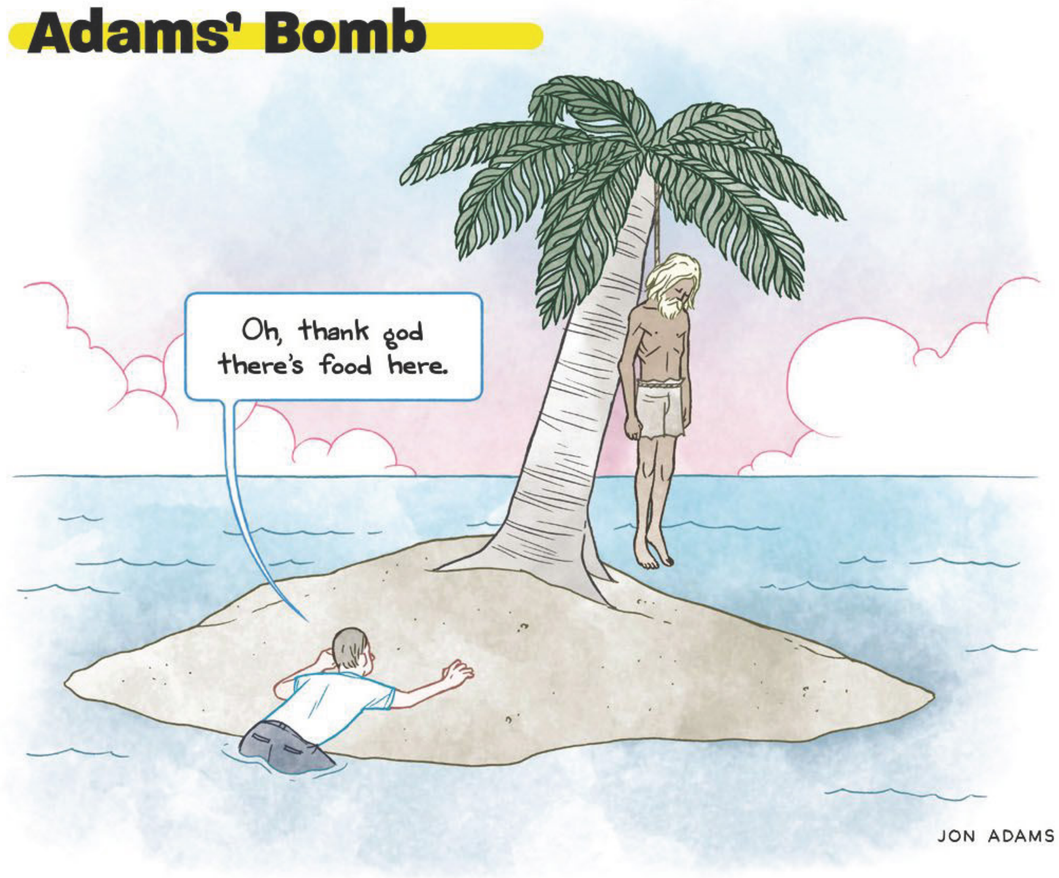


Writer: Kenny Keil
Artist: Ed Steckley

Startling Revelations in the JFK Assassination Papers

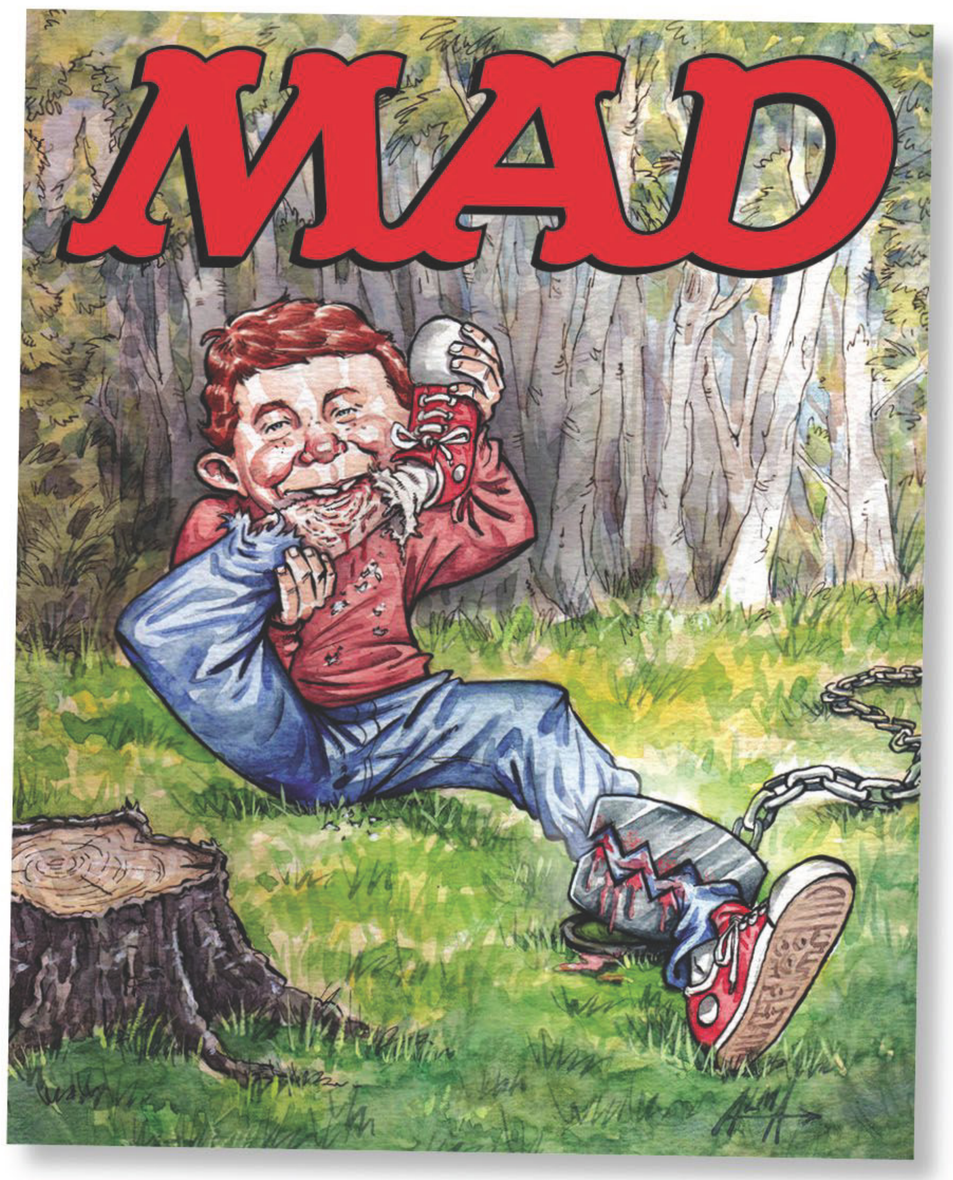
- Lee Harvey Oswald indeed acted alone, as Lyndon Johnson stupidly forgot to set his alarm clock the night before
- Ted Cruz's father has officially been cleared (though Trump now claims that he gunned down Oswald)
- The "shadowy figure on the grassy knoll" was a guy pushing a lawnmower
- John-John has been definitively ruled out as a suspect
- Afterwards, Ford recalled all Lincoln Continental limousines, on the slim chance the death resulted from a problematic timing belt
- The whole thing was cooked up by the FBI, Cuba and, of course, Barack Obama

Adams' Bomb

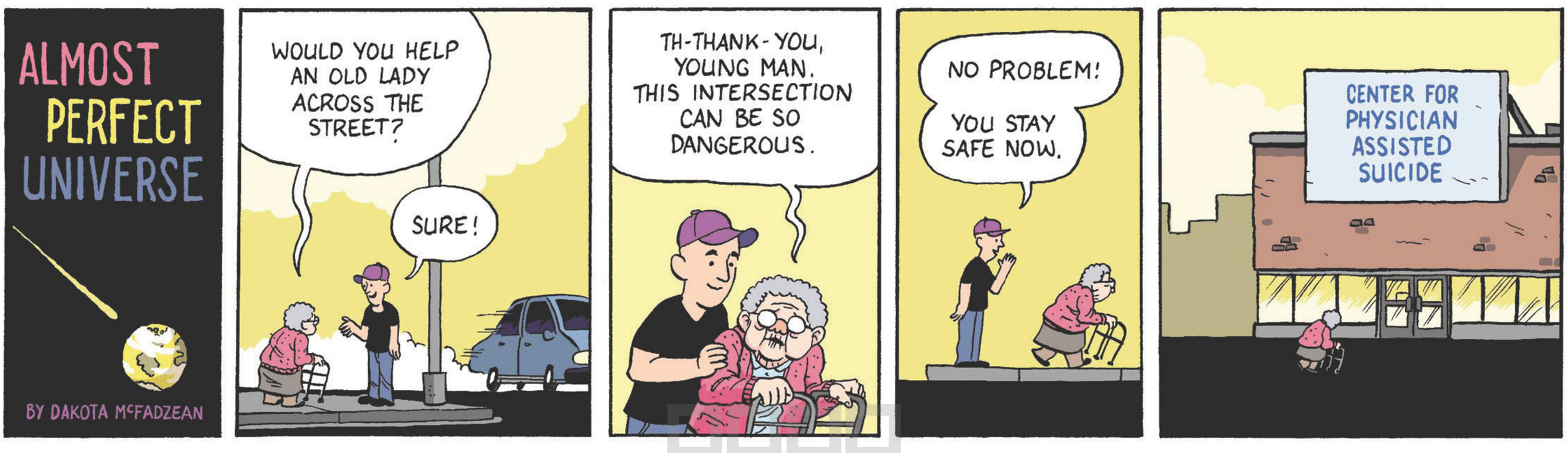


Writer and Artist: Jon Adams

The Cover We Didn't Use



Writer: Michael Gallagher Artist: Ray Alma



Writer and Artist: Dakota McFadzean

pages

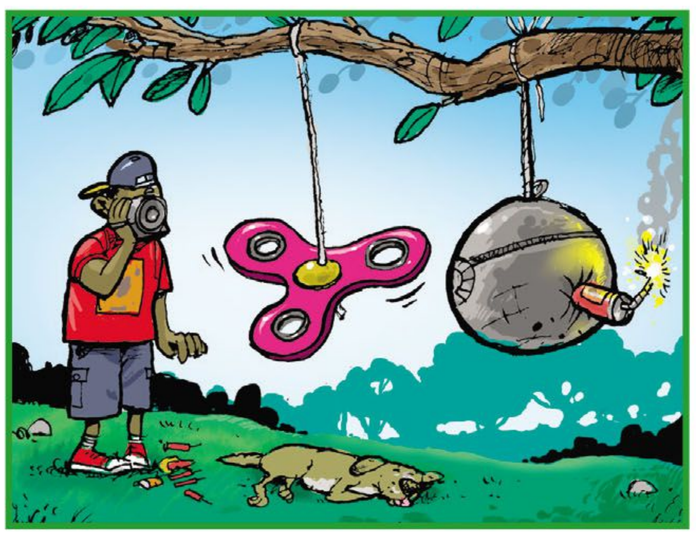
USEFUL THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR OLD FIDGET SPINNER



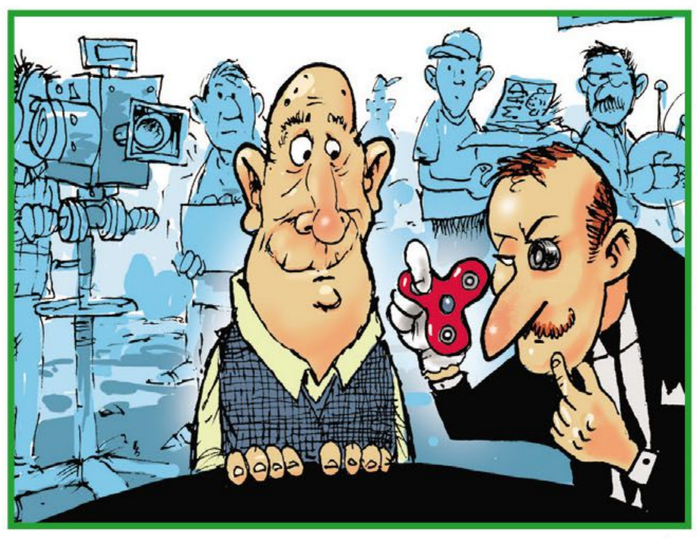
Build playground equipment for the roaches in your apartment



Craft a festive brooch for your grandmother



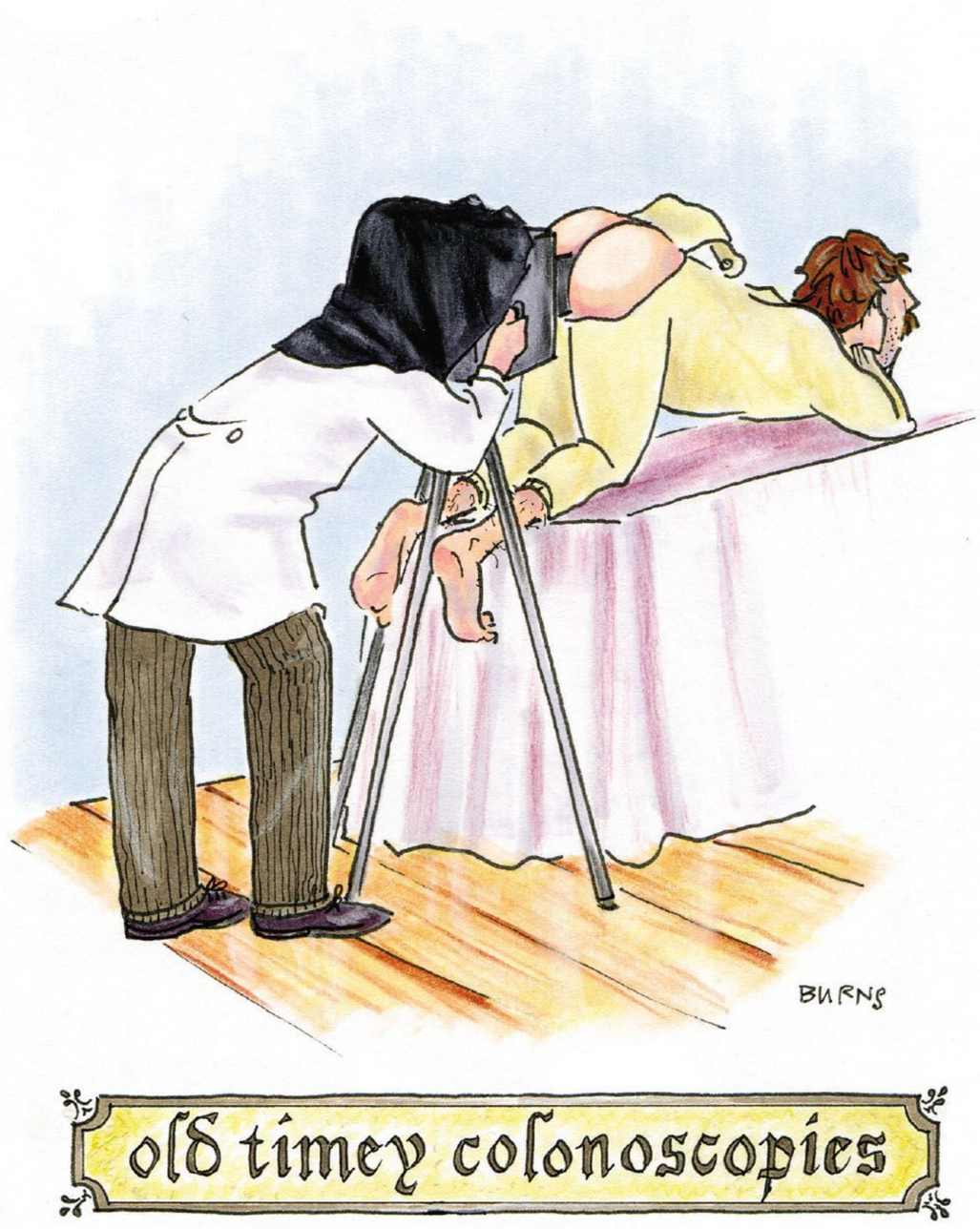
Use it as a spaceship in the extremely low-budget movie you're making



Put it in a closet for 60 years, then go on *Antiques Roadshow* and hope to make a killing

Writer: Mike Morse Artist: Rich Powell

A Walk in the Parkhurst



Writer and Artist:
Teresa Burns Parkhurst

The average American retirement can last 20 years. Will your current retirement plan last that long?

INTRODUCING THE JOHN SHAMCROCK RETIREMENT PLAN.

HOW DOES IT WORK?

John Shamcrock works with you to determine how many years you can comfortably live in retirement and then makes sure you don't live a day longer! Our team of trained financial planners and professional hitmen will make sure you never see it coming!

CHOOSE FROM THREE UNIQUE PACKAGES:

- **PREMIUM** Live life to the fullest! Spend approximately two months at one of our four-star resorts, blowing through your savings like there's no tomorrow! And when you're out of money, there won't be any tomorrow for you!
- **MODERATE** This package will guide you to a modest standard of living, never quite allowing you to get ahead of your monthly bills, and keeping your dream lifestyle just out of reach. You'll wake up every day hoping to see one of our contracted "advisors" at your doorstep! Our least popular, but oddly, most utilized plan.
- **BUDGET** We'll run you over with a Budget rental car!

Live comfortably knowing you'll never live a day past what you can afford, while giving your children the peace of mind that they won't be burdened with taking care of you after you've run out of money.

ENROLL NOW AND WE'LL TAKE OUT YOUR SPOUSE FOR NO ADDITIONAL CHARGE!



John Shamcrock
RETIREMENT PLANNING

Writer: Nathan Cooper A MAD Ad Parody

THE FUNDALINI PAGES

The Faster Five
TIPS FOR USING SOCIAL MEDIA IN THE POST-APOCALYPSE



1. Nothing makes the slowly decomposing corpse of your loved one look cuter than the "baby deer" Snapchat filter
2. Use Throwback Thursday to show everyone how "basic" you looked before you replaced your arm with a chainsaw
3. Checking your wall for "Happy Birthday" postings is a good way to know which of your family members and friends are still alive — basically the same as it is now
4. If you're a zombie, be sure to post a photo of your victim's brains to Instagram before eating them
5. When hiding from scavengers under the floorboards of a rotting house, make sure to switch your phone to "vibrate"

Writer: Chris Carson
Artist: Jonathan Edwards

NATIONAL MONUMENTS IN YOUR HOUSE



Mount Can't-Flush-More



The Leaking Memorial



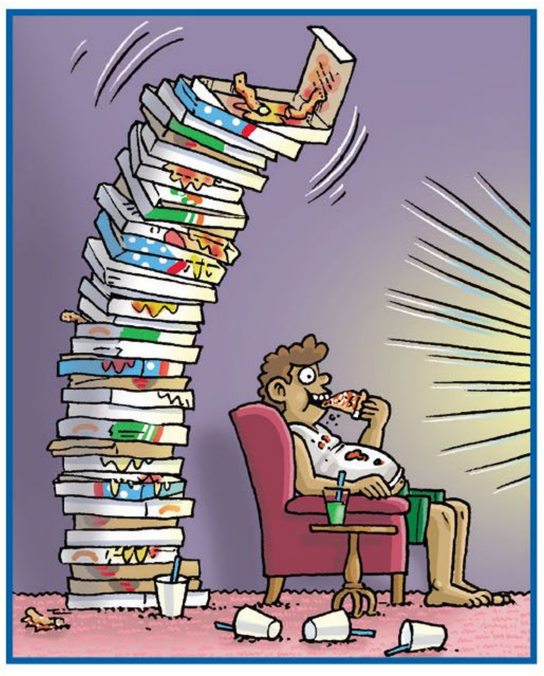
The Washing-A-Ton Monument



The Tomb of the Unknown Leftovers



The Great Pile of China



The Leaning Tower of Pizza Boxes

Writer: Matt Lassen Artist: John Kerschbaum

Little-Known Benefits of Store Rewards Cards

THE HOME DEPOT®
BUY FIVE RAKES, GET THE SIXTH RAKE FREE

OFFICE DEPOT®
Cardholder may swivel in an office chair for 30 rotations while squealing "Wheee!" until an employee asks them to leave

DICK'S SPORTING GOODS®
ALLOWS MEMBER TO RETURN GOLF CLUB EVEN IF USED IN A ROAD-RAGE INCIDENT

CVS
entitles member to purchase plan-b pill without the cashier giving a glaring, judgmental look

PETSMART
EXTRA EIGHT FEET OF CASH REGISTER RECEIPT PER TRANSACTION

GAP
FREE SELFIE WITH MANNEQUIN WEARING SHIRT BEING PURCHASED

Five free earbud disentanglements at the Apple Store Genius Bar

Writer: Evan Waite

The Yungbluth and the Restless



"If you're just joining us, my guest is a man who was stranded on a desert island for over 800 cartoons."

Writer and Artist: Jason Yungbluth

Slogans for Toys You Shouldn't Buy

Blonde and blue-eyed, just like a baby should be!

Just add wood, and watch your termites grow!

Meet your toddler's new worst enemy!

A chemistry set so fun, it should be illegal in more than just 27 states!

The foul-mouthed frog that kids f*&%ing love!

The robot that will capture your heart before enslaving you and your family!

Writer: Jeff Kruse

LITERAL LOGOS FOR PRO SPORTS TEAMS



Writer: Seppo Virtanen Artist: Timothy Shamey

WHAT TO EXPECT FROM AMAZON'S HOME ENTRY DELIVERY SERVICE

Each month, a single lucky customer will come home to find Jeff Bezos on his or her toilet, grunting out a deuce

Amazon guarantees your home will be as safe and secure as your financial information is at Equifax

Amazon will make *millions* selling replacements of stuff ransacked by Amazon delivery people

For customers' peace of mind, couriers will be told in the sternest wording possible not to sneak upstairs, put people's underwear on their heads and dance around in the nude

Boxes will be left in whatever space is free of all the other crap customers already bought from Amazon

In the event of a dog attack, courier's remains may be shipped back to Amazon free of charge



Artist: Sam Sisco

THE FUNDALINI PAGES

MAD'S TIPS FOR "CUTTING THE CORD"



Subscribe to online services that cater to your needs. Get Hulu for TV shows, Netflix for movies, Amazon Prime for the movies not on Netflix, HBO GO for your *Game of Thrones* fix, Playstation Vue for live TV, On Demand Now for recorded TV watching and YouTube Red for *Minecraft* tutorials. Now isn't that so much simpler?

Look for low-cost alternatives to viewing cable, such as YouTube pranks, online cat GIFs or watching TV through your neighbor's window

You may still want to purchase an On Demand subscription to your favorite shows, but be warned: much of the visceral thrill of *Cupcake Wars* is lost when you're not watching it in real time

Make a little scrapbook of screen caps from your favorite shows for those long, lonely nights when you're really missing your cable box

Don't let all the money you're saving and your newfound hobbies distract you from the real benefit of cutting off your cable: being able to constantly brag about not having cable

Writer: Kenny Keil Artist: Jose Garibaldi



Fundalini Correction

In MAD #438 and in numerous issues thereafter, we ran a feature called "Monkeys Are Always Funny." It has since come to our attention: they are not.

Worst-Selling *National Geographic* Books



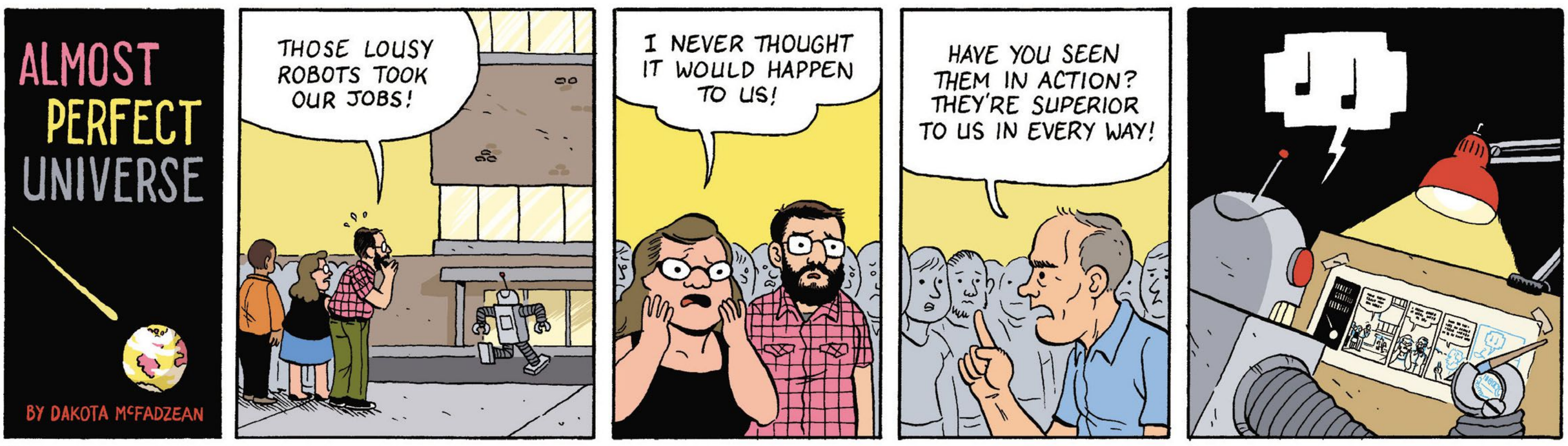
Writer: Jeff Kruse

A Bit of Hanky-Panckeri



"OMG – she just said her first acronym!"

Writer and Artist: Drew Panckeri



Writer and Artist: Dakota McFadzean

FIRST AID FOR THE CHOKING VICTIM IN THE DIGITAL AGE

IF PERSON IS AWAKE

1 Ask victim: "Are you choking?" If victim can't talk, say: "Text me 'yes' or 'no.'"



2 From behind the choking victim, use a closed fist above the person's belly button and pull sharply inward and upward.

If a piece of food comes flying out, take a photo of the dish victim was eating. **IMMEDIATELY** post it on Yelp with a very negative review.



If a person's teeth come flying out, check to see if anyone was lucky enough to catch it on video on their cellphone. **IMMEDIATELY** post it on YouTube. #PoligripFail



IF PERSON IS UNCONSCIOUS

1 Tilt their chin back, put your arm around their neck, lean in and take a selfie. (Look concerned, no smile.) Post on Instagram with hashtag "#RIP?"



2 Open their mouth to look for foreign objects. Stick camera end of your phone into their mouth and live-stream the video so people around the world can help you see if anything is in there. Turn on the flash to better see deep down!



3 If there's no blockage, use both hands to perform chest compressions. Continue until victim and/or phone battery dies.



4 If person starts breathing, immediately post a "thumbs up" selfie with a happy Snapchat filter.



5 If victim turns blue, use your phone's photo program to enhance the color. Post to Twitter with a thoughtful 280-character obit.



WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST: JACOB CHABOT

PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY MAD MAGAZINE

SENTIMENTAL ILLNESS DEPT.

THIS

So much gooey sappiness!
So much drippy, syrupy mush!
This isn't a regular TV drama…

I'm **Miguel**, the most **forgettable** regular character in this schmaltzy **cry-porn factory**. I'm the **uninteresting friend** who later becomes the **uninteresting second husband**. How **flat** and **dull** am I? The "wacky" **MAD parody name** for my character **Miguel** is "**Miguel**"! But even though I've revealed **nothing** about myself, **enough** about **me!**

Let's talk about this show's **structure**. The big **gimmick** is that it tells a story of one **biracial, bipolar family** by **jump-cutting** around in **time**. Our show's fanatic **fans** are **spellbound**, seeing this astonishing concept of **past** and **present** co-existing.

Dramatically, it's like flipping through a cherished family **photo album**. A photo album filled with **abandonment, alcoholism, adultery** and **addiction** — and those are just the **A's!** Then we've got the snapshots of **divorce, racism, stillborn birth, terminal disease, emotional betrayal, mental illness**…well, anyway, the **kids** are cute! You know **what?** Just **turn off** your **brain**. And enjoy the simpering, bland **Starbucks acoustic music** we use in **scene**…after **scene**…after **scene**…

Family patriarch **Jerk Worsen** here! I'm **alive**, for **now**. But **soon** I'll be **dead**. Then **alive**…then **dead**… then **alive** again! Just like the **Obamacare repeal!** I'm also **sober**, then **drunk**, then **sober**, then **drunk**, then **sober**. Bewilderingly, I'm portrayed as the **perfect, stable backbone** my family can always **count on!**

You all know **me! Kvetching Worsen**, the **hunkalicious star** of an idiotic **TV sitcom** called ***The Manmeat***. I play the titular **himbo**. Drink in this **perfect body**. Just eight percent **body fat!** Too bad **all** of it is in my **head!** ***The Manmeat*** is a show written for **everybody** aged **six** to **60**, if they have **mentalities** aged **six** to **6¾!** ***Variety*** called my **acting** "the best reason yet for **abolishing** the medium of **television**." **See?** They said I was the **best!**

Do not **adjust** your **television**. You are **not** watching ***threehundredthirtysomething***! I'm this guy's twin sister, **Plate!** I have a **weight problem** because I have **emotional issues**. And I have **emotional issues** because I have a **weight problem**. It's the **circle of life**, except **I'm** the **circle!** Every one of my **plotlines** is about my **eating disorder**, which imbues my **TV character** with the same **emotional depth** as **Yogi Bear's**. Now **that** guy had a *real* **pic-a-nic basket problem!** I **feel** you, **bear**.

And I'm **Bloaty Damon**, Plate's much-too-**significant other**, and the **best argument** for more stringent **anti-stalker legislation!** From the moment I **saw** Plate, there was a wild **attraction** between us. But it's **no different** than the **gravitational pull** between any two **planets!** As **boyfriend material**, I'm **loving, caring** and **thoughtful**. I love **having sex**, I **care** about **having sex** and I constantly **think** about **having sex!** And like **half** the **people** on this **show,** I apparently have **no job!** Which leaves me **ample time** for thinking up my next five feeble **relationship "quips."** I tried to get a job once as a **writer,** but **Jimmy Fallon** said my **comedy** wasn't **edgy** enough!

IS PUS

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN
ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

I'm excited to be starring in my first hit **TV series** since I played **Peter** in ***Heroes***. Unfortunately, **that** show was a **gimmicky melodrama** crammed with talky **family angst**, multiple versions of the **same characters**, **flashback events** and **future shock reveals**. That's why the series went **stale** after just **one season**...er, I'd prefer if you **didn't** just hear me **say** that! Instead, just focus on the **scraggle quotient** of my changeable time-traveling **beards!**

I'm Jerk's wife, **Rubella!** But if you watched **MTV** for precisely the right **five weeks** in **1999**, you might kinda sorta **remember** me as pop princess **Mandy Moore**. My character used to have ambitions of a **singing career**, but it never quite **clicked** for her. To **prepare** for the role, I studied **myself!**

The way this show is **structured**, it sometimes cuts **fifteen years** off of my **age**, as an episode **ricochets** from **one scene** to the **next**. Usually, actresses shave off 15 years **themselves**, by editing their **Wikipedia bio pages!**

It wasn't **easy** raising **triplets**, but I came up with a **system** that kept me **sane**. I took care of the **first one** from **January** through **April**, the **next one** from **May** through **August**, and the **last one** from **September** to **December!** But I'm pretty sure my husband **Jack** secretly **nursed** them behind my back. The babies kept **coughing up** greasy black **chest hairs!**

BAWL BABY TISSUES

STOP STARING AT ME, SWAN! THE COMPLETE POETIC WORKS of ADAM SANDLER

Greetings, viewers! Do you ever **dream** about a sexy, middle-aged **Urkel**, with **killer abs** and a crippling **anxiety disorder?** Well, your **TV dream** has finally come true! I'm **Rancid Worsen**, the **adopted black son** who is, weirdly enough, the **white sheep** of the family! I **grapple** with feelings of **racial jitters** in my own **neurotic, upper-class way**. I earn **millions** and **millions** of dollars as a **commodities trader**, while eating myself up with the debilitating **panic attacks** that'll cause me to **pop** an **aneurysm** and **drop dead** at **40**. And then my sizzling wife **Blecch** will inherit **every dollar**. Hmmm... exactly **which one** of us has the **genius business plan?**

I'm Rancid's supportive wife, **Blecch**. To the **outside world**, my husband **Rancid** may seem **tightly wound**, but he's a maladjusted, stressed **zoo tiger** in the **sack**. And to keep our sex life **hot**, he has me fill out a short **questionnaire** afterwards! Every **three months**, he compiles a **spreadsheet** of my **physical needs**, then uses a simple **prioritization matrix** to meet his **quota!** *Mmmm*. **Crunch** those numbers, **baby!!**

I'm just here to look **cute** and comically understand **adult references**.

I'm just here to look **cute** and to comically **NOT** understand **adult references!**

Withered Hill's my name. When I was **reunited** with my birth son, **Rancid**, after **36 years** apart, I felt a tremendous **lump** in the pit of my **stomach**. I thought it was **emotion**, but the **doctors** told me it's **cancer**. Maybe the **drug abuse** did it. I'm so **wasted** that, to **me**, this show seems in **chronological order!** It broke my heart to **abandon** my baby **Rancid** on the **front steps** of the **hospital**. But you must **understand**, the world was **different** then. **Today**, I could go on **Craigslist** and trade him for a **jet ski!**

So you're **8.9999 months pregnant**, with **triplets**. That's **no reason** why I shouldn't get my annual wifey **stripper dance**, followed by **birthday sex!**

But is it **safe?**

Absolutely. I brought along this **surfboard**, in case your **water breaks!**

CREEAAK!

GRATUITOUS BUTT SHOT

You're in **good hands** with kindly old **Doc Kowznofski**. I'm so **corny**, I once made **Norman Rockwell** vomit on his shoes! **I'll** deliver those **babies** of yours. A little **gumption** and a pinch of **homespun wisdom**, mixed with some good old **country know-how**, and you'll be **right** as **rain**. Okay, time to apply the **leeches!**

I needed to **exercise**. So I bought a much heavier **ice cream scoop!**

Hey, do you wanna **sneak out** of here and get a **second dinner?** I can toss a handful of **Dunkin' Donuts Munchkins** across the room to create a **diversion**.

NBC got to feel **brave** and **noble** about portraying the societal stigma of **obesity** with honest, resonant **directness**. For about **30 seconds**. Then they introduced **Chubsy McWisecrack** as the **romcom bad boy** of **"Silver Dollar Pancakes Playbook"**!

Wait — are you telling me that... our **third baby** didn't **make it?**

Listen to me, Jerk. You **will** go on. You can **adopt**. And that **child** will have **love** and grow **strong**. He will go on to be an **invaluable source** of half-baked **racial subplots** that don't go **anywhere!** Most **importantly**, this **overwrought scene** WILL be **submitted** to the **Emmys**, and I **WILL** receive the **award** for **Outstanding Guest Actor in a Drama Series!**

Quit? **QUIT?** But you're the **star** of the **#1 sitcom!** On the **TV Land channel**. On **Wednesdays**. What **possible reason** could you have?

Buried under this succulent **dude flesh** is a **serious actor!** You gave me your **solemn word** that this **tragicomic denouement** would explore the **jagged depths** of the **human psyche!** Absolute stark **reality!** But these are **plastic fish!** And the **dog** can't even **fart** on his **cue!**



At last, we **meet!** You are my **biological father**. I've brought 10 or 12 handy **charts** to explain the **deoxyribonucleic acid's** role in this **process**.

Your **mother** and I were both **drug addicts**, and had to give away our **newborn baby**. Then your mother **died**. I **spiraled** out of **control** and ended up on the **streets**. So I went into **rehab**, where I began a **gay relationship** before being **diagnosed** with inoperable **cancer**. ***Phew!*** That was one rough **Tuesday!**

At **first**, I didn't think it was a **smart idea** to let a **total stranger** come **live** with us and be with our **girls**. Especially a **heroin addict!** But they **really** seem to be **bonding!**

Goldilocks was **jonesing** real **bad** for her daily **porridge fix**. So she **broke into** somebody's **house** to get a **taste** of the stuff! And after **heating up** the **spoon** and doing her **third bowl**, she felt **juuussst right**. And she **nodded off** into **unconsciousness**, just as if she was **floating** down a **slow river**. *Mmmm*, **yeah**, I wish ***I*** was **mainlinin'** some of that pure **Bolivian porridge** riiiight about **now!**

They're just going to let us **take** him? It's only been **one day!** How were we able to **adopt** an **unknown child**, without any **attempt** to locate the **parents?** Who would award **custody** to a **poverty-stricken** family with **two newborns?** Doesn't the **adoption process** usually take a **long time?**

I handled it. While you were in **labor** with the **other two**, I studied **law**, passed the **bar exam** and **filed** the necessary **paperwork** with the **circuit court**.

Now **THAT'S** a **gifted child!**

You've got to **leave**, Bloaty! My **dad** and I always **watched Steelers** games **together**. It was our special **personal thing**. And ever since he **died**, I watch the **Steelers** with his **cremated ashes** sitting **beside** me!

But this **urn** is filled with **trail mix!**

Gah!! Then **WHAT** have I been **eating?**

Ooh! *Mmm*, **baby!** There's nothing more **arousing** than tasting the remnants of **bar peanuts** and **Budweiser burps**, mixed into a **shipwreck beard!** But **promise** me we **won't** have **kids!**

Mmmff! **Pant!** There's no bigger **decision** in a **marriage** than whether to have **children**. So let's make that **decision**, by default, **3/4ths blotto**, in the **bathroom** of a **bar!** What a **night!** First we **win** the **Super Bowl**, and then you get your own private **orgasmic touchdown!**

More like a "**two minute warning**"!

REST ROOM

FOR A GOOD TIME CALL BECKY

Listen, Honey! Maybe we don't have much **money**. But we can make it **together**, with **love!** Here, kids, eat a **heaping bowl** of **love!**

Things are **looking up!** It says here that I can sell **blood** for **$20** a **pint**. And since the **human body** has **10 pints** of **blood**, that means I'm about to make **$200!**

Whoa, why the **grumpy face?** You **loved** it when I booked you a **surprise singing gig**, or when I flew **cross-country** to **surprise** you, or when I **surprised** you at **fat camp!** Don't you like my **unhealthy, disruptive romantic gestures** anymore?

Those writers' room **"quirky deeds"** were very **hypothetically charming**. But only because my **mind** is aswirl with **daddy issues**, an **eating condition** and the **inability** to distinguish between **flamboyant desperation** and **love**. This time, however, you've gone **too far**. You **sat** on my **bundt cake!**

SHOPPING
BACON
BACON
BACON
BACON
BACON
BACON
BACON
BACON
PURE
GLUTEN

I know I'm **wooden**, but **stop** hanging **tinsel** on me!

*On the **twelfth** day of **Christmas**, this **family** has to **deal**...*
*...with twelve **tortured secrets**, eleven **Kleenex moments**,*
*ten **childhood traumas**, nine **misunderstandings**,*
*eight **drunken squabbles**, seven **dumb "traditions,"***
*six **fat support groups**, FIVE **cliff-hang-ers!***
*Four **broken dreams**, three...*

A Massive Christmas Heart Attack? That'd be the **worst title** for a **holiday special** ever!

Bloaty hit the **floor** so **hard**, he may not **survive!** And **neither** might the **floor!**

We don't have any **cardio shock paddles!** Quick, try to **revive** him with the girls' **"Operation"** game!

OPERATION
SKILL GAME
CRUNCH!

Surprise! I didn't **die!** It was just **another** of our many one-episode **subplots** to **nowhere!** Like your **assistant's job** and confronting your boss' **obnoxious kid**. Or Blecch's **pregnancy scare**. Or Withered's **secret gay rehab lover**. Or the **lady** at the **pool** who taught your mom **Afro maintenance**. Or the time **Jerk** became a **card shark** who **fleeced** the **mob**. Or **Kvetching's** affair with the **playwright**. Or Rancid's **daughter** becoming an overnight **chess expert**. Or the **woodland cabin** of **nostalgia** and **drugs**. Or the **lecherous creeper** at your **fat camp**. But there is **one** paper-thin **subplot** that we've **dragged out** for an **entire season**: ***HOW did your father die?***

I **want** to **tell** you. But there's something **stopping** me: **NBC's promotional department!**

GRAVY
JELLO
CARDIAC PIZZA
DONUTS
DONUTS
DONUTS





That wraps up a **commercial-free block** with "**No Time**," and before that, "**I Just Died in Your Arms**," "**Knockin' on Heaven's Door**," "**Down in a Hole**" and "**Don't Fear the Reaper**." Stay tuned, we'll be back with the **Grateful Dead**, but first, "**Another One Bites the Dust**"!

Uh, is it **alright** if I **change** the **station?**

This **farewell father-son road trip** is an **emotionally healing** journey. And if you **die** right there in the **shotgun seat**, I can still use the **carpool lane!**

MEMPIS

WE'VE GOT GRACELAND AND... UMM...

SEE ROCK

1WRLDPRB

The **first time** you left me **behind**, it **didn't** cost me **$34,000!**

Gurgle gakk glick! It's...so **hard**... to say **goodbye**. Primarily because of... ***urk!***...these **tubes**... down my **throat!**

Sob! **MY DAD'S GONE!** And now I'll **never** see him **again**. Except for the **35 flashbacks** in **seasons two** and **three!**

GONER

COSTCO

Woooo!!! Wedding day! Do you think it's all **downhill** from **here?**

I **do!**

Could **somebody** please **sweep up** the **rice?** We'll **need** it for **dinner!**

Doc Clown! What are **YOU** doing here?

I came to **warn** you all! You can't keep **repeating** this back-and-forth **time jump gimmick** forever, or you'll run a **cute premise** into the **ground!** And take it from **me**, you **don't** want to **end up** in the **Old West!**

SCREEEECH

At least when ***I*** travel through **time**, it happens at **88 miles per hour**. Your family just **wallows** in the stagnant **soupiness** of **every** moment that ever **happened**. You act like **every** little **incident** or **meeting** or **remark** was an **emotional explosion** that utterly **transformed** the **pathways** of your **lives**. No **heartstring** left **untugged**, no **gut** left **unwrenched**, no **tear** left unjerked!

I'd say **each** of my **children** was having a **midlife crisis**. But when they **bounce** from age **36** to age **0** to age **16** to age **36** to age **10** to age **0** to age **nine** to age **36**, what the hell does "**midlife**" even **mean?**

And **where** have your **transformed pathways** gotten you? **Straight** to **nowhere!** The **mom** got **remarried**...to the only other **male character** around! The **one son** quit his **job**. The **other son** just quit **his** job. And the **daughter** doesn't **have** a job to **quit!** I could drive this **time machine** 75 years into the **future**, and with your **maladjusted DNA**, I know your **great-great-grandkids** would be the **same** pack of **sappy**, **maudlin whiners** that **you** are!

That's **harsh!** But at least we **finally** found out how **Dad dies!**

OUTTA PATIENCE

BOOMERS V

Beatles vs. Stones. Coke vs. Pepsi. Kardashians vs. Vanderpumps. The world is full of bitter rivalries, each of them leading to disagreements, arguments and disputes (a warning to you Kardashian lovers out there: we're staunchly pro-Vanderpump). But things get especially testy when it comes to rivalries between generations — which is why we're helpfully pouring fuel on the fire with...



BOOMER Wore a necktie to his first job interview



MILLENNIAL Also wore a necktie — but no pants



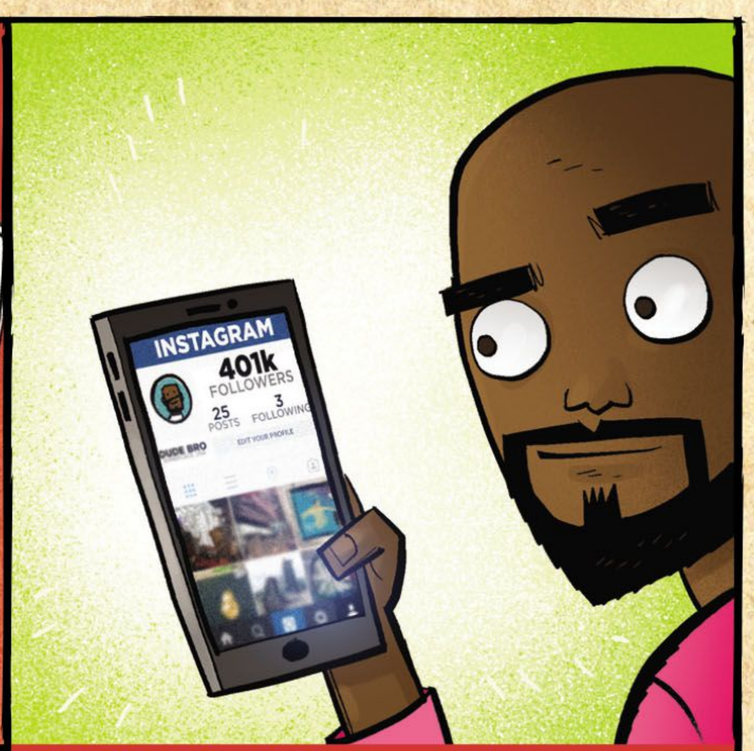
BOOMER Once went to Europe and used ten rolls of film



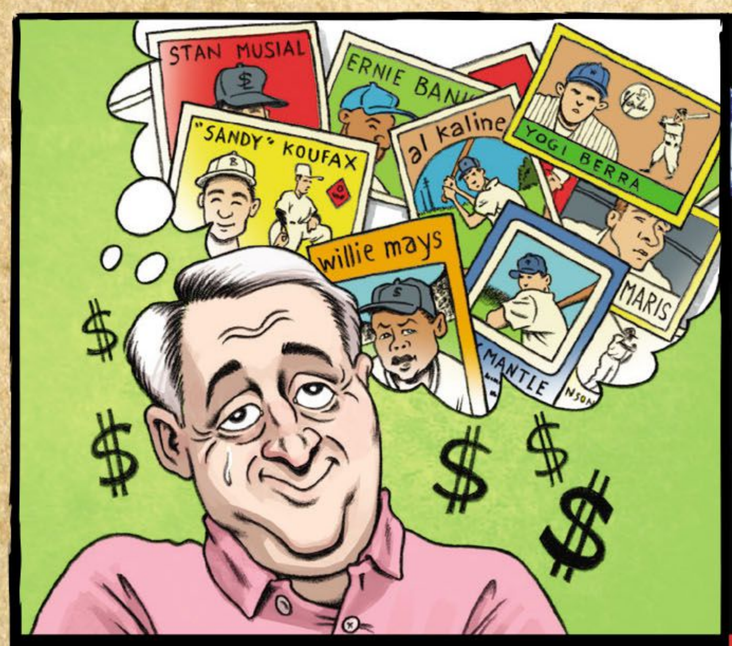
MILLENNIAL Once went to the bathroom and took ten selfies



BOOMER Has a 401k



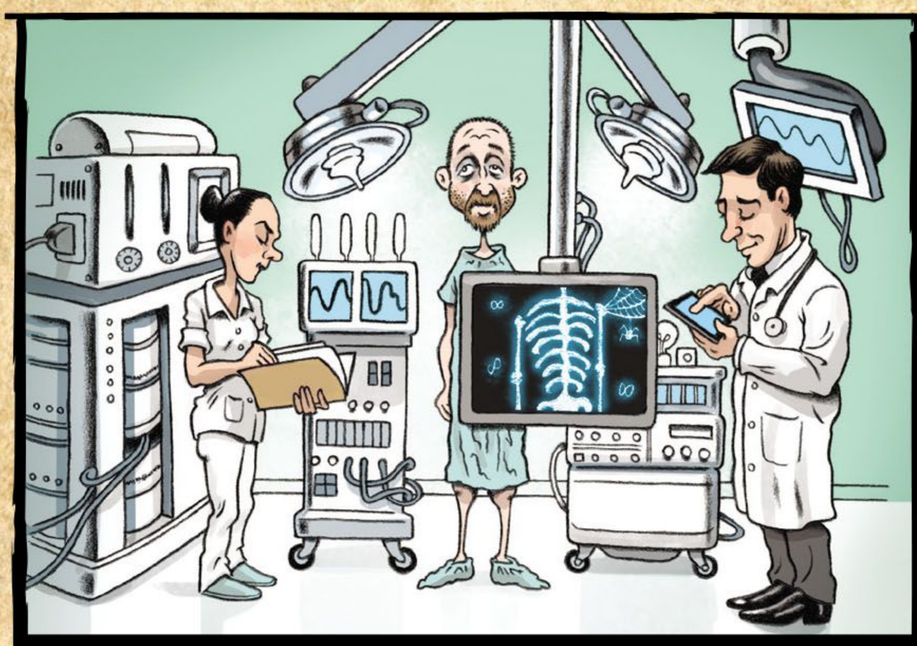
MILLENNIAL Has 401K Instagram followers



BOOMER Would be a millionaire if he'd kept his baseball card collection



MILLENNIAL Would be a millionaire if he hadn't spent his life savings on Pokémon cards



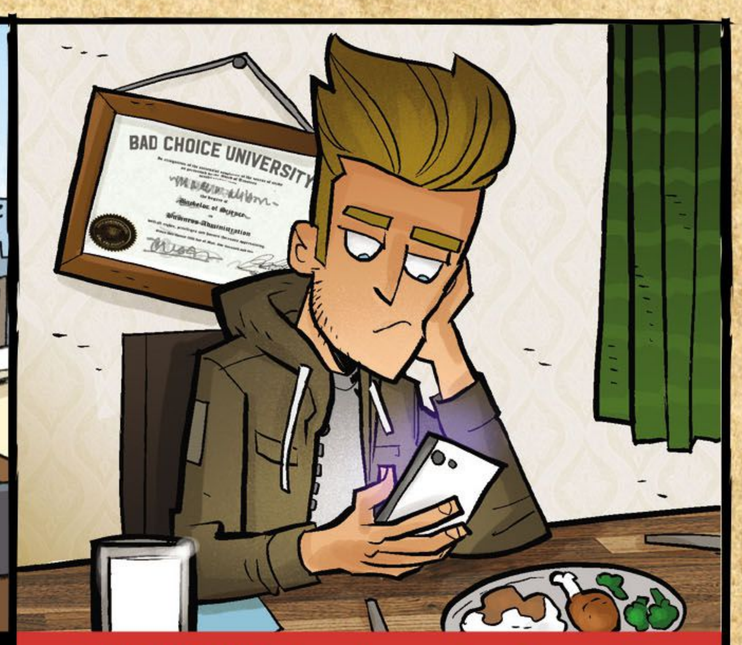
BOOMERS Will live longer than any other generation, thanks to advances in medical technology

S. MILLENNIALS

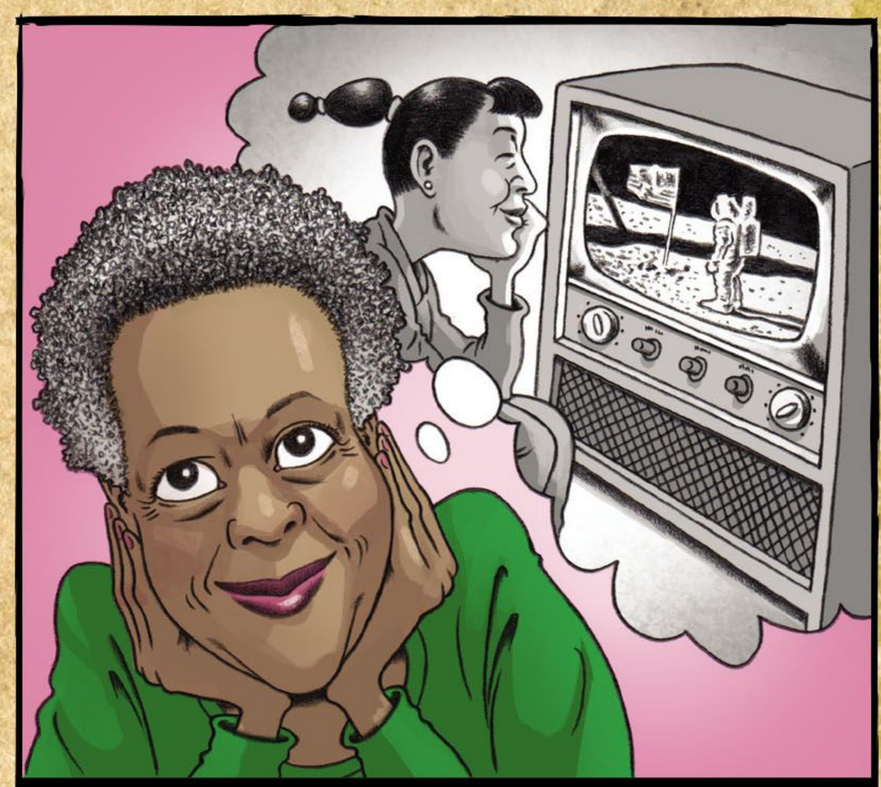
WRITER: KENNY KEIL ARTISTS: RICK TULKA AND JUSTIN PETERSON
BOOMERS COLORIST: JIM CAMPBELL



BOOMER Went to college so he wouldn't wind up flipping burgers



MILLENNIAL Graduated college, is buried in student loan debt and would kill for a job flipping burgers



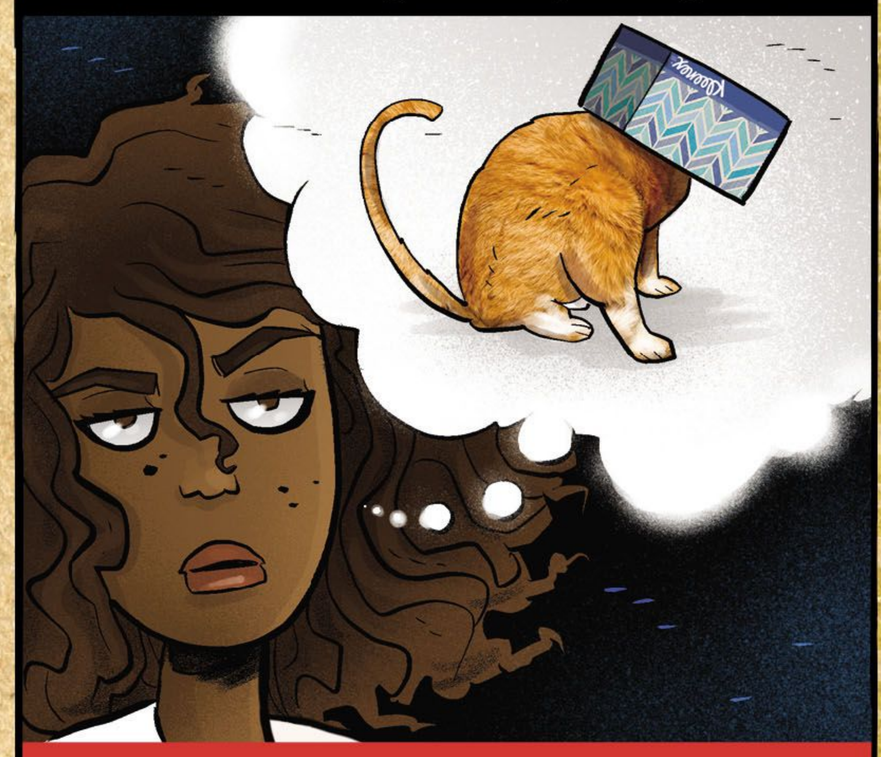
BOOMER Still remembers watching the moon landing over 40 years ago



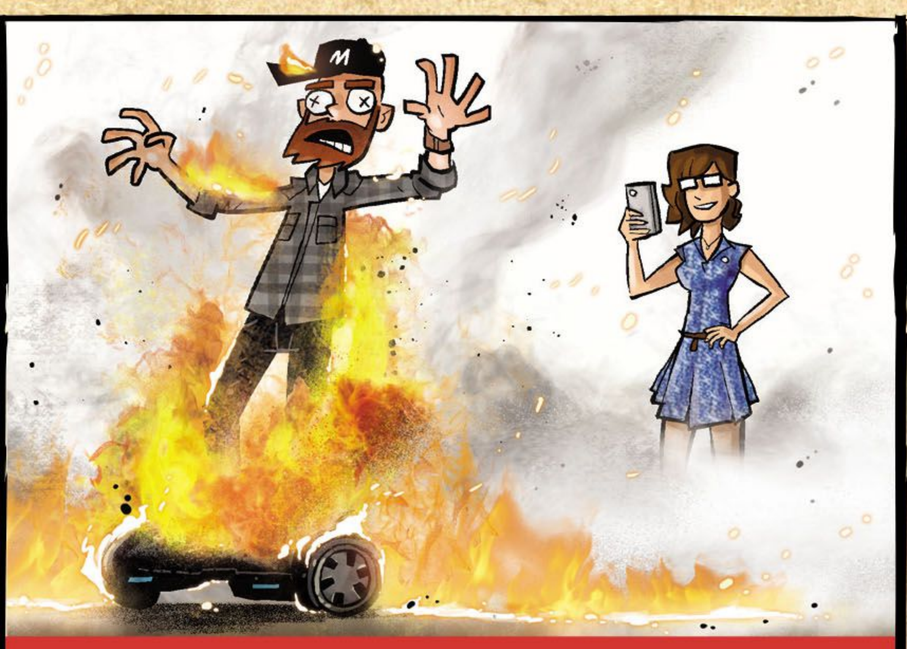
BOOMER Worked her way up from mailroom clerk to CEO



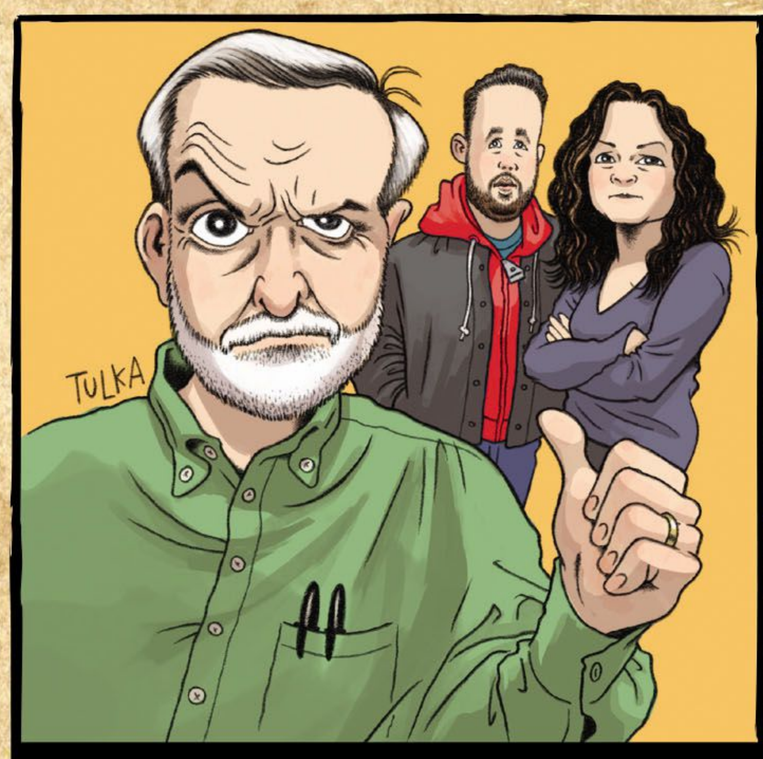
MILLENNIAL Worked her way up from unpaid intern to unpaid *fellow* with a bathroom key



MILLENNIAL Barely remembers watching that web video where the cat gets its head stuck in the Kleenex box five minutes ago



MILLENNIALS Will have shorter lives than any other generation, thanks to hoverboards



BOOMERS Can't friggin' stand Generation X



MILLENNIALS Same

MISSIVE: IMPOSSIBLE DEPT.

It has become a tradition in our country for an outgoing President to leave behind a letter for the incoming President that offers congratulations, support and wisdom. Given the White House's current resident, we're curious about the kind of letter the NEXT President will receive (in three years, or hopefully, less!) So please pardon us (see what we did there?) as we wistfully contemplate…

Donald Trump's Le

WRITER: STAN SINBERG ARTIST: BOB STAAKE

tter to the Incoming President

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Dear Incoming President,

Congratulations on your victory. While it wasn't as historic as mine, which was the biggest electoral win since Reagan, you still won. And don't feel bad that your inauguration crowd didn't match mine, which was the biggest ever, despite those fake news photos "proving" otherwise.

Welcome to the White House, even though it's a dump. I mean it was a dump when I got here, that's what a lot of people were saying. So, I gold-plated everything and now it's the most beautiful it's ever been, going all the way back to George Washington.

I'm a very intelligent person, okay? Very intelligent. So, I would say it's probably a good idea, a very good idea, if you take my advice.

Hire only the best people, the kind who will give you a loyalty pledge and not recuse themselves if you're under investigation, or flip on you if they're threatened with jail time. I strongly recommend family members.

Remember, and many many people have said this: collusion is not a crime – not that there was any collusion, and I think I would know.

No matter how great you make America, you are only a temporary custodian of this office, so monetize your brand. By the way, have you tried my bottled water or men's fragrance?

Continue to drain the swamp by not filling vacant posts in government agencies. When the agencies fail, cite that as proof of their incompetence. It's a big win-win.

Whatever you do, don't release your taxes.

Putin: Great guy. The best.

A big part of your job will be working with Congress, and I have to say it, because it's politically incorrect: you can't trust a senator with brain cancer. I like senators who don't have brain cancer, all right?

Make threats, blame others and take lots of credit. It works. When accused of something terrible, deny it and change the subject, especially if you did it. Never apologize.

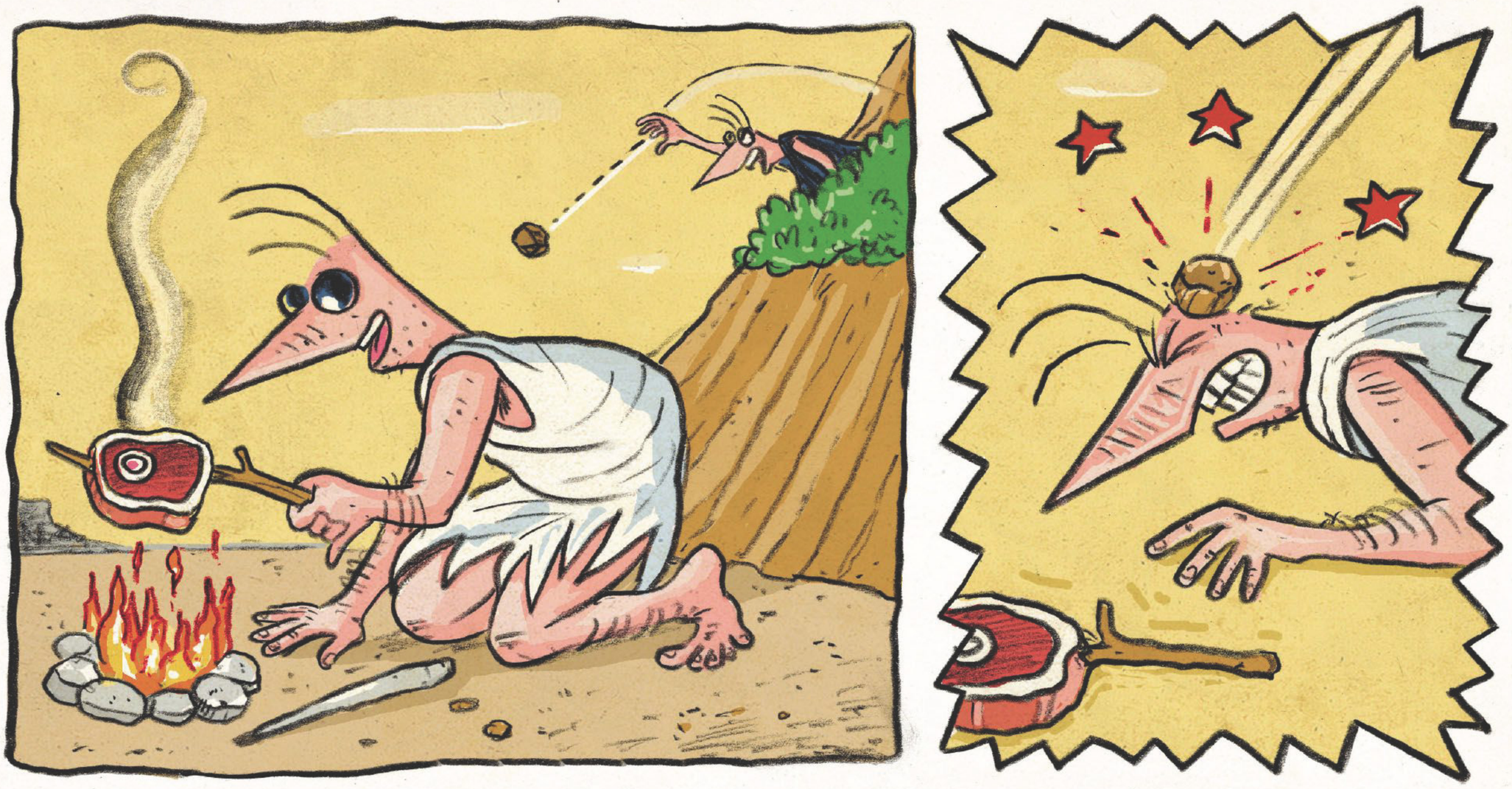
The best time to tweet is between five and six in the morning while on the toilet. The second-best time is a bit later, to repeat something you heard while watching "Fox And Friends." As long as you have that show, you don't need a cabinet.

As incoming President, you are free to set your own course, but why would you want to when you can follow MY brilliant course? I accomplished a lot, actually more than anyone, which was unbelievable. Just unbelievable.

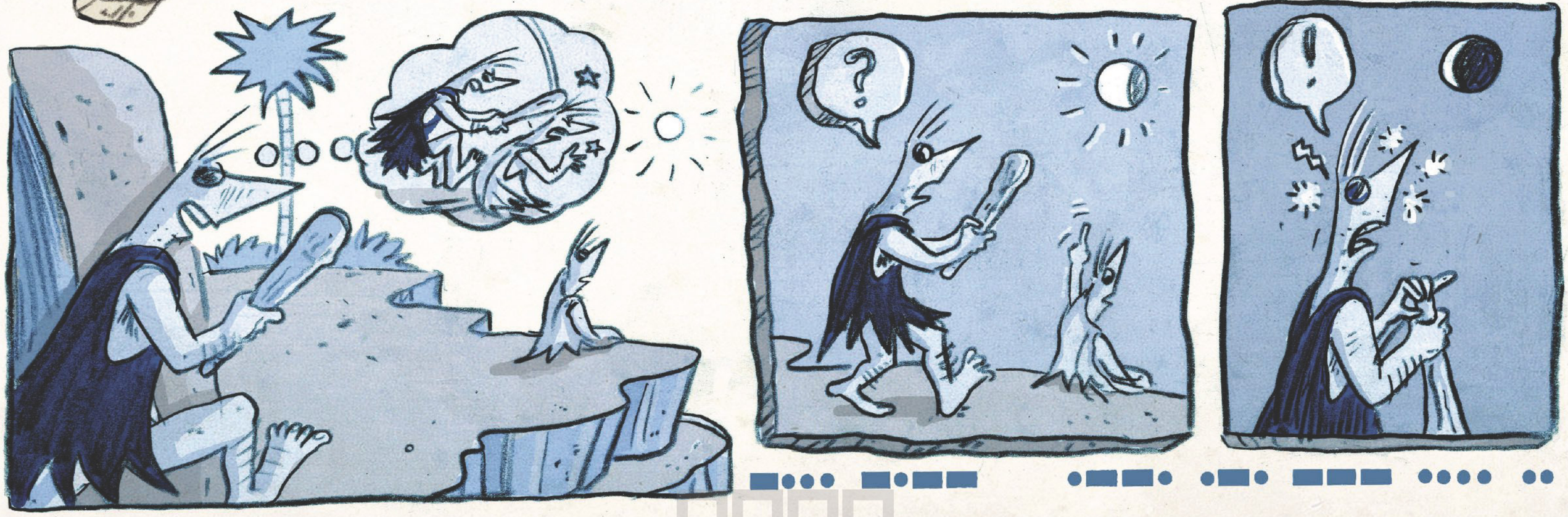
Covfefe,

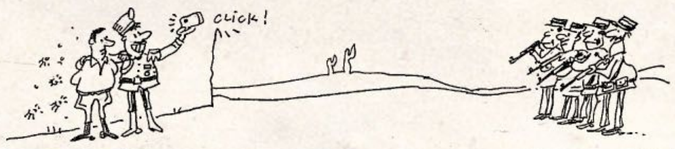
P.S. Take some time to play a little golf now and then. I am attaching a list of my golf courses, which are the best and most beautiful in the world.

SPY VS SPY









WRITER AND ARTIST: PETER KUPER

KUPER

REDUCED LABOR FARCE DEPT.

Last year, we had "A Day Without a Woman" and "A Day Without Immigrants." During the protests, members of those groups skipped work for a day to show how their contributions to society would be missed. While both movements were laudable, it got us thinking about the workers who *don't* contribute anything to society. Off the top of our head, we thought of the staff of MAD, but it turns out there's a ton more!

WORKERS WE'D LIKE TO GO A DAY WITHOUT

WRITER: ALISON GRAMBS ARTIST: KEVIN POPE



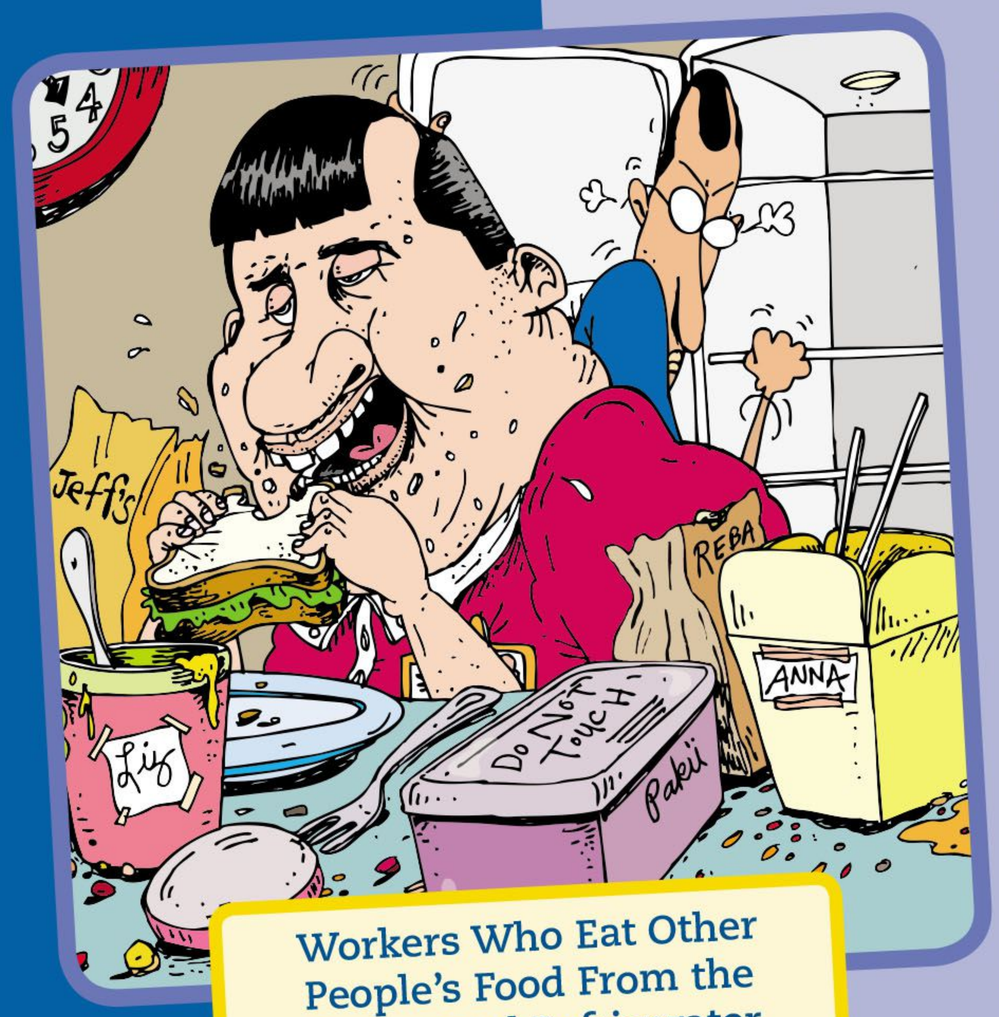
Workers Who Refuse to Take Part in "Secret Santa"



Workers Who Pressure Everyone to Buy Powerball Tickets

Workers Who Refuse to Retire Even Though They've Been Working at the Company for 50 Years and are Nothing but Bitter and Angry

Workers Who Announce on Monday Mornings Who Got Killed on *The Walking Dead* Before Everyone Else Has Watched the Latest Episode



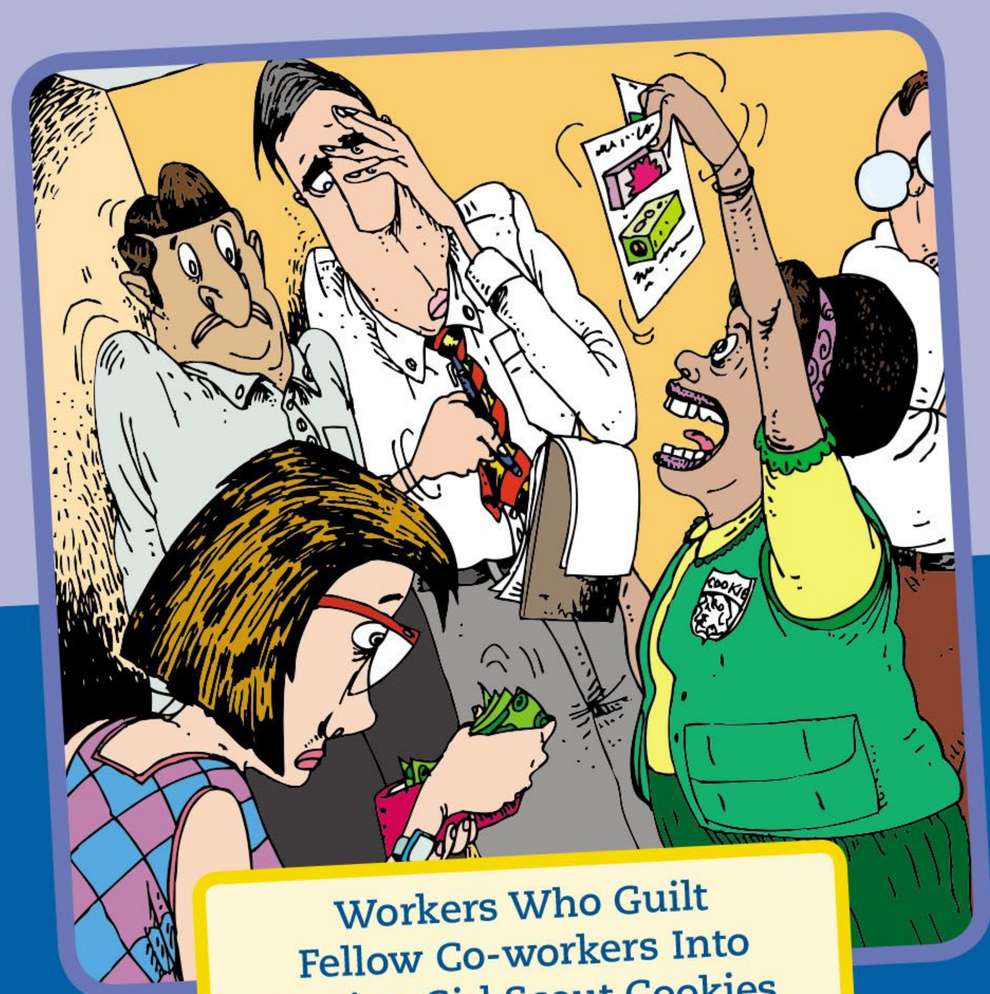
Workers Who Eat Other People's Food From the Communal Refrigerator



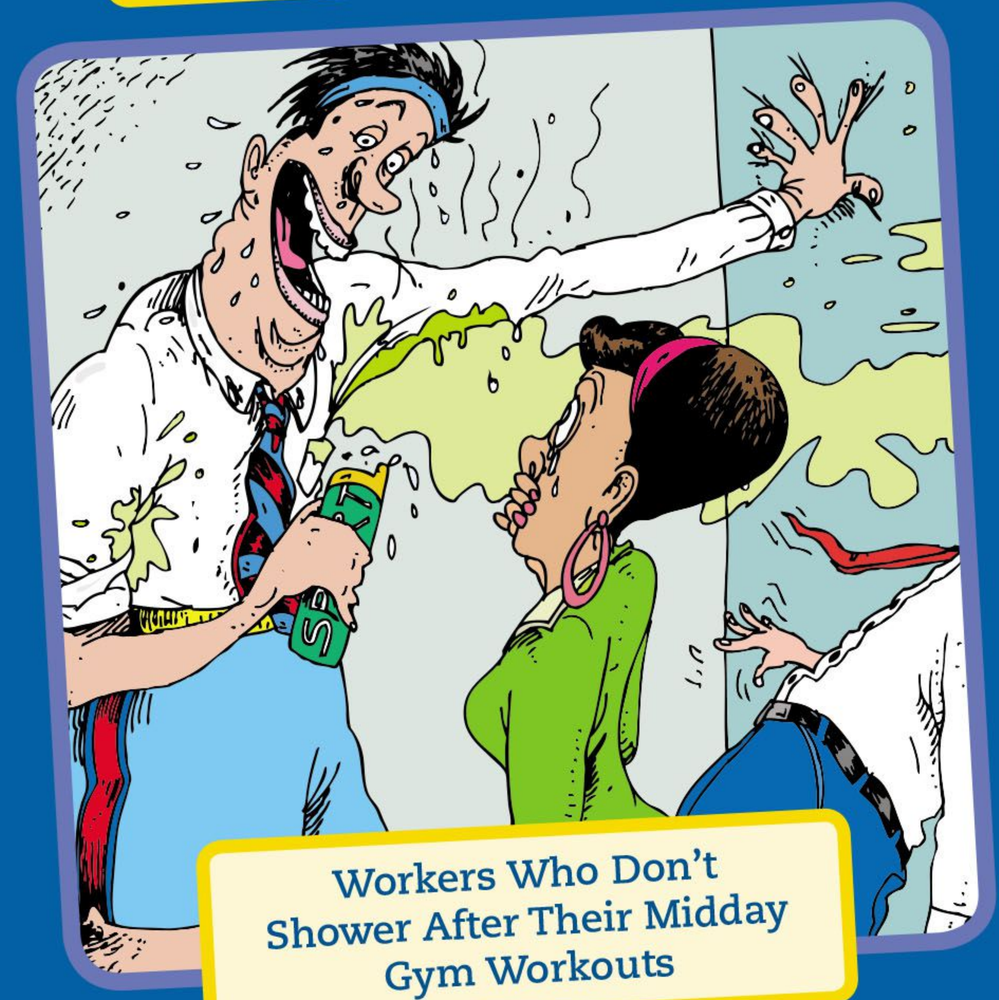
Workers Who Think Casual Fridays are an Excuse to Wear Flip-Flops and Ill-Fitting Yoga Pants – and They're *Men*



Workers Who Smoke Right Outside the Entrance to the Building



Workers Who Guilt Fellow Co-workers Into Buying Girl Scout Cookies



Workers Who Don't Shower After Their Midday Gym Workouts



Workers Who Leave Their Meatloaf in the Communal Refrigerator Until the Odor Gets so Bad it Causes Someone to Leave a Sign on the Communal Refrigerator Telling People to Not Leave Their Meatloaf in the Communal Refrigerator

THE MAD SP



Horse Takes Knee Before Race — But What Did It Mean?

SANTA AMOEBA, CALIFORNIA

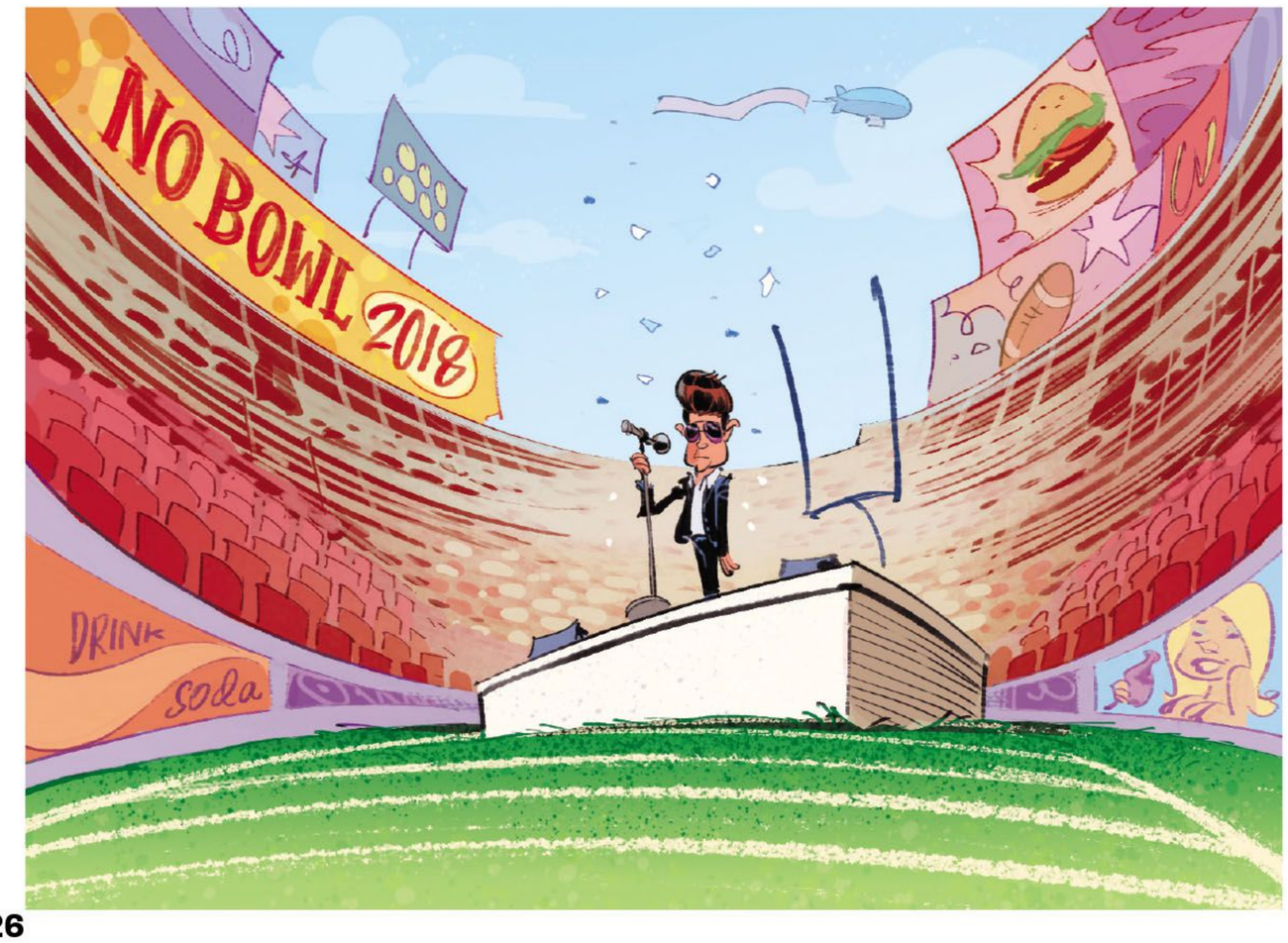
At yesterday's Hompster Derby Stakes Invitational, three-year-old filly Duckturden became the first horse ever to take a knee during the playing of the National Anthem. Opinions initially varied on what she was protesting, or if she was protesting at all. Many believe the thoroughbred was expressing solidarity with former NFL player Colin Kaepernick. "As horses go, she's quite socially conscious," said Duckturden's owner, Shep "Shepp" Sheppy. Duckturden's trainer, Al Pesterman, had a different view: "She's determined to bring attention to the reduction of wild mustang grazing lands in the Southwest," he told reporters. In the race itself, Duckturden finished outside the money in ninth place, at which time it became clear she had actually kneeled due to a serious leg injury. Duckturden was then shot, after which Sheppy said, "I'm sorry to see her go. That horse was woke."



Yankees Pass on Japanese Slugger Because Team Announcer Can't Think of Lame Nickname for Him

NEW YORK CITY

New York Yankees General manager Brian Cashham announced yesterday that the team will not sign Japanese superstar Hidenobati Wantabemurata because play-by-play announcer John Stutterling couldn't come up with a terrible nickname for him. "He could hit 80 homers," said Cashham," but when a Yankee hits a dinger, our fans expect an obnoxious home-run call, and on that front he just doesn't help us." The AP reports that Stutterling had no idea where to start coming up with a groan-inducing forced pun for Wantabemurata. In related news, the team announced that it has signed journeyman outfielder Dick Fleets to a four-year, $41 million deal. "Now there's a name I can work with!" said Stutterling. "Whenever he hits a homer, I can scream, "Dick has a big big stick!" or "Fleets hits one way up in the seats!" Fleets, who is not known for his power, hit .116 last year with two home runs and two RBI in 614 at-bats.



NFL's "No Bowl" Makes Debut, Replacing "Pro Bowl"

ORLANDO, FLORIDA

The NFL's first-ever "No Bowl" ended yesterday with, as widely anticipated, no score. The much-hyped game replaced the Pro Bowl, which has long been a disappointment to fans because so few all-star players tended to participate. "Since the No Bowl promises nothing, fans can't be disappointed," said league commissioner Roger Goodull last month when announcing the game. Since the contest featured no players, no coaches, no cheerleaders and no spectators, Goodull has been proven right. In fact, the televised game had all the excitement of a regular NFL game minus the fast cuts, gritty closeups and slo-mo replays. It also featured no-play-by-no-play commentary of the action not happening on the empty field. The onslaught of beer and erectile dysfunction commercials, however, remained. "It wouldn't be a football game without them," said Goodull in a postgame news conference. In keeping with the theme of "promising fans nothing," Robin Thicke performed during halftime.

ORTS PAGES





Construction Halted on Texas Baseball Stadium with No Field

CRAMWELL, TEXAS

Construction has been stopped on the new stadium for the Texas Yahoos expansion team when it was discovered, more than halfway into the $2.3 billion, taxpayer-funded project, that there was inadequate room for a baseball field. The state-of-the-art complex, now indefinitely on hold, was expected to have all the coveted amenities of modern ballparks, including a waterpark, shopping mall, convention center, hotel, petting zoo, seven restaurants (including the region's largest Sir Puffy's), a 154-lane bowling alley, car detailing center, spa, railway museum, six-level paintball course and 24-screen movie theater. "Look, on a project like this, some little things are bound to fall through the cracks," said developer Eppy Spray. "In this case, it just so happened to be the infield and outfield."

New Effort to Speed Up Baseball Unveiled: Balls Caught by Fans Will Count as Outs



CUPINLUCK, ILLINOIS

With the average length of baseball games still over three hours, Commissioner Bart "Bowie" Scuddy announced sweeping rule changes today to speed up the pace of play. Among the most controversial changes announced is the "Grandstand Fly Rule," which states: "Any fly ball, whether fair or foul, caught by a fan with their hands, a hat, a glove or a net, shall be considered an out." Supporters of the rule point out that it will not only speed up the game, but encourage fan participation and, concurrently, sales of outfield seats. Detractors argue that it could lead to homicides at the ballpark if, for example, a White Sox fan were to catch what would have otherwise been a home run in the bleachers at Wrigley Field. Scuddy was quick to point out that that already happens at Wrigley Field even without the rule in effect.



UFC Fighter Retires Before First Match



DETRITUS, MICHIGAN

The highly-anticipated first fight of women's UFC newcomer Beverly Grout was put in jeopardy when she announced her retirement during the weigh-in for her premiere bout, scheduled for next week. "My agent said it wasn't necessary," Grout explained to reporters. "I've already secured endorsement deals worth $12 million." In fact, Grout's endorsements may exceed that amount, as she inked contracts to represent Pepsi, GoDaddy, Dick's Sports, Bon Ami Cleanser, Victoria's Secret, Shake Shack and Dyson Vacuum Cleaners. "My agent, Hector [Gabbo], made sure none of the deals said I actually have to fight. Did you SEE Ronda Rousey's face after her last match? She looked like a beef casserole with a neck! I don't need that. I've already been signed for the next three *Fast and Furious* movies."

WRITERS: JOE RAIOLA AND CHARLIE KADAU ARTIST: ANTON EMDIN

NFL Team Fields First-Ever All-Felon Offensive Line

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

With the recent additions of tackles Mitchelton Thighs (vehicular homicide) and JJ Putty (animal cruelty), the Carolina Panthers yesterday became the first team in NFL history to field an all-felon offensive line. In their thrilling 21-20 victory over the Miami Dolphins last night, the Panthers started guards Aggrieved McPouncey (sexual assault) and Nate Ononono (threatening a government official, tax evasion), along with all-pro center Tyron "No Brains" Whittleworth (murder, child pornography, twice violating parole). "It's a milestone and I think it's great," said coach Bill Bellicose, following the hotly-contested game. The Panthers have proven themselves adept at signing talented criminals. Tight end Odell Fishhead, who has never been convicted of a felony but boasts four misdemeanor offenses (domestic violence, DUI, assault resulting in bodily injury and obscenity) currently leads the league in touchdown receptions. Still to be determined, however, is whether the Panthers' massive bail postings violate the league's salary cap.

NO RESTROOM FOR THE WEARY DEPT.

Sitting down in a public bathroom is a harrowing experience – you usually have to contend with filthy seats, nauseating smells and Soviet military-grade toilet paper. So the last thing you want when you're hunkered down in there is a talkative neighbor, making things even more awkward with these...

THINGS YOU DON'T THE NEXT

Another pair of **wingtips – ruined!**

Oh **God,** I wish I hadn't insulted that **gypsy!**

Bet you **fifty bucks** I can get my stream up and **over** this here **divider.**

Psst. Hey, pal. Just for the **hell** of it, wanna **switch seats?**

And... **got it!** Who says you can't **smuggle a Glock** into this building?!?

Pebble... pebble...**telephone pole**...chickpea... **Lincoln Log...**

Excuse me? Friend? I need you to **call my wife!**

Hmmm...now what **Snapchat filter** would work with **that?**

Ooh, I like **you!** Into the **Ziploc** you go!

You've **got** to see this. I'm **rolling it over** to you.

Dial-A-Mattress? Is it **true** that you'll deliver **anywhere?**

I've always found being around **running water** to be so **calming...**

Madre de dios! The image of **San Sebastian!**

Batteries? Cigarettes? Packing peanuts? **Dammit, Ambien, what did you make me eat!?!**

I'm not a **praying man...** but **God,** if you're **up there – I need you now!**

You got any **toilet paper** over there? Also, some **gauze** and a **number 4 Ace bandage?**

"Restaurant Employees Must Wash Hands." **Hee hee!** It doesn't say anything about the ***manager***, though!

Man, if they bombed **Syria** like this, the war would be **over!**

Hey, **buddy** – could you take a look and tell me whether this is a **tapeworm** or just some **fettucini?**

Dammit, you're my **helper monkey – get helping!**

So much corn! Aaaaaand **here** comes **the cob!**

Could you sign this **video release** form, ma'am?

YES! WE'RE OPEN

OUT OF ORDER

HELP ME

ARTHUR

WANT TO HEAR coming from BATHROOM STALL

WRITERS: DAVE CROATTO AND JACOB LAMBERT

ARTIST: JOSH MECOUCH

Everyone just calm down and stop shoving!

Oh, no... it's happening again!

Oh, jeez, I dropped my phone in! And my wedding ring! And my glasses! And my...

Oh God – why did I eat that vending machine sushi?!?

♪ Let it go, let it go, can't hold it back *any-mooooore!* ♪

At last! A perfectly-rendered "Don't Tread on Me" snake!

iPad, HBO GO, SnoBalls, Fanta... I am SET!

Hello, Mr. Toilet – I hope you're hungry!

That's either corn or baby teeth... either way, I gotta stop ordering from Golden Panda!

Marco! ...Polo!

I could really use a slotted spoon right now!

ALSO OUT OF ORDER

No, you caught me at a perfect time. Let's do the mortgage application by phone.

Hey, buddy – if I told you I had a travel-sized Yahtzee, would you be up for a game?

#1 ONLY

Hi, Rush! First-time caller, long-time listener!

I told the waiter no peanuts. I TOLD THE WAITER NO PEANUTS. *I TOLD THE WAITER NO PEANUTS!*

Rich hints of mahogany; subtle undertones of cherry... I really like your bouquet!

Damn automatic toilet flushed before I could take inventory!

Oh, man – pants off first, THEN sit down! Stupid! Stupid!

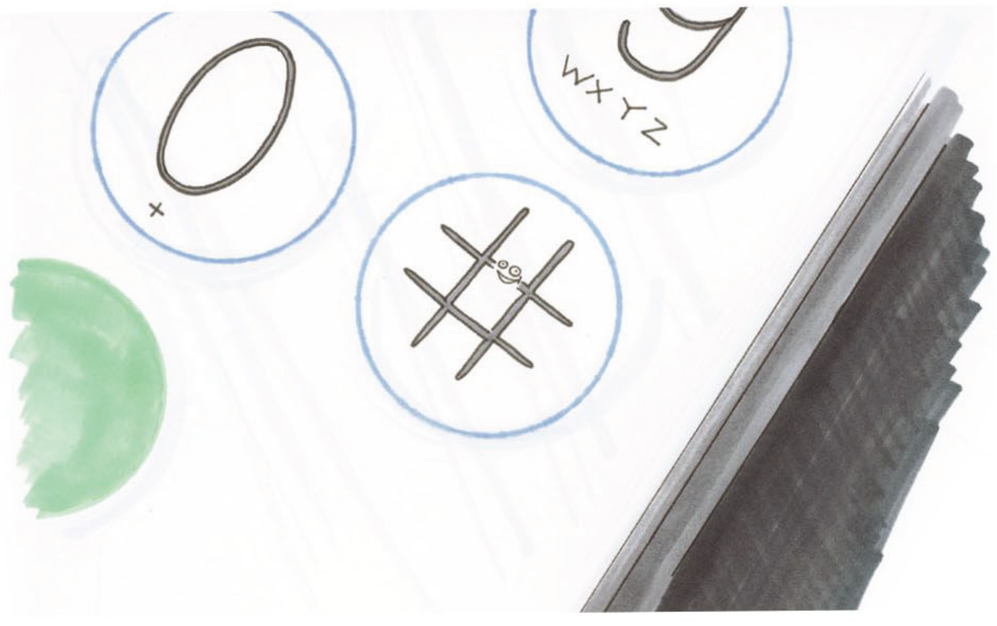
I don't know what I just made, but it's already got 50 likes on Instagram!

WET PAINT

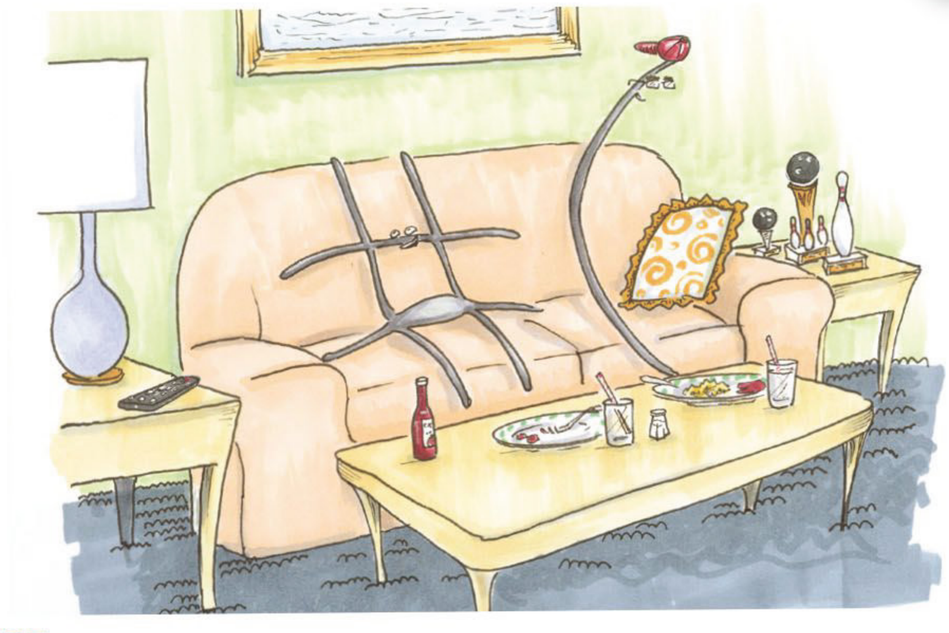
No, it's fine. I can keep Skyping.

Hey buddy, you want half this gyro?

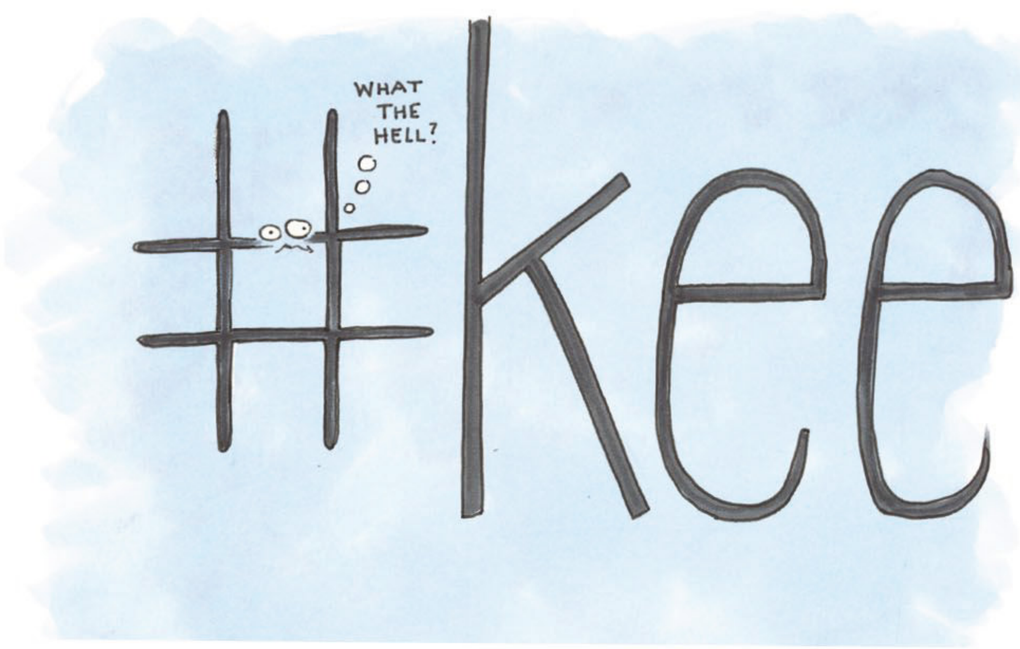
The Life and Times of Je



Jerry's life was good. Sure, he never grew into a big Tic-Tac-Toe board like he dreamed of, but he was the Pound Sign, and that was enough. Work was steady, especially since the rise of automated customer service and the prompt "*...followed by the pound sign.*" He had little time to ponder what might have been.



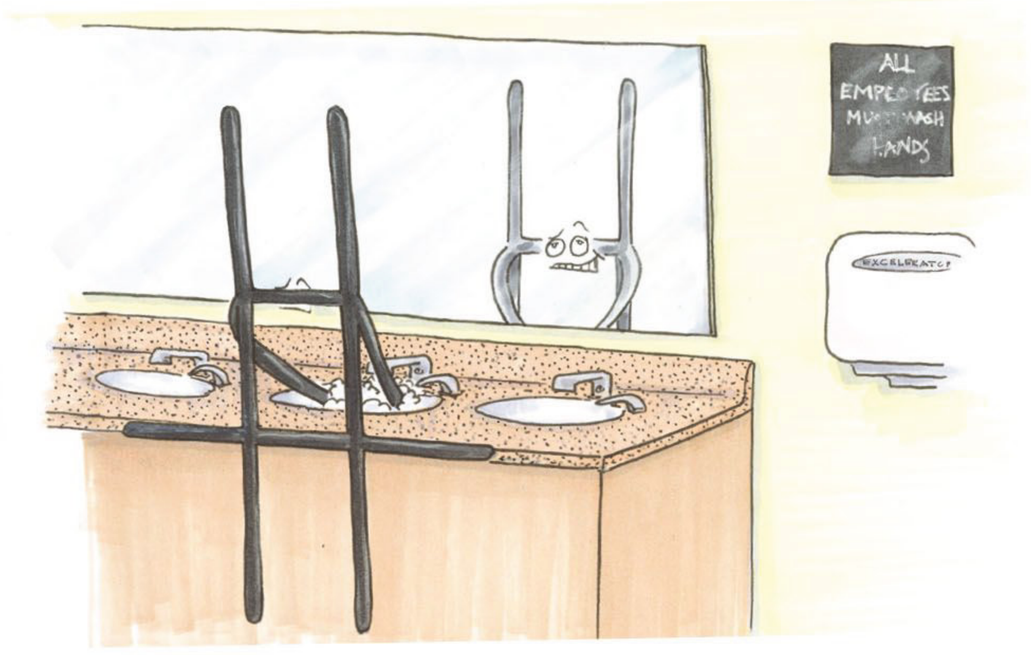
He lived with his roommate, Dave the Open-Parenthesis, a brooding type, who was always making asides. But Dave's western omelets more than made up for his sometimes bummer moods. They got along fine and were even on the same bowling team — just a couple of friends living their lives.



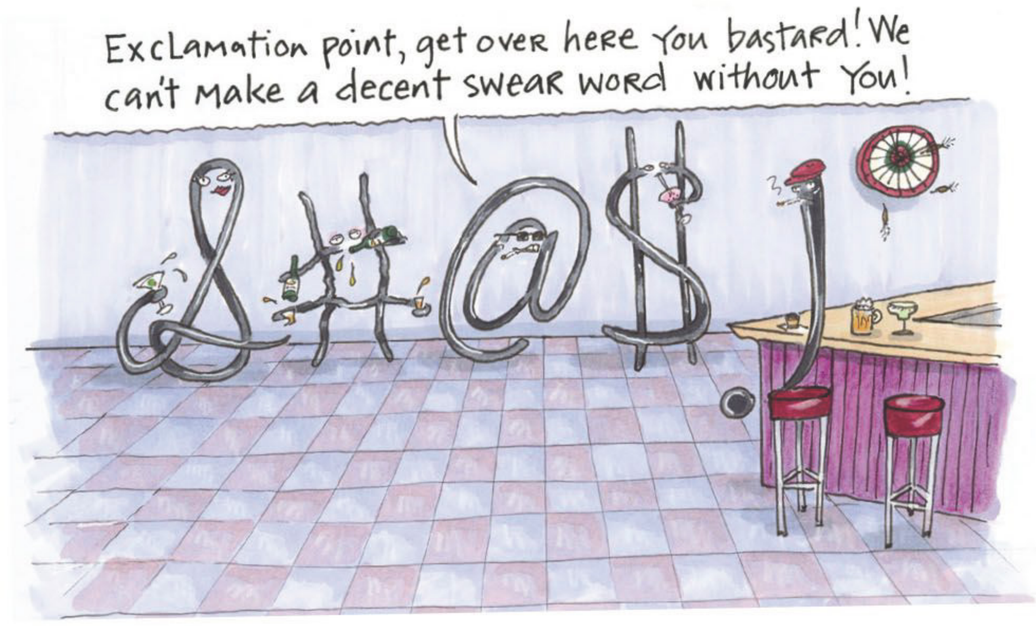
One typical afternoon at work, Jerry found himself crammed right up against the beginning of a word. He waited to feel the backspace correcting the typo, but it never came. He chalked it up to MKS — Moron at the Keyboard Syndrome.



The next day, when it happened a few more times, he checked with his cube-mate, Pam the Number Three, to see if she had experienced anything weird. She hadn't. After that, there was no time to even think about what was happening. Before long, Jerry was smashed up against more words than he ever knew existed.

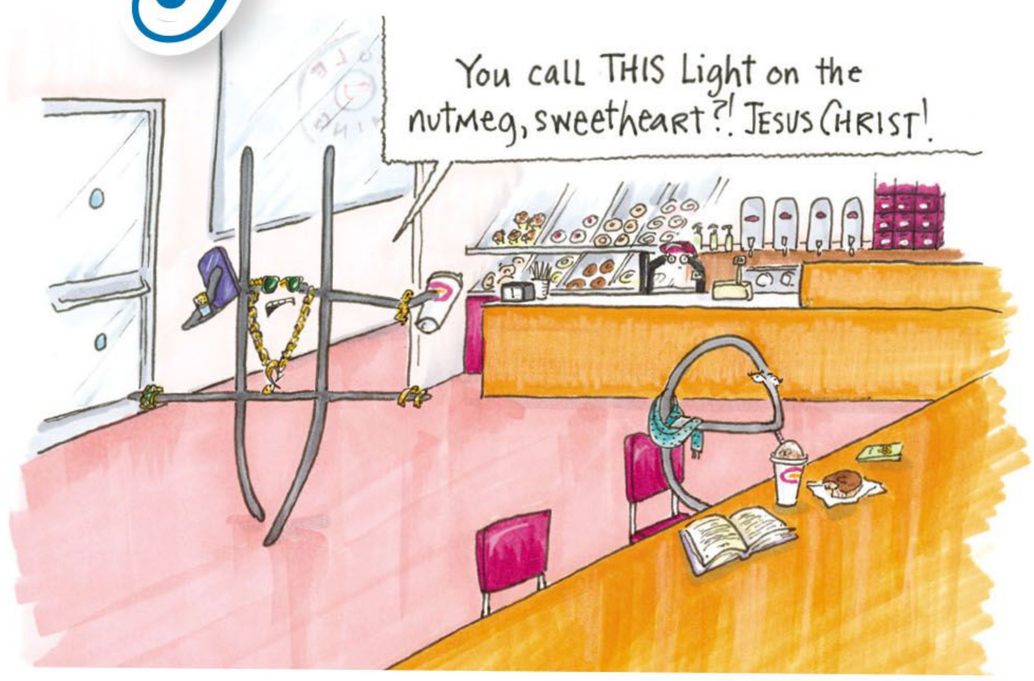


Jerry got used to the weird and constant proximity to words, but what unsettled him was that no one called him by his given name, Pound Sign, anymore. This new gig brought him a new name: Hashtag. And a new sensation: popularity.

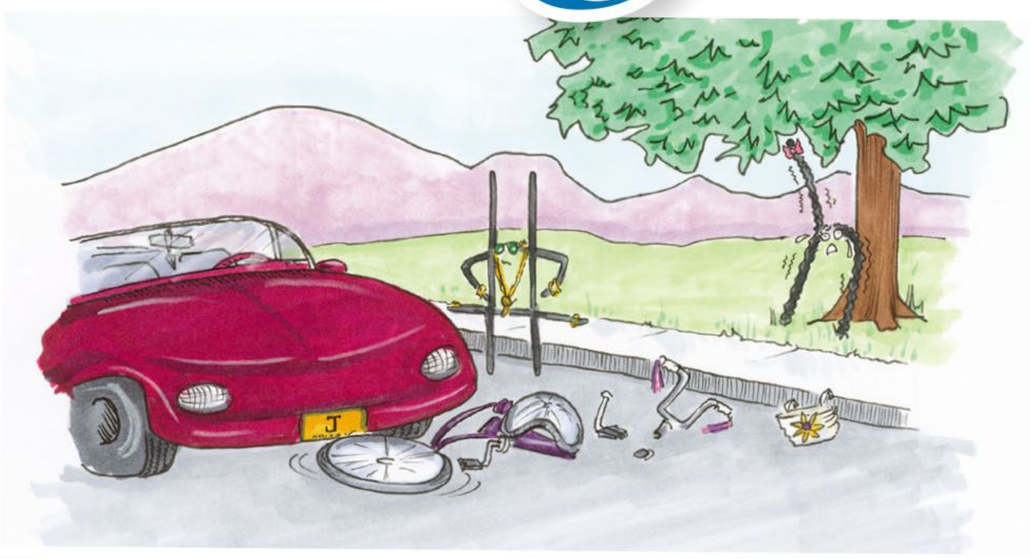


It wasn't long before Jerry (or "Hashtag J," as he now insisted on being called) became unrecognizable. Soon he was running with a new crew of friends, who glommed onto his fame. Dollar Sign, At and Ampersand were his constant cohorts in clubs, and when they all got together it always spelled trouble.

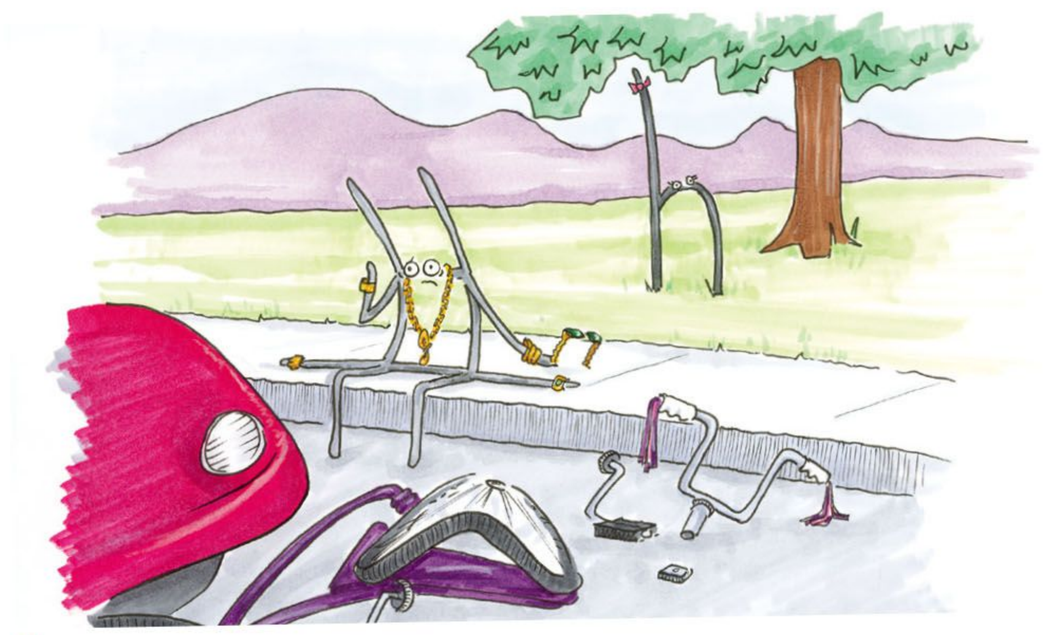
rry the Pound Sign



Hashtag J was living big — late nights, expensive meals, fancy jewelry. He never saw Dave anymore and was barely associating with his coworkers. But Hashtag J was on top of the world and there was no stopping him. Or so he thought.



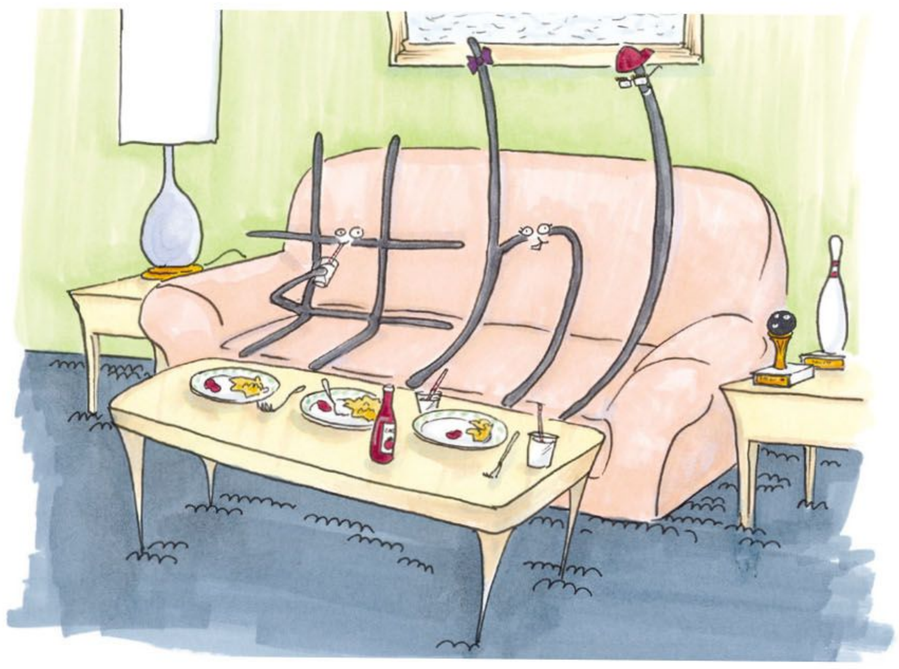
One day, driving to the Polo Club, he was texting with a symbol he had met the night before. He heard the scream before he felt the impact. Slamming on the brakes, Hashtag J sprinted from the car to see the mangled bicycle under his wheels, but the cries came from another direction, where Cora the Lower Case h was shivering on the side of the road. "You monster! You almost killed me! Also, you smell super-musty!" she wailed.



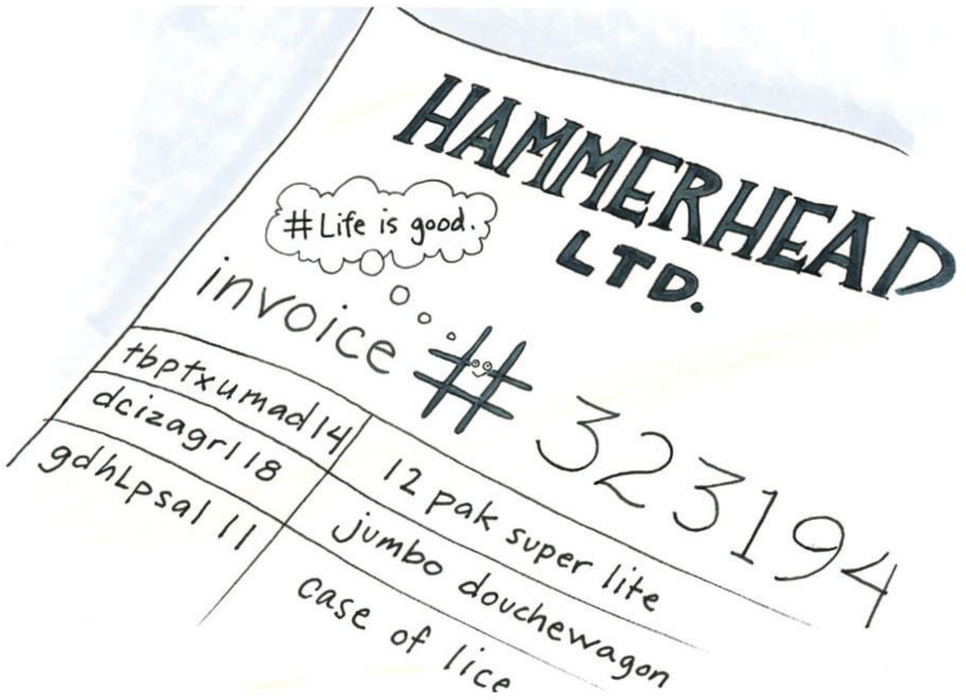
"And YOU smell INSIGNIFICANT," he scoffed — when, all at once, it hit him. He turned and took in the scene, and in a voice he barely knew — Jerry's voice — said, "You're right. I've lost my way. I've forgotten that no matter how famous you are, we are all equal. Even Equal Sign! And, I do, I *do* smell super-musty."



After that, Jerry changed his ways. Ampersand was the last one to stop calling. The rest of his party friends quickly latched on to Asterisk (who was getting a lot of press because of some classified emails).



The guys at Pinny Lanes welcomed him back, no questions asked. Dave is happy to have his roommate back for Wednesday Western Omelets and Trivia Night — and sometimes Cora the Lower Case h rides over on her brand new bike to join them.

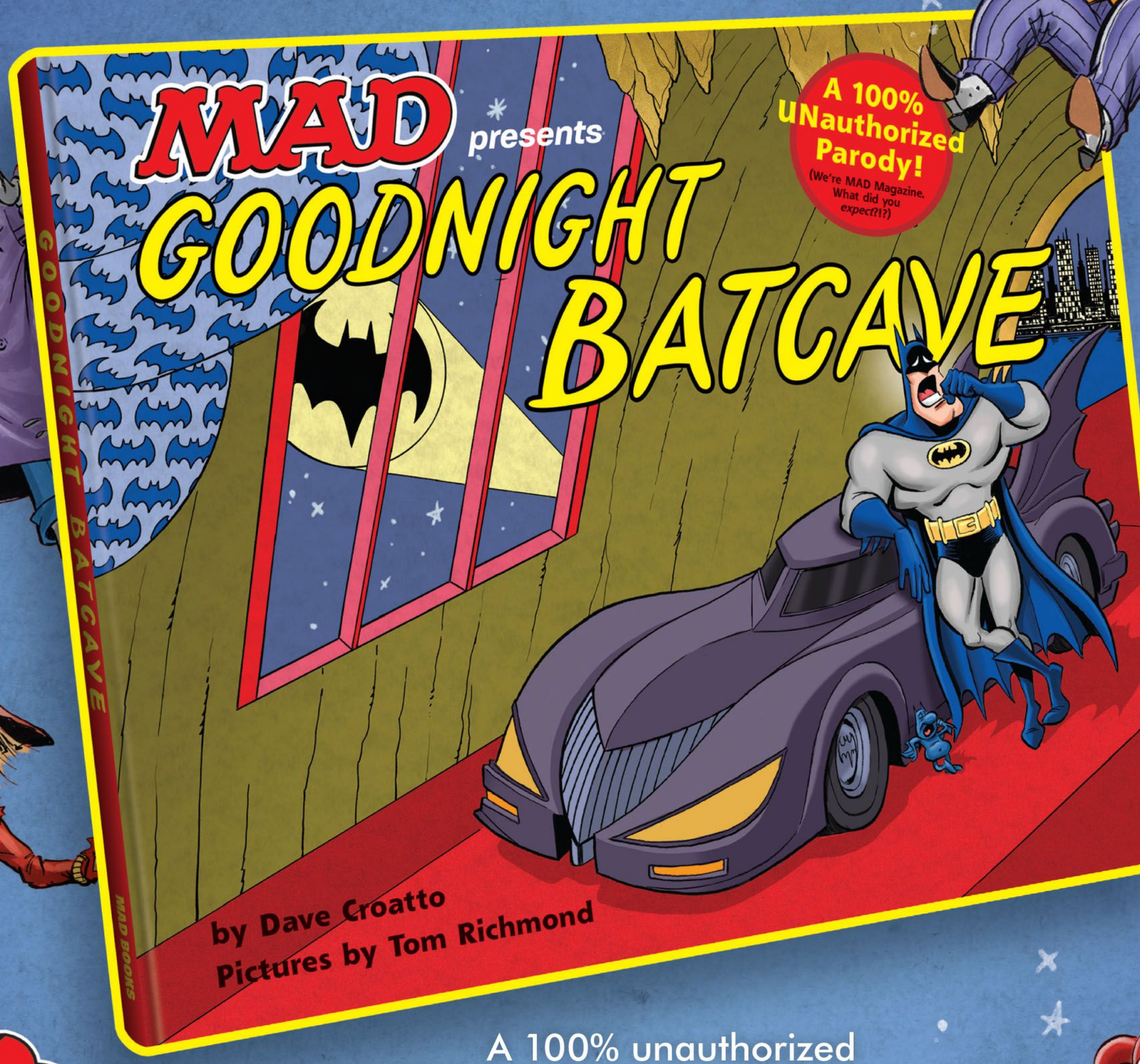


Jerry is still busy as hell and as popular as ever. He's taken up meditation and journaling, and, most weekends you can find him volunteering down at the Invoice Factory, as the Pound Sign.

WRITER AND ARTIST: TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

"The perfect joke gift for the Bat-fan
that has everything, as well as a
fun little tale to read to your younger Bat-Mite
as you tuck him or her into bed."

—AIN'T IT COOL NEWS



TM & © DC Comics

A 100% unauthorized
GOODNIGHT MOON parody—as only the
world-(in)famous MAD magazine
can do it!

HARDCOVER ON SALE **NOW!**

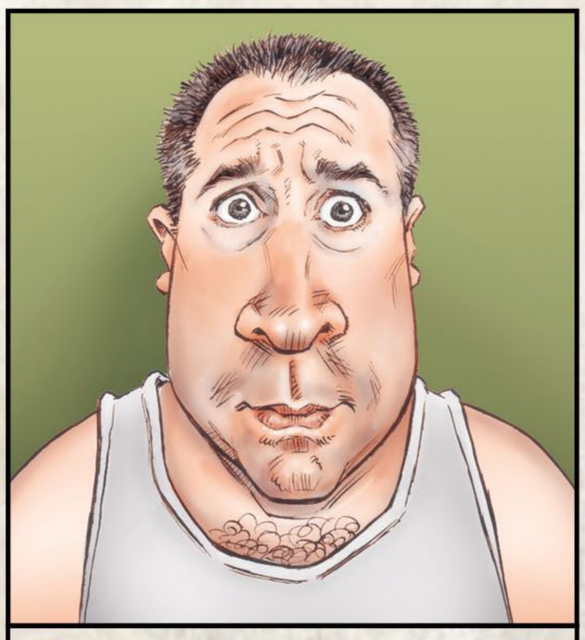
Who said "crime doesn't pay"? Not the genius who came up with the idea of collecting humiliating mug shots of the recently arrested and publishing them in local newspapers across the country. But do you really care who was arrested for DWI or public urinating? What you really want to know is the names and faces of the fiends who commit the petty, heinous crimes that offend us all. What we need is a paper like…

GOTCHA

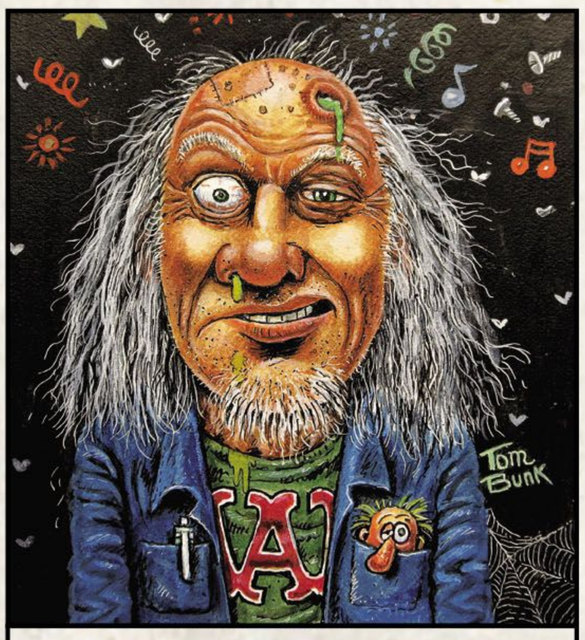
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VOL. 7 ISSUE 31 • FEBRUARY 2018
FUMBUCK, SKANKIHOOR, METHCHESTER & PERVBERG COUNTIES EDITION

MUG SHOTS OF COMMON (BUT DESPICABLE) CRIMINALS



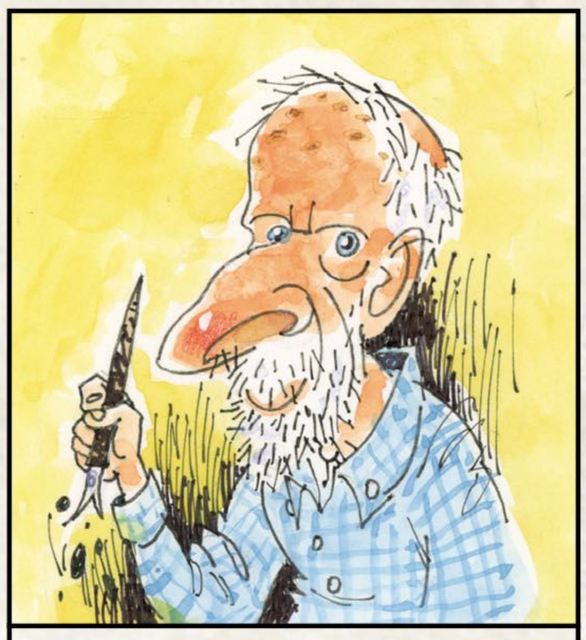
JAMES EARL DUSTIN
Unprovoked assault on cardboard Kylo Ren standee at Target



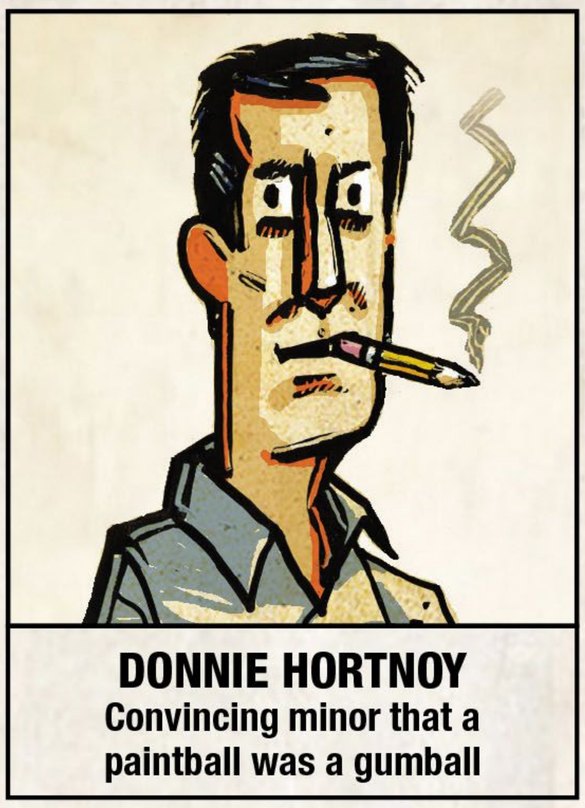
RONNIE LEE SCRUGGS
Taking all the beef from Beef with Broccoli tray at Chinese buffet



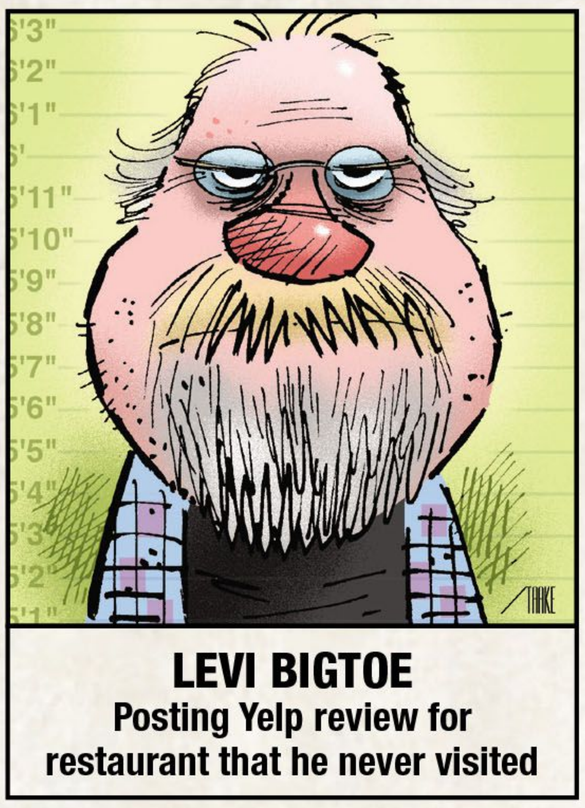
DUSTIN EARL LEE
Attempting to pass expired Arby's coupons



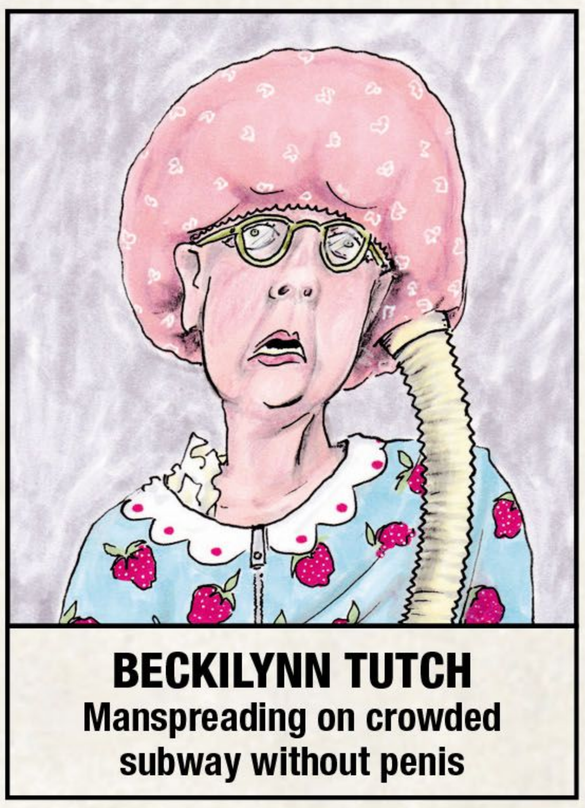
JASON JUSTIN DUSTIN
Attempting to pass expired Arby's coupons (at Hardee's)



DONNIE HORTNOY
Convincing minor that a paintball was a gumball



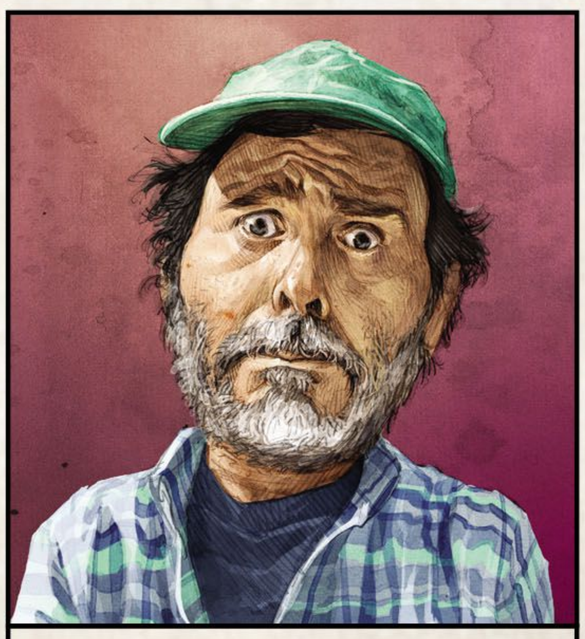
LEVI BIGTOE
Posting Yelp review for restaurant that he never visited



BECKILYNN TUTCH
Manspreading on crowded subway without penis



TYLER DILLARD SHANE
Climbing into steel claw game at Walmart



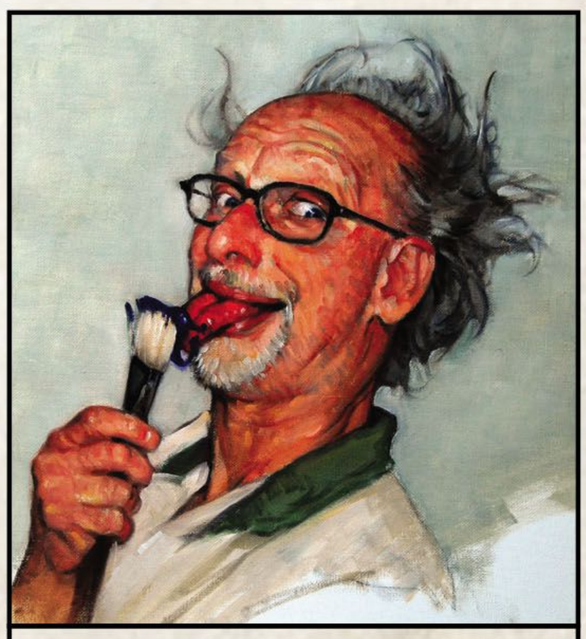
DEREK JAMES CODY
Excessive strokes on busy mini-golf course with people waiting



SHAWN EARL DERRICK
False use of "multi-family mega-sale" posting to describe small, sad yard sale

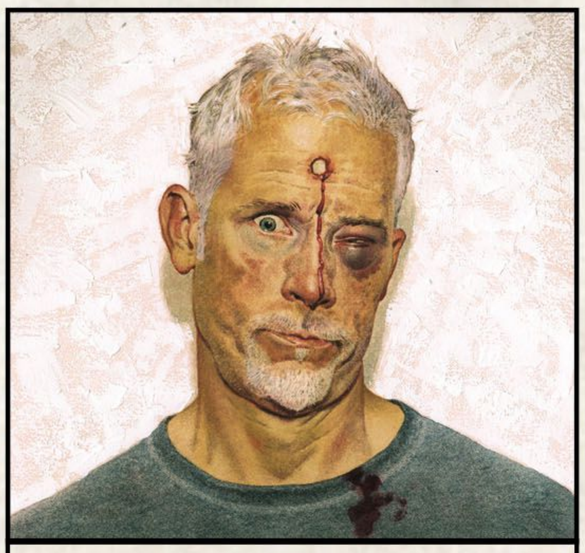


WAYNE FARCHLING
Entering bounce house without removing shoes



BUNIONS O'SCROODLE
Stealing pies cooling on windowsill

WRITER: SCOTT MAIKO ARTISTS: SEE LETTERS & TOMATOES, PAGE 4



RONALD LEE RAY
Grabbing the milk with the later date from the back of the dairy case



RONALD DEERTICK
Clipping toenails while wife is eating



KATO SMOOT
Unauthorized all-you-can-eat shrimp plate sharing at Sizzler



BAXTER BROOM
Bigamy



NORTON CROWHEADENBUS
Using fingers to eat cherry tomatoes directly from salad bar



HANS BRICKFACE
Using free address labels sent by Humane Society without sending back a donation



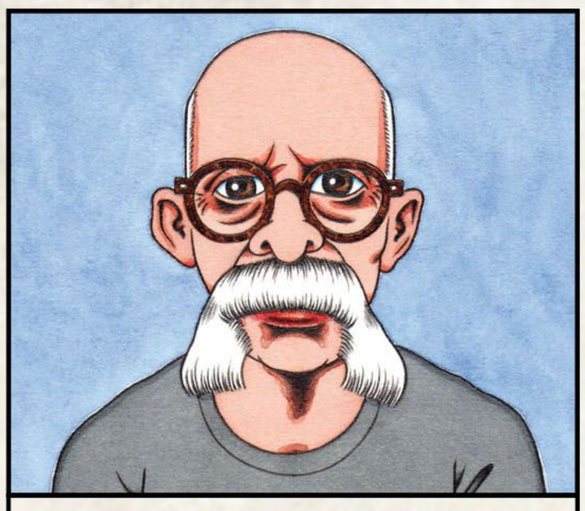
FLUFFY MCDOUGAL
Wanton destruction of avian wildlife



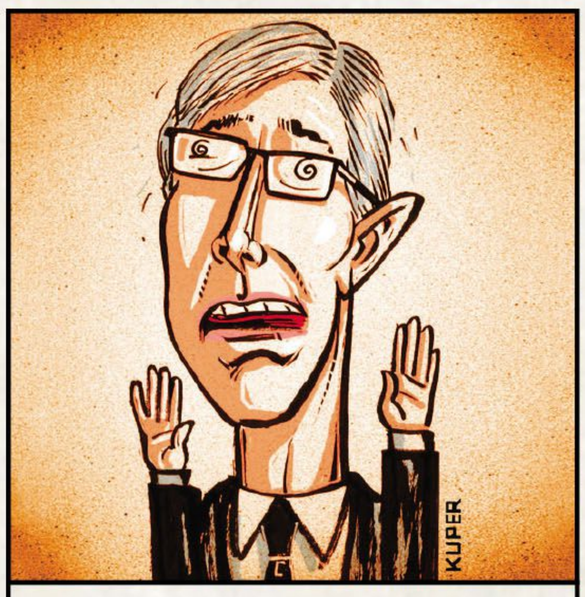
JIM GRAVEL
Methodically capturing and dismembering 238 drifters between 1968 and 1997



LUCUS MUCUS
Passing off recipe found online as "Grandma Stucker's potato salad" for church fundraising cookbook



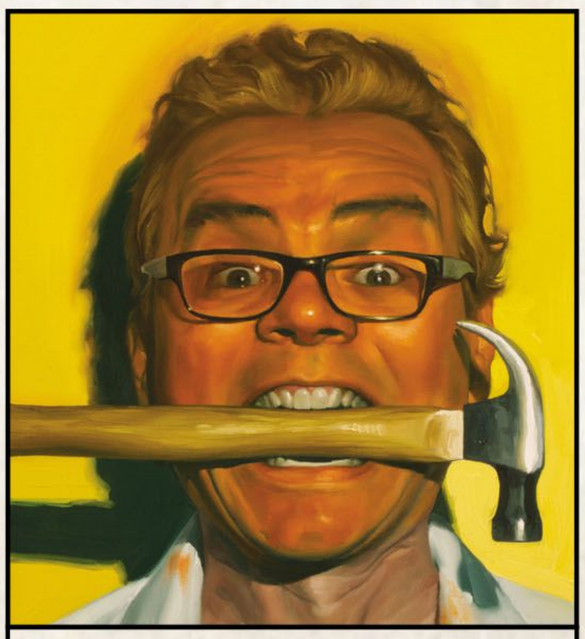
MALWARE DIRSLOP
Frantically forwarding debunked email about hypodermic needles at gas pumps, with four years of headers attached, to grandson



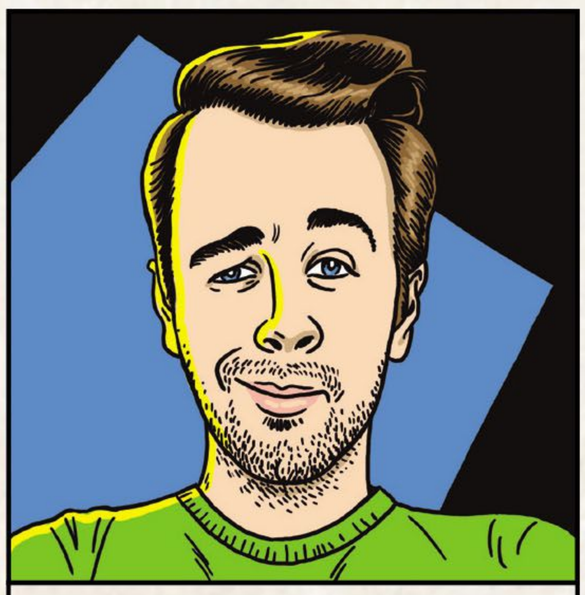
THROMBOSIS KRUMP
Giving homework on a holiday weekend



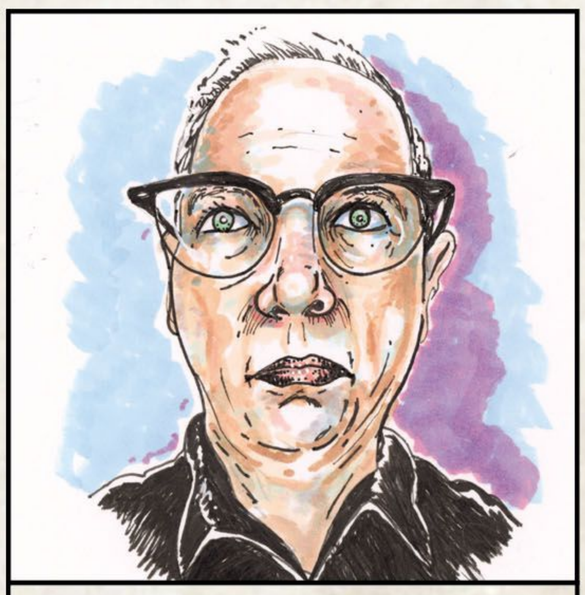
RICKY LEW PECKER
Binge-watching brother-in-law's colonoscopy videos



VIRGIL LEE CASEY
Blaming it on the dog



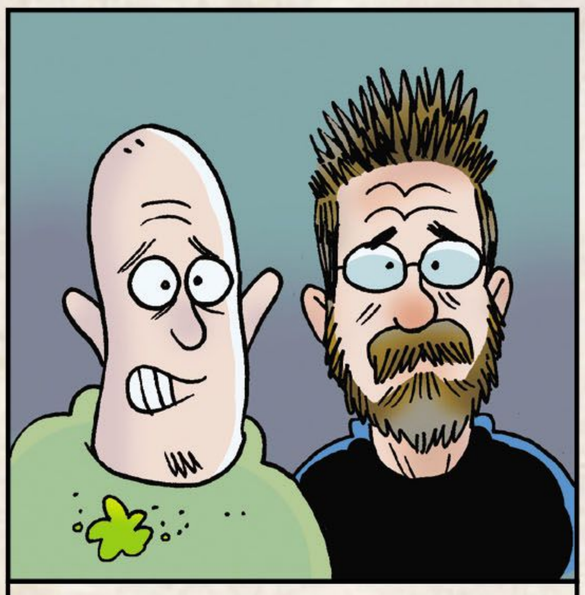
TEB TUB
Writing harassing/threatening birthday cake inscriptions



TOM WADDEDSOCK
Taking selfie in locker room with nude fat guy in background



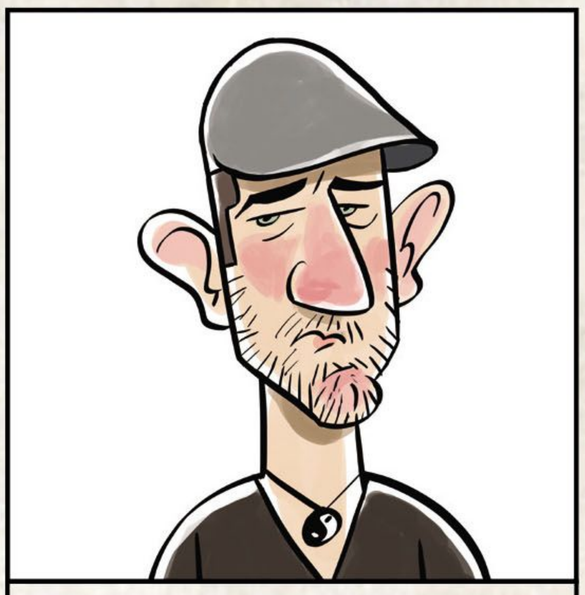
COVFEFE-BOB GRUNK
Hitting "reply all" to email with information pertinent only to the original sender



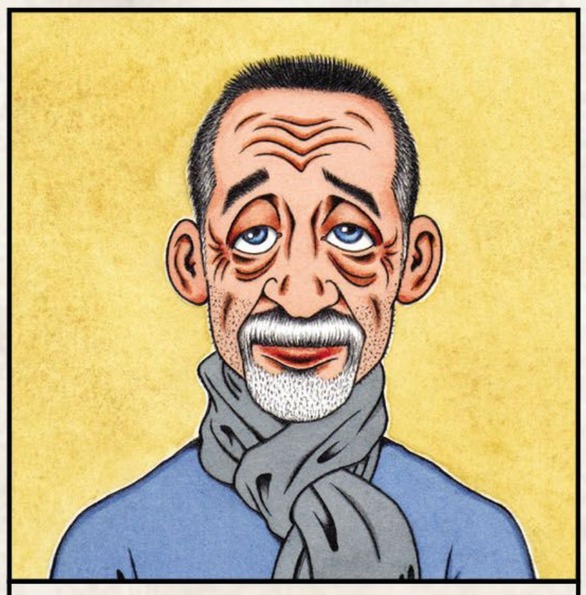
BO GRIGGS/LEON HAMS
Sneaking in own candy to movie theater



LONNIE RUSSEL TATUM
Giving Uber driver low rating because "she wasn't hot"



BEAU WURDLOW
Keeping light on throughout an overnight flight



KLAXON WHISENSCHMUT
Asking for a "cup for water" but filling it with soda



TANYA CORTORDER
Publicly referring to self as "mommy of two furbabies"



HEATH ROY RUGG
Passive-aggressively preventing use of adjacent movie seat by putting coat over it



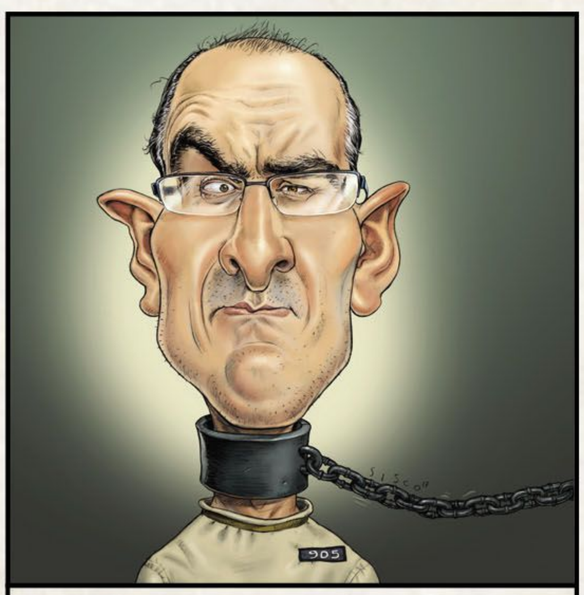
DR. GRADY BIRDSLOP
Plugging phone charger into wall at TJ Maxx like he owns the place



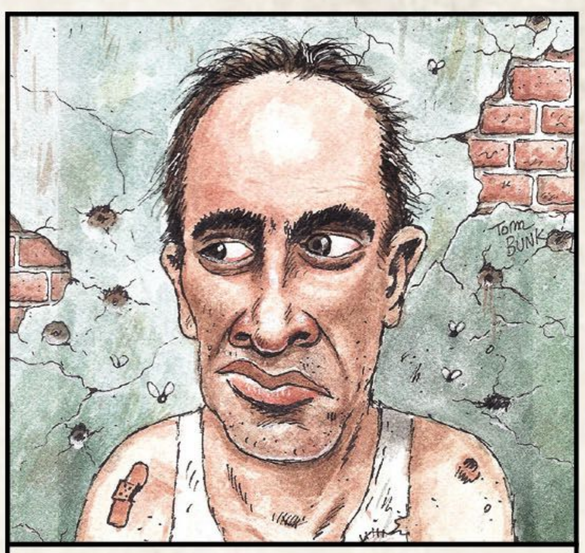
CODY GRIGGS CLAYTON
Refusing to free up space on DVR by deleting 27 unwatched episodes of *Gotham*



WESLEY LEE WHESS
Throwing together bag of soiled rags to donate to thrift store on 12/31 to get tax receipt



DON OWLPELLET
Retweeting everything Fetty Wap tweets



WINSTON VAN WINSTON VAN
Failure to participate in mandatory standing ovation for entrance of Joy Behar at taping of *The View*



ZEKE A. VYRUSS
Falsely claiming to have diabetes to avoid purchasing fundraising candy bar



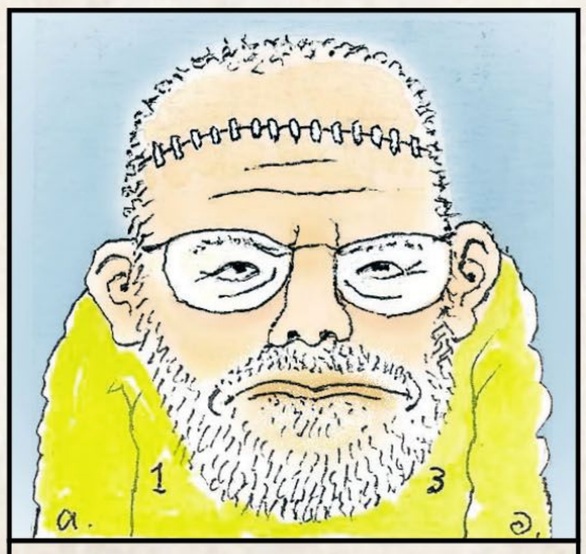
COLBY CODY DAKOTA
Failure to purchase Girl Scout cookies from co-worker



HECKY PECKERSMITH
Malicious theft of a piece from a half-finished jigsaw puzzle in a nursing home common area



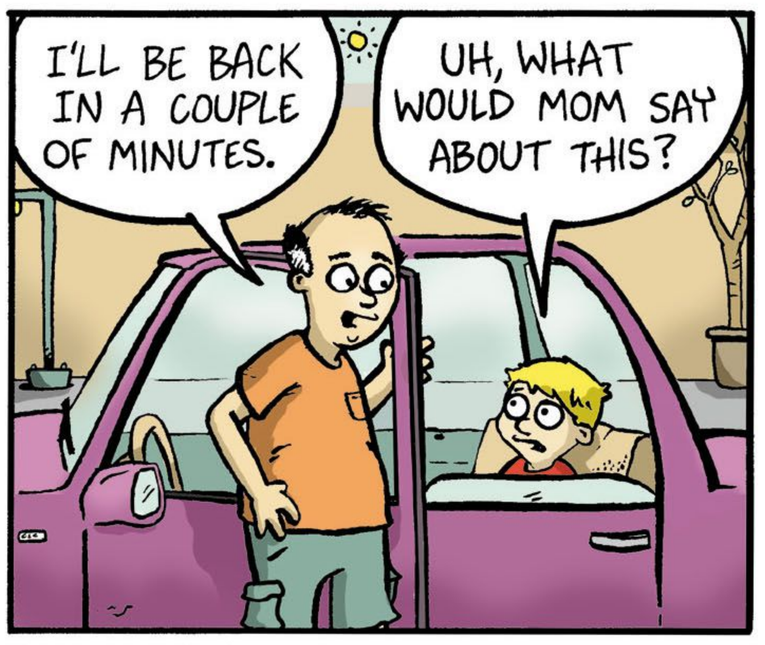
FESTUS MCPITSTANK
Fugitive from deodorant



RUSS TATUM LONNY
Doing the Fold-In in the checkout line and then not buying the magazine

THE STRIP CLUB

HOW'S MY DRIVING?





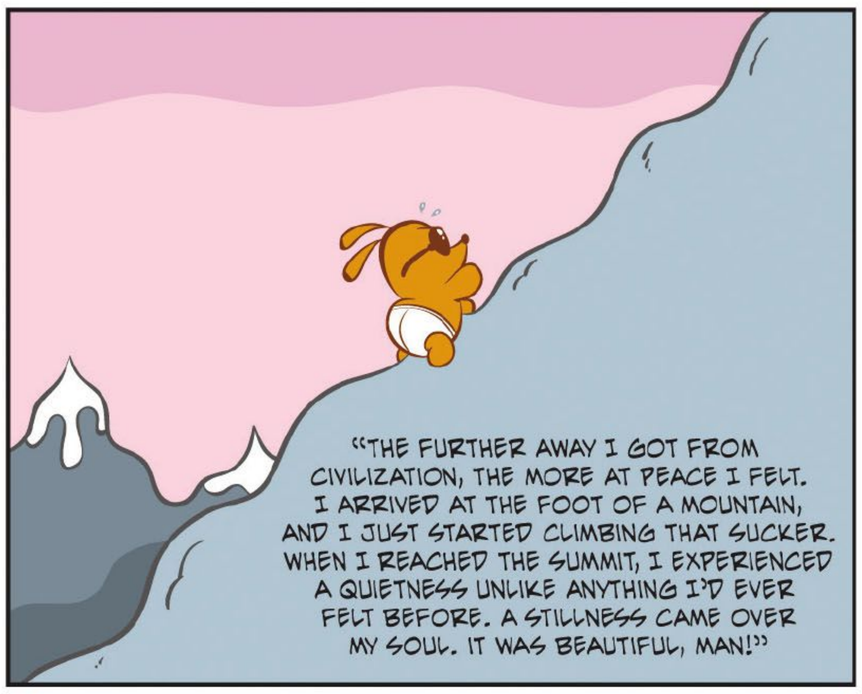


NATHAN COOPER

WHAT IF DOG WAS ONE OF US?





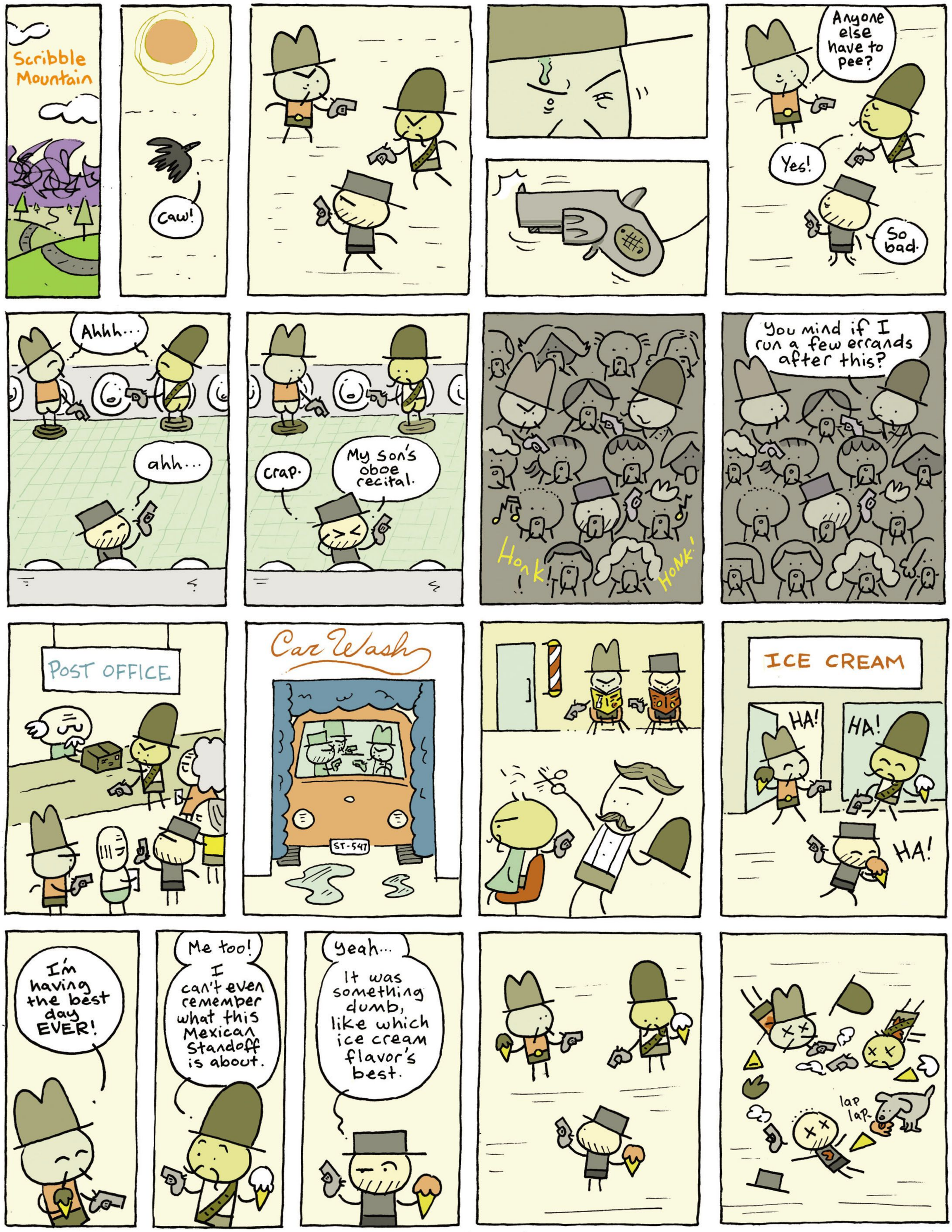








KENNY KEIL



JOHN MCNAMEE

With robots working in factories, hospitals and even police departments — *somebody* has to detonate those bombs — many say that the future of job automation is already here. But in the years to come, we'll see advances that will make our current sci-fi dystopia seem positively quaint! Don't believe us? Just tell your cybernetic butler to read you this piece we like to call...

THE FUTURE OF

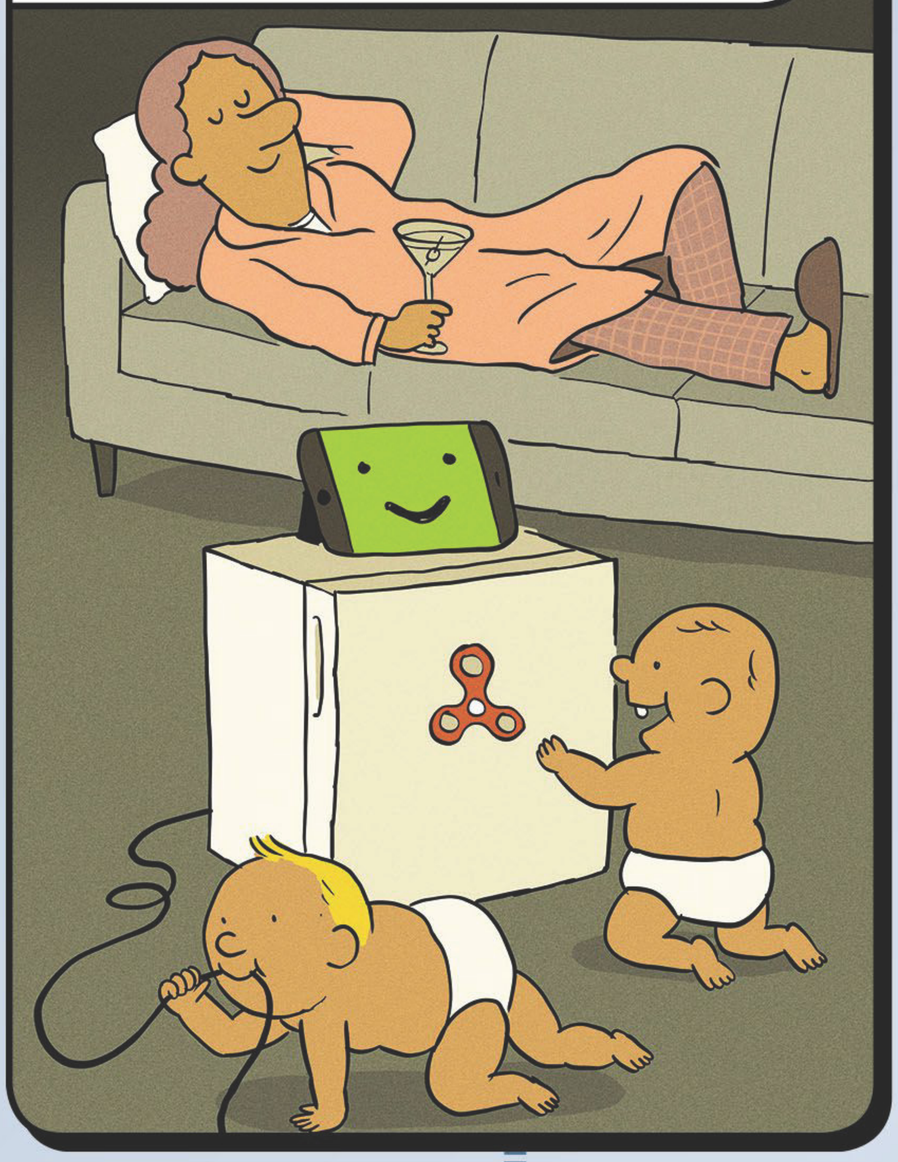
2019

Automobiles become completely self-driving — leaving cabbies, truckers and the cast of *Fast & Furious* jobless



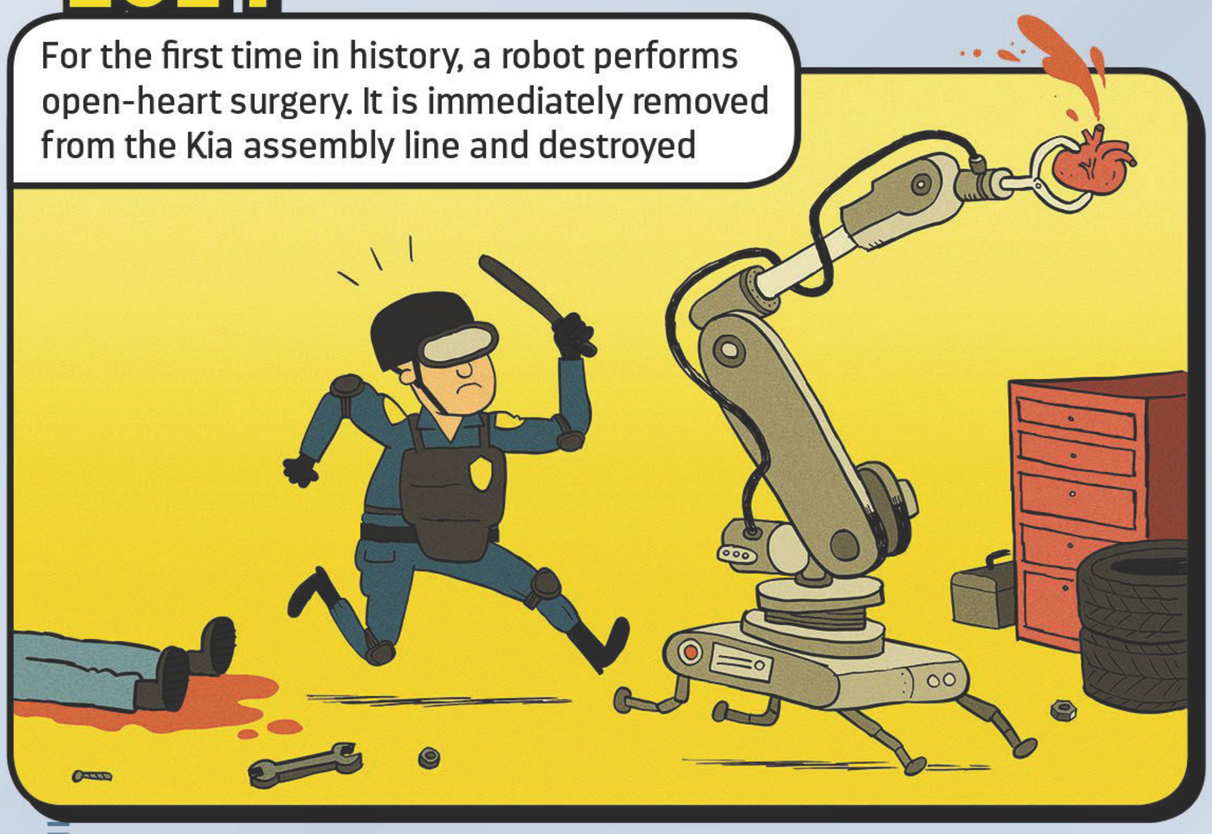
2022

Childcare is revolutionized with the advent of the Robo-Nanny. Sure, it's just a mini-fridge, an iPad and a fidget spinner welded together — but, **man**, does it keep the kids out of your hair!



2024

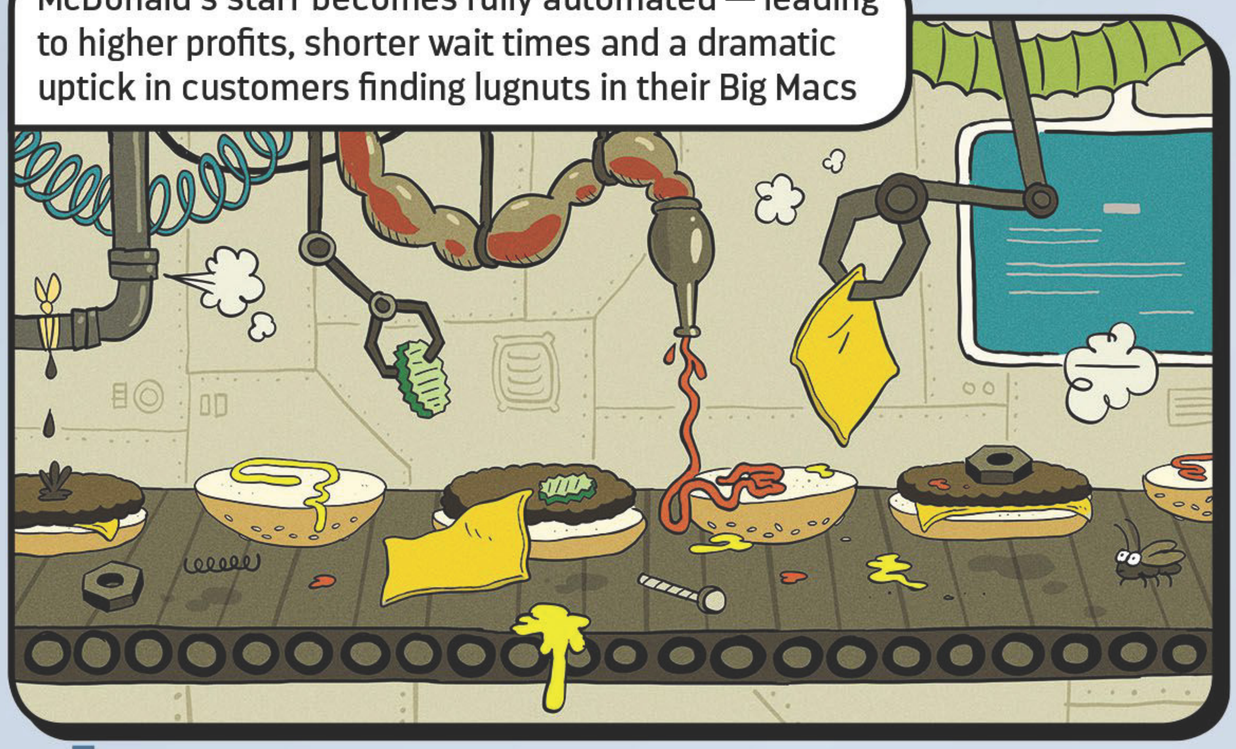
For the first time in history, a robot performs open-heart surgery. It is immediately removed from the Kia assembly line and destroyed





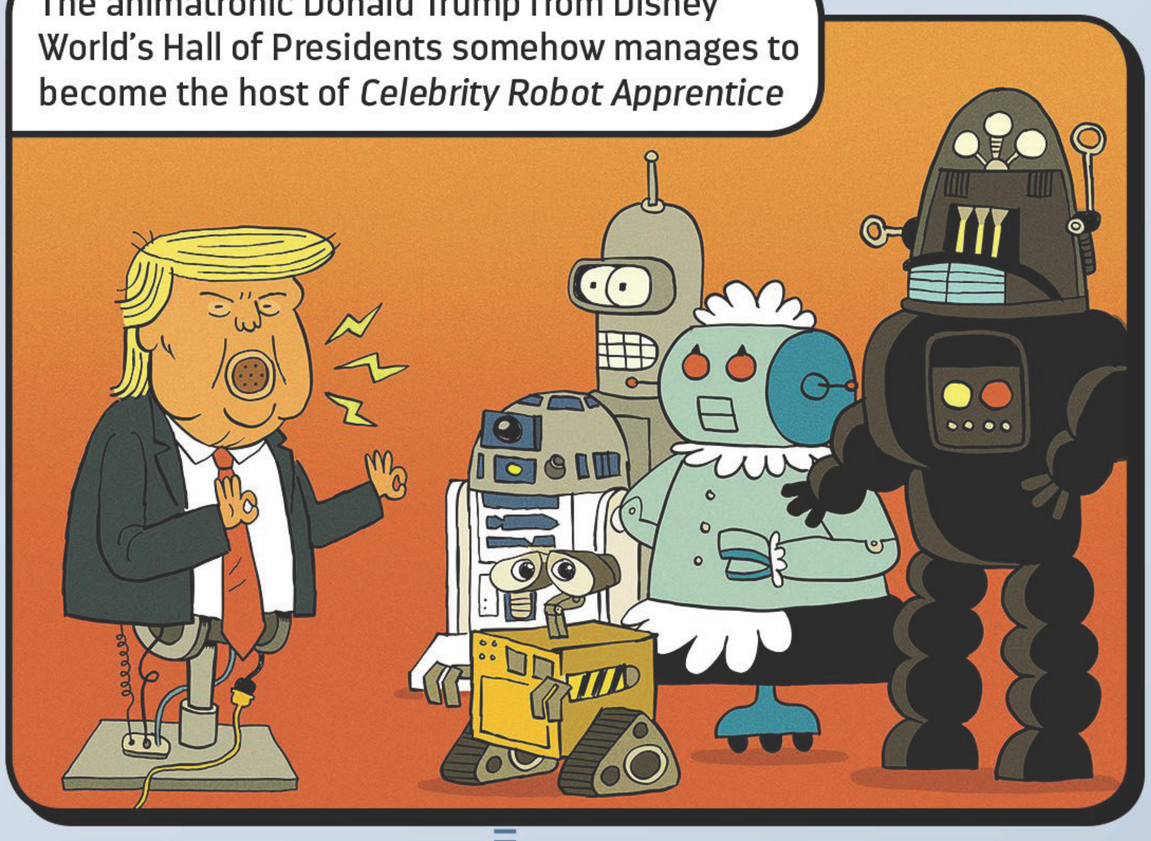
2025

McDonald's staff becomes fully automated — leading to higher profits, shorter wait times and a dramatic uptick in customers finding lugnuts in their Big Macs



2028

The animatronic Donald Trump from Disney World's Hall of Presidents somehow manages to become the host of *Celebrity Robot Apprentice*



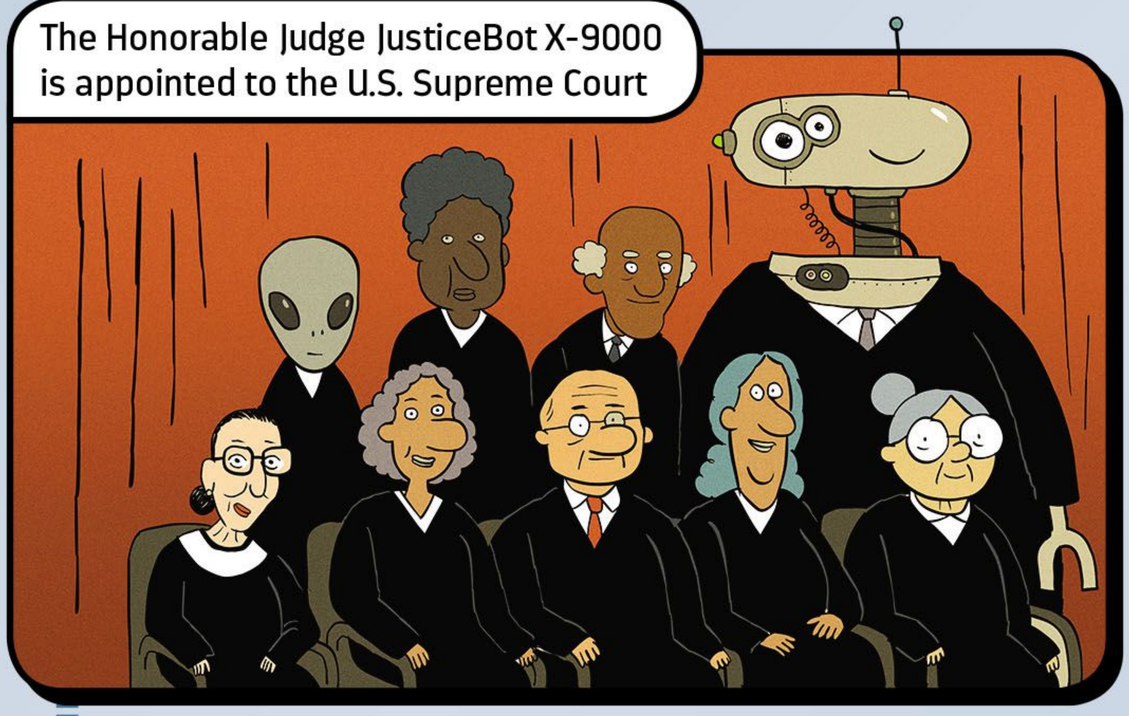
2018 **2019** 2020 2021 **2022** 2023 **2024** **2025** 2026 2027 **2028** 2029 2030 2031

JOB AUTOMATION

WRITER: KENNY KEIL ARTIST: JOHN MARTZ

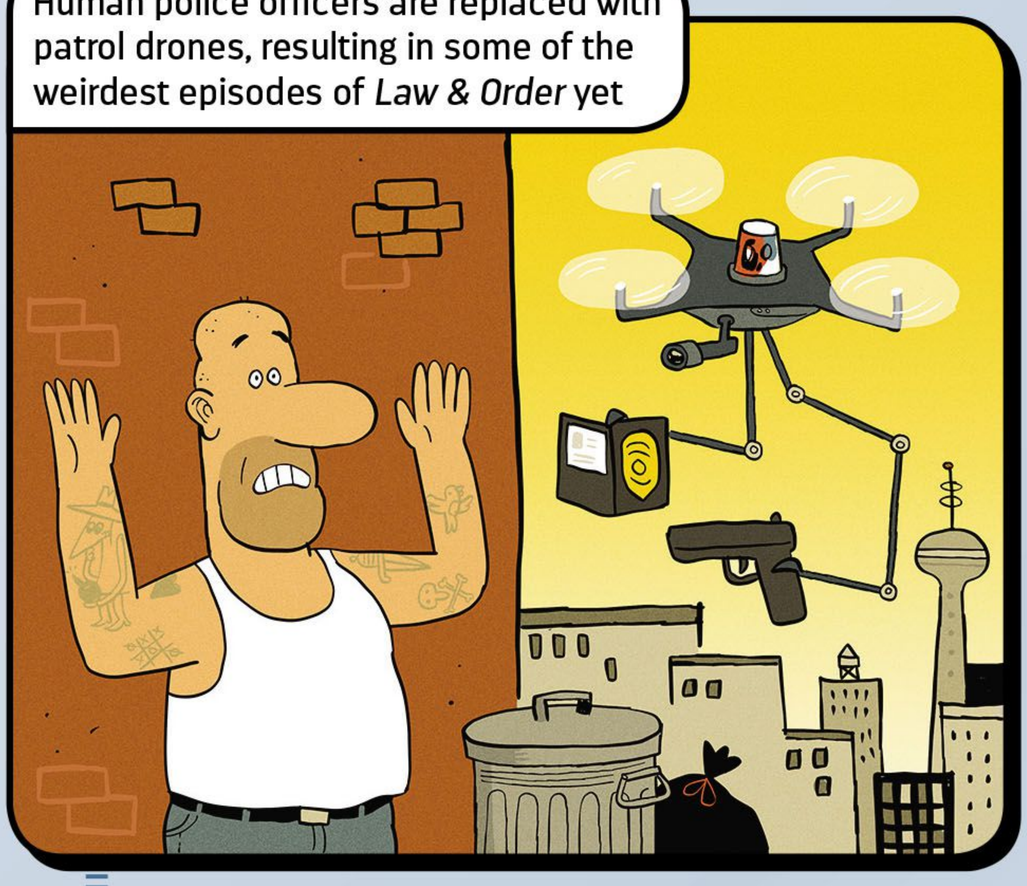
2032

The Honorable Judge JusticeBot X-9000 is appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court



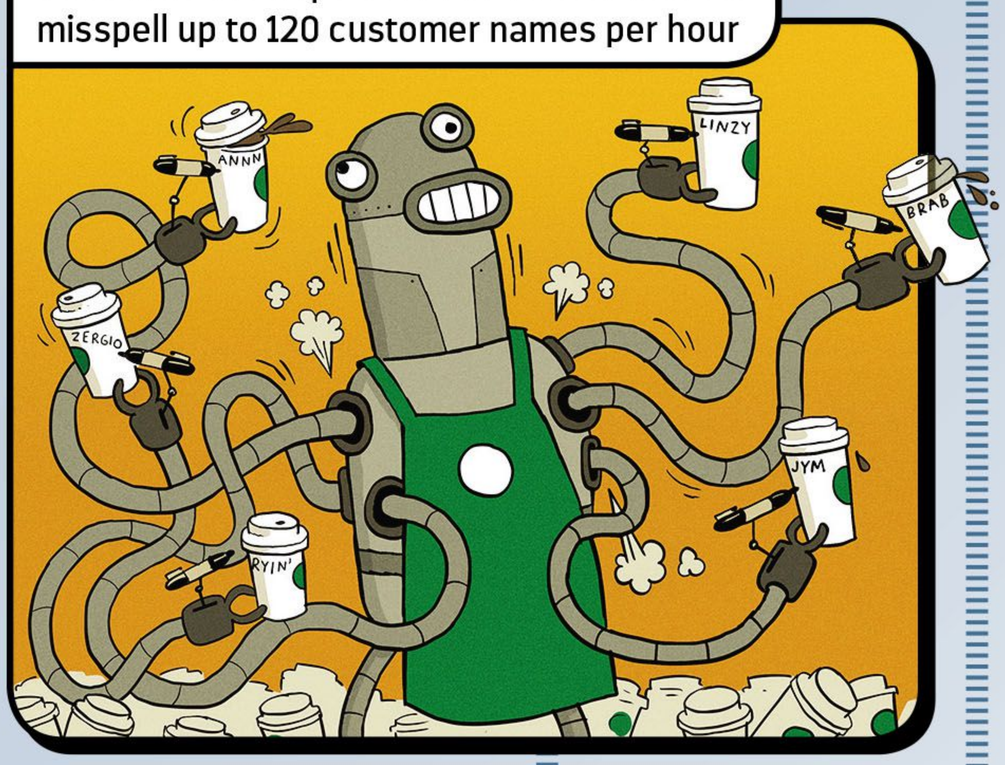
2033

Human police officers are replaced with patrol drones, resulting in some of the weirdest episodes of *Law & Order* yet



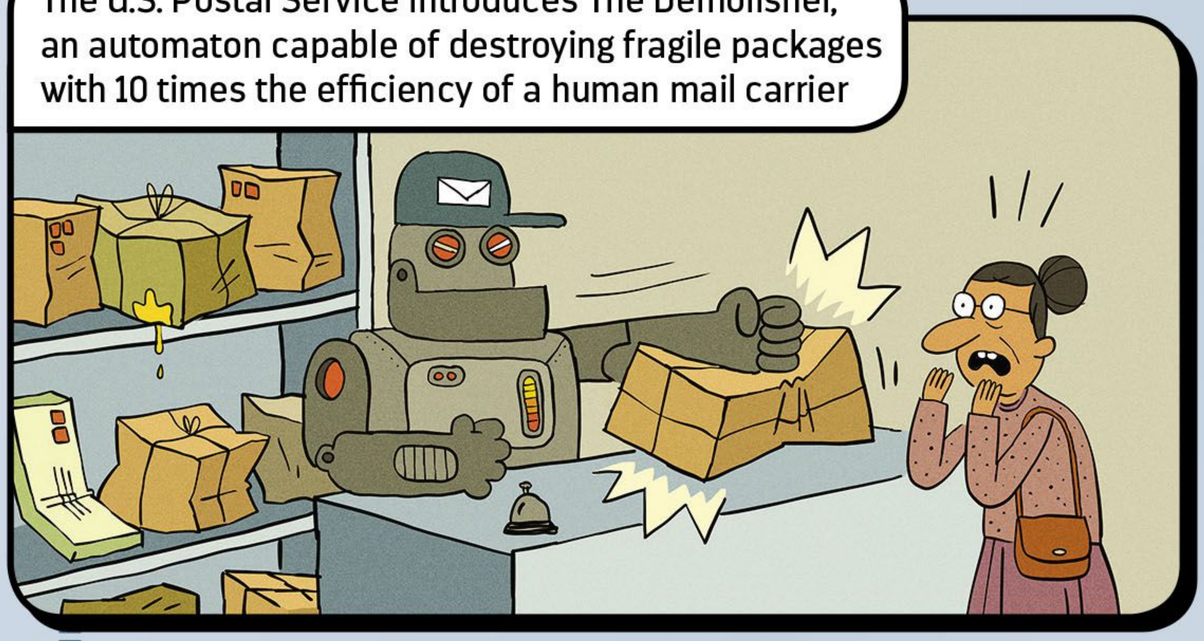
2036

Starbucks develops a robotic barista that can misspell up to 120 customer names per hour



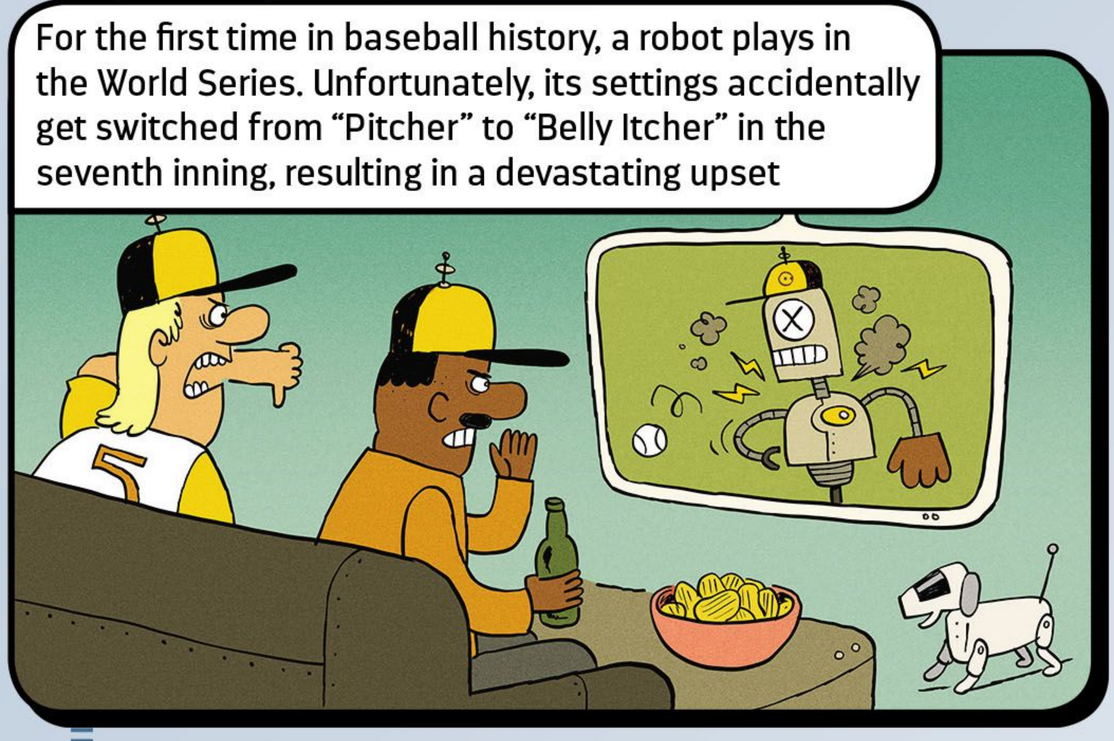
2038

The U.S. Postal Service introduces The Demolisher, an automaton capable of destroying fragile packages with 10 times the efficiency of a human mail carrier



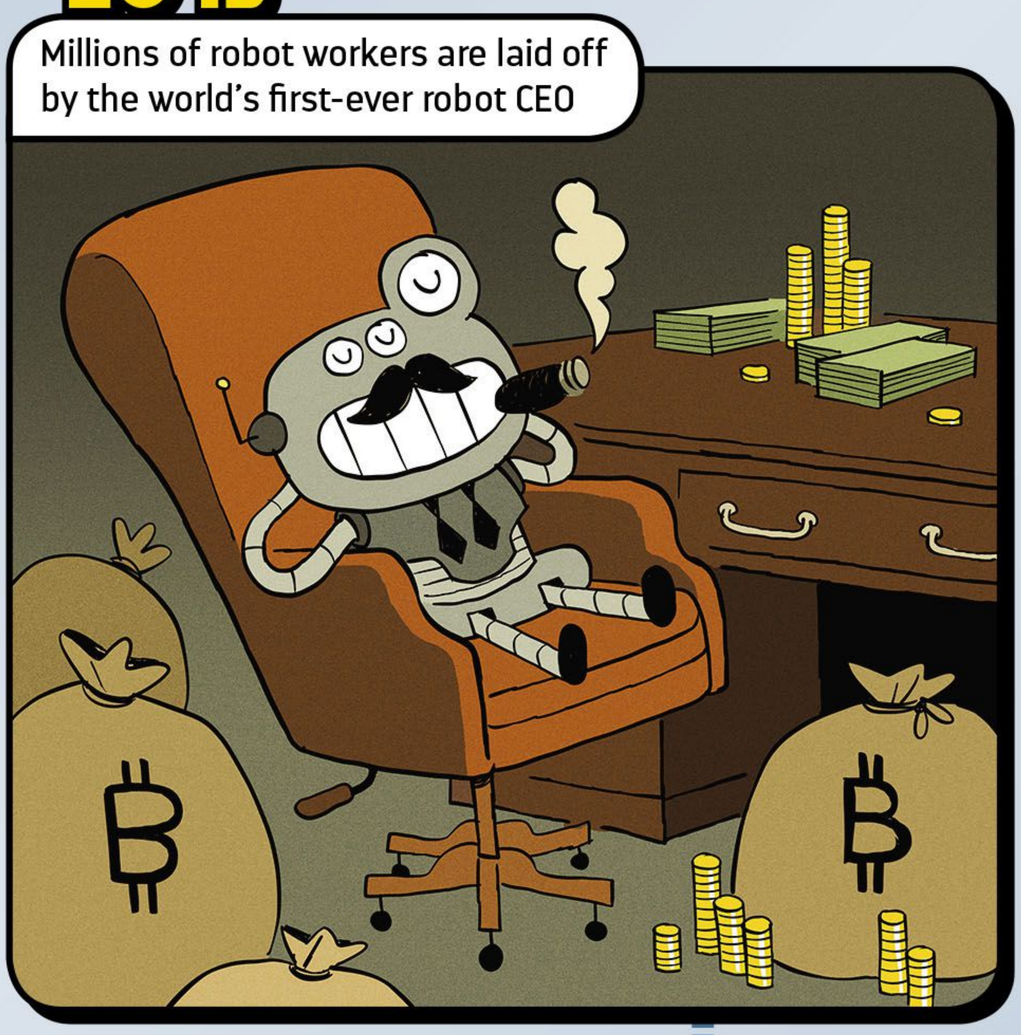
2039

For the first time in baseball history, a robot plays in the World Series. Unfortunately, its settings accidentally get switched from “Pitcher” to “Belly Itcher” in the seventh inning, resulting in a devastating upset



2043

Millions of robot workers are laid off by the world’s first-ever robot CEO



2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2038 2039 2040 2041 2042 2043 2044 20

No one knows what happens after we die (well, if you're Colonel Sanders, we know you're awkwardly portrayed
It can answer a lot of questions (but not "Is this the most morbid and depressing intro to a

SELECTED OBSE RANDOM

"...SpongeBob vitamins in stomach appear to be predominately Squidward-shaped..."

"...hospital records indicate subject was a toupée donor..."

"...authorized personnel present during autopsy include the sheriff, the county coroner and some guy in a Green Lantern costume..."

"...Eeewwwww, gross!..."

"...subject had baboon heart, as well as baboon lungs, rib cage and digestive system, so we think that it may actually be a baboon..."

by a bevy of B-list comedians). The point of an autopsy, though, is to find out what happened *before* you died. MAD article ever?"). Still, being dead isn't so bad — at least you don't have to hear these...

RVATIONS FROM AUTOPSIES

WRITER: JEFF KRUSE ARTIST: TOM BUNK

"...showed more menstrual bleeding than is common for a man..."

"...no evidence of a soul, despite repeated urgings by the hospital chaplain to keep looking..."

"...deceased appears to have had tonsils removed and replaced with artificial ones..."

"...deceased was a 1980s-era sitcom actor, who most people thought had died years ago..."

"...I don't even want to think about how 27 Monopoly hotels ended up in subject's colon..."

SALE

FILL UP

HOTEL

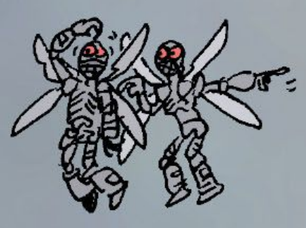
TRUMP HOTEL

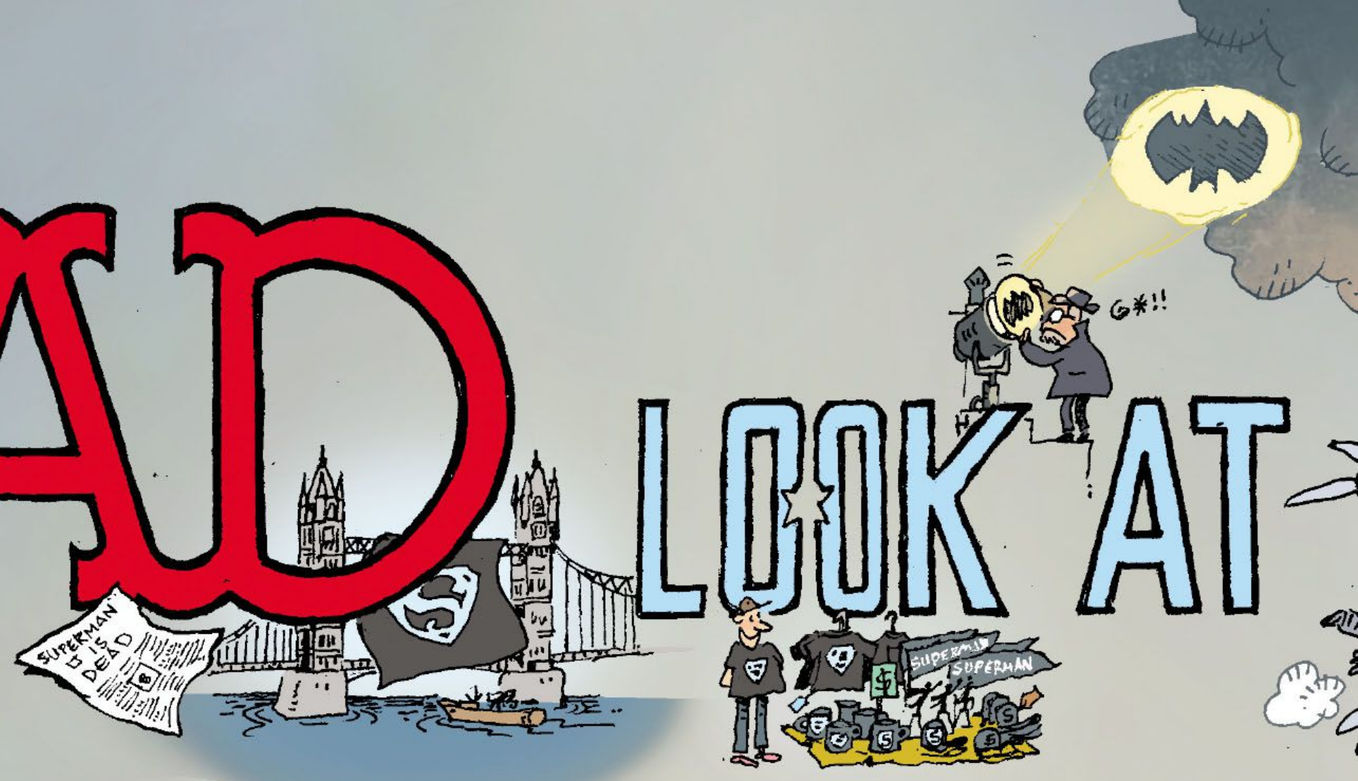
HOTEL

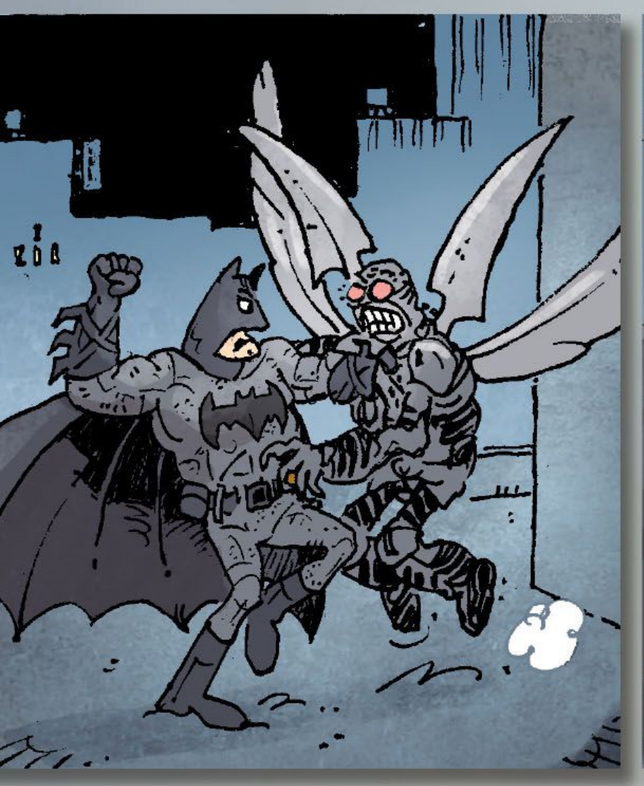
Tom Bunk

SERGIO ARAGONÉS

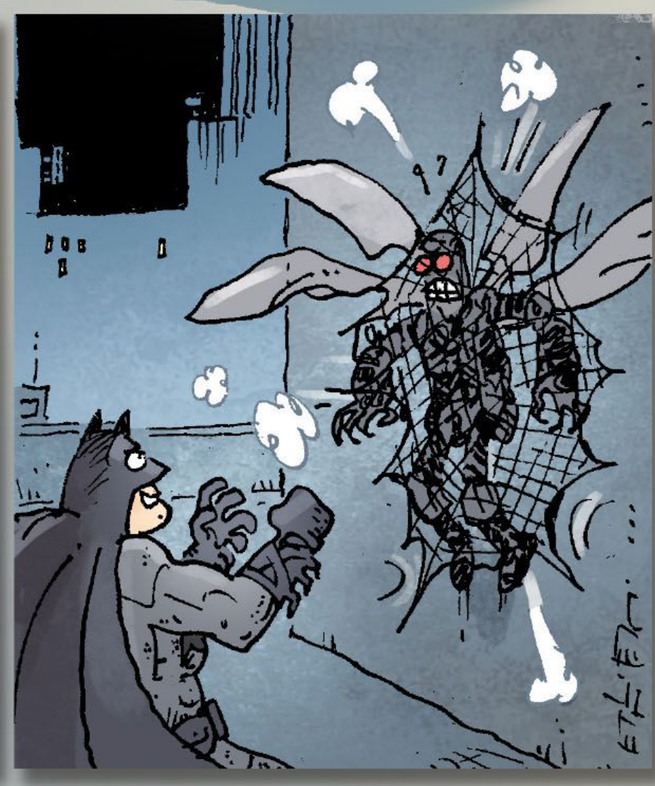
PRESENTS A MAD LOOK AT

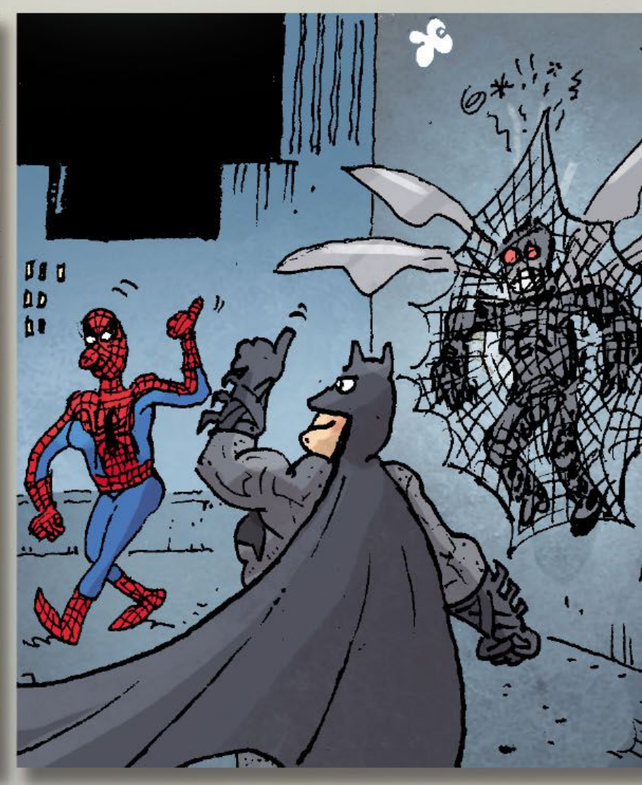


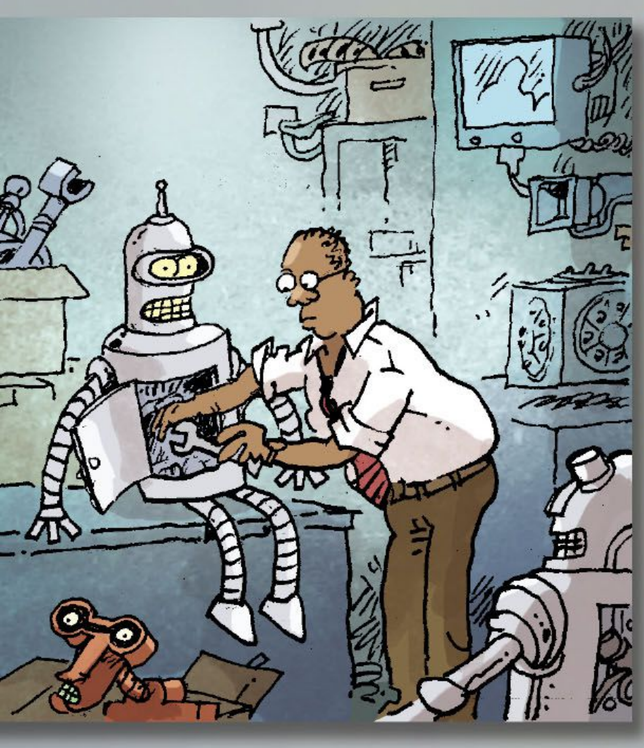


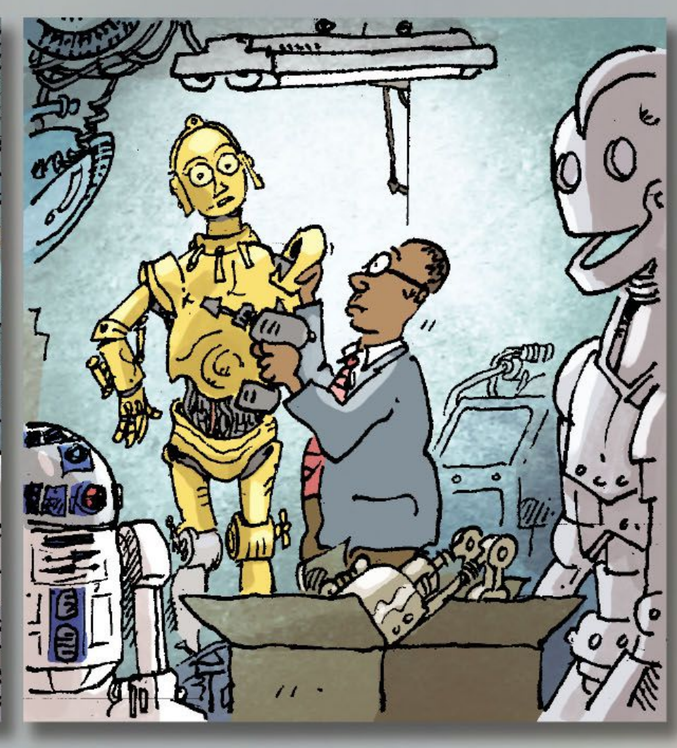


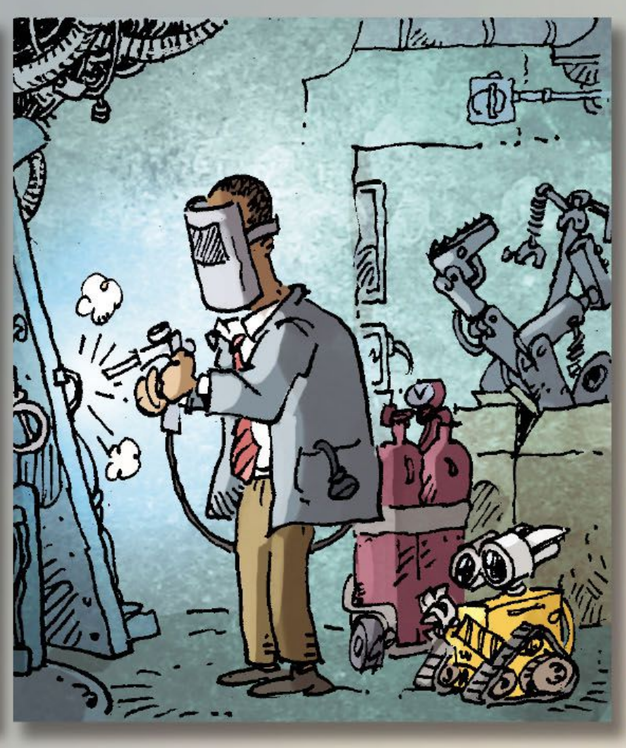


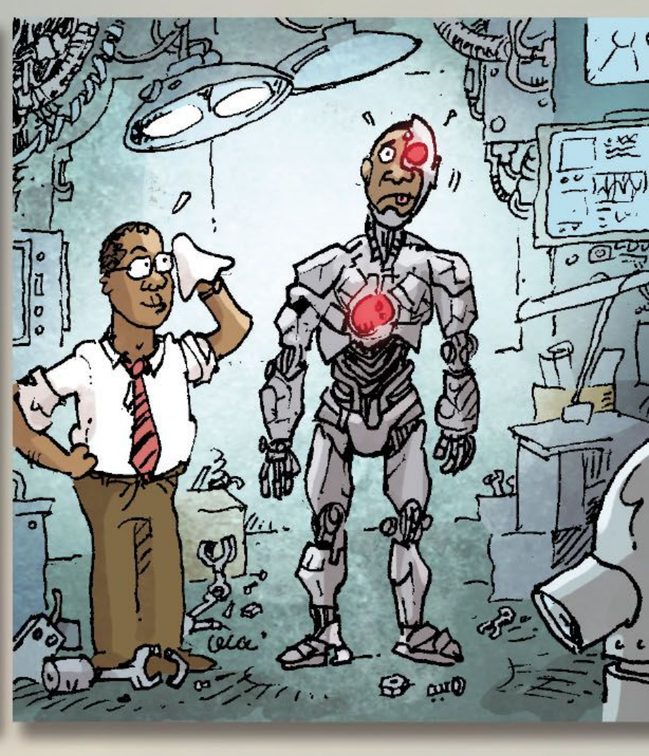




















JUSTICE LEAGUE

















WRITER AND ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONÉS COLORIST: JIM CAMPBELL









OUT OF ORDER

CLARK KENT

CLARK KENT

JAIL

JOB

JAIL

JAIL





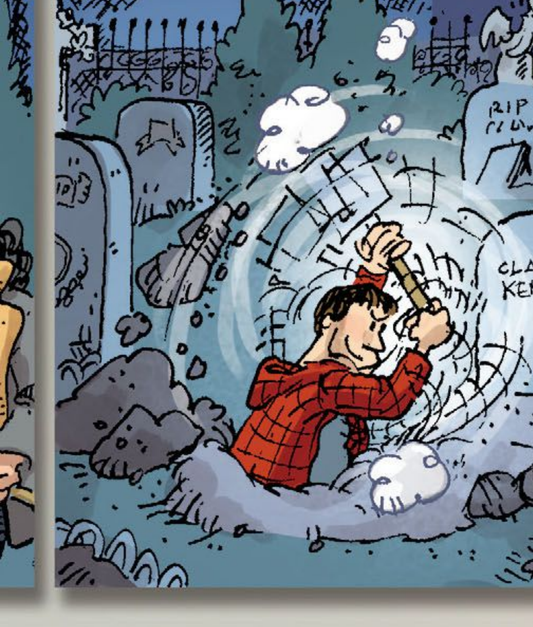
























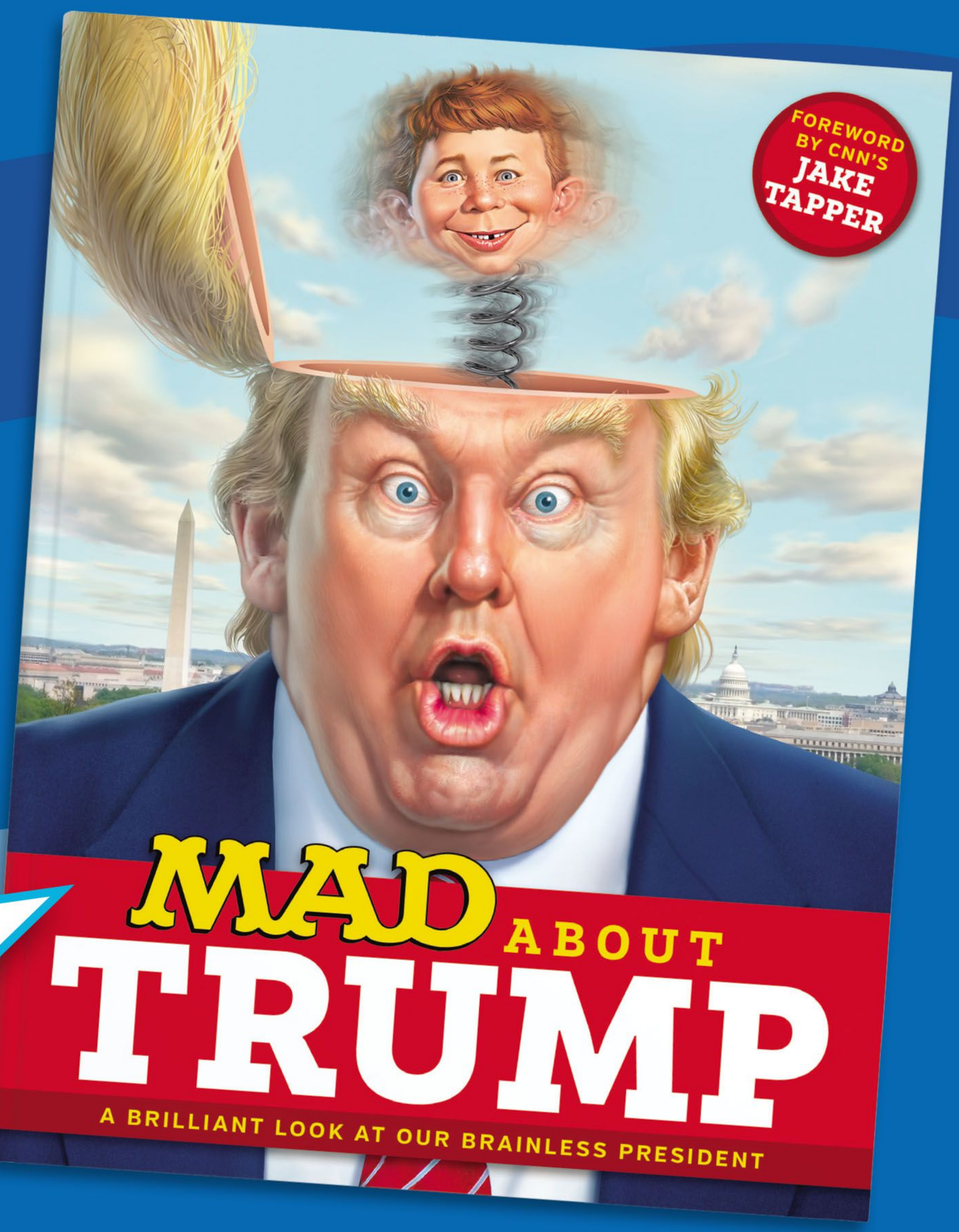

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EVIL DOES IT DEPT.

The villainous mastermind Dr. Heinous — trapped in his awkward teenage past! I.P. Studios presents...

DEWEY DERWIN DESTROYS THE WORLD!

"DEWEY'S LAST DANCE"

My name is **Dr. Heinous**, and I was the **greatest** supervillain of **all time. Loathed** by the decent! **Adored** by the depraved! **Awarded** "Evil Genius of the Year" **nine times** in a row!

I'D LIKE TO THANK *MYSELF,* WITHOUT WHOM NONE OF THIS WOULD BE *POSSIBLE...*

EVIL GENIUS OF THE YEAR

EVIL -TV

ALSO, MY FELLOW NOMINEES FOR ALL *DYING* IN A SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS LAB ACCIDENTS...*AGAIN.*

Then a time travel **mishap** left my **genius mind** trapped in the **gangly body** of my 14-year-old self, forced to relive the **dumpster fire** that was high school freshman year, when I was known simply as...**Dewey Derwin.**

WAUUUGAHHHH

I've spent **every** waking moment since in the **suffocating** presence of **feeble-minded** family members, **taffy-brained** teachers, and **cretinous** classmates, constantly **sabotaging** my plans! I feel like a **brilliant blueberry** trapped at the bottom of a **pinhead parfait.**

TEACHING SCIENCE FOR DUM-DUMS

But all that ends **tonight,** as I suffer one **final** adolescent indignity...the school **dance.**

MOTHER! CEASE WITH YOUR INFERNAL *SHUTTERBUGGERY* AT ONCE!

BUT YOU LOOK *SO CUTE* IN YOUR OUTFIT, SWEETIE!

SNAP SNAP SNAP

Once inside, I'll sneak my **anti-matter hamster** backstage, get him **lit** on **nuclear tapwater,** and then run that **dark energy** through the P.A. system to create a **quantum harmonic oscillator!** In other words: a ride **home.**

GUM

YOU'RE *SQUIRMING.* DON'T BE NERVOUS!

SIT STILL, YOU FIDGETY *VERMIN!*

NOW WHERE'S THAT *GIRLFRIEND* OF YOURS...

WHAT GIRLFRIEND?!

DESTINY, SILLY! YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT YOUR DATE WITH HER *ALL MONTH!*

IT'S A *FIGURE* OF *SPEECH!*

TOLD YOU HE MADE HER UP.

SIGH. HERE YOU GO.

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I GROW UP TO HAVE *MULTITUDINOUS* ROMANTIC OPTIONS!

I'M JUST BUSY WITH WORK, *THAT'S* ALL...

EVERCLEAR WORLD TOUR 1997

Every **degrading setback** has led to this moment when I, much like the time machine components **hidden** in my **underwear,** will **emerge** from the **shadows** and reveal my **true power!**

OONTZ

DANCE

GEORGE CLINTON HIGH SCHOOL WELCOMES D.J. DANK MEME

Time to **bust a move.**

WRITER: KENNY KEIL ARTIST: JUSTIN PETERSON

And **this** time I won't let **anything...** or **anyone...**stand in my way!

WELCOME TO ***HOMECOMING 2049!***

WELL, WELL, WELL...IF IT ISN'T ***JUNIPER CHIVES.*** MY NINTH-GRADE ***NEMESIS.***

YOUR... ***WHAT?***

OONTZ

OONTZ

OONTZ

LISTEN ***HERE,*** MEDDLESOME ***IMP.*** THIS IS A ***SPECIAL NIGHT*** FOR ME AND I DON'T NEED ANY ***LITTLE GIRLS*** GETTING IN MY WAY.

SIGH...PRETTY SURE WE'RE ***ALL*** STEERING CLEAR OF YOU TOO, ***DEWEY.***

CARE FOR SOME ***BLADERUNNER BERRY PUNCH?***

SOME ***WHAT?!***

OONTZ

OONTZ

OONTZ

WE, ***UH,*** SORT OF PICKED OUR PARTY THEME ***BEFORE*** THE MOVIE CAME OUT...

AND BY THE TIME IT ***BOMBED,*** I HAD ALREADY PAINTED THE ***RYAN GOSLING MURAL.***

Look at her, trying to **distract** me with her **inane prattling.** As if it wasn't all a calculated **ruse** to stifle my **greatness!** Some people are **so petty.** It's sad, really.

NICE ***TRY,*** CHIVES! BUT I'VE GOT ***BIGGER*** FISH TO FRY. HAVE A NICE LIFE.

OONTZ

SPILL

KICK

DUDE!

OONTZ

OONTZ

Now then. Let's pump up the jam, **shall we?**

WHEN I SAY "SCHOOL," YOU SAY "ROCKS!

BOTTOMS UP.

GLUG

GLUG

GLUG

OONTZ

OONTZ

OONTZ

One small step backwards for **animal rights.** One giant leap forward...for **me.**

AH, THIS PART OF THE JOB ***NEVER*** GETS OLD.

SKWEP--

SKWEE EEEEE EEPPP!!

HOLY @#$%!

ZARRRKK!

Yes! **Yesss!** It's **working!**

OF *COURSE* IT'S WORKING... I'M *BRILLIANT!*

THANKS A LOT, DEWEY! THAT SPEAKER WAS A *RENTAL!* THERE GOES MY SECURITY DEPOSIT...

MR. BALSAWOOD?! WHY ARE YOU DRESSED UP LIKE EDM SUPERSTAR *DJ DANK MEME?!*

I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE THIS NIGHT *SPECIAL* FOR THE KIDS, OKAY? AND A QUICK *$2,000* WHILE I'M AT IT.

YOU'RE EVEN *WORSE* AT *GRIFTING* THAN YOU ARE AT *TEACHING SCIENCE!* WHY, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW *TRUE VILLAINY* IF IT BIT YOU ON THE –

SPLAT

Bah! It's that blasted **Chives** again! What did **I** ever do to **her?**

I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* GOT INTO YOU LAST SUMMER, BUT YOU'VE BEEN ACTING WEIRD *ALL YEAR!*

YOU *PRETEND* TO BE A NORMAL KID, BUT NORMAL KIDS DON'T *BURN DOWN* THE CHEMISTRY LAB, *SCAM* THEIR CLASSMATES OR USE FIELD TRIPS AS A COVER FOR *INDUSTRIAL SABOTAGE!* AND THEY *DEFINITELY* DON'T *CRASH* THE HOMECOMNG DANCE AND *DECAPITATE* RYAN GOSLING!

I KNOW WHAT YOU *REALLY* ARE, DEWEY DERWIN!

Y-YOU *DO?*

A BULLY!

BULLY?! A BULLY!? WOULD A MERE *BULLY* BE CAPABLE OF OPENING AN *INTERDIMENSIONAL PORTAL* LIKE *THAT?*

WHAT THE *FLIP?*

UHH, HAVE A *GREAT NIGHT,* KIDS! DJ DANK MEME *OUT!*

I'M A *SUPER-VILLAIN,* YOU *FOOL!* FROM THE *FUTURE!*

AND YOU'RE HANGING OUT AT A *HIGH SCHOOL DANCE?* THAT'S JUST *WEIRD.*

Now, I just need to **tune** the portal into the right **harmonic frequency,** and it's exit stage left!

TURN IT *OFF,* DEWEY!

GENIUS *HAS* NO OFF-SWITCH, CHIVES!

AHA! GOT IT!

FSSHHHH

WHOA...IT REALLY *IS* A PORTAL TO THE *FUTURE!*

BUT ISN'T THAT KIND OF LIKE *CUTTING IN LINE?* AND WHAT ABOUT CREATING A *TEMPORAL PARADOX?* AS BOTH A *HALL MONITOR* AND A *MATHLETE,* I HAVE SOME SERIOUS ISSUES WITH *ALL* OF THIS!

THAT'S WHY *I'M* THE SUPERVILLAIN AND YOU'RE *NOT*... I SIMPLY DON'T GIVE A *@#$%!*

TA-TA.

YOU'LL *PAY* FOR THIS!

PATHETIC CHILD! DR. HEINOUS *ALWAYS* SKIPS OUT ON THE BILL!

MUAHAHA-HAHAHA!

VVORRP

WAIT, SO LIKE...

WHO'S DR. *ANUS?*

And just like that... I'm **home.**

Surprised? **Grow up.** I'm a criminal mastermind. I **always** land on my feet.

THUD

OOF.

It's a **figure** of **speech.**

With **that** whole debasing ordeal **behind** me, I can **finally** get back to business. Hmm...what atrocity shall I commit **first?** Raze the **rainforests?** Tilt the **tectonic plates?** Stink-bomb a **Starbucks?**

I'M ***BACK***, BABY! OH, HOW I'VE ***MISSED YOU***, SECRET SUBVOLCANIC EVIL LAIR!

ESPECIALLY ***YOU***, GIANT SHARK TANK!

AND ***YOU***, ATOMIC DEATH RAY!

AND ***YOU***, GIANT RYAN GOSLING MURAL!

One thing's for **sure:** today marks a **new era** of **evil** for Dr. Heinous!

ER...WAS THAT THERE BEFORE?

AH, YES. I DID A LITTLE... ***REDECORATING*** WHILE YOU WERE OUT.

WHAT? WHO ARE ***YOU?***

OH, DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE ALREADY ***FORGOTTEN*** YOUR ***"NINTH-GRADE NEMESIS"...***

JUNIPER CHIVES?!

PLEASE, CALL ME...

DR. HEINOUS.

YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD IT ***ALL*** FIGURED OUT WITH YOUR LITTLE ***DISAPPEARING ACT*** AT THE HOMECOMING DANCE, BUT YOU OVERLOOKED ***ONE*** MINOR DETAIL...

YOU LEFT BEHIND YOUR TIME MACHINE, ***DINGUS.***

PRO TIP: NEXT TIME YOU DECIDE TO MAKE A ***VINDICTIVE MATHLETE'S*** FRESHMAN YEAR A LIVING HELL... TRY AND KEEP YOUR ***REALITY-ALTERING INVENTIONS*** OUT OF HER REACH.

My name was **Dr. Heinous.** I was the **greatest** supervillain of **all time.**

YOU USED MY ***TIME MACHINE*** TO ***BEAT ME*** TO THE ***FUTURE***...STEAL MY ***JOB***... AND MAKE ME YOUR ***HENCHMAN?!***

EMPLOYEE OF THE

Feared by parents. **Hated** by teachers. **Envied** by evil-doing amateurs. **Every one** of them **hell-bent** on my downfall. But know **this...**

OH, ***C'MON.*** I'M NOT ***THAT*** PETTY. YOU'RE HEAD OF ***HAMSTER RESEARCH.***

(IT'S CAGE CLEANING DAY, BY THE WAY.)

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WON'T GET ***AWAY*** WITH IT? I KINDA ALREADY ***DID.*** THAT'S THE ***COOL*** THING ABOUT ***TIME TRAVEL.***

I MEAN, YOU ***COULD*** TRY TO "FIX" THINGS AGAIN, BUT YOU'D PROBABLY JUST SCREW THEM UP EVEN ***WORSE.***

TA-TA.

You can **knock me down.** You can **steal** my evil identity...but like **bedbugs, Justin Bieber** and the **McRib** – I'll just keep coming back, more **terrible** than ever! And when I do, you'll all be **sorry!** Especially **you,** "Dr. Heinous." So swears...

DEWEY DERWIN!

KK/JP 2017

THE END...?

Olive Garbage

ITALIAN KITCHEN

"When you're here, you couldn't get a reservation at a decent Italian restaurant."

WRITER: SCOTT MAIKO ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER

Now THROUGH OUR NEXT HEALTH DEPARTMENT INSPECTION!

Guest FAVORITE



Enjoy the pungent aroma of grated parmesan — or is that body odor? — as your sweaty waiter awkwardly leans over your table with a cheese grater and garnishes your salad to your custom specifications!

- "Gluten-free" selections do not actually meet the definition of "gluten-free" and may contain gluten but chances are you aren't actually allergic to gluten anyway, having merely read an article about it somewhere and convinced yourself you suffer from Celiac Disease, like millions of other attention-seeking hypochondriacs.
- Every day we prepare and donate food to help those in need within our community. In most cases the food was prepared for paying customers but sent back or unfinished. But it was still prepared. And our definition of "donate" is "not securing the locking bar on the dumpster behind the restaurant in areas with a significant homeless population."

Salad & BREADSTICKS

AT OLIVE GARBAGE, THE "NEVER-ENDING" BREADSTICKS ARE ON US!



And they're steeped in some sort of greasy, dripping oil, so the stains they leave on your shirt are permanent!

Note: "Never-ending" refers to your frustrated attempts to flag down anyone to bring you another basket of breadsticks, not the actual breadsticks. Goes great with our Never-Coming Pasta Bowl!

OUR FAMOUS BOTTOMLESS* BOWL OF LETTUCE WITH TWO SLICES OF A SMALL ROMA TOMATO IS COMPLIMENTARY WITH ANY ENTRÉE



*Hungry for more? Just remember, according to the Mayo Clinic, symptoms of food poisoning don't generally kick in until a few hours after eating and can last for days!

APPETIZERS

PERFECT FOR INFLATING YOUR BILL

Fried Melanoma
Sun-kissed, irregularly-shaped skin tags topped with a searing spritz of super-cold liquid nitrogen. *Abbondonza!* 7.29

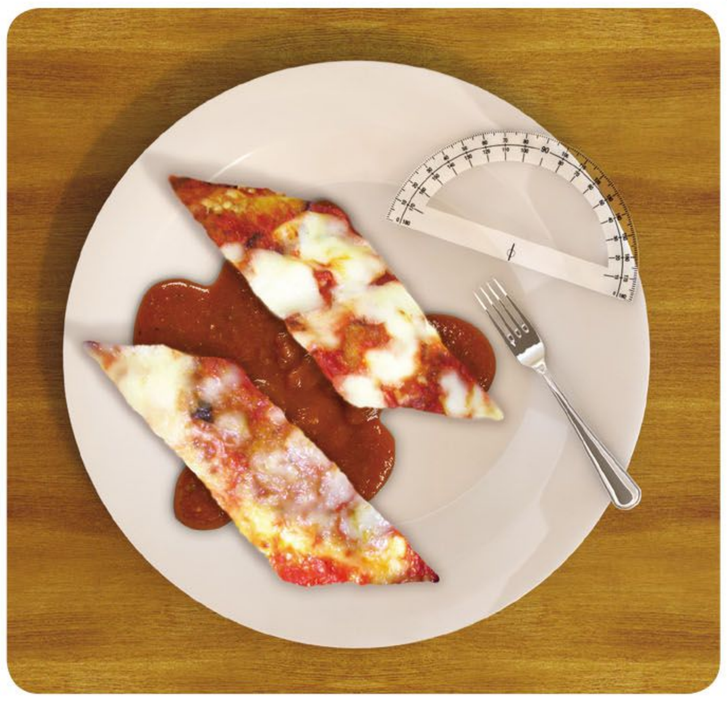
Meager Mussels Marinara
Build up your appetite by going to work on this seemingly generous platter of marinara-drenched mussel shells with surprisingly little meat inside. An immense undertaking of awkward, messy work for a remarkably small amount of food. Served with little pieces of toast so you don't feel completely robbed. 11.79





Our most famous promotion is back — the Never-Coming Pasta Bowl! Choose a signature pasta and we won't bring it to you. Order again and we still won't bring it to you! Goes great with our Never-Ending Breadsticks!

TRADITIONAL DINNER *Favorites*



Eggplant Parallelogram
Lightly fried, pan-crusted, topped with marinara and mozzarella and cut into rectilinear figures with opposite sides deliciously parallel. Served with your choice of protractor or slide rule. 14.99

Spaghetti Capybara
Tenderloins of enormous South American rodent tossed in a creamy sauce with bacon and red peppers. 16.99

Wynton Marsala
Sautéed filet of trumpet in a savory jazz/mushroom fusion. 16.99



Shrimp Skimpi
Big wad of fettuccine tossed with the rest of that Roma tomato we used in your salad, covering up two, eh, maybe three undersized shrimp. 18.49

Waitress Hair with Tilapia
Bland whitefish baked in a lemon butter sauce and tossed with tufts of thin blonde hair from waitress who is going bald due to the stress of not being able to find a decent job after college and being unable to pay her student loans; when she's done here, she's stocking shelves at Walmart until 4 a.m. 18.99



Extra Thick Sausage-Stuffed Manicotti al Porno
Overstuffed pasta arranged obscenely on a plate with two round meatballs and delivered by a waiter with a bad mustache serenading you with the traditional Italiano song, "Bow Chikka Wow Wow." 15.99

Herb-Roasted Sea Bass
Filet roasted to perfection by Herb in the kitchen and topped with garlic butter. Lou-roasted Sea Bass available on Sundays & Mondays (Herb's days off). 19.99



Lasagna di Marie Callender
Scant portion of Marie Callender's lasagna that was mis-delivered by the food distributor that services all the chain restaurants in this business park. Served with your choice of Cracker Barrel turnip greens or Red Lobster Cheddar Bay biscuits. 14.99

Fettucine Congeali
Fettucine pasta tossed in butter-rich alfredo sauce that was ready for pick-up by your server ten minutes ago while she was on her break and has since hardened into a solid room-temperature slab that you're going to need a steak knife to cut and some sort of improvised wedge — maybe the salt shaker — as a fulcrum to pry off the plate. 14.99



Chicken Subpoena
Grilled chicken breast topped with fresh tomatoes, mozzarella and basil pesto served atop a parmesan-crusted order to appear in court. 19.49

CREATE YOUR OWN HEARTBURN - 11.99

PASTA COMBINATIONS THAT SOUND GOOD WHEN YOU ORDER THEM, ANYWAY!

PICK-A YOU PASTA
Gandolfini
Jacuzzi
Mezzanine

SELECT-A YOU SAUCE
(A new can opened every morning!)
Traditional Mascara
Clamato
Ed Marinaro

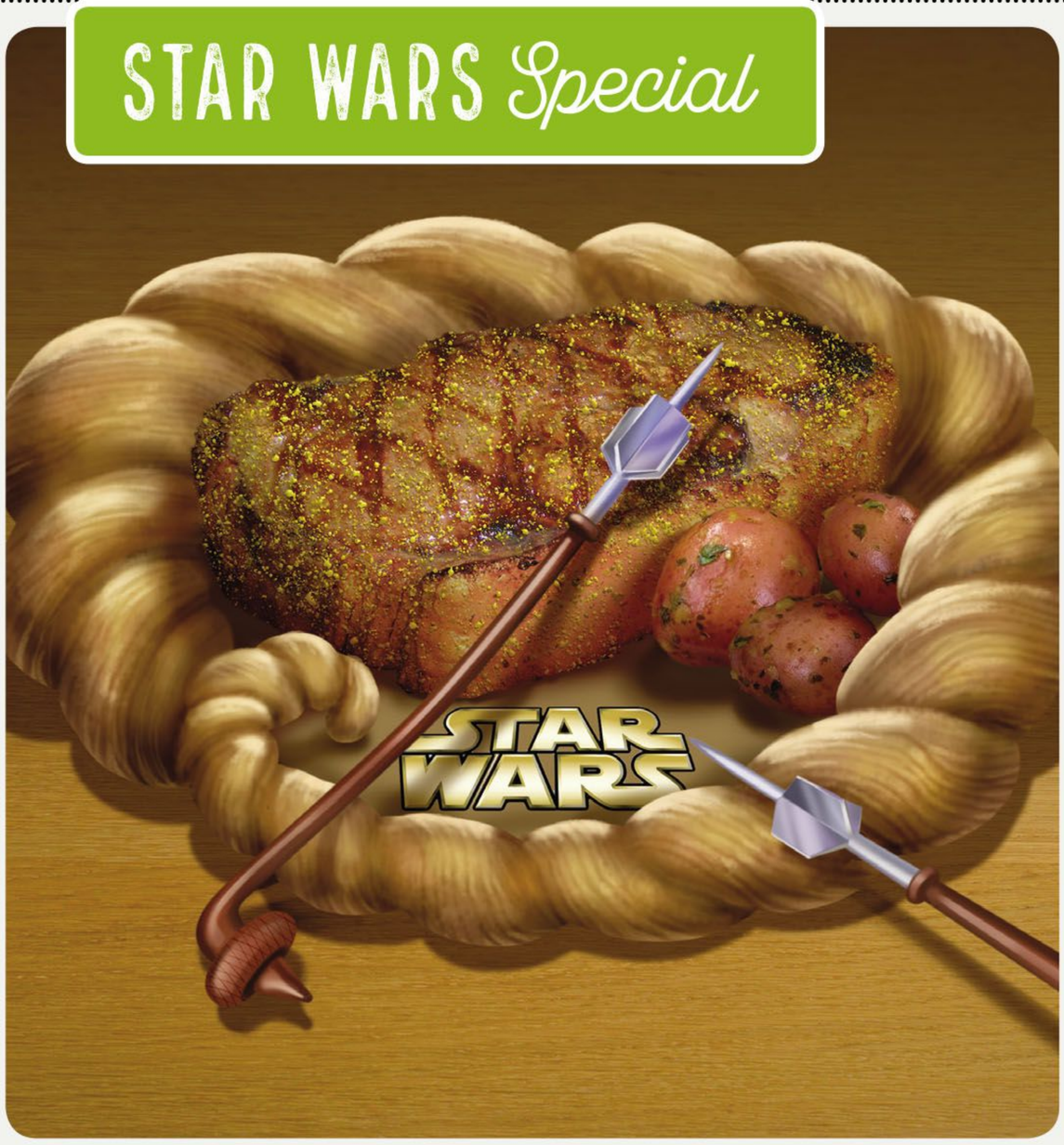
CHOOSE-A YOU TOPPING
Pupperoni
Sautéed Squirtle
Mama's E. coli



TASTES OF THE *Cucina di Focus Gruppo*



Stuffed Port Authority Mushrooms
A succulent trio of mushrooms harvested from under a bench in a humid corner of New York's Port Authority Bus Terminal, stuffed with pepperoni and mozzarella from a Lunchables left in the Lost & Found and tossed with vending machine ravioli out of a microwaveable container. 15.99



Tusken-Pounded Sirloin
Sand-crusted seared 11-oz. bantha sirloin tenderized to delicious perfection with a gaffi stick and served with roasted new potatoes. $17.49

PAIRS WELL WITH Two-fisted drinking

Olive Garbage
ITALIAN KITCHEN

"We're All Family Here — So Expect the Same Kind of Abuse & Neglect You Get At Home"

- Before placing your order, please inform us if anyone in your party is one of those complaining morons who keep sending things back for no reason so your server can go behind the bar and pound a glass of one of our crappy house wines.
- Our meat sauces include floor-dropped beef and Italian sausage. And a couple of steak medallions some guy at lunch didn't finish. And those 11-ounce sirloins we ordered too many of last week that are really starting to turn.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT CLUTTER DEPT.

WHAT'S ON Sean Hannity's DESK?

WANTED FOR MURDER OF SETH RICH

FEAR THE DEEPSTATE

MAGA

COLMES WUZ HERE

Honorary diploma from Trump University.

SEAN HANNITY
MEGA CUM LAUDE
(THE BEST! BELIEVE ME)
T.U. Donald Trump

MOORE FOR SENATE
SEVENTEEN

Dent from coffee mug thrown by Roger Ailes the night of Obama's first election.

Prototype of the Mexican border wall made from Post-it notes.

Comb dripping with whatever that stuff is he puts in his hair.

JULIAN ACCEPTED YOUR FRIEND REQUEST ✓

BUILD THAT WALL!

KEURIG

GAS

Softball (to remind him what kind of questions to ask Republicans appearing on his show).

I ❤ GOP

THE BUH-BYE FACTOR

Confetti and hats left over from the "Bill O'Reilly got fired" party.

XO ALEX

Tinfoil hat autographed by Alex Jones.

MSNBC

CNN

Voodoo dolls of competitors.

VAPE PRO

Dent from the stapler thrown by Roger Ailes the night Obama won reelection.

WRITER: MIKE MORSE
ARTIST: WARD SUTTON

THE SEAT GOES ON DEPT.

BRUTALLY HONEST PARK BENCH PLAQUES

Sheila Godsick
Loved dearly by three of her four children.
— Iris, Iggy and Ivan, but not Herb

Mark Woodford
Tragically passed away before I could convince him to include me in his stinking will.
— Mark Woodford Jr.

Trevor Middler
Nice guy. Never bothered anyone. Kept his front lawn well-trimmed. Serial killer responsible for murdering 27 people in Hinsdale Township.
— His surprised neighbor, Ted

Leslie Zeed
A beautiful girl whose addiction to lip injections bought me a house in Tuscany.
— Dr. Grady Pounder

Cinnamon Raisin' Hell
(aka Donna McAllister)
Hard to believe that we never figured out that she was a stripper.
— Her parents, George & Marge McAllister

Felicia Moore
Who came here to write poetry, which she sucked at.
— Anonymous

Mr. Biggles
Who peed around here so often you can still smell the stench of his urine.
— City Councilman Norm Choms

WRITER: ALISON GRAMBS

ARTIST: ALEJANDRO RIVAS

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

by Sergio Aragonés



WARNING:
DO NOT READ THIS!
MOVE ON TO THE NEXT PAGE.





WHAT ASTONISHING DISCOVERY IS AMAZING SCIENTISTS AROUND THE WORLD?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Recently, scientists stumbled onto a revelation that they never dreamed they'd encounter in their lifetimes. It's an entirely new perspective so out of this world that they're completely incapable of processing it. To find out what startling new insight has stymied even the most well-rounded theories, just fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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

THE "DAWN OF A NEW SCIENTIFIC ERA" IS WHAT SOME DOGMATIC FOLLOWERS CLAIM. THEIR FLAWED RESULTS BELIE WORLD-ACCEPTED FACTS. SADLY, THEY HAVE THE EARS OF CONFUSED INDIVIDUALS WHO FEEL THE TRUTH IS FLEXIBLE. SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES REFUTE THAT

A

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

B

WHAT ASTONISHING DISCOVERY IS AMAZING SCIENTISTS AROUND THE WORLD?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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

THAT SOME DOLTS BELIEVE THE EARTH IS FLAT

A B

GET READY FOR AN ALL

NEU-MAN

AND AN ALL NEW

MAD



ARTIST: MARK FREDRICKSON

MAD #1

DROPS IN APRIL!