



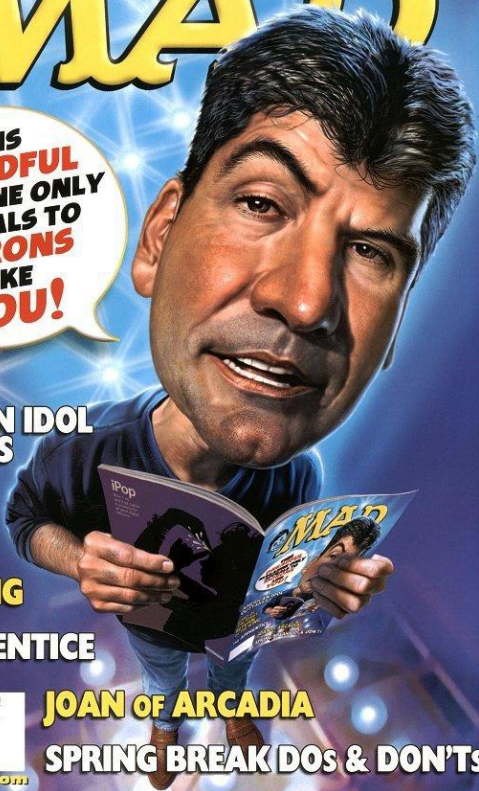
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**AMERICAN IDOL
OUTTAKES**

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THE RINGS:
RETURN
OF THE KING**

THE APPRENTICE



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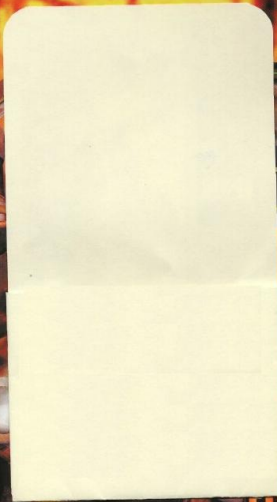
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MAD

APRIL 2004

NUMBER 440

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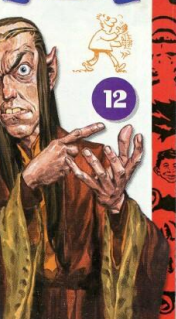
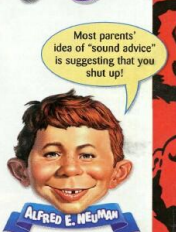
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FRONT COVER ARTIST:
MARK FREDRICKSON

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Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

My dumb wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* is to turn my plain old room into a room fit for a fan of MAD.

Ray Sivek, Traverse City, MI



Ray It Forward — Let's see what we have to work with: bare walls, sparse furnishings and little or no natural light coming in — looks like it already fits the bill! However, we leave it to you, good readers, to help Ray make his room fit for a fan of MAD. Send in your decorating and renovation suggestions, as well as any posters or artwork you've created for Ray, to Amy "The Big Crib Crasher" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019. We'll be happy to pass it all along to him! —Ed.

THE BIG TEACHER'S PET

I am an eighth-grader and a long-time fan of MAD. Recently, in my math class, I had the placement process test and after I finished, my teacher said we could read. So I pulled out MAD — after two seconds, my teacher came up to me, snatched the mag and put it into her desk. She then said that MAD was not to be tolerated and that it was the work of the devil. Then she gave me detention!

Ty Saez, Marblehead, MA

Ty Dye — We don't think it's very fair of your teacher to say that the magazine is the work of the devil. Truth be told, only parts of it are created by Satan himself. In fact, we'll let you in on a secret: he typically contributes under the pen name Arie Kaplan. Enjoy and beware the sign of the beast! —Ed.

THE ED'S NIFTY FIFTY™

It's time once again for the *Nifty Fifty™*, our little list of the 50 people we'd most like to see photographed with a copy of MAD! If we print your photo of the celeb holding an issue, you will receive a fabulous three-year subscription and a special secret surprise! (Sorry, photos cannot be returned.) So get out there and start harassing those celebrities today! And of course, we still want regular *Celebrity Snaps*, too!

- Internet porn star Paris Hilton
- Bullet-rapper 50 Cent
- Elfin heartthrob Orlando Bloom
- Hilary Duff
- Billionaire baller LeBron James
- New York Times professional plagiarist Jayson Blair
- Attorney General John Ashcroft
- American Idol "winner" Ruben Studdard
- Newlyweds' Jessica Simpson and/or Nick Lachey
- Living Beistle Paul McCartney
- Either of the *Antiques Roadshow's* creepy Keno brothers
- Right wing tool Bill O'Reilly
- Author J.K. Rowling and/or any of the three brats from *Harry Potter*
- Professional skate rat Tony Hawk
- King of all duffers Tiger Woods
- Bennifer (they'll work it out)
- C-Span's Brian Lamb (still)
- David Letterman's mother

- Amazonian Aussie Nicole Kidman
- Army heroine Jessica Lynch
- Freak director Tim Burton
- That punk Ashton Kutcher
- Drug-addled doofus Rush Limbaugh
- Screaming chef Emeril Lagasse
- Far-too-perky TV hostess Katie Couric
- Triumph of the Insult Comic Dog
- Blowhard radio host Don Imus
- Socially maladjusted comic book superstar Harvey Pekar
- Michael Jackson (sorry, no mugshots)
- Disgraced Connecticut Governor John Rowland
- Freakishly-tall baller Yao Ming
- A-hole Aussie Russell Crowe
- Sex and the City sass-mouth Mario Cantone
- Any member of the "Royal Flush" — Prince William, Prince Harry, Prince Charles, Camilla Parker-Bowles or The Queen

- Croc-baiting baby-dangler Steve Irwin
- The Apprentice taskmaster Donald Trump
- Meitrosexual soccer star David Beckham
- Cyclops terrorist Mullah Omar
- Nerd-movie actor Hugo Weaving
- Camelot creature Caroline Kennedy
- Friendster Jennifer Aniston
- Those Bush-whacking Dixie Chicks
- Celebrity Scotsman Sean Connery
- Neurotic New Yorker Woody Allen
- Jason "Mr. Britney Spears" Alexander
- Judgmental jackass Simon Cowell
- Rescued Mormon Elizabeth Smart
- Unblinking ob-master John Basedow
- Super-creepy *Inside The Actors Studio* host James Lipton
- Gwyneth Paltrow's baby (sonogram acceptable)
- Survivor's "Johnny Fairplay" or Rupert Boneham
- Far-too-perky *Trading Spaces* hostess Paige Davis



GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

We are sad to report the passing of long-time MAD artist George Woodbridge on January 20th. During the course of his 47 years with MAD, George illustrated hundreds of articles, including "43-Man Squemish," one of our most popular and reprinted pieces. We extend our deepest condolences to his family.



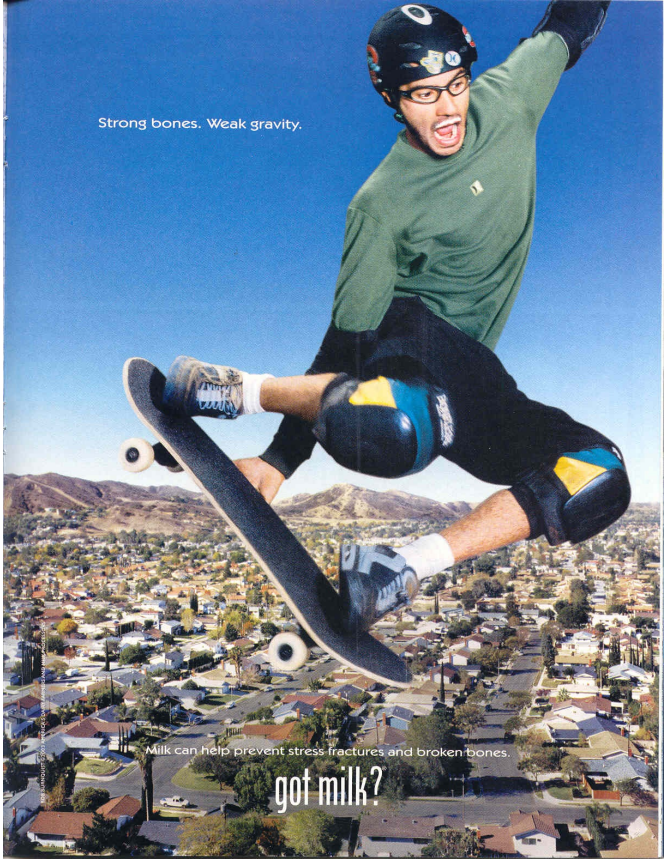
CROSSING THE SNICKET LINE

Are you crazy including a segment like "A Series of Unfortunate Misfortunes" in MAD #436? Didn't you realize it would require a far greater attention span than that of your average reader? I mean if I wanted to read...Oh, look at the pretty rainbow. Oh darn! Now where was I — milk, eggs, butter, pick up dry cleaning...

Kelly Feraro, Nunn, CO

Kelly's Bells — Thank you for your observant — a word which in this case, means "jow-droopingly moronic" — letter. If you've managed to read this to, Kelly, we thank you! And, of course, "we thank you" is a phrase which in this case means, "go suck an egg!" —Ed.



A full-page photograph of a skateboarder in mid-air, performing a trick. The skateboarder is wearing a green long-sleeved shirt, black pants, a black helmet with stickers, and knee pads. He has a surprised or intense expression with his mouth open. The skateboard is tilted, and he is holding it with both feet. The background shows a suburban neighborhood with houses and trees, and hills in the distance under a clear blue sky.

Strong bones. Weak gravity.

Milk can help prevent stress fractures and broken bones.

got milk?



DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALS

I would like to respond to the letter James Chmielinski (MAD #437) wrote, responding to my letter (MAD #434) about "MAD's Photo Personals Gallery: The Men." Jimski Shlaminski — Don't be dissin' my main man "???" That weirdo in the picture YOU sent doesn't look a thing like my hunky love-muffin, so don't even try it. I am not a stalker.

Heather Henderson, Camden, NJ

Heath Bar — You say you're not a stalker? That's too bad, 'cause "???" told us he LOVES stalkers! It seems you've blown your one chance to become the future Mrs. "???" Fortunately for you, the "King of Swing" is still available and, rumor has it, he's looking to settle down! Best of luck, and let us know when the big date has been set! —Ed.



The future Mr. Heather Henderson, the King of Swing

MAD FAN OF THE MONTH



Tyler Joyce of Vacaville, CA is our MAD Fan of the Month! Congrats, Tyler, now pull yourself off the floor and put on some damn pants — you're scaring the readers!



Demetrius with Steven "Bobby Bacals" Schirpa



Mark with Federico "Furio Glanta" Castelluccio



Bob with Edie "Carmela Soprano" Falco



James "Tony Soprano" Gandolfini with MAD artist Roy Alina

HITTING BELOW THE BIBLE BELT

It is becoming ever more apparent that MAD is transfiguring itself from a humorous satirical publication to a rambling forum for liberal views. In MAD #437 "The 10 Commandments as Practiced by Judge Roy Moore," you keep talking about how Judge Roy Moore disregarded the founding fathers and broke the "constitutional" separation of church and state. My question is, where does the Constitution say there is to be a separation of church and state? If you are speaking of the First Amendment right of freedom of religion, I fail to see how a stone monument to historical laws hinders the "vast" number of Alabama atheists from worshipping, well, nothing. Also, I thought it would be interesting for The Usual Gang of Idiots to know that our founding fathers prayed to God before every session of the Constitutional Convention.

John Cunningham, Palos Park, IL

Ham Bone — We were very upset upon reading your letter. We here at MAD, like FOX News, pride ourselves on being fair and balanced. We like to think that we offer a "rambling forum" for all viewpoints, as anyone who actually made it through your entire bloated diatribe can attest to. Thanks for writing and God bless! —Ed.



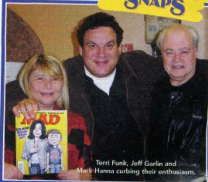
LIP DISSERVICE

I am writing to you because I have found that guys don't know how to kiss. If you could educate them it would be much appreciated.

Sarah Bershadsky, Convent Station, NJ

Slim Shodsky — We wish we could help you. But as a girl, aren't you better equipped to teach guys how to kiss? All we can do is to direct you to the Letters Page's resident loverboy, the "King of Swing" and wish for the best. We just hope Heather doesn't mind a little competition! —Ed.

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Terri Funk, Jeff Garlin and Mark Hanna curbing their enthusiasm

Thanks to Mark Hanna and Terri Funk, both of Hollywood, FL for sending in this Celebrity Snap of Jeff Garlin from the TV show *Curb Your Enthusiasm* holding MAD #438, which includes our spoof "Absurd, Their Enthusiasm"! Enjoy your three-year subscription, you crazy, fun-loving couple, you!

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D. Ask yourself, did you really need to grow it in the first place?



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The Big Easel

How about an original oil painting in the fashion of Roy Lichtenstein, complete with Ben-day dots? I created this masterpiece back in my college days for a humanities project that required an art project after an artist we admired. After I copped an "A" for it, I proudly displayed it on the living room wall.

Rick Lohran, Bullhead City, AZ

Rickelodeon — Thanks for your contribution to the Big Easel! After so many years on your living room wall, don't you think it's time to find a new home for it? Now might be the perfect time to donate your "masterwork" to the burgeoning Roy Sivek MAD Collection. It's a win/win situation — you'll become a noted patron of the arts AND receive a whopper of a tax write-off! Bongo, Ricky! —Ed.

P.S. Readers, we still want you to send in your artistic Alfred-inspired creations, using whatever medium is handy, to grace our Letters Page. Be creative (so we don't have to be)! Send them to: Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019.

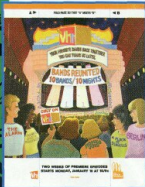


A HEAVY CROSSOVER TO BEAR

Those of you scanning the newstands of late may have noticed the MAD influence on several non-MAD publications. Al Jaffee's Fold-In ad for VH1 has appeared in Rolling Stone, Us Weekly, Entertainment Weekly, The Village Voice, TV Guide, The New York Times Magazine and Blender! In addition, the formerly-reputable Newsweek reprinted the editorial cartoon seen above. Industry experts are already predicting a noticeable decrease in sales for all of these periodicals!



Newsweek's MAD Editorial Cartoon



Al Jaffee's ad for VH1



For all of those who saw our Ashton/Demi painting in issue #437's MAD 20 and wanted something more suitable for framing, this is your lucky day! MAD Color Classics #9 features the painting as a special pull-out poster! Buy it now while supplies (and their sham relationship) last!

BONUS POSTER!

**NEXT MONTH
IN MAD #441
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Contributing Artists And Writers

the usual gang of idiots

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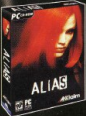
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Violence



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PlayStation 2



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PAGES

VIDEOGAME CORNER

THINGS YOU WON'T OVERHEAR AT THE NEXT VIDEOGAME CONVENTION

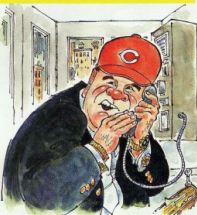


THE GODFREY REPORT

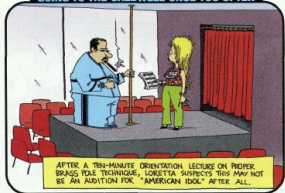
IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Jiffy Lube	Sears	Pep Boys
Molars	Incisors	Bicuspidis
Drano	Plunging	Snaking

WHAT'S PETE ROSE BETTING ON THIS MONTH?

- Which is longer, the third *Lord of the Rings* flick, or Britney Spears' next marriage? Pete likes the *Hobbits*' chances.
- More contagious, mad cows or SARS monkeys? Pete's going with the monkeys to cover the spread.
- The over/under number on Saddam Hussein's head lice count (taking into consideration the beard) is 1,700 of the little buggers. After scratching his head, Pete has decided to take the over.
- There's two drops of hydraulic fluid running down the lens of the mounted camera on the Mars Rover. Pete's putting five bills on the one on the left.



GOING TO THE CALDWELL ONCE TOO OFTEN



GRAPHIC NOVEL REVIEW

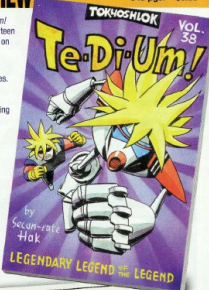
848 pgs. \$6.95

The 38th of a projected 190-volume series, *Te-Di-Um!* features the continuing adventures of Hey'ya, a blind teen ninja. And we do mean continuing. Tokyoshok plans on releasing new volumes in the series every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the next calendar year.

Hey'ya is an orphan who lives in lawless feudal times. This plot device neatly covers why he never has to go to school and can spend all day wandering aimlessly from scene to scene. The cast of supporting characters is among the most varied in the genre, including the wise samurai Aoiakou; Zit, the cold-blooded assassin; and Fala, the robot demon ghost goth shapeshifter cyberpunk dethroned princess who invents gadgets. And of course, Pock, the sarcastic talking tapeworm.

As the 159-word tale unfolds, readers watch Hey'ya learn that he has hidden powers. Then, 50 volumes later, he has to harness those powers. Then, Hey'ya has to use them to avenge his parents. But don't get the idea that this is like every other manga story. Remember, this one's got the talking tapeworm.

The art is spare, stylized, and evocative, with huge white areas that look like a baby's coloring book, only without the detail. Meanwhile, the writing provides a level of characterization and sub-plotting that's highly unusual for the genre, stretching this out to a classic 2-minute read.



THE MARTHA STEWART TRIAL THE CASE FOR & AGAINST

FOR MARTHA:

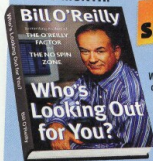
- If she really was a slimy, sleazy, high-powered white-collar crook, she would have been on Dick Cheney's speed-dial.
- In the TV movie based on her life, she was portrayed by has-been actress Cybill Shepherd — hasn't she suffered enough?
- Anybody who's seen her try to make a lovely spice rack by gluing together 500 pine cones already knows that she's legally insane and is not responsible for her actions.
- It's a proven fact that prison only makes people worse than they already are. Do you want to help create a meaner Martha Stewart?



AGAINST MARTHA:

- Put her away for 5-10 years and you won't have to hear her prattle on about how you can knit your dryer lint into a cozy afghan for your kitty.
- Let her go and you'll let Osama bin Laden think that Americans are soft on obnoxious, cold-blooded tyrants.
- Somebody has to freshen up that room where lethal injections are given with votive candles and pot-pourri. Who else is going to do it, you?
- Putting bald-faced liars in jail will send out the perfect message to our current crop of Presidential candidates.

THIS MONTH:



BEST SELLERS

CUT DOWN TO SIZE

Who's looking out for you? Not the wealthy, not the greedy corporations, and sure as hell not the media. In fact, the only person looking out for you is me, a really wealthy guy who works for a greedy media corporation.

KEY TO GO

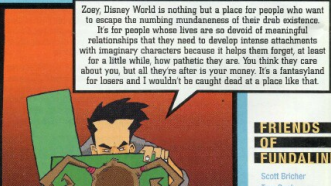


"I THANK YOU ALL FOR BEING BY MY SIDE AT THIS TIME. BUT NOW CAN YOU ALL LEAVE SO I CAN GET UP AND GO TO WORK?"

BITTERMAN



Uncle Joe, can you take me to Disney World?



Zoe, Disney World is nothing but a place for people who want to escape the numbing mundaneness of their drab existence. It's for people whose lives are so devoid of meaningful relationships that they need to develop intense attachments with imaginary characters because it helps them forget, at least for a little while, how pathetic they are. You think they care about you, but all they're after is your money. It's a fantasyland for losers and I wouldn't be caught dead at a place like that.



FRIENDS OF FUNDALIN

Scott Bricher
Tom Bunk
John Caldwell
Tom Nick Cocotos
Paul Coker
Dick DeBartolo
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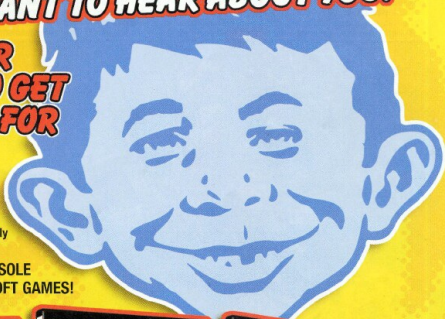
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REHASH OF THE THING

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

Joined by my friends, I'm on a quest to claim my rightful throne and be reunited with my true love! Why do I suddenly have the urge to sing "Hakuna Matata"? The crown has passed from such legends as Erendil the Tall, Valandil the Faithful, and Isildur the Swift. And now, me — Peppercorn the Unwashed and Unshaven!

I'm Legolamb, the only action hero ever to get called "sissypants" by Clay Aiken! A lot of purists don't like the way I've become some kind of Xtreme skateboard warrior onscreen! But there's not a single moment that isn't 100% in keeping with the original Tolkien books. "Respect the work" is my motto. Now scope me while I railslide into a totally sick crooked grind, and acid drop that dorc's butt!

I'm 3-foot-4 and I carry a 2-foot sword. Think I've got any psycho-logical issues to work out? In the original books, I'm the dignified representative of a dying race. In these movies, I've been dumbed down to a "Tickle Me Gimmicki" who cracks corn jokes. But it's tough to maintain artistic vision when your sightline is right at half a million butts all the time!

That's where you're wrong, Gimmicki! As the director of these films, I don't consider a short, fat, hairy little troll to be the comic relief! To me, you're the sex symbol!

The soldiers say, "Baggybuns, you're too small to join us in hand-to-hand combat!" But they're wrong! I survived several years working as an alter boy!

Fear not, Baggybuns! I shall carry you astride my horse as we ride into battle! Hey, I'm no fool! As long as I've got you sitting up front, you block 80% of the arrows coming at me!

As the king, if I'm going to send my army to get killed, it would be ungalant for me to hide in my safe palace! A true leader must take up the sword and place himself in the same mortal danger as his own people! Now THAT'S why this story is a total fantasy!

I'm proud to be a part of what many critics consider a mature masterpiece of storytelling! I play Pimple, a midget who finds a magic ball in the water next to a talking tree, which lets the giant evil eyeball fry my brain. Proud? Um...on second thought, I think I'll tell my children that Daddy works in gay porn!

All we have to eat is this tasteless dry bread, which is crawling with teeny mealygrubs and wrapped in dirty leaves. Here, you can take mine!

What a pail! What a pail!



Yum! Fishes are much tastier than slobbit bread! Yeah, and we gets seconds! You fat pig, it's like you're eating for two! Forgets the fish, let's talk about our Precious! We must gets our Precious! Shhh! Do you thinkings maybe we should move this conversation more than ten feet away from the slobbits? Nah! What are the chances that somebody with gigantic ears could possibly overhears us?

Poor Cheese-ball. I've never seen a creature like him!

Me neither! But his schizophrenic baby talk does remind me a lot of Michael Jackson trying to explain what went on out at Neverland Ranch!



Where's Aspercreme?

Where's *who*? Oh, you mean the super-evil wizard who created the army to destroy us? The one who almost killed Gandoo? Um, he's up in the tower. Yeah, up there. That's where he is!

Doesn't it strike anyone as odd that the final fate of the #1 villain in these movies gets totally blown off with an obviously patched-in line of exposition?

Not to me, it doesn't! We've got \$35 DVDs to sell! And that's why we shoot a dozen extra scenes for the completist fanboy suckers — I mean, lovers of cinema — to drool over! So if you want to see what I like to call "the lost Aspercreme sequence," be sure to preorder now!

You must relinquish the throne! You are merely the caretaker king! You were never actually chosen to be the true leader!

Yeah, but five-ninths of the Middle-earth Supreme Court picked me, so nyah-nyah-nyah! \$300 tax cuts for everybody! Mission accomplished!



I am the Witch-King of Angmar! Some know me as the Lord of the Fazooll! Still others speak of the Greatest of the Nine! But you can call me N. Diddy! Now, follow me to the city of men!

It's unbelievable! 200,000 dorcs marching into battle!

What's really unbelievable is that not one of these hammer-heads happens to glance to his right and spot us!



We've lost half our army! The invaders are here! The city is lost!

Hmmm! Maybe that "letting them all run past us" strategy wasn't as sharp as we originally thought!





Gyaahh!! That horrible, high-pitched dragon shriek! I haven't heard anything like it since I caught Celine Dion's Vegas show!

Gandoof! How did you know that you could chase away the dragons with a beam of light?

My hut has cock-roached! Every time I flick the lights on in the kitchen, they go running! If it works on them, I figure it could work on dragons!



I've put my son's life in mortal danger, just like Steve Irwin the Crocodile Hunter! My phony-balance kingdom is collapsing! Come, Pimple, sing a soothing song to distract me!

My milkshake... brings all the boys to the yard. And they're like... "It's better than yours." Damn right, it's better than yours. I can teach you, but I have to charge.

Well, I have to admit that certainly took my mind off things!



Master Dodo, you're listening to Cheeseball, and ordering me to leave?

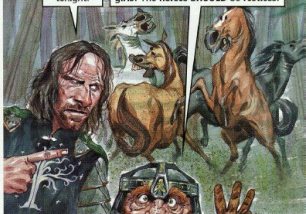
Yes, I've decided to trust the crazy-eyed, schizophrenic, bald-headed little freak over you, my oldest and dearest friend. It makes perfect sense!

You mean I'm not allowed to climb straight up a sulphurous black mountain anymore? I have to go home? And eat some real food? And sleep in a bed? Hee hee! Oh, um, that was a giggle of sadness!



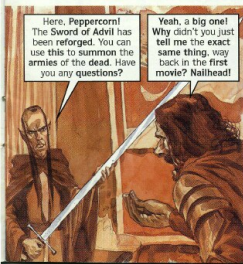
The horses are restless tonight!

There are half a million lonely soldiers in this movie and just three girls! The horses SHOULD be restless!



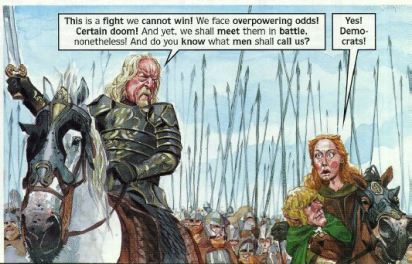
Here, Peppercorn! The Sword of Advil has been reformed. You can use this to summon the armies of the dead. Have you any questions?

Yeah, a big one! Why didn't you just tell me the exact same thing, way back in the first movie? Nailhead!



This is a fight we cannot win! We face overpowering odds! Certain doom! And yet, we shall meet them in battle, nonetheless! And do you know what men shall call us?

Yes! Democrats!



Aarrghh! I've been crushed to death by an armored elephant! It's the very same way my father died...and his father before him! Damn! What are the odds of that?

Zero casualties to report, sir!

That's impossible! I just saw thirty soldiers get pulped by a boulder!

No, no, I mean there've been no casualties that MATTER. A hundred thousand warriors get slaughtered, but the 12 main good guys combined don't even chip a tooth! Gee, I wish I had more than two lines of dialogue...GAAAHHHH!!!



Noooo! First we lets the spider eats up Dodo! Then we waits! Then we's fish the Precious out of a big piece of spider poop! Our plan was foolproofs! Disgusting, but foolproofs! US ATTACK!

Oops— we's aimed a little high! Never lunge at a 3-foot-tall target!

Gandoo fell off a cliff, but then he came back. Peppercorn fell off a cliff and he came back. Now Golfclub falls off a cliff and HE'LL be back, too! Who wrote this dumb story, J.R.R. Tolkien or Wile E. Coyote?



Is this truly the end? Nay, the Journey doesn't end here. There is another path, one that all ye must take!

And where shall the Journey take us, Gandoo the Wise?

Whaddaya mean, "us"? I'm an Academy Award-nominated actor. I'm talking about YOUR journey, shrimp! The one that's going to take your typecast ass to every comic book convention, sci-fi fest, car show and fan cruise for the next 30 years! Mini Me is going to see more scripts than you slobbits will! So give more of those annoying TV interviews about your moronic Fellowship tattoos now. After this, your glory days are so over!

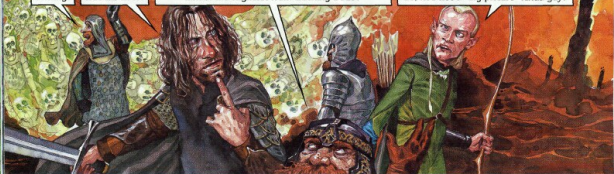


Bye, Army of the Dead! Thanks for coming!

Now, we will distract the all-seeing Eye of Sorehead by, um, standing outside his door!

Woo hoo! After eight hours of this videogame movie, I'm more than ready for a suicide mission! But how do we know Dodo's anywhere near the correct spot? Besides, locating the Ring is the one crucial element of Sorehead's plan. It's the single most important thing in his life! Why would anything we do distract him in the slightest from tracking Dodo?

Good points! But don't forget Sorehead's strategy! Apparently, it's to completely burn and ravage every square inch of the world, killing everyone in it! Then he'll be in charge of everything that's left. Namely, nothing! So, he's not a "big picture" kinda guy!



Whenever we've nervous, we start biting nails. We think we'll start with yours!

YEOWWW!!! I've heard of giving somebody the finger, but this is ridiculous!

Cheeseball thought a ring would solve his problems, but he still wound up being destroyed. Just like Kobel!

All right, so maybe it's wrong to stand here, smiling, watching three midgets in the same bed, bouncing on top of each other in slow motion. Just be glad I'm wearing these long, roomy robes!

Enjoy yourself, freak! As for me, I've got a throne and a beautiful female elf, and I'm going to climb on both of them!

Sure, she's hot now, dude. But she's still only 2,778 years old. Watch out, Peppercorn! Elf chicks tend to "hit the wall" by their 2,800th birthday!

And now, you shall be known as Queen of the Elves!

Not as long as Legolamb's around!

I'm going to put my hands around two pints, one way or the other!

Wait! Peppercorn just got to be King! Everybody bowed down to us! Wasn't THAT supposed to be the ending?

It *should've* been, yeah! But we just couldn't leave this part out. Finally, after three years of swords and dragons, SOMEBODY finally gets some action!

Hold on! Apparently *that* wasn't the ending, either! How long does this go on?

Most movies these days are 100 minutes, tops. This puppy just clocked 9 hours! So we deserve about six endings!

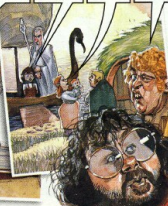
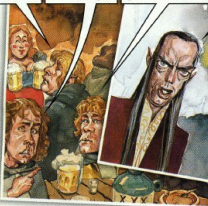
I hope the screenwriter does a better job with this story than *Billboard* and I did with these books!

Must leave. Forever. Boat. Why? No idea. No explanation. Very sad!

Last night, during sex, why did you call me "Master Dodo"?

Looks like Gandooof's not the only one around here with a beard!

Three movies! Six endings! Nice editing job, fat-boy! And they call US schizo!



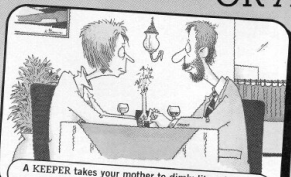


If you thought your life was shot to hell when your parents got a divorce, just wait till you see the parade of mutants that come a-knockin' to ask your mom out! At least you can take an active role in screening potential new step-pappys by examining...

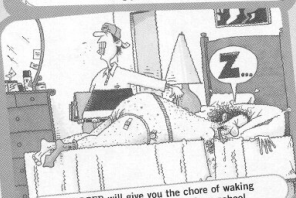
JOHN CALDWELL'S IS YOUR MOM'S A KEEPER... OR A



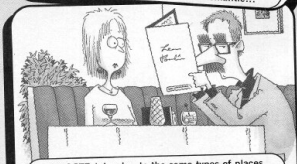
A KEEPER will take on the chore of waking you up for school...



A KEEPER takes your mother to dimly lit, out of the way places because he's a hopeless romantic...



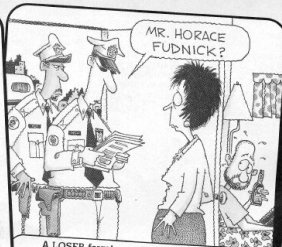
A LOSER will give you the chore of waking him up when you get home from school.



A LOSER takes her to the same types of places because he doesn't want his wife to catch him.



A KEEPER remembers birthdays and other significant dates...



A LOSER forgets court appearances and outstanding warrants.

CHOOSE YOUR BABY DUMP

If you thought your life was shot to hell when your parents got a divorce, just wait till you see the parade of mutants that come a knockin' to ask your mom out! At least you can take an active role in screening potential new step-papays by examining...

JOHN CALDWELL'S IS YOUR MOM'S NEW BOYFRIEND A KEEPER... OR A LOSER?



A KEEPER will take on the chore of waking you up for school.



A KEEPER takes your mother to lovely lit, out of the new places because he's a hopeless romantic...



A LOSER will give you the chore of waking him up when you get home from school.



A LOSER takes her to the same types of places because he doesn't want his wife to catch him.



A KEEPER will give you something personal to cherish...



A LOSER will give you something personal to flush down the toilet when the heat is on.



A KEEPER employs impeccable table manners.



WOULD YOU BELIEVE THIS SAME CRAP HAPPENS WITH MY BAIT BOX?

A LOSER employs the same behavior as his Delta Army wife to cover the pepperoni.



MISS WANDA PIELOWSKI?

A KEEPER remembers birthdays and other significant dates.



MR. HORACE FUDNICK?

A LOSER forgets court appearances and outstanding warrants.



I NEED YOU SO BAD!!!

A KEEPER will call your mother at all hours of the day to tell her that he loves her...



I NEED 300 BUCKS SO BAD!!!

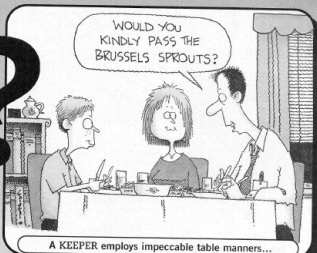
A LOSER will call your mother at all hours of the night to tell her that he needs her money.

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

NEW BOYFRIEND LOSER?



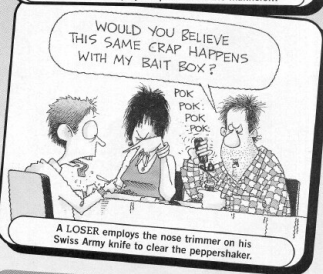
A KEEPER will give you something personal to cherish...



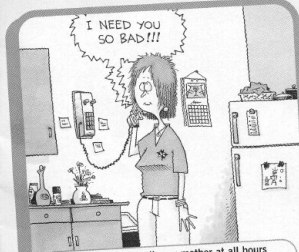
A KEEPER employs impeccable table manners...



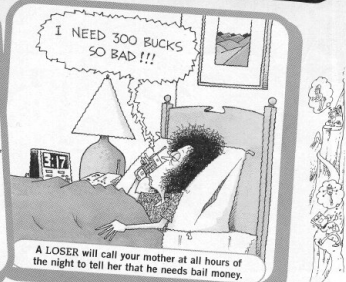
A LOSER will give you something personal to flush down the toilet when the heat is on.



A LOSER employs the nose trimmer on his Swiss Army knife to clear the peppershaker.



A KEEPER will call your mother at all hours of the day to tell her that he loves her...



A LOSER will call your mother at all hours of the night to tell her that he needs bail money.



A KEEPER does the routine maintenance on your mother's car...



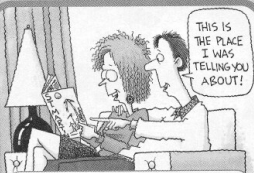
A LOSER does the babysitter in your mother's car.



A KEEPER generously offers to help out with household expenses...



A LOSER figures another \$5.95 for pay-per-view porn ain't gonna break her.



A KEEPER will ask your mother if she's up for a three-day weekend in the Caribbean...



A LOSER will ask your mother if she's up for a threesome in his conversion van.

MAD'S HANDY CLIP-AND-SAVE NEW BOYFRIEND COMPARISON CHART

CONTENTS OF WALLET

KEEPER Some ready cash, platinum card and family photos	LOSER Some ready hash, somebody's platinum card and some polaroids of a B-level porn star
---	---

GIVES YOUR MOTHER

KEEPER jewelry and flowers	LOSER Herpes
--------------------------------------	------------------------

BOXERS OR BRIEFS?

KEEPER "None of your business, thank you."	LOSER "Don't know. I haven't looked in five days."
--	--

LAST THREE CELL PHONE CALLS MADE

KEEPER Confirm lunch, check with stockbroker, theater reservations	LOSER Confirm stuff is pure, check in with parole officer, ex-wife death threats
--	--

IS IN THE KEY DEMOGRAPHIC TARGET GROUP FOR

KEEPER Mutual funds, vacation real estate and luxury cars	LOSER Scratch-off lottery tickets, WWE merchandise and Chia Pets
---	--

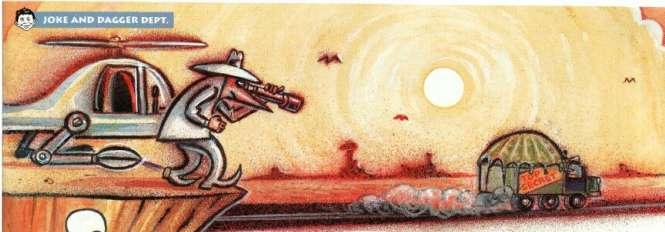
TO IMPRESS YOUR MOM ON A DATE HE

KEEPER Will order in French	LOSER Will supersize the whole damn shootin' match
---------------------------------------	--

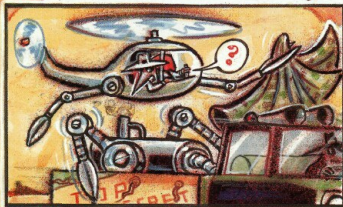
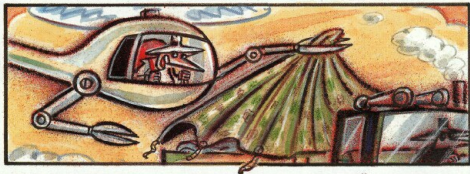
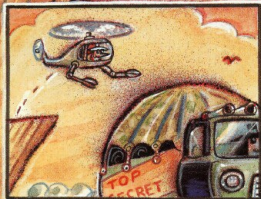
A FORMAL NIGHT OUT MEANS

KEEPER Break out the tux	LOSER Rinse out the AC/DC tour tee
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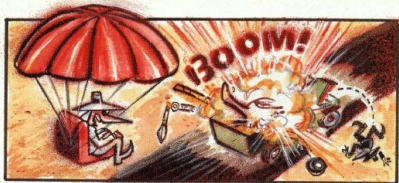
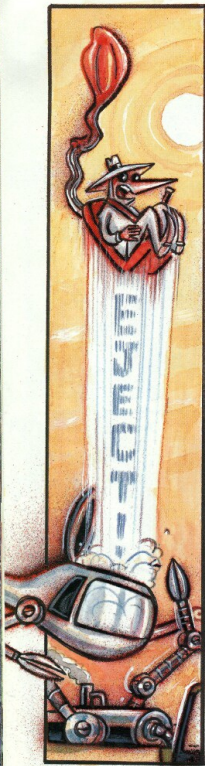


say
say



KUPER







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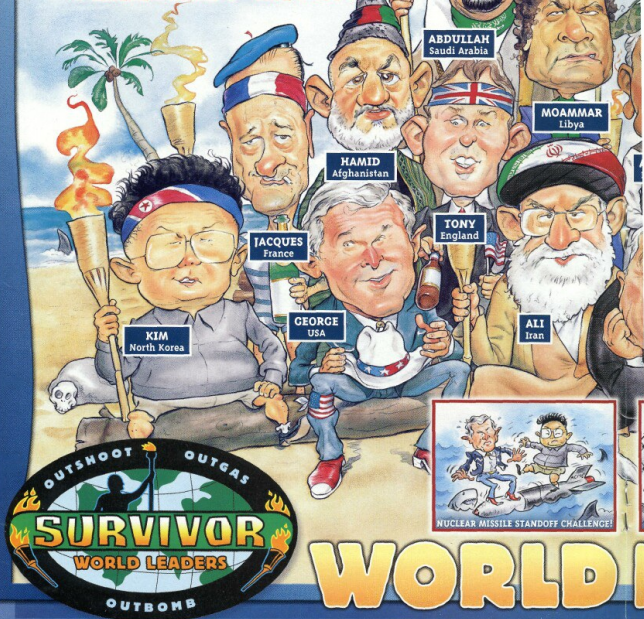
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**15 NATIONS.
9 NUCLEAR POWERS.
1 WELL-ORGANIZED
TERRORIST GROUP.**



WORLD

A MAP-POSTER

**15 NATIONS.
9 NUCLEAR POWERS.
1 WELL-ORGANIZED
TERRORIST GROUP.**

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ARTIST: GUY DAVIS

WRITER: JEFF KORDA

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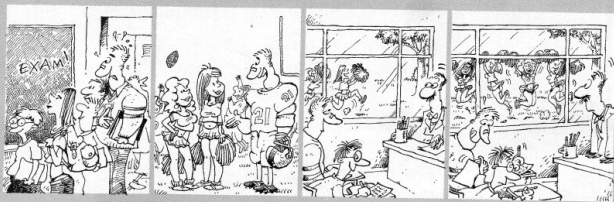
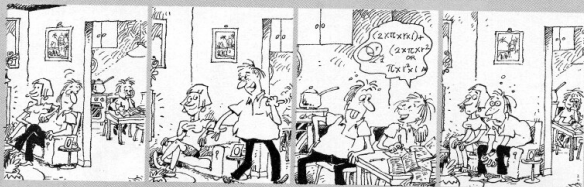
CNN



AL-JAZEERA



SERGIO ARAGONES presents a MAD look



MEME IN GENERAL DEPT

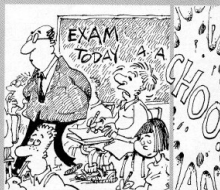
scribble-forensics
presents

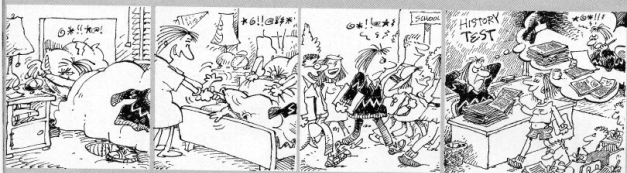
a MAD look at EXAMS



ARTIST AND WRITER: NICHOLAS ANDERSON

at EXAMS











DONALD YUCK DEPT.

MAD's TRUMPED-UP SCENES FROM THE APPRENTICE



Any apprentice of mine has to be intimidating like me...so I want you all to go home and practice **THIS** pose in the mirror!

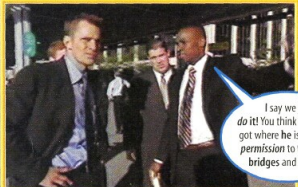


What?
You mean this **ISN'T Average Joe?** I musta got in the **wrong line!** Huh-huh!

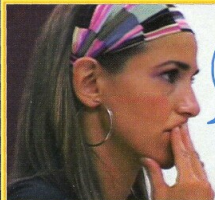


Now, when I was starting out, there was **no one** to hand **me** anything on a silver platter — well, **unless** you count my **Dad**, one of the **biggest** land developers on Long Island!

I say we just **do it!** You think **Mr. Trump** got where **he** is by asking **permission** to tear down bridges and things?

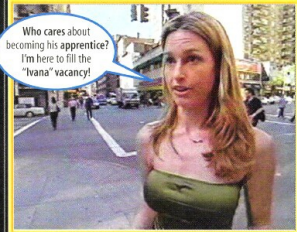
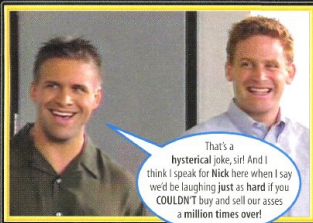
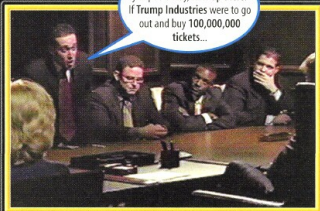
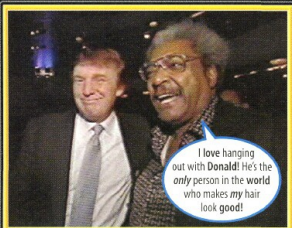


Don't throw up...**don't** throw up...it's not **roadkill** on top of his head — it's just a **haircut!**



He wouldn't **dare** fire me first!
Everyone from **Jesse Jackson** to **Al Sharpton** to **Johnnie Cochran** would be marching on **Trump Tower!**







Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

I WAS DOING SOME PLUMBING REPAIR WORK IN MY APARTMENT WHEN SUDDENLY A PIPE BURST.

I HAD NO IDEA THIS APARTMENT COULD HOLD SO MUCH WATER.



TWO MONTHS LATER I WOKE UP FROM WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD ME WAS A COMA.

WE HAVE QUITE A BED SHORTAGE AT THIS TIME SO I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND WE'VE BUNKED YOU WITH A GUY WE THINK MIGHT BE DEAD. WE'RE WAITING FOR THE TEST RESULTS.

I THINK HIS CATHETER SPRANG A LEAK.

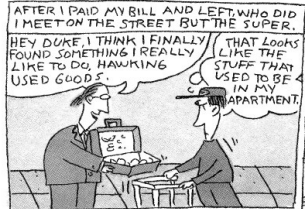
WHAT AN IDIOT, I'M IN A COMA TOO.



AFTER I PAID MY BILL AND LEFT, WHO DID I MEET ON THE STREET BUT THE SUPER.

HEY DUKE, I THINK I FINALLY FOUND SOMETHING I REALLY LIKE TO DO, HAWKING USED GOODS.

THAT LOOKS LIKE THE STUFF THAT USED TO BE IN MY APARTMENT.



THINGS WERE GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE, SO I DECIDED TO CALL THE SUPER.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU'RE SAYING. YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE UNDER WATER OR SOMETHING.

I HAD NO IDEA MY LUNGS COULD HOLD SO MUCH WATER.



EVENTUALLY I WAS TAKEN TO A REHAB UNIT SO I COULD BEGIN TO GET BACK THE USE OF MY LIMBS.

YOU'LL NEVER GET BETTER IF YOU KEEP USING ALL YOUR ENERGY TO LOOK DOWN MY BLOUSE AT MY FIRM YET SUPPLE BREASTS.

I WONDER IF THE SUPER EVER CALLED ME BACK?



A FEW MONTHS LATER THE EPA INFORMED ME THAT ALL OF THE LEAD AND ASBESTOS THAT LEACHED OUT OF MY WALLS WAS PUSHED BACK IN AND COVERED WITH A FRESH COAT OF PAINT AND IT WAS SAFE TO MOVE BACK IN.

NONE OF THAT CRAP OF YOURS WAS WORTH ANYTHING, SO I'M BACK TO BEING THE SUPER.

NUTS - I THINK THEY FORGOT TO TAKE MY CATHETER OUT.



P.C. VEY

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DON'T HAVE A COWELL DEPT.

After a few seasons of the same old thing, a show can get stale — especially if it was incredibly shoddy to begin with. Which is why *American Idol* is really in trouble... and why we're offering:

MAD's Suggestions

At the top of each show, Pete Rose sets the odds on who's the next contestant to get booted off.

American Idol Odds

Victoria 10-1 Tommy 3-2
Gabrielle 4-1 Elizabeth 5-2
Max Korn 100-1
Pie 7-2 Rich 3-1
Brady 2-1

When competitors are eliminated, have them go directly backstage to towel down the ever-sweaty Ruben Studdard.

No "special guest appearances" by that screeching manboy Clay Aiken, ever. Period.

Every hundredth viewer calling in to vote is allowed to talk dirty to Paula Abdul.

Just to make it interesting, no more stopping the tape for Randy Jackson bathroom breaks.

Each contestant must chug a two-liter bottle of Coca Cola before performing; if they belch during their song, they're OUT.

DON'T HAVE A COWELL HEPT

After a few seasons of the career old thing, a show has got stale — especially if it's now recruiting stars to help sell. Which is why *American Idol* isn't a really a reality, and why we're drawing

MAD's Suggestions For Improving



At the top of each show, Pete Rose sets the odds on who's the next contestant to get booted off.

AMERICAN IDOL ODDS

Victoria B-1	Tommy 3-2
Gabrielle 4-1	Elizabeth 5-2
Max Korn 10-1	
Wile 7-3	Rich 3-1
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When competitors are eliminated, have them go directly backstage to towel down the ever-sweaty Ruben Studdard.

During bad performances, new musical characters, *Rugie The Owl*, suddenly appears to screech "HOOD BOY! HOOD BOY!"



Lift the highly discriminatory three-year ban on ventriloquists.

ARTIST: TIM BUCHANAN
WRITER: BOB D'AMICO

No "special guest appearances" by that screaming manboy Clay Aiken, ever. Period.

In accordance with President Bush's new immigration policy, Mexican illegals are now allowed to compete.

Every hundredth viewer calling in to vote is allowed to talk dirty to Paula Abdul.

Just to make it interesting, no more stopping the tape for Randy Jackson bathroom breaks.

Goodbye Simon Cowell, hello Gelfand.

GOODBYE ANY PRECIOUS

Entire studio audience is treated to Whoopers and fries from the nearby Burger King where Justin Guarini works.

Each contestant must chug a two-liter bottle of Coca Cola before performing; if they balk during their song, they're OUT.

Once crowned, the winner is permitted to kidney-punch Ryan Seacrest.

To complete his humiliation at the hands of the U.S., force Saddam Hussein to sing an a cappella version of "God Bless America" at the end of each show.

Real

For Improving

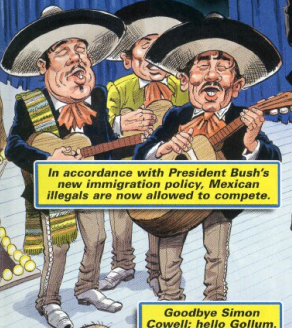
American Idol



During bad performances, new animated character, Rupie The Owl, suddenly appears to screech "HOOO BOY! HOOO BOY!"

Lift the highly discriminatory three-year ban on ventriloquists.

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND
WRITER: GREG LEITMAN



In accordance with President Bush's new immigration policy, Mexican illegals are now allowed to compete.

Goodbye Simon Cowell; hello Gollum.

Once crowned, the winner is permitted to kidney-punch Ryan Seacrest.

GOODBYE MY PRECIOUS!

Entire studio audience is treated to Whoppers and fries from the nearby Burger King where Justin Guarini works.

To complete his humiliation at the hands of the U.S., force Saddam Hussein to sing in a cappella version of "God Bless America" at the end of each show.

Richmond



Life's a beach...
with a swimsuit
full of
sand.
It's...

Monroe and...



PREVIOUSLY ON
SURVIVOR JR.: MONROE
GOT SOME ADVICE FROM
SUPERSTAR SURVIVOR,
RUPERT BONEHAM.

RUPERT, YOU WERE THE
MOST POPULAR
SURVIVOR
EVER. HOW CAN
I GET AMERICA TO
Love me?

MOVE TO CANADA.



AND A TRIBAL
MERGER BROUGHT ALL
SIDES TOGETHER.

ONE
THING WE
CAN ALL AGREE
ON - AFTER THE
GAME, THAT
**CREEPY LITTLE
TWERP**
SHOULD BE
LEFT ON THE
ISLAND!

YOU'RE
RIGHT. SOME
CREATURES
AREN'T
MEANT FOR
CIVILIZATION!

AND NOW, THE THRILLING
CONCLUSION...

JUST A
HANDFUL OF
SURVIVORS
LEFT.
HOW DOES
EVERYONE
FEEL?

I'M JUST
PUMPED TO
STILL BE
HERE!

IT'S BEEN
AN **AWESOME**
TEST OF
WILL!

THE **MOST**
REWARDING
EXPERIENCE
OF MY
LIFE!

MY TONGUE
FEELS LIKE
**CRUSHED
GLASS.**

UHM...OKAY, WITH
AN EMPTY BUCKET IT
LOOKS LIKE...MONROE
WINS IMMUNITY!

BOGUS!!

WE WERE
SUPPOSED TO
EMPTY THE
BUCKET, NOT
DRINK IT!

RELAX, HE GOT **SEA
MADNESS** OUT OF IT.
JUST MAKE THE **BEST** OF
THE SITUATION.

My Lord, Duke of
Britannia, I am at
your service.

TWO MORE PINA
COLADAS,
SQUIRE!

I fetch them
with haste.

MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT.

THIS **TRIBAL
COUNCIL** WILL
DETERMINE THE **FINAL
THREE**. MONROE HAS
IMMUNITY AND SEEMS
TO BE GAINING BACK
WHAT LITTLE
SANITY
HE HAD.

REST UP,
FINAL THREE.
TOMORROW
TWO OF YOU
WILL BE THE
**FINAL
SURVIVORS.**

HOW ABOUT
WE MOVE IT UP
A DAY AND GET
THE **HELL** OUT
OF HERE?

PSST! MONROE, I'VE
ALREADY DECIDED - I'M
VOTING OUT PABLO AND
TAKING YOU WITH ME TO
THE FINAL TWO.

Sweet!

WAIT! I'M
TAKING HIM
WITH ME TO
THE **FINAL
TWO!**

GUY'S,
THIS
IS ALL **VERY
FLATTERING**,
YOU BOTH
FIGHTING
OVER ME AND
ALL...

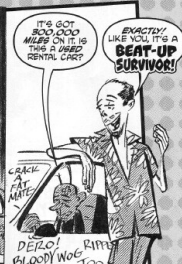
RIGHT! WE BOTH WANT
TO GO UP AGAINST YOU
BECAUSE WE KNOW **NOBODY**
ON THE JURY WOULD **EVER**
VOTE FOR YOU.

OH...
I CAN LIVE
WITH THAT.

SURVIVOR JR.

PART 3





Once again it's the time of year when both America's brightest minds and dimmest bulbs travel across the country in a debauched orgy of bad behavior, uncivil conduct and pointless craziness! No, we're not talking about the presidential primaries, we're talking about Spring Break! It was at the last Spring Break we attended that a good friend said to us, "The well-mannered Spring Breaker is a happy Spring Breaker" — just before passing out in a pool of his own sick. It is with that image in mind that we proudly present...

MAD's Etiquette Guide to SPRING BREAK

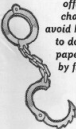
ARTIST: AMANDA CONNER
WRITER: BUTCH D'AMBROSIO



Empty deposit bottles may be left in lieu of hotel house-keeping tips provided they are not covered in vomit.



Conscientious revelers faced with arrest for public and underage drinking always give the police officers a chance to avoid having to do extra paperwork by fleeing.



The straight-thinking Spring Breaker waits until the last minute, but eventually dissuades his smashed male friends from getting butterfly tattoos on the small of their backs.

MAD's Stiquette Guide to SPRING BREAK



It is highly recommended that at least one person in your group know how to say in Spanish, "Where is the hospital? My friend is bleeding vodka from his ears."



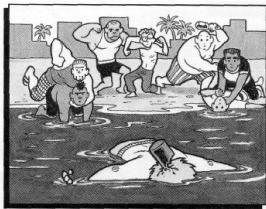
Beach towels borrowed to clean up flooded toilets should always be returned to the balcony railing they were drying on.



Thoughtful Spring Breakers only hide illegal substances in the carry-on baggage of friends able to afford the bribes necessary to avoid being arrested.



The appropriate response to having your fake ID confiscated is never, "But you just let my friends in with theirs!"



Beach brawls resulting from college football rivalries should be ended as soon as the first participant drowns.



Phone calls to parents should never be made when there is a chance that the conversation might be interrupted by a wet T-shirt contest announcer calling your name.





What happens in the maintenance closet of a taco stand in Cancun stays in the maintenance closet of a taco stand in Cancun.



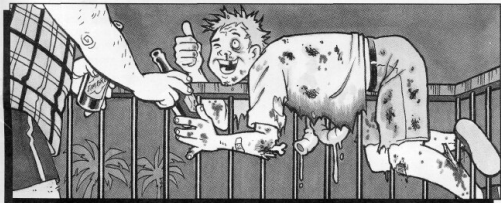
Third nipples should be kept covered until such time as showing them helps you win a bet.



Putting your roommate's underwear in the hotel ice machine is very much frowned upon, whether they have been worn yet or not.



It is better not to send a post card to your parents than to send one that smells like urine.



Until the ambulance arrives, drunken revelers who fall onto your hotel balcony from the one above ought always be treated with the same courtesies invited house guests receive.





MAD'S SIMPLY DREADFUL OUTTAKES

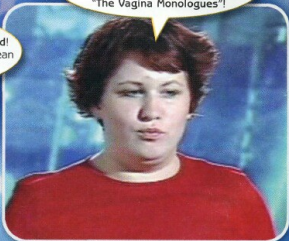
Randy, you know we're happy for you...but if we have to listen to **ONE** more detail of your stomach-stapling surgery...



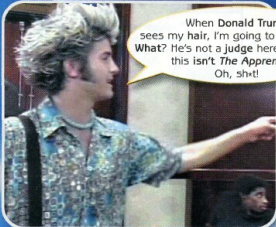
Oh, I'll catch their attention all right — just as soon as I unleash my "backup singers," if you know what I mean!



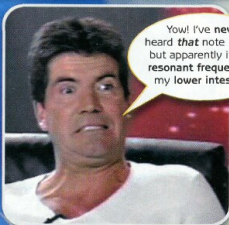
In lieu of a song, I'm going to do a dramatic reading from "The Vagina Monologues"!



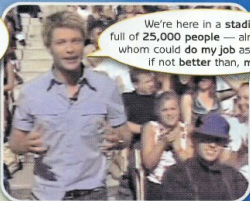
When Donald Trump sees my hair, I'm going to Hollywood! What? He's not a judge here? You mean this isn't *The Apprentice*? Oh, sh*t!



Yow! I've never heard *that* note before, but apparently it's the resonant frequency of my lower intestine!



We're here in a stadium full of **25,000** people — almost all of whom could do my job as well as, if not better than, me!



MAD: SIMPLY DREADFUL OUTTAKES FROM



Fancy: you know we're happy for you... but if we have to listen to ONE more detail of your stomach-stapling surgery...



Oh, I'll catch their attention at night — just in time as I unleash my "backup singers," if you know what I mean!



In lieu of a song, I'm going to do a dramatic reading from "The Virgin Rendogues!"



When Donald Trump sees my hair, I'm going to really... what? He's not a judge here? You mean this isn't The Apprentice? Oh, shut it!



You'd just never heard that note before, but apparently it's the resonant frequency of my lower intestine!



We're here in a stadium full of 25,000 people — almost all of whom could do my job as well as, if not better than, me!



Where'd they go? All I said was I'm going to sing a Michael Bolton song!



Attention! Everyone who's going to sing "I Will Survive" my things, please sit in the UPPER deck, those who'll be singing "I Will Always Love You," in the LOWER deck!



The best advice I could give to this year's finalists if the people who wrote From Justin to Kelly come to you with a new screenplay... RUTH!



Oh, you caught me — yes, The Ruben! I figured it'd be great if I could win as a woman this season!



C'mon, Bimney, I have to know for myself!



You, out there in TV Land: if you had bought my albums when I was singing, I wouldn't have to resort to THIS schlock to make a living!

FROM

American Idol

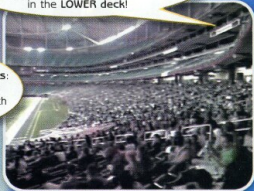
Where'd they go?
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a Michael Bolton song!



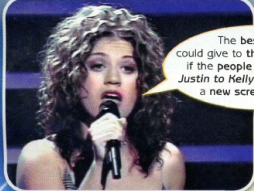
You, out there in TV Land:
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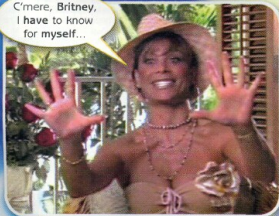
Attention! Everyone who's
going to sing "Wind Beneath My Wings,"
please sit in the UPPER deck; those who'll be
singing "I Will Always Love You,"
in the LOWER deck!



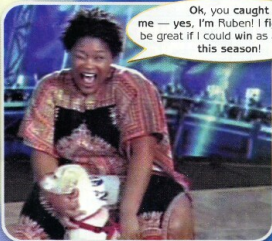
The best advice I
could give to this year's finalists:
if the people who wrote *From
Justin to Kelly* come to you with
a new screenplay...RUN!



C'mere, Britney,
I have to know
for myself...



Ok, you caught
me — yes, I'm Ruben! I figured it'd
be great if I could win as a woman
this season!



There's a new TV series about a teen who communicates with God. This show seems to have overlooked the commandment "Thou Shalt Not Steal." It's basically a hodgepodge of old stuff we've all seen before in *Highway To Heaven*, *Teen Angel* and *Oh God!* with George Burns. It may be listed in your TV Guide as new, but it's mainly recycled gospel. Here is...

That's Joan, the new kid! She's nice but, like, weird! She sees visions and hears things!

We have names for teens who have visions and hear voices!

What? They're called stoners!

I'm Joan Gelato! I'm an ordinary teen just trying to cope with a new town, a new school and new friends! But people keep popping up and telling me they're God! Dating is tough! I meet a hot guy — he happens to be 2,000 years old and not into relationships!

This is goose-bump time for me! Today is the birthday of the decimal point! I'm also renewing my subscription to *Test Tube Quarterly!* Later on, I'm checking out "vintage chemical beakers" on eBay!

You know, when the networks said they wanted more chemistry on this show, I don't think this is what they had in mind!

It's just amazing! I am constantly baffled!

That there's a serial killer on the loose?

That in a quiet town of 30,000, there's a grisly murder every single week!

It could be worse — *Smallville* has grisly crimes every single week and visitors from the heavens!

And we don't?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Good morning! How was everyone's day yesterday?

I shot a serial killer!

I attempted suicide again!

I captured lightning in a coke bottle!

God appeared to me as a forklift operator!

Fine, now who wants pan-cakes?

We're in trouble! We appear normal, but let's face it, we are one screwed-up family!

We must think positive! We're starting this week's episode! Our goal: to be spiritual, uplifting and yet, grab more viewers than *George Lopez!*

I repeat: we're in trouble!

Joan of Archaic

I was a high school baseball star, then came the auto accident! Now I'm paralyzed! Mom, will I ever walk again?

There's always hope. Cave-in! The doctors said they may find a miracle cure within five years!

Five years! That could be a big problem!

Don't you have faith that medical science will find a cure within five years?

I don't have faith this series will *last* five years! With our sappy dialogue, we're lucky if it hangs on for five weeks!



Wow! How did a series like this manage to get Tony-winner Joe Mantegna and Oscar-winner Mary Steenburgen to sign on?

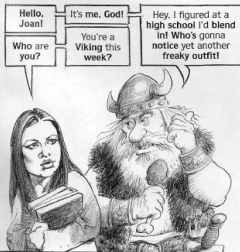
Both God and show business work in mysterious ways!

You mean the actors were attracted by the series' inspirational message and the uplifting scripts?

Actually, their agents couldn't make a deal with *The West Wing*, *CSI* or *Whoopi*!

Hi! You may think I'm just another punk teenager, but I'm *really* God! Yeah! I'm The Main Man! The question people *always* ask is, *why* do I appear as someone different every time I meet Joan? The *smarter* question is, *why* do I waste my time with the trivial nonsense of Archaic when the Mideast is ready to explode and the Earth is about to melt? Hey, later, dude!

WRITER: JOSH GORDON



Hello, Joan!

It's me, God!

Hey, I figured at a high school I'd blend in! Who's gonna notice yet another freaky outfit!

Who are you?

You're a Viking this week?

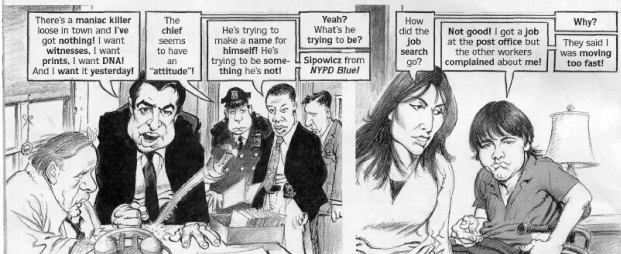
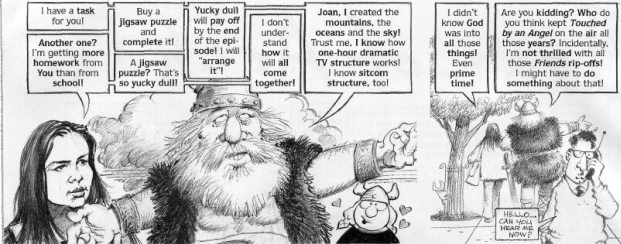


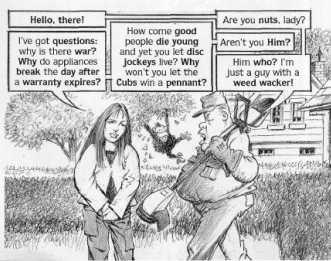
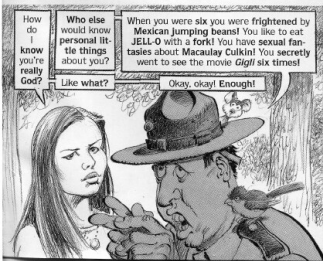
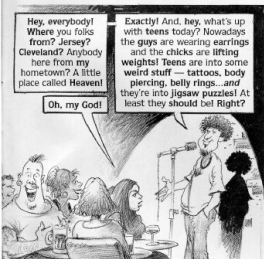
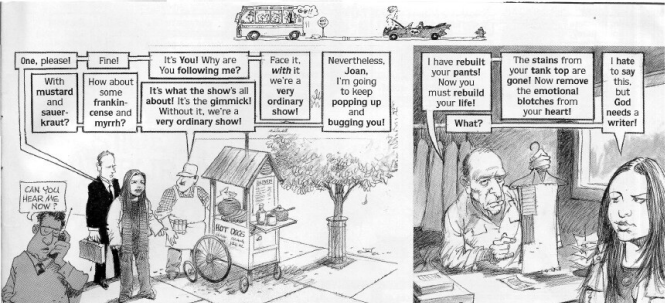
How come you keep following me?

I tried to email you but I couldn't get through! I kept getting bumped off!

God kept getting bumped off?

Even the all-powerful has trouble with AOL!





Cave-in, what are you doing here?

I'm only half a man! I want to make sure the half that works enjoys itself!

Hello, Joan! How's the jig-saw coming?

You? God is a lap dancer?

I take many human forms! I could have been a senator or a lawyer — but frankly, that would have been too sleazy!

My brother is in a wheelchair! He needs a miracle!

Actually, I don't do miracles! I repair souls — if you get my drift!

But you're God!

You're not getting the message of this series! I don't work directly! I guide, I suggest, I give advice! You've got to figure out the answers yourself!

Bummer! I'm not happy about this! I'm becoming agnostic and I'm taking my shoe repair business elsewhere!



It's finished! A thousand interlocking pieces! What a beautiful seascape!

It's amazing how Joan's jigsaw puzzle miraculously brought the family together!

I'm not bitter anymore! I now realize I can work with my hands! I've decided to join the wheelchair basketball team!

The pieces of the puzzle are coming together! Even the pieces of my murder case are all fitting together!

$C_6H_{12}O_6$!

What's that?

The chemical formula for vomit is also coming together! I'm barfing here!

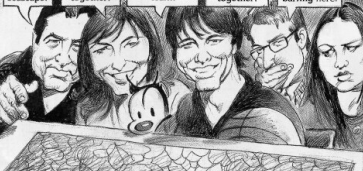
Joan, there is work to be done. We have deep problems!

What's up, God?

I'm not God! I'm a CBS executive! We have to talk about numbers!

You mean like in the Bible's Book of Numbers?

I mean the ratings numbers! We're low! But, not to worry, CBS has a fix for next season!



Cameo celebrity Gods!

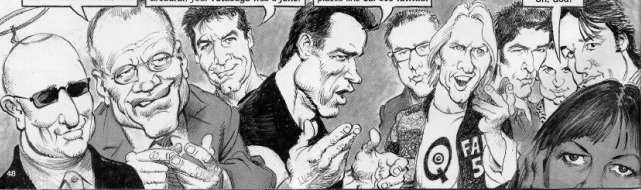
I am the Almighty! I work with my assistant, St. Paul! Here are the Top Ten reasons why you should build a bird house!

Joan, We gave you a task. To inspire the community! To build a vegetable garden. It was awful! One of the worst vegetable gardens I've ever seen. The carrots were painful to see, the cauliflower was dreadful, your rutabaga was a joke!

Your task! You must work hard! Do good deeds. Keep in shape, physically as well as mentally! Do not expect any miracles! That only happens in places like Cal-eee-fawnia!

You definitely need a spiritual makeover! Get a job at a shelter, adopt a pet, save a whale and while you're at it, change your hair color! Please!

Oh, God!

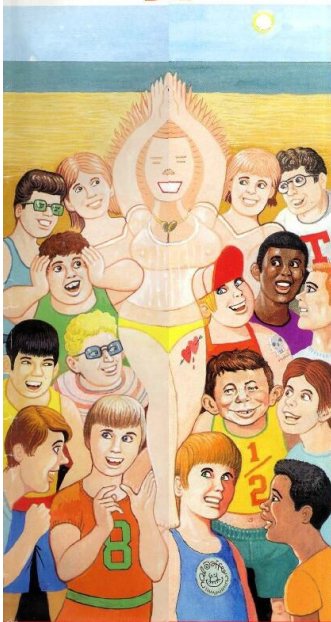


WHAT
COMPETITION
WILL ALL
EYES SOON BE
FOCUSED ON?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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



SPRING
BREAK
WET IT-

SHIRT
CONTESTS

A **B**

**WHAT
COMPETITION
WILL ALL
EYES SOON BE
FOCUSED ON?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER GLORIOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Every so often, a competition mesmerizes the public. Enthralled viewers root for their favorite, hoping to push them to victory. But while the competition is fierce and the supporters are dedicated to their favorites, there can only be one victor. To find out what heated competition has everyone riveted, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!



FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT



FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**SPRIGHTLY COMPETITION IS THAT SPECIAL SOMETHING
BREAKING UP THE MONOTONY OF LIFE. IT'S NOT FOR
WET BLANKETS WHO CANNOT EXPERIENCE THE DELIGHT-
THE SHEER JOY OF SUCH CONFRONTATIONS. TO
SHIFT THE BATTLE IN THEIR FAVOR, A TRUE EXPERT
CONTROLS THE GAME AND ITS OUTCOME AND NEVER RESTS**



ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE





**“LOOK
BEFORE
YOU
LEAP.”**

ESCAPE THE RULES.

LIVE, MONDAYS @ 9pmET, 8pmCT on *Spike*



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