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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Device</th>
<th>Supported Features</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Roku</td>
<td>Live Sports, Breaking News, Hit Shows &amp; More</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PC/MAC</td>
<td>Live Sports, Breaking News, Hit Shows &amp; More</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IOS</td>
<td>Live Sports, Breaking News, Hit Shows &amp; More</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Android</td>
<td>Live Sports, Breaking News, Hit Shows &amp; More</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xbox One</td>
<td>Live Sports, Breaking News, Hit Shows &amp; More</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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1 IT'S THE LIST WE CAN DO DEPARTMENT
The MAD Table of Contents

2 LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings of Reader Mail

6 RANDOM ACTS OF MINDLESS DEPARTMENT
The Fundalini Pages

11 PAINT MISBEHAVIN' DEPARTMENT
Christie's World

12 TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A. DEPARTMENT
"Ray Drearyman" (A MAD TV Satire)

18 FAKING SHORTCUTS DEPARTMENT
Amazing #Lifehacks That Will Totally Change Your #Life

20 JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy vs. Spy

42 CHARACTERS FLAWED DEPARTMENT
Despicable People Live-Tweet Minions

45 PEN AND STINK DEPARTMENT
The MAD Strip Club

49 SUMMER FROCKBUSTER DEPARTMENT
Fashion Police Takes on Avengers: Age of Ultron

53 AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHARD'S DEPARTMENT
Pocket Hoser 2 (A MAD Ad Parody)

54 OUR DAILY DREAD DEPARTMENT
The Best of the Idiotical

56 DEATH AND TAXIS DEPARTMENT
Things You Don't Want to Hear from Your Uber Driver

ALL JAFFEE DEPARTMENT
Another Ridiculous Fold-In...Inside Back Cover

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones
...Various Places Around the Magazine

22 PROS AND CONCERTS DEPARTMENT
Planning for Your Summer Music Festival

25 HENCHMEN AT WORK DEPARTMENT
When Minions Go Really, Really Bad

26 ORANGE IS THE NEW QUACK DEPARTMENT
What if Daffy and Donald Duck Went to Prison?

28 IN BLOG WE TRUST DEPARTMENT
Planet Tad!!!!!

32 SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look at Cosplay

36 FIRST AND SECOND PAGE DEPARTMENTS
New Ideas to Speed Up Baseball/ New Ideas to Slow Down Baseball

38 IT'S A WONDERFUL STRIFE DEPARTMENT
The Haunting Legend of Echo Point

39 ROTTEN TO THE ENCORE DEPARTMENT
The MAD Vault

CHEATING ON your diet is a piece of cake — and vice versa!
NOT-SO-DEAR JOHN
Recently my apartment was rehabbed and I had to box everything up. While getting ready for the bathroom to be painted, I pushed a stack of boxes to the center of the room. Well, I pushed too hard and a few things slid off the top of some boxes and (this really happened!) my MAD from June 2014 landed in the toilet! I’m not sure what to make of it. Keep up the “good” work, you’ve been making me laugh (retch?) since 1971!
Ken W. Reed • Berkeley, CA

Reedy or Not — Let’s not pretend for even a second that an issue of MAD is the most disgusting and damaging thing that’s been in that toilet. We’re guessing that if your landlord is rehabbing that bathroom it’s because there’s been irreparable, unmentionable, soul-churning damage rained down upon that cursed, God-forsaken slab of porcelain! Good luck getting your security deposit back, you monster! —Ed.

NOT WORTH A CENTENARIAN
I am 72 years old and have been digesting your magazine for many years. I’m expecting to live to be 100 and when I achieve that milestone, I would expect a free subscription. I don’t think my mailperson looks at the magazine when it comes in the mail but he does leave the door open on the mailbox, and I suspect my neighbors see it. Hmm... maybe that’s why they shun me.
Jim Lanctot • Indianapolis, IN

Rock ‘Em Sock ‘Em Lanctot — We’re happy to hear about your dedication to MAD as you creep into your wily dotage. But we have to point out two glaring factual errors in your letter: for one, very few MAD readers live to 100. Studies have shown that lifetime MAD fans, with their distressing lack of hygiene, leper-like isolation and tenuous grip on reality, tend to peter out long before that. Second, we don’t give free subscriptions to 100-year-olds. (We just put the policy in place so we could stiff Al Jaffee when he turns 100 in 2021 — he can pay for his issues like anyone else!) On a positive note, however, you’re absolutely right about one thing — your neighbors are shunning you...and judging by your letter, it seems they’re doing the right thing! Happy Digesting! —Ed.

PHILADELPHIA PRETZEL LOGIC
I’m seeking advice about my 11-year-old. She has been reading my MAD magazines. I know that I was reading MAD at her age, but as a parent it seems so inappropriate and I’m more concerned about being a good parent than I was about being a well-adjusted child. To make matters worse, she snuck a few issues to school after we warned her not to. What will happen to our reputation as good parents if it’s found out that I’ve been reading MAD for 25 years? Growing up in Philly will be hard enough on her, with all the murders and failing sports teams. Should she be punished if this MAD behavior continues?
Megan Polkus • Philadelphia, PA

High-Stakes Polkus — Should she be punished? Of course she should be punished, and as harshly as humanly possible! Let’s see...what’s the maximum punishment that an 11-year-old can receive under current law...hmm. Okay, we’ve got it: force her to live in a sketchy, Eagles-fan-ridden hellhole with a couple of parents whose minds have been irreparably damaged by decades of reading MAD! That should teach her to disobey you — if Child Services doesn’t get to her first! —Ed.

EPIC NAIL
They say you should dress for the job you want — so if you want to work at DC Entertainment, you darn well BETTER show up with some Spy vs. Spy nail art! New hire Sara Haskell landed a cherry job in the Subsid- iary Rights Department because she displayed her corporate loyalty (despite also displaying her terrible taste in reading material).

CRAZED AND CONFUSED
Hello, or is it just hell? I live in the basement of a small shack. I have a long, unkempt beard with this morning’s waffles attached to it. No job — who would hire someone with waffles in his/her beard? I have no car, how can you drive with waffles in your beard? I need a break and if you publish this letter it may spark me to attain a lot of goals like move upstairs, shave and look for a job, then maybe become President, then president of MAD. But all this hinges on this letter being published. You guys have great responsibility and power. In the meantime, I will be in basement. Need more syrup — running low. Help!
Mark Lambert • Eden Prairie, MN

Alone in the Mark — At MAD, we always say that if we can change just one life, we’ve made a difference (not necessarily a change for the better, or a positive difference, but we don’t have time to get into that right now). So if the publication of your incoherent ramblings will be the “spark” you need to clean yourself up and move into your shack’s no-doubt spacious upper floors, well, we’re happy to help. And who knows — maybe one day you really will “become President, then president of MAD”! Because goodness knows that America, and this magazine, wouldn’t be any worse off if they were run by a filthy, waffle-bearded, basement-dwelling maniac. Good luck getting out of the cellar — we hope to see you soon, boss! —Ed.

LIKE MAD ON FACEBOOK!
We’re on Facebook! You should go there and “Like” us. Go on...it’ll make you feel good about the Internet!
CELEBRITY SNAP
I have a car rental agency in Costa Mesa, CA. I keep several copies of MAD on the counter to distract the drooling masses that wander into my establishment. One of your recent lampoonees — David Hester from Storage Wars — came in and I decided to harass him about his appearance in your fish-wrapping apparatus.

Addison Stansfield • Costa Mesa, CA

Stansfield of Dreams — When you’re on a show like Storage Wars, it’s no small feat to be considered “the shifty, reprehensible one” — and we’re sure that appearing in MAD will do absolutely nothing to help that reputation. — Ed.

REMEMBERING TOM KOCH AND LOU SILVERSTONE
It is with great sadness that we report the passing of two of MAD’s legendary writers.

Tom Koch passed away on March 22 at the age of 89. From 1957 to 1985, Tom was one of MAD’s most prolific and funny writers, contributing more than 300 pages to the magazine in his distinctive comedic voice. Perhaps Tom’s most memorable MAD article was “43-Man Squamish” — fifty years after its initial publication, it remains MAD’s most requested reprint. We honor Tom by running another one of his classic articles in this issue’s installment of “The MAD Vault.”

Lou Silverstone passed away on March 9, at the age of 90. Lou wrote over 180 articles for the magazine between 1962 and 1980, touching on all aspects of politics, sports and American culture, and is particularly remembered for his movie and television satires. His first article was a spoof of Bonanza (“Bananz”) in MAD #73 (1962). He also wrote “Bats-Man,” the classic MAD takeoff of the 1960s Batman TV series in MAD #105. We’ll pay tribute to Lou in a special edition of “The MAD Vault” in MAD #535.

We extend our deepest condolences to the families of Tom and Lou.

LIVE AND LET JEDI
I read the new Star Wars sneak peek from my son’s subscription. I thought to myself, you idiots used to be way more clever back when I subscribed in the 1980s. So I read the old Star Wars satires in my own collection. You weren’t.

Chris Donovan • Albany, Australia

Donovan and Dirty — We can totally identify with that thought process! We thought to ourselves, there’s no way this guy is as stupid and slop-brained as we think he is. So we read your letter again. You are! — Ed.

MISSIVES: IMPOSSIBLE
I am a long-time reader of your magazine, and one of my favorite sections is Letters & Tomatoes. However, I feel that it is fairly obvious that the letters are just written by some of the lesser members of the Usual Gang of Idiots. It is, in my opinion, unkind to exclude these writers’ names from the credits. I currently have a bet on with my friend (who for some reason believes the letters are from real people) that all the letters are fake. We agreed that if this letter is not published (which it won’t be), I win the bet.

Simon Leek • Cambridge, MA

Leek a Virgin — Well, we have good news and bad news. The bad news is that you lose the bet. The good news, however, is that you don’t have to pay! Because — just as you’re sure the letters are made up — we are completely confident that this “friend” of yours doesn’t actually exist. And as far as not printing the names of the response writers, we simply do that as a service to those staff members. Having to communicate with someone like Simon Leek is bad enough, without the rest of the world being privy to that shame. Thanks for reading! — Ed.

TYPO NEGATIVE
I’ve been reading your magazine for about half a year. I recently found that I have found a misprint on one of your ads for your books. It says “Greatest Writers.” Obviously you meant to simply put “Writers.”

Conrad Lichten • Goshen, IN

Conrad to the Bone — Accidents happen all the time in printing — even in this very issue! We mistakenly ran a letter from some moron in Goshen, instead of deleting his unintelligible ramblings. Oh well! Thanks for being such an eagle-eyed reader! See, we did it again! When we wrote “eagle-eyed reader,” we MEANT to write “poop-shoed goof Nut.” Hoo boy! It’s gonna be one of those days! — Ed.

THE DOOR IS A-JARRING
Many readers pointed out that the May 3 installment of Non Sequitur by Wiley featured some MAD-centric names on the door of a law firm. When asked for a comment, Tom Richmond, Nick Meglin and Sam Viviano referred us to their lawyers. Irony!
Letters and Tomatoes

GOOD WILLARD HUNTING

For reasons we can't even begin to fathom, comedy legend Fred Willard was pretty happy about our recent Weird Al-centric issue! He not only tweeted about it, but also posted a pic on Facebook of himself enjoying it. They say nothing is permanent on the Internet — but we suspect this tacit endorsement will haunt him.

RETAIL OF WOE

Once I went to my bookstore and was looking for MAD. There was nothing there. I persuaded my parents to go to the next town, but still, no MAD! So now I'm wondering what's up with that? Is it because the bookstores don't like your idiotically funny magazine? (Likely!) Or is it because someone confused MAD with rotten trash? (Likelier!) Or maybe because MAD has thousands of "adoring" fans who buy the magazine before me? (Likeliest!)

Annaiss Weiss • Framingham, MA

Weiss-A-Roni — For a MAD reader, you're pretty perceptive! For one thing, bookstores don't just dislike MAD, they actively despise it — after all, MAD's awfulness tends to taint every other publication within a half-aisle radius. Second, MAD is often confused with rotten trash because, well, it is rotten trash. And you're absolutely correct about other MAD fans beating you to the magazine (although "possibly lobotomized" might be a more accurate description than "adoring") — in fact, Framingham is widely known for its eager, ninja-quick MAD lovers. So here's what you do: pack a sleeping bag, pillow and a sack of Lunchables (gotta stay healthy!) and go set up camp in front of that bookstore. In a mere six or seven weeks, you'll be the first person in town to pick up MAD #533 — if you haven't been arrested for loitering first! — Ed.

READER ALERT

If you had your letter printed in this issue, you better hold on to your beret, Frenchie — because you're being rewarded with some cool free stuff! You'll be getting The Art of Rocksteady's Batman, courtesy of our friends at Abrams Books; a Blu-ray combo pack of The SpongeBob SquarePants Movie: Sponge Out of Water from our buds at Paramount Home Media Distribution; Exploring Calvin and Hobbes, courtesy of our pals at Andrews McMeel Publishing; a DVD copy of Justice League: Gods and Monsters, from our amigos at Warner Bros. Home Entertainment; and a blind-boxed Mighty Morphin Power Rangers vinyl figure from our chums at The Loyal Subjects! Write to us and have your (merchandise-based) dreams come true!

MAD #535 is on sale August 11!

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John Ficarra Senior VP & Executive Editor

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Sam Viviano VP – Art & Design
Ryan Flanders Associate Art Director
Mike Loew Assistant Art Director
Lana Limón Production Artist
Contributing Artists And Writers
The Usual Gang of Idiots

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

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How the GOP Plans to Get the Latino Vote

- Requiring all male congressmen to grow pencil-thin Zorro mustaches
- Inviting everyone to Michele Bachmann's belated quinceañera
- Letting Chris Christie eat at Chipotle five times a week instead of his usual three
- Booking Ted Cruz and Rand Paul to host the Latin Grammys
- Rolling their r's when they argue against immigration reform

Most Popular Mall Fountain Wishes

- "I wish there was a Yankee Candle around to mask the smell of my farts."
- "I wish they would stop playing Michael Buble's greatest hits on a loop."
- "I wish the dolls from the American Girl Store didn't haunt my dreams."
- "I wish that Anne's tartlets didn't leave my body in the same shape they went in."

A Walk in the Parkhurst

"Until we're done fixing my narcissism, can we call it 'Kevinissim'?"

This Issue's Unfunded Kickstarter Campaign

Help Me Fund a Zoo That Pairs Cartoon Animals
by Blaine Grigble

Every wonder what Rocky & Bullwinkle would look like together in real life? Because it's all I can think about!

1% FUNDED $0.16 PLEDGED 0 DAYS LEFT

Common Mistakes to Avoid in a Rap Battle

- Calling "time out" to consult your rhyming dictionary
- Accidentally revealing your Gmail password in the middle of an intense freestyle
- Constantly stopping to clarify whether or not you're allowed to use swears
- Sticking your fingers in your ears and yelling "LA-LA-LA!" every time your opponent has the mic

A Yeezy Boost Ad That Tells It Like It Is

Finally, a sneaker bats**% crazy enough for Kanye West.

Stainless Steel Zipper and Canvas Dynamic Strap
Because, let's face it, if you were smart enough to tie your own shoes, you wouldn't be dropping $350 on these monstrosities.

Perforated Vamp Toe Box
It's unclear what this means. Just it's something Kanye kept yelling during design meetings, so here you go.

Bleed Polyurethane/ Polyvinyl Chloride Soles
Crafted from the very same cutting-edge synthetics that make up 60% of Kim Kardashian.

Sleek Nand-Thread Stitching
Sure to come unraveled faster than Kanye at an awards show.

Elevated Heel
Much like Kanye himself.
The Stupid 7 TIPS FOR ENHANCING YOUR WINE EXPERIENCE

1. Before purchasing, examine the exterior. The box should have no punctures or tears.
2. If you’re serving wine in dribble glasses to your guests as a prank, be considerate and use the lighter varieties, which won’t cause as much of a stain.
3. Serious wine connoisseurs stay away from bottles with happy cartoon characters on them, as those are usually aimed towards younger drinkers.
4. 99-cent store selections are surprisingly good, especially when paired with off-brand fish sticks.
5. If you don’t have a cellar for proper storage, be sure to polish off any wine on the day you purchase it.
6. If your entree goes with red wine and all you have is white, simply add a few drops of food coloring and pretend it’s a red.
7. Silence of the Lambs had it right: fava beans and human organs actually do go well with Chianti.
The Fundalini Pages

Pull My Cheney

THIGHBURN LIPOSUCTION CENTER

"Whoa, whoa, STOP EATING, FRED... I DON'T THINK THAT'S TAPIOCA PUDDING."

Writer and Artist: Tom Cheney

More “Up for Whatever” Labels That Bud Light Should Get Rid Of

Writer and Artist: Garth Gerhart

BITTERMAN

Hey, Uncle Joe, check out my new Apple Watch!

Great, another piece of useless junk for you millennials to obsess over.

You're crazy – this thing is awesome! I can check my calendar, monitor my workouts, read email and message my friends!

Bah! Your generation is so dependent on “staying connected” that you're sacrificing human interaction and learning things on your own!

There's a big world out there, Nick! A world that can't be seen on a micro-processor slapped onto a titanium wrist strap!

Oh yeah? Like what?

You know what...never mind, Nick. If you want to walk through life like a hipster Dick Tracy, then go for it.

Who's Dick Tracy?

Ha! Even with all that technology on your wrist, you still need your old Uncle Joe to explain some things!

I was asking my watch.
Ray Dreamyman

I'm Ray Dreamyman, a Hollywood "fixer" who can fix anything except weak scripts on my own series. This is one of them.

I'm a Los Angeles troubleshooter. I solve problems for the rich and famous. If the busts heads, I speak in monosyllables. I communicate mostly through grimaces and paint expressions. (Word at next year's Emmys, I'm going to be presented with a special "Mangling Glare" award.)

I'm in the thick of showbiz. I went into a Paramount pitch meeting yesterday to bat a few things around. Mostly heads! This morning I Louisville-Slaggered two agents, a commissary chef who gave me bad sushi and the studio exec who green-lit a Jonah Hill romantic comedy!

I have a wife, kids, a mortgage and a custom suit closet the size of Yosemite. My expenses are through the 18384% roof. All in all I have a big monthly nut. It's called my father!

I'm Muckey Dreamyman — the Grandpa from Hell! I'm the toughest "4853" guy in AARP! Here's the deal! I just did 20 years at Wolpole prison, got out early, killed a priest, pistols-whipped two orphans, held up a pet store and then removed a stranger's spleen! And oh yeah, I also text while driving! I came out west from Boston to reuni- me with my three sons. Now that I've seen how screwed up they are, I kinda wish I'd made a u-turn at Tulsa!

Heavy and Loner here. We're Ray's trusted assistants who do all his dirty work. I'm an ex-Mossad Israeli bad-ax and my partner's an angry lesbian. When was the last time you caught a combo like us on TV? The fourth season of The View?

I'm Tezra Glozman and this is my partner, Lache. Our occupations: entertainment lawyers. In this series we're obsessed with building a hospital wing in tribute to our dead wife. Yes, I'm a deeply religious man who, every week, honors the memory of my beloved wife right before engaging in some illegal sieveball activity.

In case you're curious, in the Hollywood social structure, "entertainment lawyer" ranks in importance somewhere between "movie usher" and "back-up lounge singer."

This series takes shots at South Boston, Hollywood and the Catholic Church. The Church gets slammed especially hard. Yet, we've made mistakes — but are we any worse than Hollywood? At least the Catholic Church is trying to correct our mistakes. Hollywood is still giving us sequels to Dumb and Dumber and Horrible Bosses!

I'm Crabby, the difficult, premium-cable-channel wife. These are my two troubled teenagers, Crueller and Bimbette. Their father is sort of a mystery man who doesn't communicate much and is emotionally absent. Perhaps you've seen our family before. We were called The Sopranos.

Being brain-damaged was tough in Boston, but not so noticeable out here. We seem to blend in with the agents and studio executives!

We're the "screwed-up" sons Muckey was talking about, Dreamy and Punchy. We're emotionally damaged brothers who moved from Boston to L.A. for a better life. We're still emotionally damaged, but now at least we have great tans!

As a motivational guru I sense that Ray is a man who doesn't waste time. He walks in, he gets the job done, he splits.

I speak from experience — this describes not only his work life, but his sex life!

Yeah, he's tough and a ball-breaker, but he does some good in this town.

Like what? He had a "little chat" with Russell Crowe and convinced him never to do another musical!

Writer: Anne Rosen
Artist: Tom Richmond
Here comes Grandpa!

Things can't get much worse here.

Check that. Things just got worse!

I hate L.A. I hate the sunshine, I hate my life, I hate my voice, I hate you yet I love you. Don't come near me! Hey, has anyone seen my mood swing pills?

I tossed a kid down the stairs today. I got expelled. I'm dating a gangster rapper's kid. I got a tattoo with a dirty needle. And yesterday I sold my eggs on eBay.

Here comes Grandpa!

Hey, and this is for you, Cruller.

Cool! A new car!

Well, sorta new. Put it this way, it was new to the guy I boosted it from! But it comes loaded with extras: weed in the glove box, a hooker in the passenger seat and a dead body in the trunk!

Okay, gifts for everyone! Cocaine, condoms, guns from Cuba and duct tape. Oh, and a little something for you, Bimbette!

I want you to stay away from my family, too.

This is my family, too.

You're a sadistic psychopath! You strangled 18 people at a convenience store yesterday!

I'm not old.

You're a sick twisted old bastard!

It would have been 19 if not for that arthritis flare-up!

Gotta go back to work.

Don't lie to me! You're going to bang that bimbo at the beach, aren't you?

No.

Then you're going to have sex with that aerobics instructor!

If you must know, I'm going to kill somebody.

Oh, okay, that I can deal with.

Dinner is at six. Try not to be late!
From the look of it, money may be the ONLY thing laundered here!

What Is this place?

It's the family boxing gym. But Ray is using this as a front to launder money.

When we were kids in Boston we were abused pretty badly. We haven't recovered.

I can relate, fellas. Years ago I was traumatized, too.

You were abused by the Church?

Well, not exactly the Church. Ever see a movie called Deliverance? I still have nightmares when I hear banjo music!

I know your type. You're a tortured tough guy with anger issues.

And you're a nosy reporter who likes guys with anger issues.

Did you murder Scrully?

Maybe.

Could be.

Did you bribe the head of the FBI?

Not really. You caught me on one of my chatty days!

Sit down, Ray. We have many important matters to discuss. But first I'm going to read from the Torah, he plays with dreidels, he recites his bar mitzvah speech. This stuff has nothing to do with our story.

What's the deal with Tezra? He reads from the Torah, he plays with dreidels, he recites his bar mitzvah speech. This stuff has nothing to do with our story.

A portion of our viewing audience loves it.

A portion of our viewing audience loves it.

What portion?

The anti-Semites!

I've been real busy. Last Wednesday I installed two new 40-watt light bulbs and then I scraped dried blood off three punching bags.

This place needs a complete remodeling.

That WAS our remodeling!

Daddy, I just witnessed a double murder! What do I do?

Don't f@#$in' do anything. I'll be right there.

I meant what do I do FIRST? Do I post to Facebook, Snapchat, Twitter or Instagram?
The rapper/mobster, Croaky, has threatened Bimbette's life.

Croaky's in deep trouble. This is the angriest I've ever seen Ray.

How can you tell?

There's his "death stare." He's gearing up his full arsenal of "tough guy glares."

..."coiled intensity"...

..."inner turbulence"...

...and "sullen pencil head!"

Today is the day I settle all family business and tie up all loose plot points: Killing you, beating up the tailor who mis-measured my inseam and maiming a Vegas ventriloquist and his smart-ass dummy!

He just wasted Croaky! Man. That is the toughest white dude in Hollywood.

I'll send his family a fruit basket!

Now I've got one other score to settle.

This is FBI headquarters. How did you barge in past security?

I have my ways.

Damn! The FBI has alarms and electric fences, but apparently no defense for "rugged good looks" and "smoldering sexuality."

Honey, I'm home.

Ray? Is that you?

It's not Zach Galifianakis.

I was hoping you were Jimbo, the cop I'm having an affair with.

Our sex life is even more disturbing than your Boston accent.

God, we've got a weird marriage.

Maybe for Duluth. In Los Angeles, we set the bar for normal.
This father-son power struggle ends now. I'm putting two bullets in your head.

You're making a big mistake.

I know! It was going to be six bullets, but today is Father's Day!

Dad's gonna shoot Grandpa!

Your father needs closure.

He'll find closure. If he shoots Grandpa, this series will end!

Sure, Grandpa's a raging psycho, but he's the only fun character on the show. With Grandpa gone, this series is about as exciting as Extreme Couponing!

My kids are spoiled rotten but they have a point! I may have to re-think this one!

I've had enough of L.A. I'm played out here. I need to move to a "fresh" area where they really need my services.

Where is that, Ray?

A place called Washington, D.C.!

Hey, You can't come in here!

Shut up, Tubbo! I'm here to rearrange some seats in the Senate and also rearrange a few faces!

Balance the f%$@$! budget!

Pass that gun control law or I'll f%$@$! punch your lights out!

Stop global warming or I'll f%$@$! punch your lights out!

Fix healthcare or you're going to need healthcare!

Finally, we've found someone who can get things done in Washington!
People are constantly looking for ways to make life easier. Just take a brief glance at #lifehacks on Twitter and you’ll see all of the entirely unnecessary hints people are recommending, just to save two minutes of time. NO, we are NOT going to use a Tic-Tac container to store paper clips! But we WILL share our own list of entirely unnecessary...

**amazing #lifehacks**

**totally change your #life!**

- Tired of all that money you spend on mouthwash going down the drain? Just spit it back into the bottle after every rinse!
- If you’re down to your last dollar, simply go to Staples and print up some more. Once convicted of counterfeiting charges, you’ll be living rent-free for up to 20 years!
- Why pay for a costly gym membership when Sears keeps all that exercise equipment out on display for free?
- It doesn’t matter where the stain is or what caused it — nine ounces of vodka will completely remove your capacity to give a damn about it!
- Whenever Domino’s runs a special on one large pizza with any topping, tell them you want that topping to be an additional pizza!
- If you ever walk into a Starbucks and there’s nowhere to sit, tell the barista your name is “Fire.” When they call you to pick up your order, lay low while everyone else runs out of the building in a panic. Now there’ll be plenty of free seats — and maybe even a laptop or two!

Talking on your cell phone while you drive is illegal, but eating a sandwich while you drive is perfectly okay — so hide your iPhone in a hoagie!

Having trouble finding a hang glider for your hamster? Use a dustpan!
Planning for Your Summer Music Festival

PROB AND CONCERTS DEPT.
It’s summertime and that can only mean two things—summer concerts and poorly-executed MAD pieces about concerts! We held up our end of the bargain with these terrible tips for:

Can’t score a backstage pass? Try slipping past security in a homemade Daft Punk costume.

Don’t do drugs! They cloud your judgment and dry out your mouth, all of which can result in you paying $8.50 for a bottle of Aquafina.

If you’re smart, you’ll find a way to make enough haikus and a scalp massage.

If at all possible, bring your own toilet from home.

Remember, you’re going to be walking around in the sun all day, so only pack your most comfortable astronaut boots and Native American ceremonial headresses.

Don’t forget to purchase your tickets—after all, you never know when you’ll need to go back to the ticketing area.

Online ticket sales will often let certain credit card customers buy their tickets first. This ensures that only real fans are allowed to attend, and not a bunch of posers who just didn’t get in it for the free toasters.

If the Coca-Cola Stage is a little too corporate and mainstream for your tastes, try discovering some new obscure indie talent over at the RC Cola Gazebo.

Pace yourself. There aren’t going to be any intermissions, so try and catch some Z’s during one of Kanye’s three-hour rants.

Please wait until Skrillex has finished his set to ask him if you can charge your phone on his laptop.

Wear sunglasses! For the UV protection, yes. But mostly for plausible deniability when your mom finds your festival photos on Facebook.

Remember, you’re going to be walking around in the sun all day, so only pack your most comfortable astronaut boots and Native American ceremonial headresses.

With 90,000 people in attendance, you probably won’t get close enough to the stage to need earplugs. But given the fact that noise of them will be bathing for the next three days, you might want to consider noseplugs.

Find an easily recognizable landmark to meet at in case you get separated from your friends: lockers, merch booths, blackout drunk dudes in My Little Pony costumes, etc.

Don’t forget about Insect Repellent! (No, schmuck— they’re playing the main pavilion at 9 PM!)

There are 90,000 people in attendance, so it’s likely that you’ll see someone you know. It’s always nice to be able to say, “I saw that guy with the helicopter at the concert.”

Be selective in which bands you choose to see. Once you factor in the time you’ll spend waiting in lines, setting up your tent, and getting to the stage, you’re going to be left with about five to ten minutes of actual music, so make it count.

Be sure to study every band’s discography well in advance—that way, when they take the stage you can complain about them like you were a lifelong fan.

You didn’t hear this from us, but if you let the people at the front gate know it’s your birthday, the Wu-Tang Clan has been known to come out playing with free cookie cake.

And finally, don’t forget to remove all your body glitter and wristband passes before returning to the job you just called in sick to for the past three days.

This is our contribution to making sure you have a terrible summer music festival experience. Enjoy!
Things have gone from bad to verse!

Includes over 50 years' worth of song parodies, poem spoofs, twisted nursery rhymes and more!

Nearly 300 pages personally selected by Frank Jacobs, "MAD's Poet Laureate"!

Foreword by "Weird Al" Yankovic!

On Sale NOW!

Buy it today - because rhyme waits for no man!
For over 20 years, John Caldwell has been relentlessly researching and chronicling the misdeeds, deliberate indiscretions and wicked transgressions of certain groups of individuals. His work has cast a cold journalistic eye on Priests, Veterinarians, Clowns, Lifeguards, Nuns and even Department Store Santas. With the following article, Caldwell breaks new ground, focusing for the first time on a group that was bad to begin with — and now has gone one step further in its ruthlessness. But there’s more. These fiends do not exist in the real world, but rather in the shadowy realm of computer-generated animation. Worse still: they’re yellow! Gird yourselves for what happens...

**WHEN MINIONS GO REALLY, REALLY BAD**

*Writer and Artist: John Caldwell*

He commits one of the greatest identity thefts in history and manages to hang bad paper all over the greater Orlando area.

He subjects Buzz Lightyear to an intergalactic Dutch Oven.

It’s nothing but dead hookers and drive-bys once he goes all *Grand Theft Auto* on Lightning McQueen.
He plants the seed for what will become Dexter's Meth Lab.

He shoots a Smurf in Reno, just to watch him die.

He plants a record number of hickies on a spellbound Snow White.

La Ratatouille is forced to shut its doors after health inspectors find Minion droppings in the Moroccan Chickpea Bisque.

After one chorus too many, he does indeed "let it go".
He gleefully snitches on Mario for having an expired Green Card.

He makes Gumby an offer he can't refuse.

He exploits destitute, elderly characters by promoting bum fights.

Bottom line? Don't even bother looking for Waldo.
JUNE 2, 2015

So, today my friend Chuck and I rode our bikes up to the Shop-Mart to get sodas, and we saw this sign outside:

That sign doesn't seem quite clear enough. Like, can you get service if you have shoes, but no shirt? Or a shirt, but no shoes? Do you have to be wearing the shoes and shirt, or can you just carry them in your hands? And what if you only have one shoe? Can you come in and hop around and still buy something? We tried asking the clerk, but he just sighed and said, "There's people walking in line behind you."

JUNE 3, 2015

At dinner tonight, my mom said, "Tad, be careful with your bike — I saw Mrs. Goldberg's bike stolen at the store, and she said someone’s been stealing bikes in our neighborhood and right." And I said, "OK." And she said, "I'm serious — she tells me three other kids have had their bikes stolen lately." And I said, "Fine, I get it." And she said, "You really need to make sure you lock the one we got you." I swear, sometimes my mom thinks I'm an idiot.

JUNE 4, 2015

So, my bike got stolen today. I rode it to the Shop-Mart and left it outside unlocked for, like, a minute, and when I came back, it was gone. When I told my mom, she rolled her eyes and said, "I'm not even going to say it." And my little sister Sophie said, "What? That you told him so? I'll say it. She told you so."

I really hate when Sophie decides to help out like that.

JUNE 5, 2015

Today I walked down to the Shop-Mart and put up this sign:

I don't even have any photos of my bike, so I had to draw it as best I could. I don't think it's a very good drawing.

JUNE 6, 2015

I walked back up to the Shop-Mart, and my sign is gone. I considered putting up this sign, but decided not to:

JUNE 7, 2015

I watched a little bit of that show "Pretty Little Liars" today. Totally disappointing. I was hoping it would be about tiny, attractive elves who just scream fake facts all day long.

JUNE 8, 2015

Amazing news! I got a call from Chuck today — he was up at the Shop-Mart, and he said, "Come quick — your bike's here!" I ran down there, and sure enough, my bike was out front — clearly, the thief who stole it had ridden it up there and left it outside. And, amazingly, it wasn't even locked! You'd think a bike thief would be more careful — but then again, maybe he figured he was the only bike thief in the neighborhood, so it was totally safe.

In any case, I got on it and rode home as fast as I could. I could hear the thief shouting at me, "Hey, come back!" but I just rode faster. Serves him right for stealing my bike!

JUNE 9, 2015

So, today, my mom noticed that my bike was back in the garage and said, "I thought you said your bike was stolen." And I told her the whole story of finding the bike at the Shop-Mart and taking it back. And she said, "And where was it your bike?" And I said, "Um, yeah." And she said, "OK..." but in that tone of voice where you could hear the three little dots after the "OK."

JUNE 10, 2015

So, I emailed the address on the poster, and said, "I have your bike — when can I bring it back?" And the bike's owner gave me his address, so I rode it over there today. It turns out, the kid who owned the bike wasn't home, but his mom was, and she said, "Are you the Good Samaritan who found Elliott's bike?" And I said, "Yeah." And she said, "Where did you find it?" And I suppose I could have told her that I was the one who accidentally stole it.

But instead, I just said, "Um, just a few blocks away from the Shop-Mart? I guess the thief didn't take it far." And she said, "Well, thank you so much for finding it and being kind enough to return it!" And I said, "No problem." And she said, "Let me get my purse — you deserve a reward!" And I said, "No, I don't!" And she said, "No, I insist!" And I said, "Really? It's fine." And she was about to press $50 into my hand when her son came home and said, "That's him! That's the kid who stole my bike!"

And you'll never believe it, but I told them all about the mix-up, and we all laughed, and then Elliott's mom invited me to dinner, and we had a great time.

You'll never believe it, because that's not what happened. Instead, I just turned and ran as fast as I could, and will now just try never to walk anywhere near that neighborhood or the Shop-Mart ever again.

Also, I will never, ever forget to lock my bike. Ever.
The average length of a baseball game in 2014 was three hours and eight minutes. And during most of that time, nothing happened, unless you consider waiting for a pitch to be thrown "something." A committee was formed (slowly) to address the problem, which introduced a handful of new rules that haven't helped much. That's where we come in with...

NEW IDEAS TO SPEED UP Baseball

Allow pitchers to throw three baseballs at once, thus enabling them to strike out a batter with one pitch.

Shorten the commercial breaks between innings by limiting erectile dysfunction ads to one every three innings.

New rule: A home run or foul ball caught by a fan counts as an out.

To avoid that interminable walk to the mound, catapult relief pitchers in from the bullpen.

Bring in the base paths 70 feet to tighten up time-consuming ground ball plays.

To avoid the non-stop uniform, glove and cap adjustments, make everyone play naked.

WRITER: MIKE MORSE ARTIST: BOB STAAKE
The average length of a baseball game in 2014 was three hours and eight minutes. Yes, now more than ever, our great national pastime offers a welcome lengthy respite from our frenetically-paced modern world. It’s truly bizarre then that a committee was hastily formed to make suggestions to speed up the refreshingly torpid pace of the game. So here are our recommendations for...

NEW IDEAS TO SLOW DOWN Baseball

Have the grounds crew roll out the tarp at even the hint of a rain cloud.

Use instant replay on every single play, just to be 100% sure.

Relocate the on-deck circles to Section 7 of the stadium parking lot.

Keep reminding players that a base on balls is called a “walk,” not a “jog.”

After a suspiciously long home run, stop the game and test for steroids right there.

New promotion: “Bring Your Dog to the Game and Let it Run Around on the Field Night.”

WRITER: JEFF KRUSE  ARTIST: BOB STAAKE
Whew! It was a tough hike to get up here, but the view is really worth it! Ready to head back down?

In a minute. Before we go, I gotta take a whiz.

PSSHHHH!

PSSHHHH!

PSSHHHH!

PSSHHHHH!

ZIP!

PSSHHHH!

PSSHHHH!

PSSHHHH!

PSSHHHHH!
GOOF OF PURCHASE DEPT.

For the benefit of those who have been on planet Mars since the decade's latest sales gimmick was born, the ad to the left is not trying to sell you a coffee maker for less than 30 bucks. Rather, it's trying to sell you a coffee maker for considerably more, and then telling you how to get part of your money refunded. Now you may ask why manufacturers just don't lower prices by the amount they seem anxious to give back anyway. The answer? That would really cost them money! But manufacturers figure that by making you go through a time-consuming and complex (not to mention annoying!) rigamarole, the odds favor something going awry and they will never have to give any of your money back. Confused? Unconvinced? Then see for yourself as we now expose...

WHY 999 SHOPPERS OUT OF 1,000 NEVER COLLECT THOSE MANUFACTURERS' REBATES

Among 1,000 shoppers chosen at random...

Of the remaining 817...

...151 will attempt to get the rebate coupon and will be told that the store has just run out of them—but will not return the purchase price of the item, which has already been paid for.

Of the remaining 666...

...46 will succeed in getting the coupon, only to find the model they just bought is not the one qualifying for the rebate.

Of the remaining 620...

...12 will be mugged in an alley next to the store and robbed of the product, the rebate coupon, the sales slip and maybe, their shoes.

ARTIST: PAUL COKER  WRITER: TOM KOCH
...27 will thoughtlessly transpose the manufacturer's post office box number and zip code, resulting in delivery to someone thousands of miles away who has no idea what all those papers are.

Of the remaining 212...

...54 will do an acceptable job in getting all of the correct documents into a properly addressed envelope and then will forget to put a stamp on it before they drop it in a mailbox.

Of the remaining 147...

...9 will prove to be the owners of new puppies that love to chew anything made of paper into tiny little bits—especially the outgoing mail.

Of the remaining 66...

...5 will leave their applications for the mailman, not knowing he's a grump who shows anger over making pickups by stuffing them in a storm drain.

Of the remaining 61...

...52 will assume they've mailed their rebate application when they thoughtlessly drop the envelope into a laundry chute, bank depository or public trash can.

Of the remaining 81...

...15 will have their application returned through the mail and get the cheery news the manufacturer moved and conveniently forgot to leave a forwarding address.

Of the remaining 66...

...65 will have forgotten about the whole thing before their rebate check arrives six months later and will toss out the unopened envelope, thinking it's an ad.

Of the remaining 356...

...52 will buy a defective product, and then learn their warranty isn't any good unless they return the item with the same sales slip and register receipt they planned to use to collect the rebate.

Of the remaining 304...

...65 will successfully manage to assemble the rebate coupon, proof of purchase label, sales slip and register receipt, only to realize they have no idea where they're supposed to send it.

Of the remaining 138...

...52 will assume they've received the rebate application when they thoughtlessly drop the envelope into a laundry chute, bank depository or public trash can.

Of the remaining 158...

...11 will remember to put a stamp on the envelope but then carelessly leave it in their coat pocket when they take the garment to the dry cleaners.

Of the remaining 138...

...52 will assume they've mailed their rebate application when they thoughtlessly drop the envelope into a laundry chute, bank depository or public trash can.

Of the remaining 158...

...11 will remember to put a stamp on the envelope but then carelessly leave it in their coat pocket when they take the garment to the dry cleaners.

Of the remaining 239...

...27 will thoughtlessly transpose the manufacturer's post office box number and zip code, resulting in delivery to someone thousands of miles away who has no idea what all those papers are.

Of the remaining 239...

...27 will thoughtlessly transpose the manufacturer's post office box number and zip code, resulting in delivery to someone thousands of miles away who has no idea what all those papers are.

Of the remaining 345...

...67 will never know if the date is printed on the register receipt because the lettering is a little too faint for them to read and a lot too faint for the manufacturer to accept.

Of the remaining 345...

...67 will never know if the date is printed on the register receipt because the lettering is a little too faint for them to read and a lot too faint for the manufacturer to accept.

Of the remaining 374...

...18 will give the product to someone as a gift, and then face the embarrassing job of trying to get the box back to obtain that vital "Proof Of Purchase" label.

Of the remaining 374...

...18 will give the product to someone as a gift, and then face the embarrassing job of trying to get the box back to obtain that vital "Proof Of Purchase" label.

Of the remaining 469...

...72 will put the empty box out with the trash, forgetting that the "Proof Of Purchase" label printed on the side of the box must also be mailed to the manufacturer.

Of the remaining 469...

...72 will put the empty box out with the trash, forgetting that the "Proof Of Purchase" label printed on the side of the box must also be mailed to the manufacturer.

Of the remaining 509...

...40 will permanently install their purchase with its serial number facing the wall before they read that it must be copied onto the rebate application.

Of the remaining 509...

...40 will permanently install their purchase with its serial number facing the wall before they read that it must be copied onto the rebate application.

Of the remaining 608...

...32 will buy more than one product offering a rebate, thus setting the stage for total failure when the coupons get mixed together and are ultimately all mailed to the wrong manufacturers.
Most people who want to see Minions are looking to kill a couple of hours watching a goofy, over-the-top cartoon. The problem is that some people are goofy, over-the-top cartoons themselves. And when those people see it, they’ll be so affected, they’ll just have to write about it!

**Despicable People Live-Tweet “Minions”**

**Kim Jong-un**
@DaddysBoy
Short bumblers with terrible haircuts, bent on world domination? I haven’t felt this parodied since “The Interview”!

**Chris Brown**
@ChriseyF10
I like how they clearly love each other, but they still sometimes beat the s%&* out of each other. Realness!

**Dr. Oz**
@QuackQuack
Their apple-and-banana diet MUST be their secret to living for thousands of years...I’ll have to recommend that on my next show!

**Donald Trump**
@MeMeMeMeMe
Gru calls his lackeys “Minions”! Nice! Starting now everybody on my payroll shall be known as “Trump Minions”!

**Bill Cosby**
@YoureGettingSleepy
They’re organized, loyal and too unintelligible to reveal a secret. If they can mix a drink, they’re hired! #notfinishedyet #totallyinnocent

**Kris Jenner**
@Daughters4Sale
They’re weirdly smooth, they’re half-naked, and they talk high-pitched nonsense...the Minions could be Kardashians!

**Jenny McCarthy**
@ScienceShmance
I can’t help but think these poor Minions’ afflictions could have been avoided if only they hadn’t been vaccinated!

**Brian Williams**
@PantsOnFire
What a trip down memory lane to see the ’68 Orlando Villain-Con! I remember covering it like it was yesterday!

**Robert Durst**
@BillionaireButcher
Those poor Minions – I KNOW what happens when you allow your evil past to be explored on film! #screwjarecki #checkyourmic

**Bill Belichick**
@AIIYouCanCheat
Gru wanted them to steal the moon for him — it should be easy for them to help me steal a few playoff games!

**Roger Ailes**
@SpinCity
Hmm. They’re cute, speak gibberish and work for nothing...slap blonde wigs on them and I’ve got a whole new lineup for Fox & Friends!

**Justin Bieber**
@ImmaBigBoy
Finally — an entourage that would make me seem tough and deep-voiced!
Back issues of MAD are being added to our iPad App every week!

Download the MAD iPad App in the iTunes App Store!
**Nightmare Zone**

**If it's yellow, let it mellow**

**If it's brown, flush 'er down**

**If it's red, you'll soon be dead**

**If it's blue...**

**What did you do?!**

**What did you do?!**

**I'm sorry, I'm sorry.**
Hats Off

NEVER IS THE SCOURGE OF MANSPREADING MORE INFURIATING THAN WHEN PLASTIC MAN RIDES THE D TRAIN.

The Bearded Kid

SIGH:

WHAT'S WRONG?

SHE TOOK EVERYTHING, MY HOUSE, MY CAR, MY BOAT...

SOB:

SOB:

Yeah, I hate when my mom takes away my toys, too.

I T ONLY HURTS WHEN I LAUGH

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I LIKE ABOUT FLYING KITES?

NOT REALLY.

THAT IT'S NON-COMPETITIVE.

WE DO IT TOGETHER, AS EQUALS, AS FRIENDS, BRINGING TOGETHER OUR COMMUNITY.

AFTER THE RAT RACE WHICH IS ALL OF OUR LIVES, IT'S SO NICE TO BE ABLE TO JUST LET OUT SOME STRING AND RELAX, ENJOY THE SUN ON OUR FACES.

MINE'S HIGHER THAN YOURS.
OUR VEHICLE JUST DIED...
LEAVING US STRANDED IN THE WILDS OF THE FRIGID YUKON TERRITORY!

IF YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF IN A SIMILAR SITUATION, WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO SURVIVE UNTIL HELP ARRIVES.

I'M GOING TO SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING USEFUL IN THE TRUCK.

WE'VE GOT A LOT TO WORK WITH: MATCHES, EXTRA GASOLINE, A FLASHLIGHT, POPCORN KERNELS, SOME WHISKEY...

THERE'S ONLY AN HOUR OF DAYLIGHT LEFT, SO WE HAVE TO QUICKLY COMPLETE FOUR IMPORTANT TASKS!

FIRST: GENERATE HEAT. SECOND: MELT SNOW INTO WATER. THIRD: SIGNAL FOR HELP. AND F-

I CAN TAKE CARE OF THOSE THREE AT THE SAME TIME! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS...

BLOW UP THE TRUCK!!

Could... try... to fix... the dang truck! oops. ha ha...

WOOHOO! NOW, WHAT WAS OUR FOURTH TASK?

OOH! I SMELL POPCORN!
THE MAD APP FOR YOUR IPAD IS HERE!
GO TO THE ITUNES STORE TO DOWNLOAD IT FREE!

IF YOU’RE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER TO THE PRINT EDITION OF MAD, YOU GET THE DIGITAL SUBSCRIPTION AUTOMATICALLY FOR FREE!

Or get a digital subscription to MAD (6 issues) for only $9.99 (Cheap!) (Just follow the instructions in the app.)

PURCHASE DIGITAL BACK ISSUES!
GET EXCLUSIVE MAD CONTENT!
WASTE ENORMOUS AMOUNTS OF TIME!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
DOWNLOAD THE MAD APP TO YOUR IPAD NOW!
Sure, superheroes have super powers, but not necessarily a super sense of style. Vanquishing evil is one thing, but doing so while looking good is quite another. Unfortunately, superheroes often embarrass themselves in this all-important area, as you’ll see when...

**FASHION POLICE TAKES ON AVENGERS AGE OF ULTRON**

**IRON MAN**

- So sad. I heard that Tony Stark peed himself and now his fly is rusted shut!
- He looks like what would happen if C-3PO and a Sony PlayStation had a bastard child!
- His is the only suit that you have to take to a blacksmith for tailoring!
- It’s the perfect outfit for anyone who wants to look like a six-foot-tall Oscar statue!

**THOR**

- Yoo-hoo! Thor! Let me hammer this home: Your outfit sucks!
- Scraggy beard, unkempt hair, pretentious cape... is he a superhero or a Williamsburg hipster?
- You tell me: How can he walk on the red carpet when he’s wearing it on his back?
- You might say that his fashion sense has gone from bad to Morse!

**Writer:** Mike Morse  
**Artist:** Hermann Mejía
The Hulk

He’s green because he’s jealous of people who can afford shirts!

Hawkeye

If he’s aiming for tricky, then BULLS-eyes!

Captain America

I agree with his shield. I give this costume ONE star!

Black Widow

WTF! It’s summer and she’s dressed head-to-toe in leather. Her superhero name should be "Pit Stains"!

The Vision

I recognize that cape! It used to be a tablecloth at Spago’s!

Nick Fury

I like Nick, but when I look at his clothes I wish I was wearing my eyepatch!
It's the first time I've seen someone this poorly dressed who wasn't even wearing anything!

That ensemble ought to be dismantled and sold for scrap metal!

He'd better call Maaco! He looks like a Transformer with a bad paint job!

My Lord! Since when did superheroes start shopping at Sports Authority?

If he's so fast, let's see how quickly he can change out of that!

Super speed or not, he can't run away from that horrible look fast enough!

I loved this look — in 1984, when it was on The Terminator!
The Best of The Idiotical

USPS ISSUES CORRECTED MAYA ANGELOU STAMP

MAYA ANGELOU
"Beans, beans, the musical fruit. The more you eat, the more you toot."

HOW TO TELL IF YOUR KRAFT MAC & CHEESE CONTAINS METAL FILINGS

MAD EXPLAINS THE INDIANA STATE SEAL

The year that Governor Mike Pence's mindset is stuck in Setting sun represents the state's fading reputation
Lumberjack is chopping wood to make "No Gays Allowed" signs
Lesbian buffalo is sprinting towards the Ohio border
The best of the idiotical at madmagazine.com!

The Startling Similarities and Differences Between MARCH MADNESS and UTAH REINSTATING THE FIRING SQUAD

Lots of shots taken
Brent Musburger will be providing color commentary
The NRA has an office pool going on it
If there's a long line at the concession stand, you might miss all the action
Substitutions allowed
To take a family of four costs a fortune
It's as American as apple pie

GET TAKEN FOR A RIDE ON...

Ted Cruz-Lines
It's one big Tea Party all the time?!

7 Effects of California's Water-Use Restrictions

The Dodgers will now be forced to jam themselves into one cramped post-game bathtub
All "Employees Must Wash Hands" signs are now just for decoration
Mickey Rourke finally has an excuse for not showering once every three months
There are now extensive background checks and waiting periods to purchase a Super Soaker
Disneyland's Splash Mountain is now just a bone-dry, 50-foot death drop
The LAPD has been instructed to cut down on the vigorous beatings, so as not to need so much hydration afterwards
A resourceful Leonardo DiCaprio will drink the pooled navel sweat of the models in his harem

New stupidity daily on The Idiotical at madmagazine.com!
THINGS YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR FROM YOUR UBER DRIVER

FUNNY COINCIDENCE, OUR "SURGE PRICING" KICKED IN JUST AS YOU GOT IN THE CAR! THAT'LL BE $75!

HEY, THANKS FOR NOT USING LYFT — I CAN'T STAND THE WAY THEY SMEARED ME IN THAT VEHICULAR HOMICIDE INVESTIGATION!

GET IN ON THIS U-TURN SELFIE!

SCOOT OVER — I'M GOING TO PICK UP THIS Hitchhiker!

SORRY — COMPANY POLICY, THE METER STILL RUNS EVEN WHEN I'M TAKING DOWN THE OTHER DRIVER'S INSURANCE INFO.

THOSE "DETOUR" SIGNS ARE JUST SUGGESTIONS!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THAT SMELL IS, BUT YOU HAVE TO PROMISE TO GIVE ME A 5-STAR RATING AFTERWARDS!

IT'S FUNNY — PEOPLE COMPLAIN THAT UBER DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH BACKGROUND CHECKS FOR DRIVERS, BUT MY PAROLE OFFICER IS WORRIED THEY HAVE TOO MANY!

UGH — ALL THESE LAWSUITS AGAINST UBER BY THE TAXIS! IT MAKES ME SO MAD, I JUST WANNA RAM A CAB HEAD-ON, YOU KNOW?

IT'S GREAT THAT UBER IS NOW IN 55 COUNTRIES! IF I HAVE TO GO ON THE LAM AGAIN, I'VE REALLY GOT OPTIONS!

I USED TO BE AN UBER PASSENGER, JUST LIKE YOU! THEN, ONE DAY, I KILLED MY DRIVER, TOOK OVER HIS ROUTE AND HERE WE ARE!
WHAT POWERFUL FIGURE WILL CONSERVATIVES BE MOST THRILLED TO SEE LEAVE THE PUBLIC STAGE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

There's a powerful figure who for years has energized the left, while consistently embarrassing the right. For many conservatives, the power of this movement was no laughing matter. However, after a very successful tenure, an era is coming to an end — and many are delighted that the curtain is finally falling.

Reagan National Airport DEPARTURES

JOE BIDEN? BARACK OBAMA? HARRY REID? BARBARA BOXER?

THIS IS A RESTRICTED AREA. WE CONFISCATE DANGEROUS BAGGAGE. EVERY FAMILY SHOULD STAY TOGETHER, KIDS IN TOW

CONSERVATIVES EVERYWHERE WILL BE RE-JOICING, WATCHING DEMOCRATS AS THEY BEGIN STEWING OVER A TOP COLLEAGUE’S PLANS TO DEPART

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE
WHAT POWERFUL FIGURE WILL CONSERVATIVES BE MOST THRILLED TO SEE LEAVE THE PUBLIC STAGE?

JON STEWART

THE DAILY SHOW