

Greetings everyone! It's me, Elron, back to malign all you magazine maniacs out there. I hope you all enjoyed the barrage of Balloonatics in the last MAD Super Special. Just in case you crave some more kooky Kodak moments take a candid look at this crazy cat and doofy dog...



Jason Hitt
Lakeland, FL



Prince Edward
April Morrison
Prince Edward Island, Canada

I ain't no vet, but I'd bet those pets could benefit from some modest medical attention. But I'm no better! In Super Special #101 my phriendly physician phound that I was stricken with an unknown ailment. Luckily, my legion of learned fans found a plethora of possible causes for my catastrophic condition. Meander the mirthful medical musings my cohorts conveyed...

Dear Elron,

In the January 1995 Super Special, you challenge readers to interpret your CAT scan. Hey, that's an easy one! In the 1960s we had a word for your condition. We would have said you were "mindforked."

Rephah Berg
Oakland, CA

Dear Elron,

I have a "decent diagnosis for your daunting disease." I would call it "Tine'y Brain Disease. You have my condolences. And so do your readers.

Angela Lovato
Louisville, KY

Dear Elron,

My diagnosis is that you are a MORON, Elron. And that you have a FORK in your head.

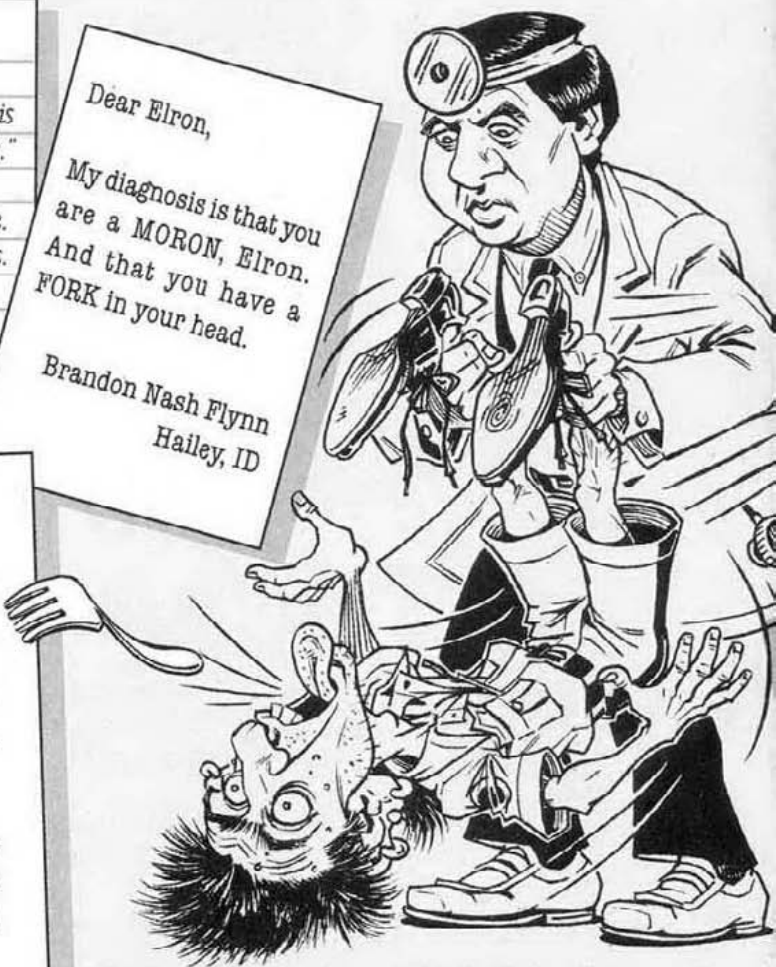
Brandon Nash Flynn
Hailey, ID

Dear Elron,

It is obvious that you have a classic case of "forkatitis." This is caused from the lack of grey matter in the brain cavity. This open space lets in tiny "microforkbacteria" that will eventually grow to form the shape of... you guessed it, a fork.

Elron my friend, I'm sorry to say, there is no cure for "forkatitis." you will be forced to walk around with a large fork in your head.

Dr. Paul M. Schmidt
Gainesville, FL



I thank all my concerned compatriots for their radical research. Fortunately, my masterful medical team melded their minds and came up with a trailblazing treatment they now call the "Elron Maneuver." I wish I could give the same positive prognosis to this next lad's little brother whose forboding fate seems fearfully far-reaching...

Dear Elron,

I just want to hail the guy that thought of the Lick-Schtickers in Super-Special #102. I had a fun time sticking them everywhere. I think you should put a whole lot more of them in the next issue. I know you won't listen to one dinky person, but I have a petition signed by 5,000 people, but I can't send it because the envelope is too small! So, for your sake, I would do what I say or you might be getting my little brother's head in the mail.

Jonathan Ray
Bardstown, KY

Whoa there, Jonny boy! Sending a head in the mail isn't as simple as it sounds. Let Elron, the MAD Mailman, school you on this subtle subject. Proper postage must be placed on your package, otherwise you may incur a postal penalty. Also, be sure to use an 8 1/2" by 11" manilla envelope with bubble wrap and mark it "FRAGILE" to insure safe delivery. Now let's look at a lovely letter that's a little less loathsome and really tells it like it is . . .

Dear Elron,
I'm a new reader of MAD and I first saw you in MAD's Super Special #101. I just wanted to write you and tell you I think you're great. You're the coolest guy in my opinion. After reading your inspirational words of wisdom I waited impatiently for Super Special #102. Just as I suspected, it was terrific. I admire your witty but wise way of telling people off and putting people in their place. The world would be a better place if everyone was like you. I was wondering if there is an Elron Fan Club, because there should be. Keep up the good work. Is there any way I could ever get as cool as you?

O'Donna Thomas
Chula Vista, CA

Well, there's someone with sensational sensibilities, unlike most of the misguided malcontents whose mail I must mull through. As far as an Elron Fan Club goes, my many mailroom duties make it a mite difficult. But then you never know what unexpected undertaking I might undertake. In the meantime, if you're into hero worship, our next naughty note reveals that there are a couple of Indiana studs who are used to being adorned with undue attention . . .

Dear Elron,
I'd just like to say that there's these guys named Clint R. and Frank G., who I really, truly love, and I have no idea why I am telling you and a million other people about this!
Hayley Good
Zionsville, IN

I told my Uncle Slokum about your peculiar predicament and he said, "A woman can love every man from here to Herkimer, but until she learns the mouth harp ain't no man gonna marry her no-ways." Leave it to my unctuous Uncle Slokum to put your petty problem into proper perspective. And now, let's end with a note from these two bold babes . . .

Dear Elron,

We've seen the Clinton tattoo and the Newt tattoo. Now we dare you to get a tattoo on your forehead that has your phone number. Unless you're chicken!!

Bonnie & Sandy
Hesperia, CA



Elron
MAD Super Specials
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Unfortunately, the nimrod with the needle got the meaning of my mail mixed up. Now I'll have to get my noggin nuked with some light laser surgery to remove this repulsive rendering. In the meantime, any well-wishers can wire me their words at . . .

Until we meet again!
Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!