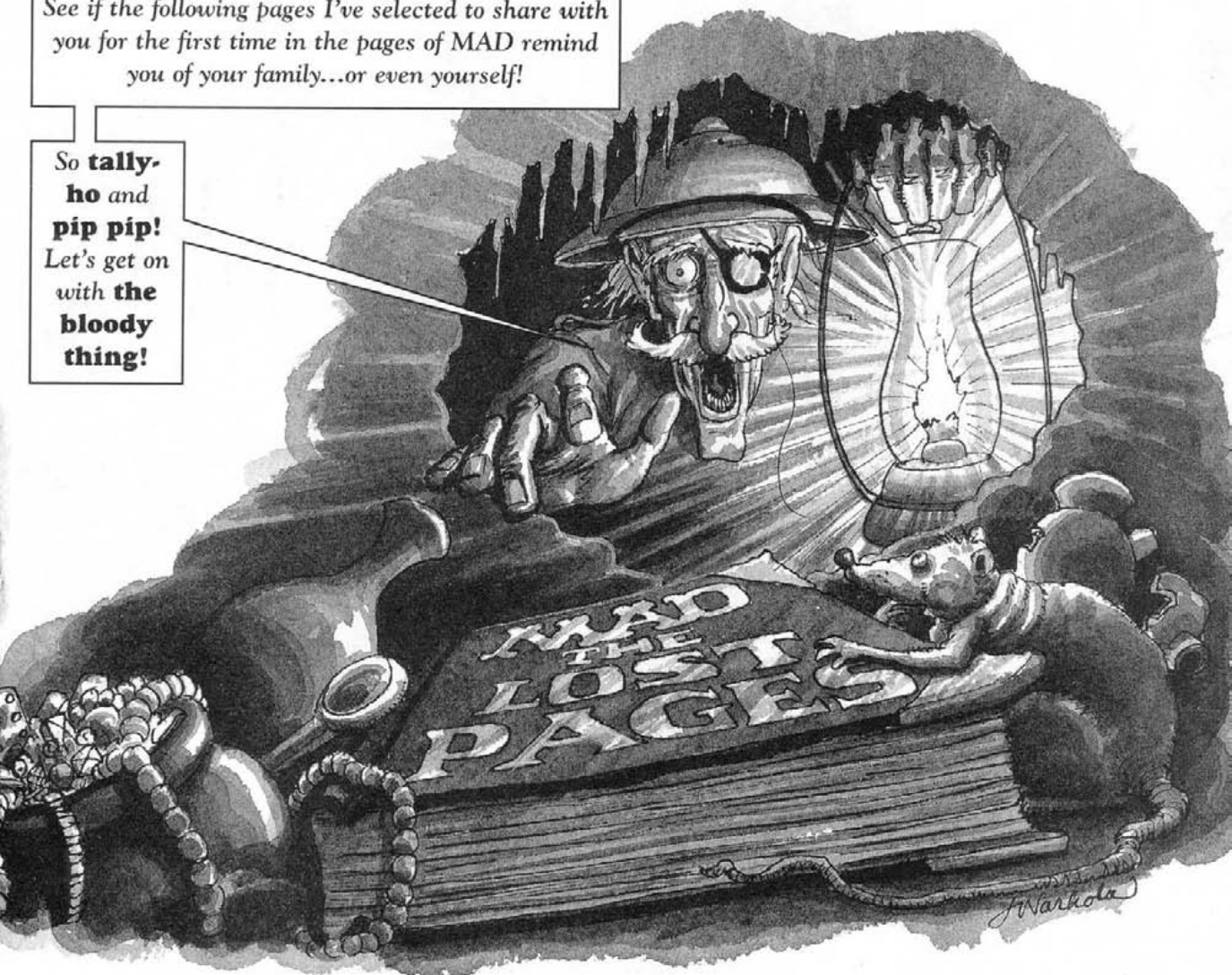


Shalom! Colonel Nigel Fabbersham here with another revealing report on my humorological excavations of the MAD offices! A recent stroll brought me face to face with **MAD'S CRADLE TO GRAVE PRIMER**, an exemplary treatise on dealing with one's relatives from infancy through mortality, written by one Mr. Larry Siegel and illustrated by one Mr. George Woodbridge!

As I scanned its remarkably well-preserved pages, I was struck with memories of my own Anglo-Saxon childhood back in the little town of Hackney...The curly, waxed mustache of my dear mother...the rambling, slurred, dark stout-induced Sunday morning rantings of poppa...those were the days!

See if the following pages I've selected to share with you for the first time in the pages of MAD remind you of your family...or even yourself!

So **tally-ho** and **pip pip!** Let's get on with **the bloody thing!**



Infancy



See the baby.
What a nice baby.
It is YOU!
You are less than a minute old.
See the doctor hold you.
Soon he will give you a stinging slap on the rump.
You will scream your fool head off.
You don't know it yet
But this will be the nicest thing to happen to you
For the rest of your life.
From here on in, it is all downhill.
You are a born loser!

Who is this nice lady?
She is your mother.
See how she smiles at you.
She loves you.
Perhaps she will always love you.
Perhaps she will love you very much.
Perhaps she will love you very, very much.
Perhaps she will love you too much.
How will you know?
If, when you are 16,
You will go to the beach
And borrow her bikini.

Who is that man?
He is your father.
He thinks you are strange-looking.
He thinks you look ratty.
He will probably ignore you
Until you are better looking.
Take a good look at him.
You may never see him again.

Look, your Daddy is waving goodbye.
Wave bye-bye at Da-Da.
Ha ha ha.
I forgot.
You can't wave yet.
You are too young.
All you can do is cry
And throw up.
Now that Daddy has seen you,
What will he do?
Probably cry
And throw up.



Isn't it nice to be home?
 Who is that little girl?
 She is your sister.
 She didn't want you very much.
 She expected a dog.
 She wanted someone to fetch for her,
 To obey her commands,
 To sit up and beg,
 To tie up with a rope to a tree.
 You don't know it yet,
 But you're going to be a dog.



See the odd creatures staring at you.
 Who are they?
 They are your relatives.
 "Ga ga ga," says one.
 "Goo goo goo," says another.
 "Cluck cluck cluck," says a third.
 They have come a long way to see you.
 Where have they come from?
 Probably from a barnyard.
 You may not speak your first word of English
 For years.
 That's because you may not *hear* your first word
 Of English
 For years.



You are one month old now.
 You are miserable.
 You are crying.
 Here comes Da-Da.
 He has come to take care of you.
 Why has he come to take care of you?
 For the same reason all devoted, loving fathers
 Take care of babies
 Who are wet
 And hungry
 And dirty
 At 3 in the morning.
 Mommy makes them.

You have your first tooth.
 How proud your Mommy is.
 It is a big moment.
 The whole family is happy.
 Your sister isn't happy.
 Why isn't she happy?
 Because Mommy is holding you and not her.
 She is jealous.
 Soon Mommy will leave the room.
 Wave bye-bye to Mommy.
 Soon sister will punch you in the mouth.
 Wave bye-bye to your first tooth.



What a big day today is.
Today you said your first word.
Why did you get clobbered?
Because you said the wrong word.
You used a word you heard Daddy call Mommy.
Only he didn't call her "Mommy."
"Mommy" has five letters.
His word had four.
How could you know the difference?
Actually you couldn't.
This is what is known as grown-up justice.
You will learn more about it in later years.
During your first visit to the psychiatrist.



Hurray for the baby.
You are taking your very first steps.
Then you fall down on your face.
Then you get up and take another step.
Then you fall on your face again.
Poor baby.
You want to walk just like Daddy?
Where is Daddy now?
He is at a grown-up party...
Getting bombed.
We have news for you.
Right now you *are* walking like Daddy.



Childhood

You are three years old.
 What a big boy you are.
 Look at Mommy clapping her hands.
 She is so happy.
 Why is she so happy?
 Because you have gone all by yourself
 For the very first time.
 She is very proud of you.
 Mommies are very sentimental.
 They save locks of your hair.
 They bronze your baby shoes.
 They bronze *everything*.
 Soon she will look in your potty.
 Will she or won't she?
 Only her bronzer will know for sure.



MAD.
 THE
 LOST
 PAGES



Here is your sister again.
 For years she has been taking your toys
 And your books
 And your balls
 And your games.
 Well now she has decided to give you something
 For a change.
 She is sweet, after all.
 What did she decide to give you?
 The chicken pox.



MAD: THE LOST PAGES

Mommy has sent you to nursery school.
What are they teaching you in nursery school?
How to build houses with blocks.
How to scribble on paper.
How to break toys.
And how to paint all over the room
With your fingers.
Isn't education wonderful?



Now you are old enough to go to regular school.
Isn't it nice to be with children your own age?
Bright, eager youngsters
With but one thought on their minds.
To make life as miserable as possible for you.
They hit you,
They spit on you,
They tear your books.
They call you, "Four-eyes."
"Four-eyes" is a terrible thing to call
A sensitive child like you.
Particularly when you don't even wear glasses.



Isn't this nice?
 You are playing Little League baseball.
 What is going on here?
 Your father is arguing with the umpire.
 Fathers always argue with the umpire.
 Fathers always argue during Little League games.
 They take the game much more seriously than
 Their sons do.
 Doesn't it make you feel secure to know
 That your father is so interested in your game?
 Wouldn't you feel a lot more secure
 If you knew your father was arguing *for* you
 Instead of *against* you?



Who are these ugly people?
 They are your aunt and uncle.
 They have come to visit you.
 They will tell you how much you've grown.
 They will tell you how good looking you are.
 They will tell you what a nice boy you are.
 They will tell you other lies.
 Soon they will be leaving.
 Thank God.
 Soon they will kiss you goodbye.
 Soon you will feel a sharp, bristling moustache
 Scraping your face.
 After that your *uncle* will kiss you.



You are going to summer camp.
 Won't you have fun?
 Probably not.
 But you are going anyway.
 Why are you going?
 Because your parents want to get rid of you,
 And you are too old to go to nursery school.
 It is your first sleepaway.
 You are lucky.
 Your father didn't go to his first sleepaway
 Until he was 37.
 But that wasn't camp.
 And your mother almost killed him.
 But that's another story.



Isn't camp fun?
 Not really.
 You have lost half your clothes.
 You have been sick 12 times.
 And you've been bitten 100 times
 By mosquitoes, wasps
 And a midget camper.
 All your bunk-mates have gotten merit badges.
 For swimming,
 For arts and crafts,
 And for archery.
 Will you get a special award too?
 You deserve one.
 How many other campers have ever caught
 Poison ivy
 On the bus ride to camp?

The Teenage Years

Congratulations.
You have just made it through childhood.
And you are still in one piece.
More or less.
You have struggled through toilet training.
You have suffered through childhood diseases.
You have staggered through elementary school.
And you were almost destroyed in camp.
But look at it this way:
Things can't get any worse.
On second thought, they *can* get worse.
You are now a teenager.

You hang around the house a lot.
You usually flop in corners.
You hardly speak.
You seldom move.
You barely breathe.
Once a day your father takes your pulse.
Once a week your mother dusts you.
On weekends your parents throw a cloth over you
And eat dinner on your back.
It's the closest you've been to them in years.



Jhis is the age of the generation gap.
This is the age when teenagers
Show their independence.
This is when they pack their things
And run away from home.
See your parents cry.
You are breaking their hearts.
Why are you so unreasonable?
Why do you treat them like this?
Why don't you make them happy again?
Why don't you run away from home
Like everyone else?



MAD: THE LOST PAGES



Jhis is your high school friend.
His name is Bruce.
He is not like you at all.
He is very sure of himself.
He is a swinger.
He can get any girl he wants.
You admire his looks.
You envy his personality.
You like his confidence.
You hate his guts.



You are going on your first date.
It is a girl Bruce fixed you up with.
He couldn't stand her.
She was always pawing at him
And kissing him
And biting his ear.
She is overbearing,
And overwrought,
And oversexed.
She was a problem to him.
You should have such problems.

This is your date.
Three hours have passed.
You haven't said a word
Or moved a muscle.
What are you waiting for?
Why don't you start something?
There are three reasons
Why you don't start anything.
You don't know how to start,
You don't know where to start,
And you don't know *what* to start.
Aside from this,
You have everything under control.
Isn't dating fun?





Now you have started.
Oh boy, have you ever started.
All your built-up passion,
All your desire,
Everything you have been holding back
For all these years
Has now come out.
In one wild, mad, smoldering kiss.
"What a lover I have suddenly become," you think.
"No girl can resist me now.
From here on in it's one conquest after another.
Look at how she melts in my arms.
Listen to those strange animal noises she is making.
I wonder what they mean."
This is what they mean.
They are not animal noises.
She is having trouble yawning
With her mouth closed.

What a kiss that was.
She must be wild about you.
You could go for a girl like her.
She is not like the other girls you have met.
She is not silly.
She is not frivolous.
She takes you seriously.
Very, very seriously.
How can you tell?
When you asked her
If she'd like to go steady with you,
She said, "Don't make me laugh."

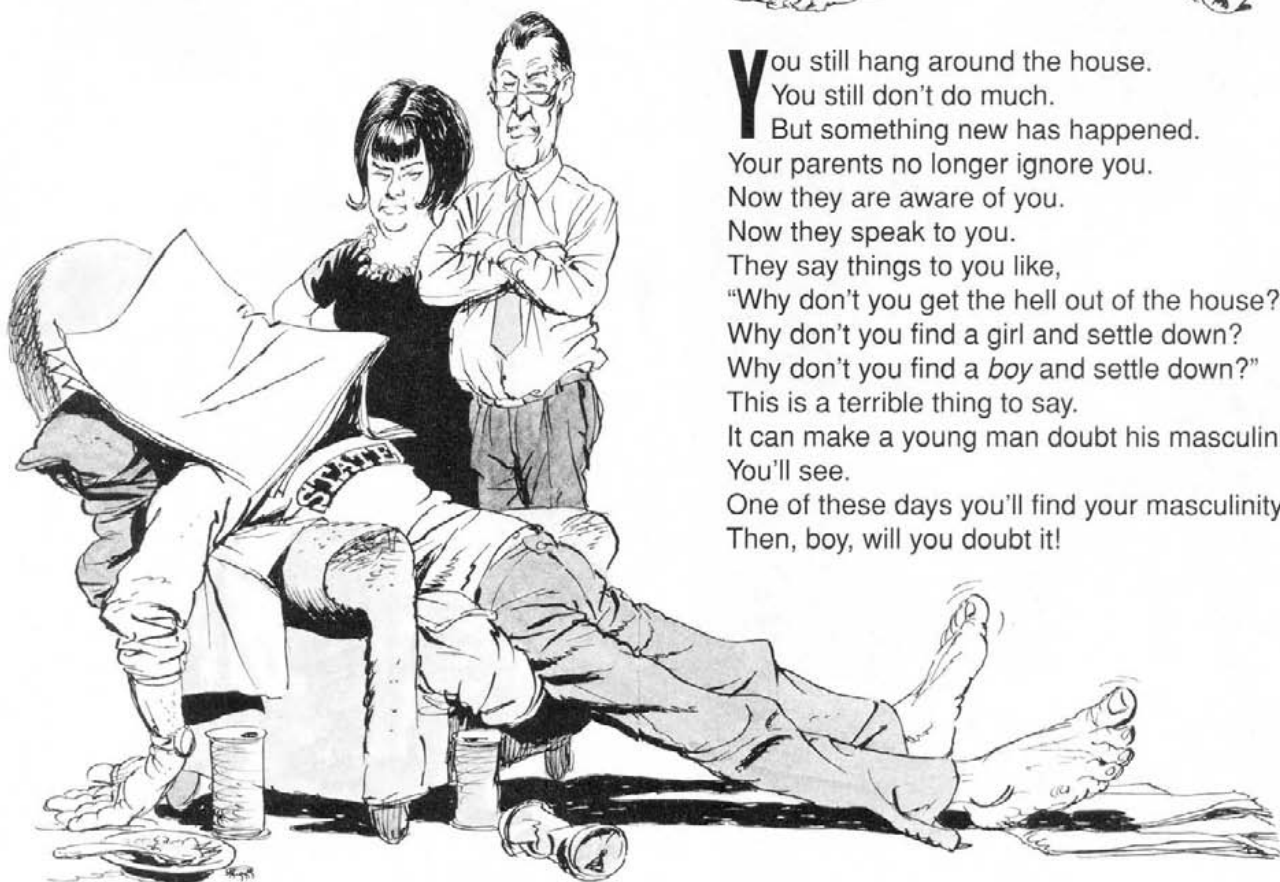


Adulthood

Look at you now.
You have come a long way.
Look at that face.
Look at that build.
Look at that posture.
Isn't it exciting?
You are no longer
A skinny, ugly, awkward kid.
You are now
A skinny, ugly, awkward *adult*.



You still hang around the house.
You still don't do much.
But something new has happened.
Your parents no longer ignore you.
Now they are aware of you.
Now they speak to you.
They say things to you like,
"Why don't you get the hell out of the house?
Why don't you find a girl and settle down?
Why don't you find a *boy* and settle down?"
This is a terrible thing to say.
It can make a young man doubt his masculinity.
You'll see.
One of these days you'll find your masculinity.
Then, boy, will you doubt it!



Well, you finally made the big break.
You have moved out of your house.
All your friends are independent.
Now you are independent.
All your friends have their own pads.
Now you have yours.
All your friends have soft, warm companions
Who share their beds and blow in their ears.
Now you can get yourself a dog.



You have just got your first job.
You are an accountant.
Accountants work day and night over dull ledgers.
They tell dull stories.
They wear grey suits.
They carry 14 ball point pens
In their jacket pockets.
They read books like,
"The Romance of the W-2 Form."
Accountants are the most boring people in the world.
How do you fit in here?
Let me put it this way.
Other accountants will find you dull.



Who is this girl?
Her name is Blanche.
You met her at an Accountants' Masquerade Ball.
She came dressed as a debit column
In a ledger.
Take a good look at her.
You will be seeing a lot of her.
She is the girl of your dreams.
No wonder you haven't had a good night's sleep
For the past 25 years.

Here are Blanche's parents.
They are very religious people.
When you said you would like to marry
their daughter,
They both said, "Thank God!"
They are very happy.
They have consented to give you
Their daughter's hand in marriage.
There is just one problem.
You will have to take the rest that goes with it.





This is your wedding day.
 Isn't it thrilling?
 Look at everyone cry.
 Everyone always cries at weddings.
 Look at you,
 Standing next to the woman
 Who will always be by your side
 And live with you
 And share your bed
 For the rest of your life.
 Is that why *you* are crying?

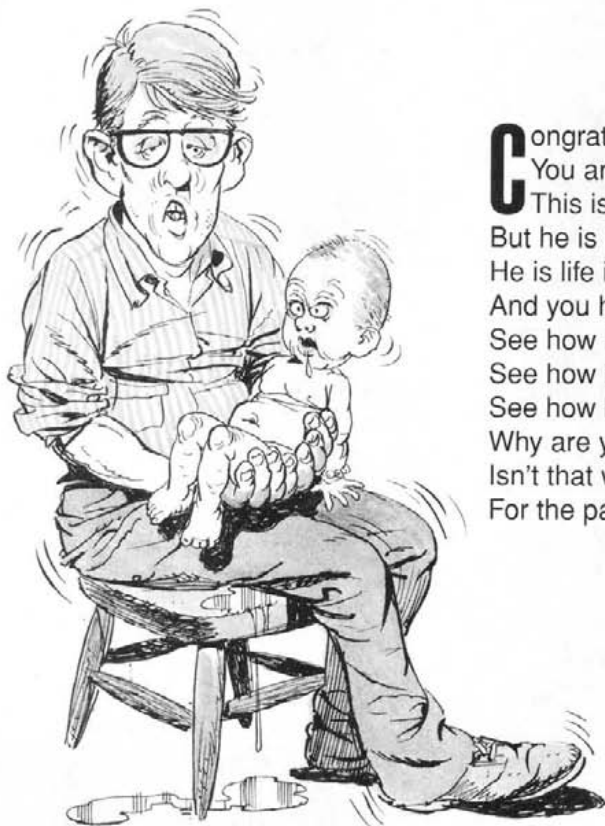


You and Blanche are finally married.
 Boy, are you nervous.
 You almost lost the plane tickets.
 You got the hotel rooms mixed up.
 And you dropped your bride
 While carrying her across the threshold.
 Some wedding night!
 Can *anything* else possibly go wrong?
 Yes.



Look at your wife.
Notice how round she has become.
See how her belly protrudes.
Do you know what that means?
Of course you do.
It means she is eating for two.
In other words, she is pregnant?
No, in other words, she is a pig.

Now she is pregnant.
Boy, is she ever pregnant.
She drives you crazy.
She wakes you up in the middle
Of the night.
She asks for pickles smothered
In peanut butter
And cucumbers and buttermilk
And asparagus dipped in
Chicken fat.
But you take it all in stride.
After all, this is what she ate
Before she was pregnant.



Congratulations.
You are now a father.
This is your new baby.
But he is more than just a baby.
He is life itself.
And you have helped bring forth this new life.
See how he comforts you.
See how he thrills you.
See how he does things all over you.
Why are you so surprised?
Isn't that what life has been doing to you
For the past 30 years?

Middle Age

You are 40.
 You have reached middle age.
 It is a tricky period in life.
 It is a time when most people are concerned
 About their health
 And their weight
 And their appearance.
 It's the age when everyone is worried about going
 Downhill.
 How come *you're* not worried about going downhill?
 Perhaps it's because
 For you it's not much of a drop.



Who are these two children?
 They are your son and your daughter.
 He is 10 and she is 7.
 They are so self-assured.
 My, how times change.
 When you were that age,
 You weren't a bone-crunching fullback
 In the Little Leagues.
 You couldn't beat up every kid
 On the block.
 You didn't use words that would embarrass
 A truck driver.
 To think a kid of yours would be doing all that.
 And what's more, your son is pretty tough too.

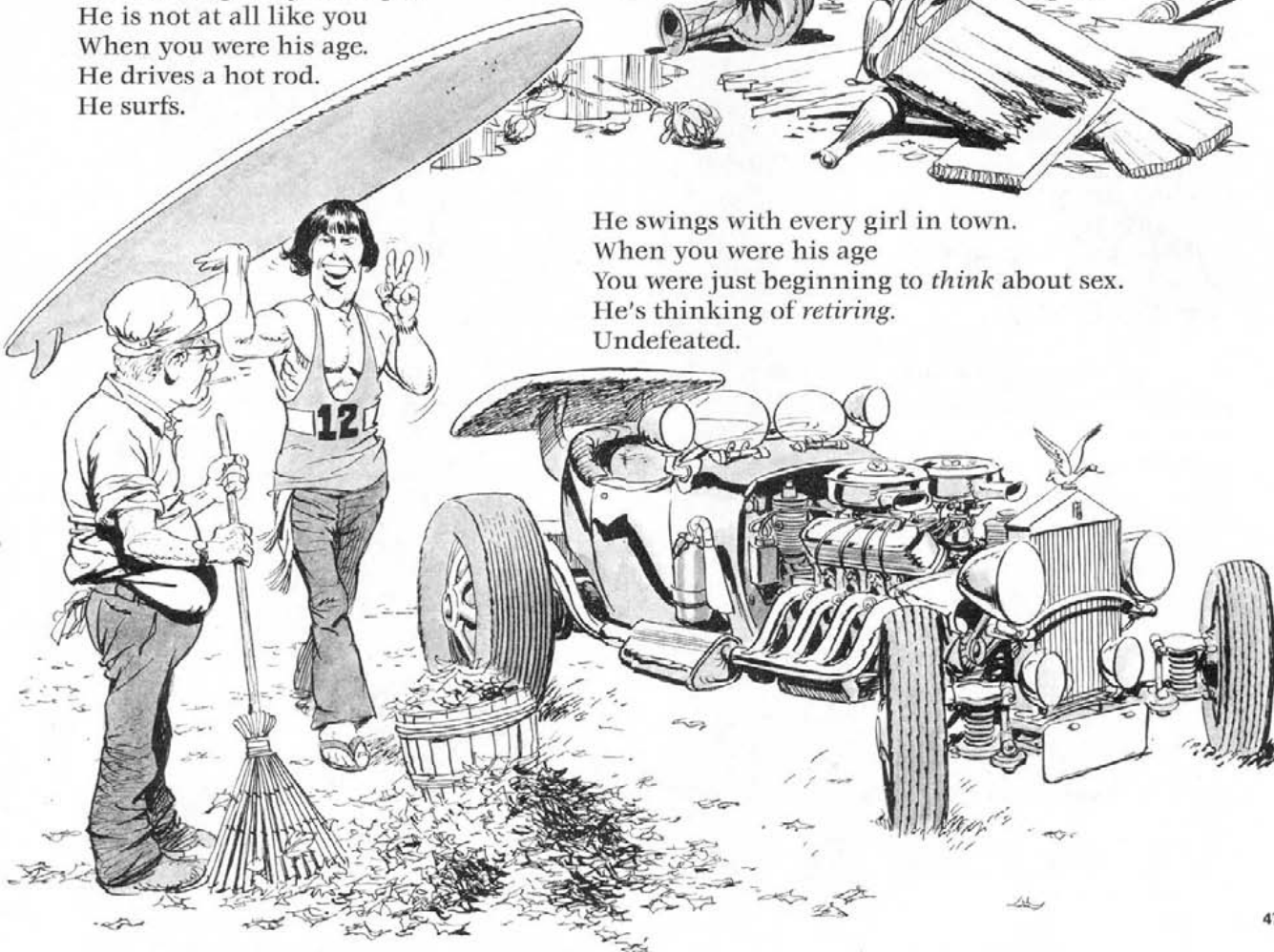
MAD: THE LOST PAGES

See your son and daughter.
They are fighting.
They always fight.
When they are not fighting,
They are messing.
Tonight is a big night.
They are fighting and messing.
Look at the condition of your house.
It has looked like this for as long
As you can remember.
Try to remember the last time
The house looked neater.
Then you recall.
It was Wednesday last July,
The night you were robbed.



Look at your son now.
He is a groovy teenager.
He is not at all like you
When you were his age.
He drives a hot rod.
He surfs.

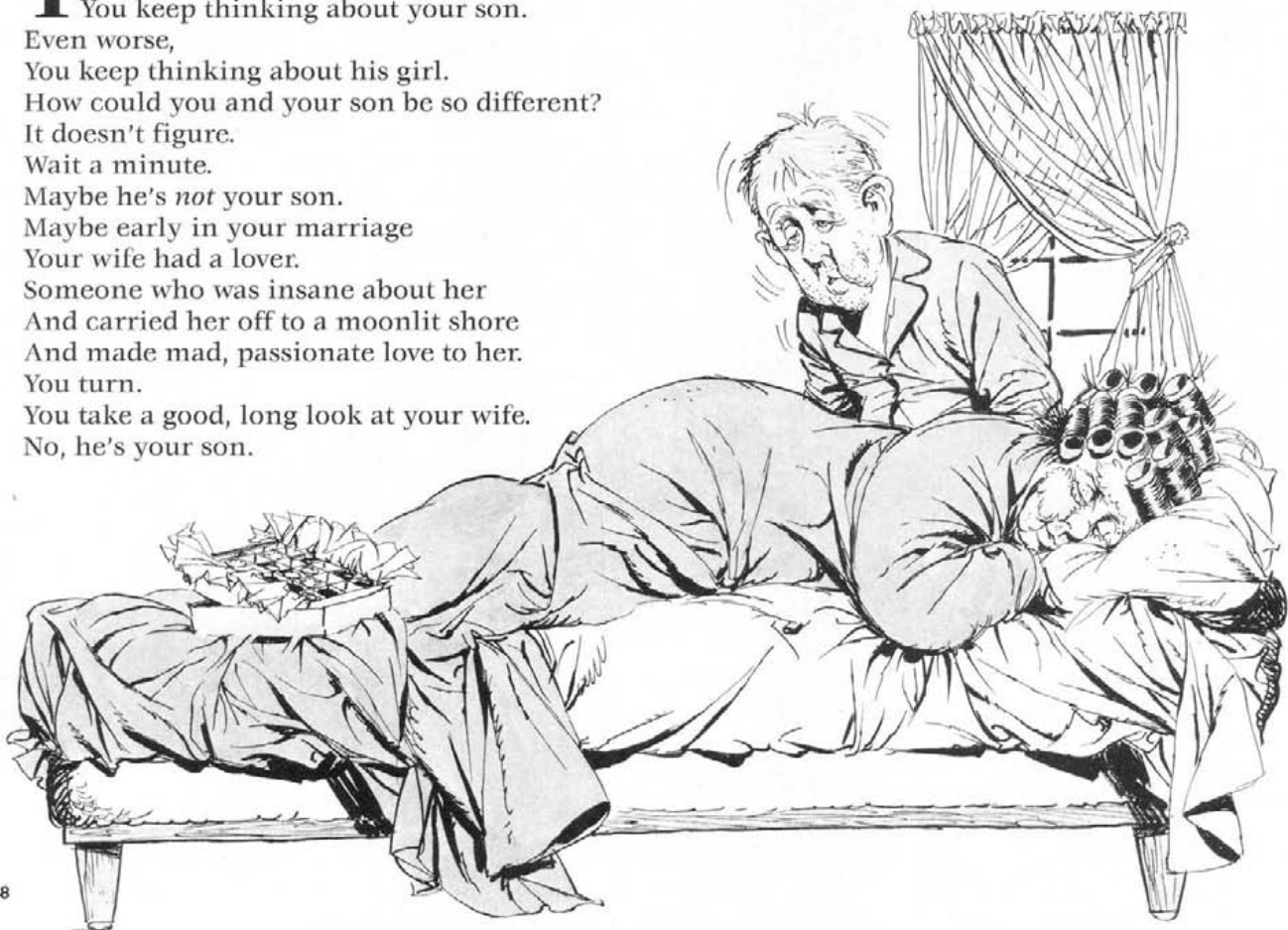
He swings with every girl in town.
When you were his age
You were just beginning to *think* about sex.
He's thinking of *retiring*.
Undefeated.



Look at your son and his girl.
Isn't he a bum?
Why isn't he out working?
Why isn't he doing something worthwhile?
These kids nowadays!
Listen to that horrible music.
There's no peace with them around the house.
How you wish he'd leave the room.
How you wish he'd leave the house.
How you wish he'd leave the girl.
Right where she is.



You have trouble sleeping.
You keep thinking about your son.
Even worse,
You keep thinking about his girl.
How could you and your son be so different?
It doesn't figure.
Wait a minute.
Maybe he's *not* your son.
Maybe early in your marriage
Your wife had a lover.
Someone who was insane about her
And carried her off to a moonlit shore
And made mad, passionate love to her.
You turn.
You take a good, long look at your wife.
No, he's your son.





Look at your daughter now.
She is 16.
She whines a lot.
She has a nasty temper.
She claims she has nothing to wear.
She never cleans her room.
She hasn't shown you one ounce of affection
For 16 years.
She is not like you at all either.
But she is a lot like her mother.

Your son and daughter are going on dates.
You know who your son is going with.
You know what he's going to do.
How you envy him.
His zest for life.
His lack of inhibitions.
In a way you're proud of him.
Perhaps this is where the future strength
Of America lies.
Freedom of thought.
Freedom of expression.
Freedom of body.
Who is your daughter going with?
You don't know.
But if it's anyone like your son,
You'll kill her.





You have just received good news from your son.
He is about to become a father.
Which means you are about to become a grandfather.
You are proud of your son.
You never dreamed that this wild, swinging kid
Would finally settle down
And do what normal people do
And have a child of his own.
Now if he'd only get married.

This is your new grandchild.
Look at him.
He is ugly.
He has no hair.
He has not teeth.
He is totally miserable.
At last,
After all these years
There is someone in the family
Who has something in common
With *you*.



Old Age



Look at you now.
 You have even less hair
 And even more belly.
 Your bones are getting soft
 And your arteries are getting hard.
 You are now a sexagenarian.
 Isn't that a funny word?
 It means you are in your sixties.
 It has nothing to do with sex.
 Come to think of it,
 From here on in,
 Neither will you.

In the old days when you opened your morning paper
 The first thing you read was the sports section.
 Now the first thing you read is the obituary column.
 You are very conscious of death.
 Many of your friends are gone,
 Many of your relatives are gone.
 Even your wife is gone.
 She's not dead.
 She's just gone.
 She ran off with your best friend.
 Actually he wasn't your best friend.
 Until he ran off with your wife.



MAD: THE LOST PAGES

You are now 75.
You have been with your firm for 50 years.
They throw a dinner in your honor.
They make speeches about you.
Your boss gives you a gold watch.
You are thrilled.
You are touched.
You are fired.
Why were you fired?
The boss tells you he needs new blood.
You tell him you could use some new blood yourself.
You laugh.
He doesn't.
Somehow the joke doesn't work.
Somehow neither does the watch.



You are now too old to take care of yourself.
Luckily you have two devoted children.
You can either stay with your son's family
Or with your daughter's family.
They have a big argument over who gets you.
They decide to toss a coin.
Your daughter wins.
You get to stay with your son.

MAD: THE LOST PAGES

You are now living with your son and his wife.
They take care of you.

Your legs hurt,
Your arms hurt,
Your back hurts,
Your shoulders hurt,
Your chest hurts,
Your tooth hurts.
You are just one big, massive pain
All over your body.
To them you are just one big, massive pain
In the neck.



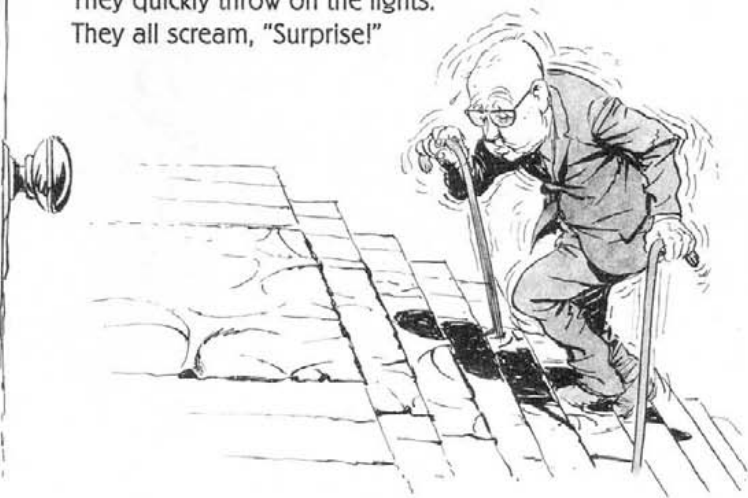
You are now in your nineties.
Your children still love you very much.
They love you so much
They have decided to send you away for
A summer vacation.
Also a winter vacation, a spring vacation
And a fall vacation.
To an old age home.
What a lovely vacation.
An old age home is a lot like a resort hotel.
It has nice airy rooms.
It has a nice big lobby.
It has a dining room.
But there is one big difference.
At check-out time in a hotel,
You pack your things and you carry them out.
At check-out time here,
They pack your things and carry you out.

Who are all these people?
They are your children.
And their children.
And their children's children.
This is your whole family.
They have all come to visit you,
Here at the old age home,
For the first time.
What respect.
What love.
What devotion.
What *guilt*.

Why are they here?
It is your 100th birthday.
They are throwing you a surprise party.
You are in the other room.
You don't know they are here.
You don't know about the party.



Your family is so proud of you.
You have lived through every disease,
Every ailment,
Every infirmity.
You are indestructible.
Here you come now.
They quickly throw on the lights.
They all scream, "Surprise!"





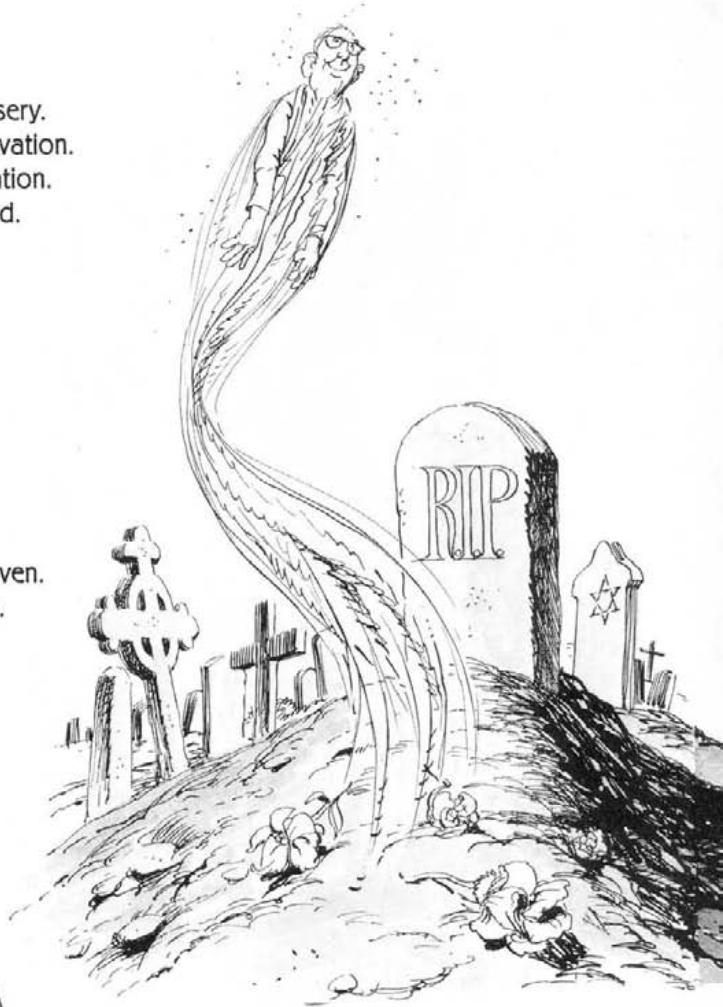
That did it!

What a lovely funeral.
 See your grieving family.
 Listen to them open up their hearts.
 "He was never sick a day in his life," says one.
 Actually you had every disease under the sun.
 "We'll never forget him," says another.
 Half of them don't even know your name.
 "Struck down in the prime of his life," says another.
 You were 100 years old.
 "He had so much to live for," says another.
 Actually you had nothing.
 "He's dead and now they're going to bury him!"
 Cries another.
 Well, one out of five ain't bad.



It's all over now.
A hundred years of misery.
A hundred years of aggravation.
A hundred years of frustration.
The final chapter is finished.
The curtain is down
On the miserable,
Aggravating,
Frustrating life
Of a born loser.

See the Angel.
What a nice angel.
It is YOU!
You are less than a minute old in heaven.
You are smaller than the other angels.
Your wings are shabby.
Your halo is crooked.
See them laugh at you.
See them mock you.



See the bully angel.
Soon he will punch you in the mouth.
You will scream your fool head off.
You don't know it yet,
But that will be the nicest thing to happen to you
For the rest of eternity.
From here on in, it is all down-hill.
You are a dead loser!





Blimey! I hope you now know a bit more about the rare joys and unpleasant truths life has in store for us! As they say here in America, "you can't pick your relative's nose," or something like that! In the meantime, I'll continue picking through the rubble to locate my next find for The Lost Pages of MAD! Cheerio!

