

**FIVE
PAGE BOOK
BONUS!**

Are
you
ready
to bark?

We said,
**ARE YOU
READY TO
BARK?!** You
will be once you
get your paws, er,
hands, all over the
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**HOW TO BE A
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Caldwell, it's a MAD canine

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Chapter 1

Knowing Who You Are



As a fledgling dog growing up in the highly unpredictable new millennium, it is very easy to develop an immediate and deadly inferiority complex. Just hop over to any bookstore, or let your paws do the walking through the best-seller pages. You know what you'll find among the top three favorite book subjects of our time? Cats! That's right. Cats, cats, and more cats.

Cat books sell in the millions. For some reason the public just can't get enough of Garfield, the musical play *Cats*, and the rest of those feline freaks. As for dog books ... Well, I figure this one will sell about nine copies (unless the publisher happens to send a free one to my master, in which case — make it eight).

But remember at all times that you're a dog, and be proud of it. Also remember that I'm writing this book because I love my fellow dogs: I don't believe we get a fair shake in life, and I hope to elevate newcomers like you once and for all to the exalted position we so eminently deserve.

(Of course, the mere fact that this chapter just gave me an idea for writing a sensational new cat book shouldn't concern you in the least. What's wrong with making a small fortune on the side while you're engaged in a labor of love?)

Chapter 3

Choosing the Right Master



With slavery officially dead in this country for well over a hundred years now, I realize the expression "master" is a bit demeaning to a free spirit like yourself. But a master is a fact of life, and you need one in yours. After all, you don't want to spend the rest of your days in a pet shop! You certainly don't want to wind up in a pound, and running loose in the streets is a risky and unsatisfying business — dining al fresco does have its charming moments, but take it from one who knows, when you've seen one garbage can you've seen them all.

So, a master it is, and if you're lucky enough to choose the right one, life can be beautiful. As I mentioned in the previous chapter, the number one weapon at your command is "cute." So, if the person contemplating buying you seems the least bit hesitant, turn the cute faucets on full blast.

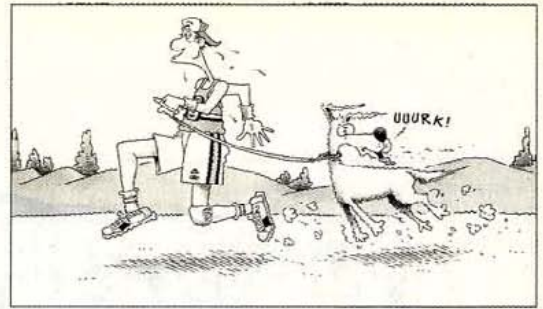
By the same token, if someone seems interested in you but you're less than thrilled, give them the reverse treatment. Put yourself in low gear, sh slump a lot around the floor, sigh mournfully, and look painfully sad. A word of warning: An

excessively sad look comes very close sometimes to bordering on cute, so don't overdo it. (For example, notice George Costanza's doleful look on *Seinfeld*. He may have been partly responsible for killing his fiancée, but you must admit he was cute.)

Here are three master types to keep away from:

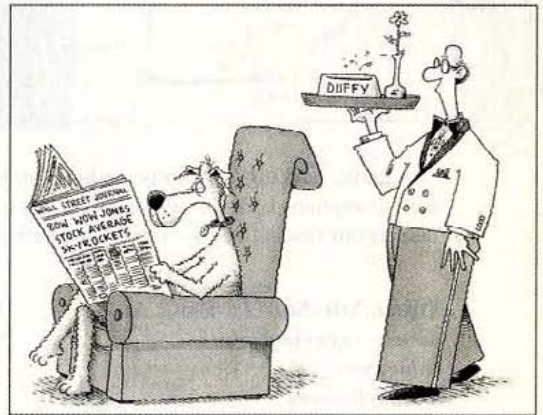
1. The Obedience Nut

As a pet owner, this character's sole purpose in life is to transform you into a robot. For some weird reason the Obedience Nut thinks you were put on earth as a Nazi storm trooper clone. The man is obviously dangerous, and the most important word in his vocabulary is "Heel!" (which you must admit is very close to "Heil!").



2. The Physical Culture Kook

There is alive in our land today a certain kind of maniac who insists on including his dog in his idiotic daily regimen. So you can see him at 4:30 in the morning on the pavement in an excruciating ten-mile run, but — God help us — dragging his dog along with him at the end of a leash. You need him like triple bypass surgery.



3. The Dog Show Fetishist

The object of this torturer is to get you to prance around at a kennel club competition, win some ribbons, use you to help breed champion dogs, then watch thousands of dollars roll in. And guess who gets to keep all the money? (hint: When was the last time you saw a Merrill Lynch stock portfolio or a municipal bond or a money market account made out to "Rover"?)

Chapter 5
Daily Work and Activity Schedule for an Average House Dog



Chapter 9

Protecting Your Turf



One of the foremost tasks throughout your — hopefully — illustrious career as a dog will be to protect your turf. And you must know how to do that properly.

Let's assume a visitor has come to the house. Now, the fact that he (or she) is there to see another human should in no way preclude you from immediately letting the caller know about your power position in the household. In short, you must make it clear that you are not just some inconsequential four-legged nonentity, but an important force to be dealt with.

When protecting your turf, here is the step-by-step process to follow:

1. *Confront the visitor.*
2. *Look him (or her) directly in the eye.*
3. *Bark like hell.*
4. *Stop to allow the full expression of your authority to sink in, leaving the visitor completely awed and quaking in his (or her) shoes by the sheer physical presence of so formidable a canine as yourself.*
5. *Go to sleep by a flowerpot.*

In truth, barking is the only method you have of asserting your authority in the house. So use it wisely, effectively, and with discretion. I am now going to list those callers at the door whom you should and should *not* bark at. I would advise tearing out this list and keeping it in a safe place for constant reference.

THOSE YOU SHOULD BARK AT

Amway representatives
cable guys
mail deliverers
Avon ladies
newspaper deliverers
magazine vendors
meter readers
TV repairmen
Federal Express carriers
visiting neighbors
fund-raisers
plumbers
Jehovah's Witnesses
Seventh Day Adventists

THOSE YOU SHOULD NEVER BARK AT

burglars



Chapter 12

Facing Up to Punishment

Regardless of how harmonious your relationship with your owner may be, certain instances are bound to turn up in which you will be subjected to some form of chastisement. Perhaps you have destroyed a valuable cushion or piece of furniture, or had a momentary lapse in bodily function control.

Dog punishment can manifest itself in many different ways. I can safely say from my vantage point that there is a 95 percent chance yours will encompass one, two, or all three of the following time-tested classic forms.

The Verbal Assault

As the expression connotes, this is by and large an oral tirade consisting of gibberish such as, "You had dog, what did you do? ... Shame on you, you naughty puppy!... Don't you dare do that again!" and so on, ad nauseam.

What you must do in the face of a verbal assault is pretend that it has penetrated your deepest sensitivity layers, that your feelings are shattered, and — here is where your true acting prowess comes to the fore — that you're scared to death of those idiotic words.

Upon receiving the verbal assault, do not make any one of the following faux pas:

1. *Treat it indifferently because it's all bark and no bite.*
2. *Concentrate on something else, like scratching your crotch.*
3. *Horrors of horrors, yawning in your owner's face out of total, consuming boredom.*

The Journalistic Castigation

Once, an anonymous dog owner awoke from a deep sleep with what he believed to be an invention of Edisonian proportions. He introduced a new, efficacious method of punishing his errant dog — battering the beast with a rolled-up newspaper!

Now, if you've ever been on the receiving end of a standard newspaper swat, you know that the pain inflicted is only a modicum more intense than a fusillade of marshmallows being hurled against the sides of a rogue elephant. So once again, pretense is in order.



The Big Dipper

Some time after the rolled-up newspaper invention, another dog owner, sick of having to scoop up offensive deposits from the floor, came up with a brilliant punishment idea of his own. Make the pet pay for his social blunder by shoving his face in it. However, the inventor of this slice of ingenuity forgot one important thing. We dogs have some rather bizarre dietary habits. This leads to the following important bit of advice:

If your owner catches you in a bodily function mishap and proceeds to shove your face into it, you must not — repeat, must not — let them know you're enjoying it!

