



Animaniacs



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FEATURING

PINKY and THE BRAIN



GADZOOKS!

Ods
Bodkins!

Zounds!



It's the
ANIMANIACAL
GUIDE to the **CLASSICS!!**



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The Lit-Wit Issue

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THIS, SIBS, IS WHAT MOVIES ARE BEFORE THEY'RE BORN.

WD-O-OAH!

WOW, LOOKIT ALL THE SQUARE THINGS WITH PAPER!

SHHHH!

WB1661



SO, WHAT LOOKS GOOD, WAKKO?

"SILAS MARNER'S" A BIT DRY, NEEDS KETCHUP.

SHHHH!



SO, WHERE ARE THE BOOKS WITH PICTURES?

COMIC BOOKS? NO NO NO! WE ONLY HAVE HIGH LITERATURE HERE.

HEY, WATCH IT. REMEMBER WHO SIGNS YOUR PAYCHECK.

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LITERATURE DOES NOT HAVE SILLY CARTOONS. THAT'S SO JUVENILE.

WOAH! BIG WORDS... BRAIN HURTS...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? COMICS CAN BE CLASSICS, TOO. WE'LL SHOW YOU!

SINCE YOU'RE FROM THE MTV GENERATION, WE KEPT 'EM SHORT!

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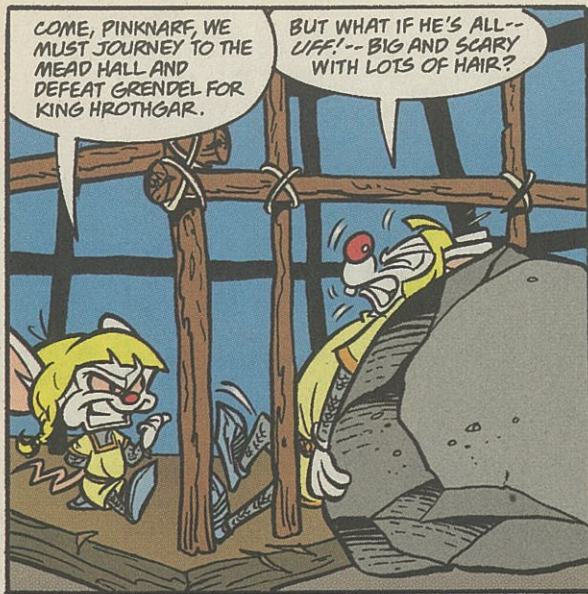
BRAINWULF



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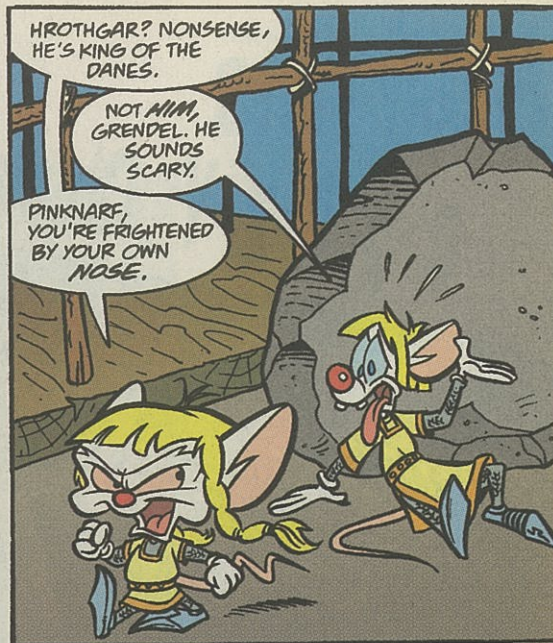


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COME, PINKNARF, WE MUST JOURNEY TO THE MEAD HALL AND DEFEAT GREDEL FOR KING HROTHGAR.

BUT WHAT IF HE'S ALL-- UFF!-- BIG AND SCARY WITH LOTS OF HAIR?



HROTHGAR? NONSENSE, HE'S KING OF THE DANES.

NOT HIM, GREDEL. HE SOUNDS SCARY.

PINKNARF, YOU'RE FRIGHTENED BY YOUR OWN NOSE.



A GREAT JOURNEY LATER...

AH, AT LAST, THE GREAT MEAD HALL!

OO, I'LL TAKE DOOR NUMBER TWO!

THAT'S MONTY HALL, YOU NINNY.



SO HOW'RE YOU GONNA CONVINCE HROTHGAR YOU CAN BEAT GREDEL, BRAINWULF?

HMM, I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT. WE MUST CONVINCE KING HROTHGAR THAT WE ARE MIGHTY WARRIORS.

I KNOW! WE WILL MAKE STUFF UP.

KNOCK KNOCK



YOUR MAJESTY, I AM BRAINWULF, THE GREATEST WARRIOR ALIVE. I'VE COME TO DEFEAT GREDEL!

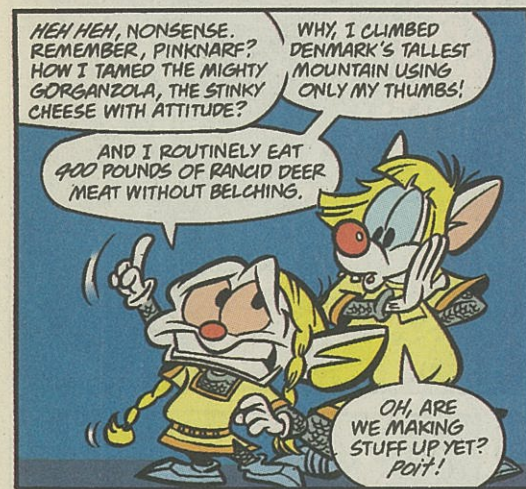
COME IN, COME IN! HURRY!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN DEFEAT GREDEL, BRAINWULF?

MY LOYAL SIDEKICK PINKNARF WILL REGALE YOU WITH MY GREAT DEEDS.

BUT YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING, BRAINWULF.



HEH HEH, NONSENSE. REMEMBER, PINKNARF? HOW I TAMED THE MIGHTY GORGANZOLA, THE STINKY CHEESE WITH ATTITUDE?

WHY, I CLIMBED DENMARK'S TALLEST MOUNTAIN USING ONLY MY THUMBS!

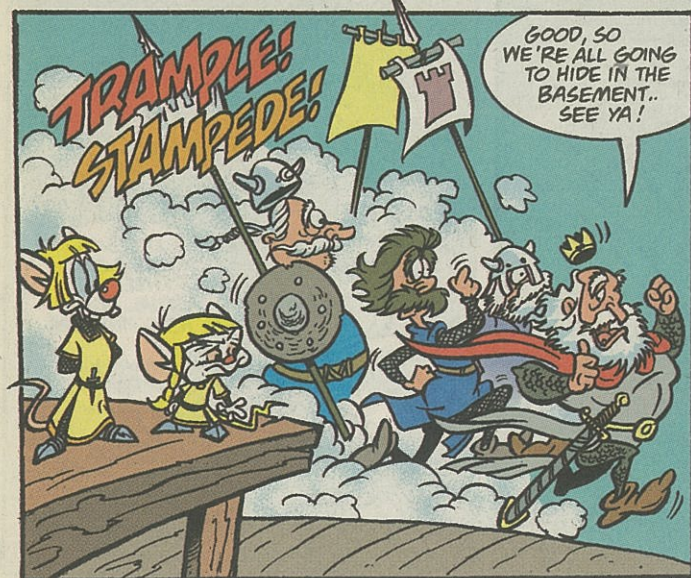
AND I ROUTINELY EAT 400 POUNDS OF RANCID DEER MEAT WITHOUT BELCHING.

OH, ARE WE MAKING STUFF UP YET? POIT!



WITHOUT BELCHING? WOW! YOU HAVE A DEAL! STOP GREDEL AND YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU ASK!

OH, I WILL, KING HROTHGAR. YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT.



TRAMPLE! STAMPEDE!

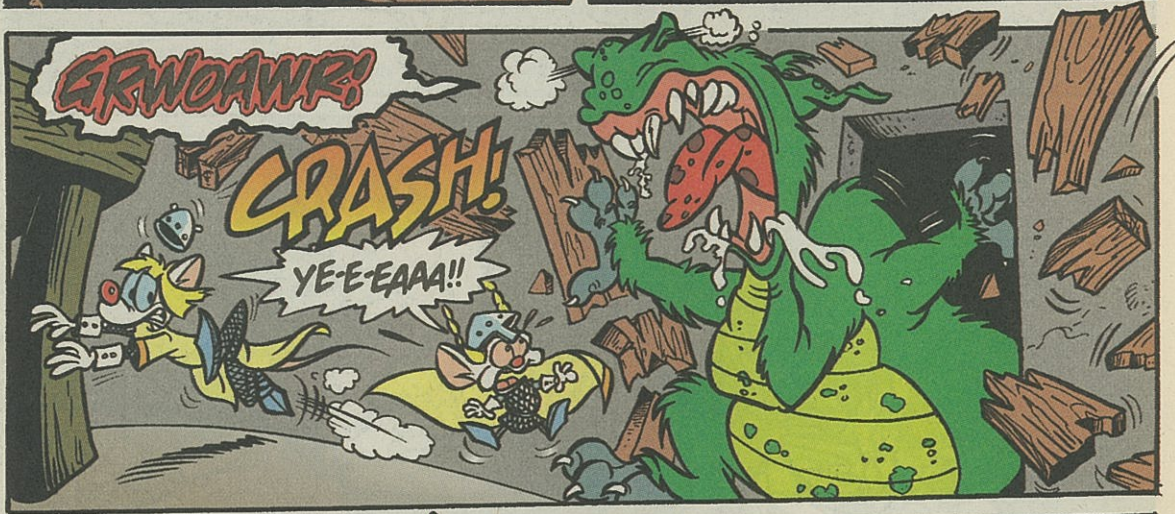
GOOD, SO WE'RE ALL GOING TO HIDE IN THE BASEMENT.. SEE YA!

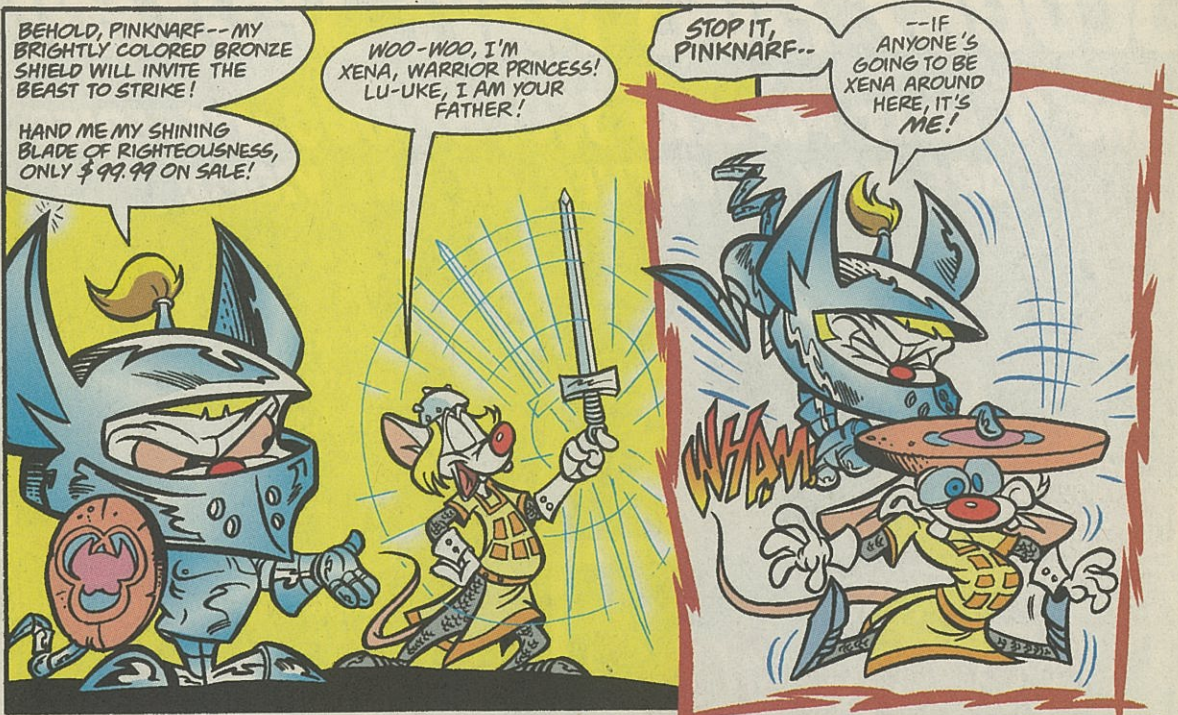


JUST ONE QUESTION ABOUT ALL THIS, BRAINWULF...

...IF MATT LEBLANC IS LOST IN SPACE, HOW DOES HE SHOW UP ON "FRIENDS" EVERY WEEK.

THERE'RE PIXIES AND UNICORNS AND FREE HEALTHCARE IN YOUR LITTLE WORLD, AREN'T THERE, PINKY?





BEHOLD, PINKNARF-- MY BRIGHTLY COLORED BRONZE SHIELD WILL INVITE THE BEAST TO STRIKE!

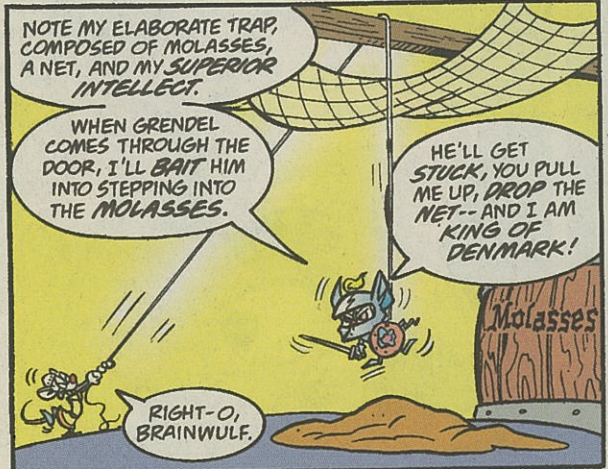
HAND ME MY SHINING BLADE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, ONLY \$99.99 ON SALE!

WOO-WOO, I'M XENA, WARRIOR PRINCESS! LU-UKE, I AM YOUR FATHER!

STOP IT, PINKNARF--

--IF ANYONE'S GOING TO BE XENA AROUND HERE, IT'S ME!

WHAM!

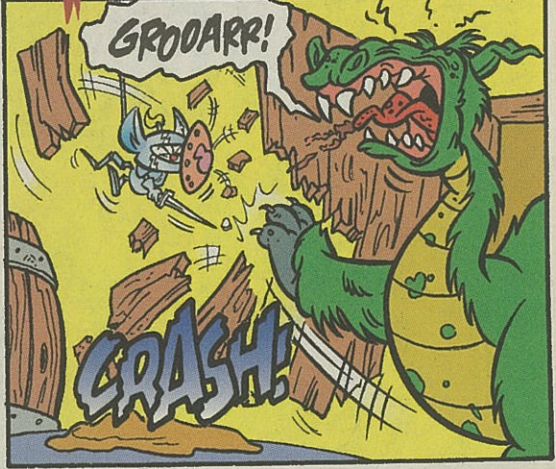


NOTE MY ELABORATE TRAP, COMPOSED OF MOLASSES, A NET, AND MY SUPERIOR INTELLECT.

WHEN GRENDEL COMES THROUGH THE DOOR, I'LL BAIT HIM INTO STEPPING INTO THE MOLASSES.

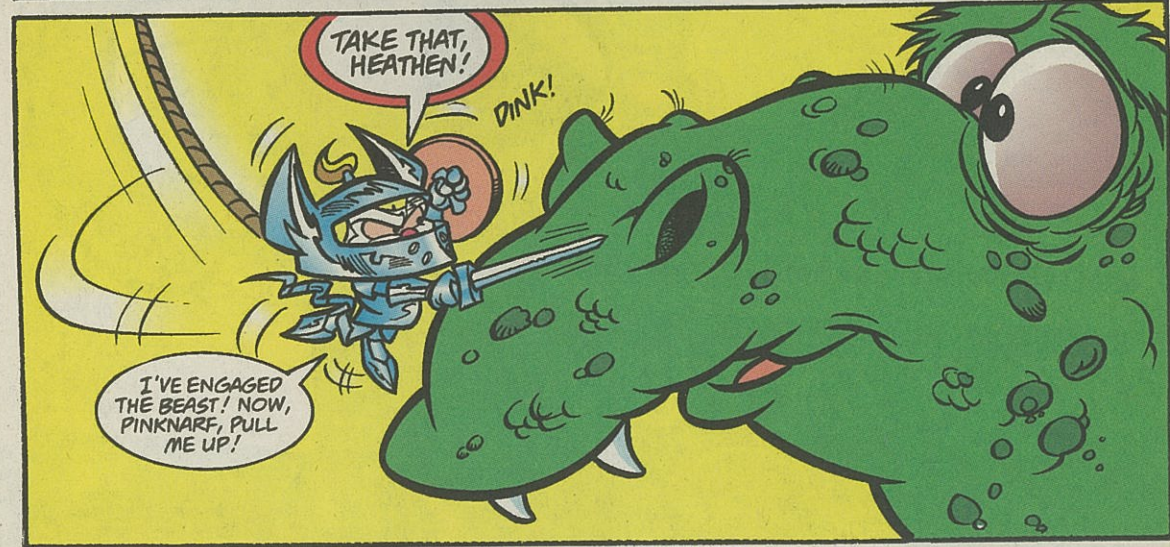
HE'LL GET STUCK, YOU PULL ME UP, DROP THE NET-- AND I AM KING OF DENMARK!

RIGHT-O, BRAINWULF.



GROOARR!

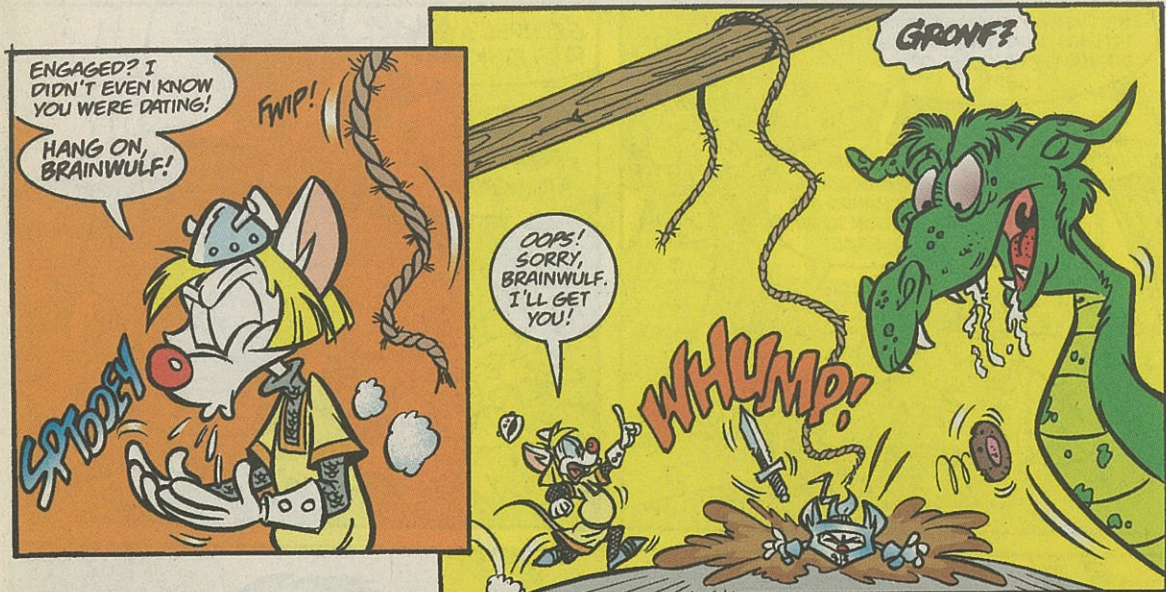
CRASH!



TAKE THAT, HEATHEN!

DINK!

I'VE ENGAGED THE BEAST! NOW, PINKNARF, PULL ME UP!



ENGAGED? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU WERE DATING!

HANG ON, BRAINWULF!

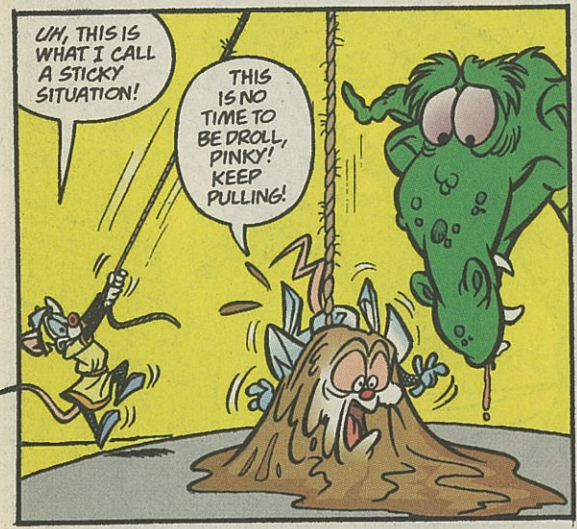
FWIP!

SPLOOSH!

OOOPS! SORRY, BRAINWULF. I'LL GET YOU!

WHUMP!

GROOF?



UH, THIS IS WHAT I CALL A STICKY SITUATION!

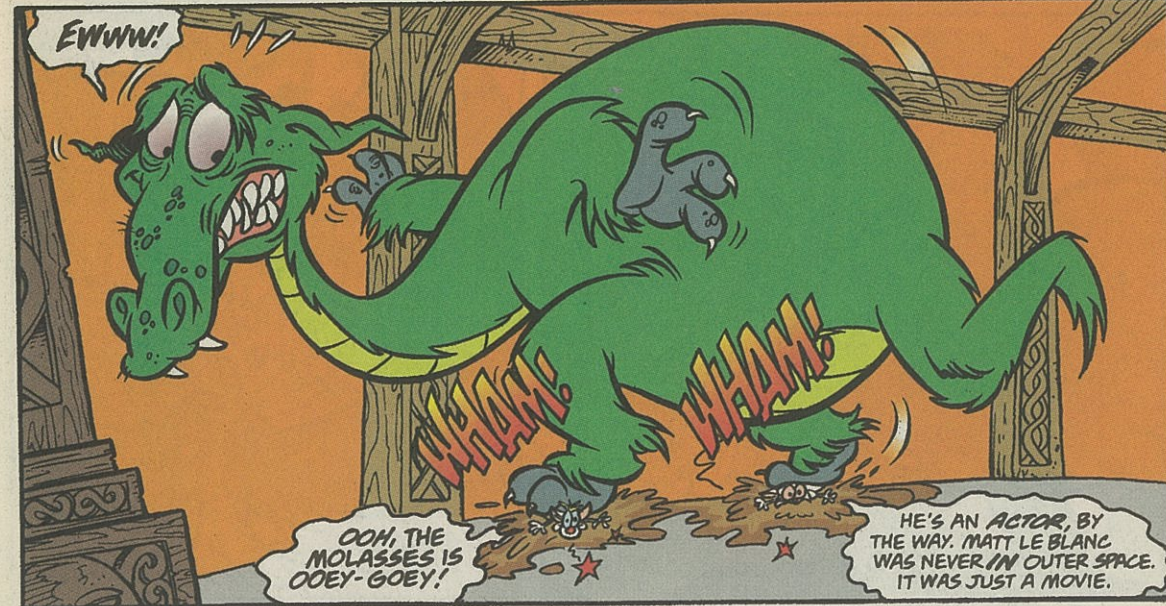
THIS IS NO TIME TO BE DROLL, PINKY! KEEP PULLING!



WAH! USED TOO MUCH SPIT! LOOK OUT BELOW! HA HA!

WHUMP!

OOOF!



EWWW!

OOH, THE MOLASSES IS OOEY-GOEY!

HE'S AN ACTOR, BY THE WAY. MATT LE BLANC WAS NEVER IN OUTER SPACE. IT WAS JUST A MOVIE.



NEITHER MY CUNNING PLAN NOR INTIMIDATION HAVE WORKED. WE HAVE ONLY ONE OPTION LEFT.

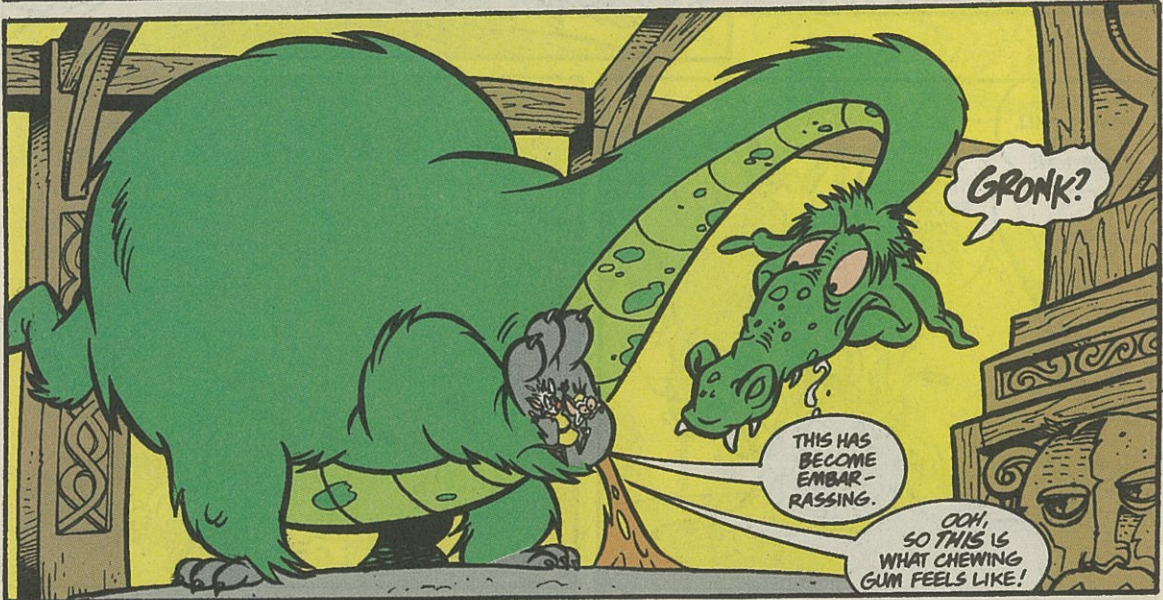
FLEE SCREAMING WITH OUR HANDS IN THE AIR?

NOTHING SO DIGNIFIED. MY HANDS ARE STUCK TO MY FACE.



GRENDEL'S BACK! RUN, PINKNARF!

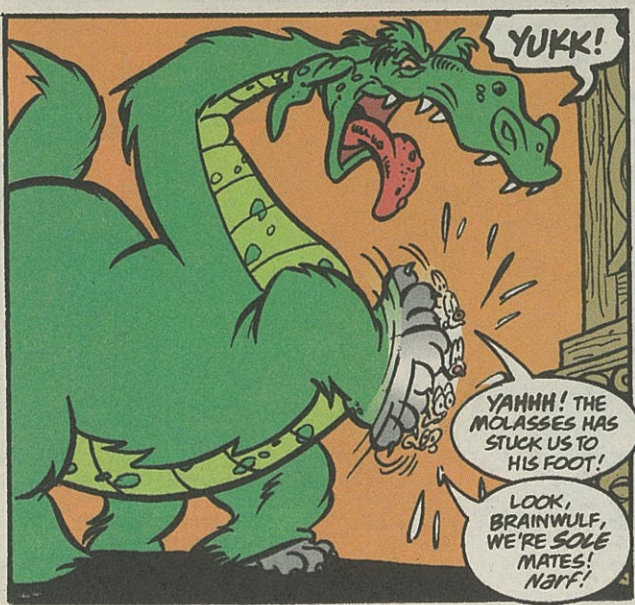
THAT LOOKS LIKE GRENDEL'S FRONT TO ME, BRAINWULF.



GRONK?

THIS HAS BECOME EMBARRASSING.

OOH, SO THIS IS WHAT CHEWING GUM FEELS LIKE!



YUKK!

YAHHH! THE MOLASSES HAS STUCK US TO HIS FOOT!

LOOK, BRAINWULF, WE'RE SOLE MATES! NAFF!



ROAWRP!

BOOM!



END