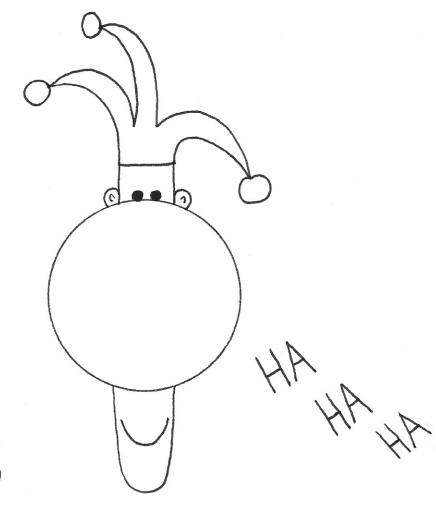
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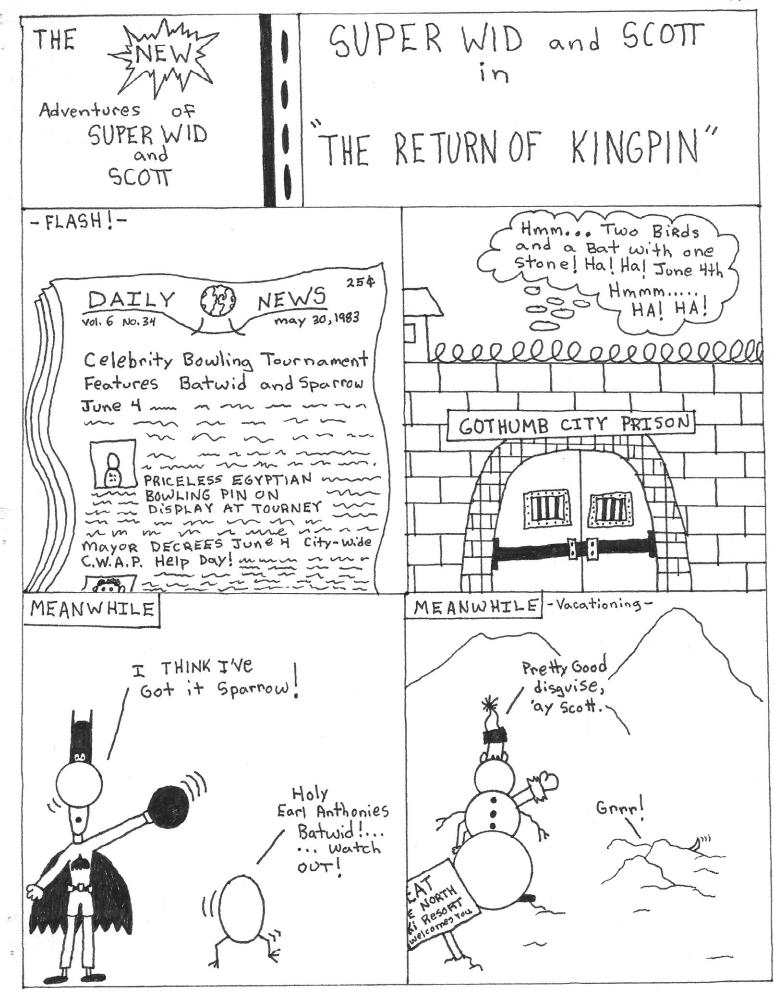
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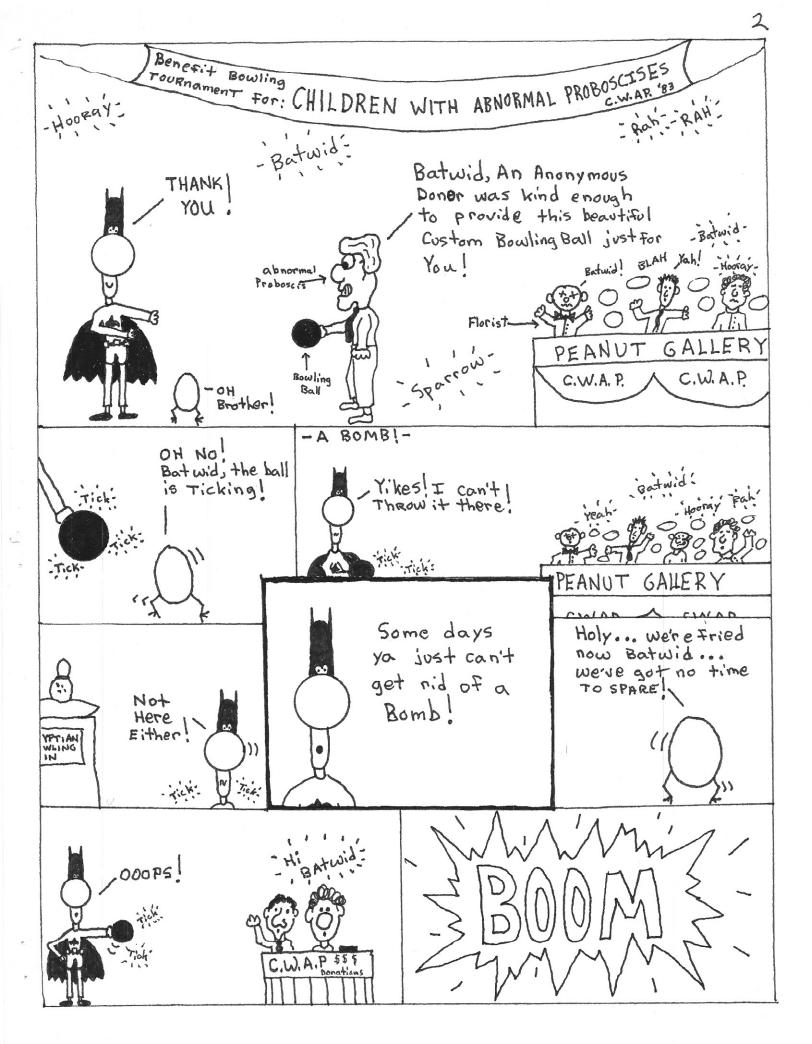
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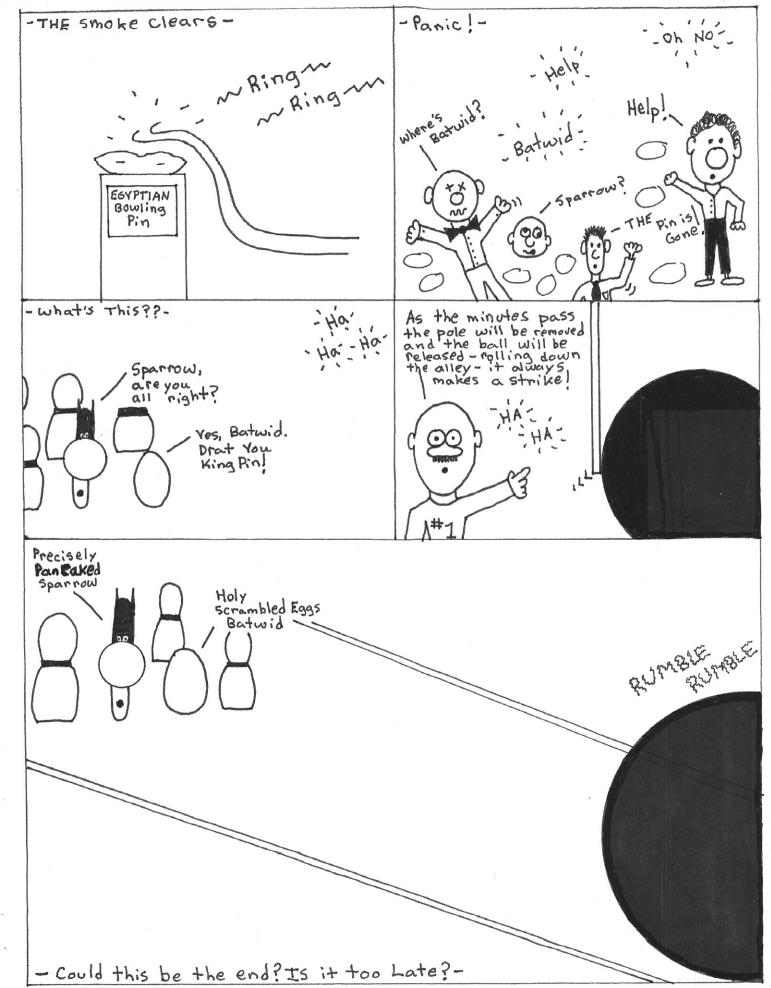
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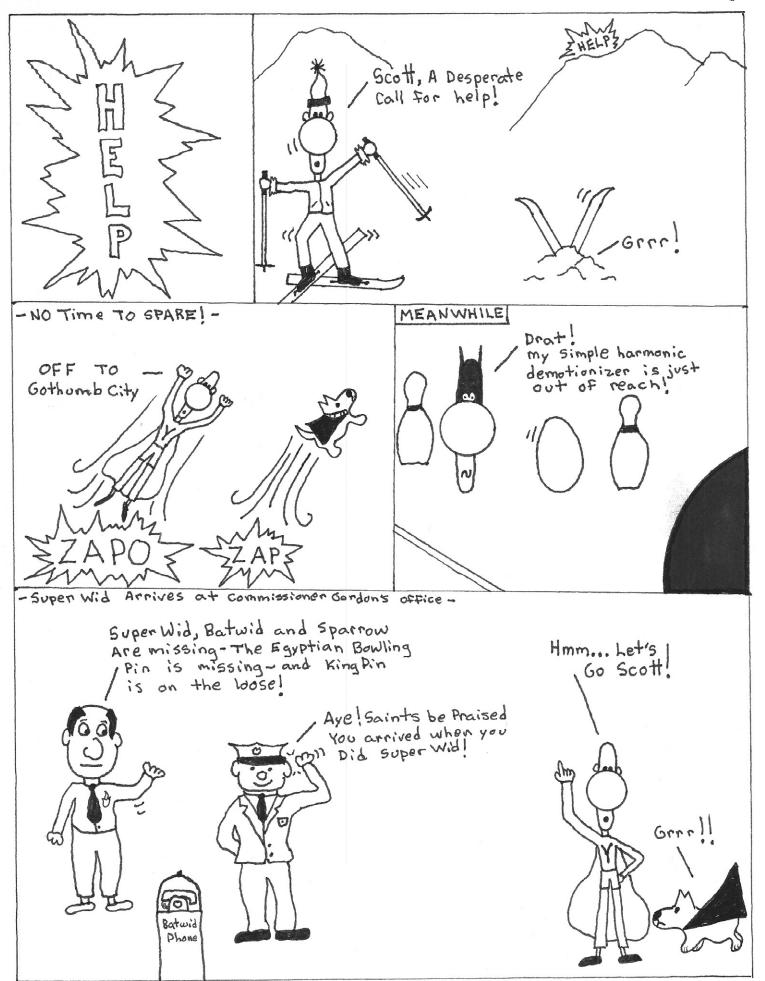
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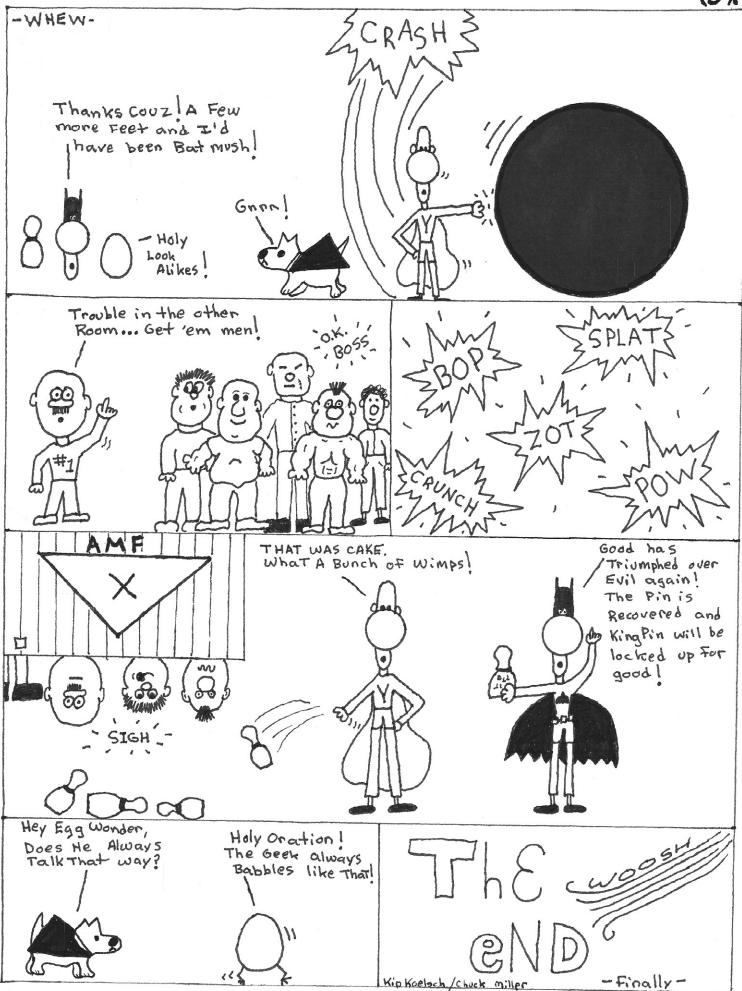
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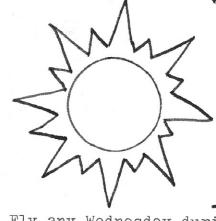






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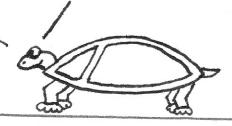


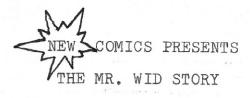


Gee, Fred, You're a real nut when it comes to the environment!

Sure Steve, I'm a nut about the environment because I don't know any Other Place to live!

SO PLEASE ! Don't Litter .









Mr. Wid was born a normal child in Odranoel, New Jersey in 1966. This was during the Vietnam War and his dad was in the army. After living in New Jersey for two years he and his family moved to Flat Plains, New Mexico.

One day while he was playing in his huge back yard he wandered off into the desert. After about two hours he found himself in the middle of nowhere. He was very sad, lonely, and tired and eventually dozed off to sleep. Early the next morning there was a loud bang in the distance which woke up Mr. Wid. As he awoke he saw a large cloud coming over the horizon and a bright flash of light. About three hours later the cops found him and returned him to his parents.

It was just three months later that he started to notice that his nose was beginning to grow to an unusually large size.

It was now time for Mr. Wid to enter Kindergarten, his nose was now the size of an orange. On the first day of school Mr. Wid was labeled a freak and all the children quickly nick-named him the "Elephant Man".

At the beginning of ninth grade Mr. Wid seemed to be getting very skinny and tall. All his pants were about six inches off the ground. It was in ninth grade that his nose stopped growing, it had reached the size of a grapefruit. Also Mr. Wid changed from a devoted MET fan to a lowly YANKEE fan. The only clothes that he wore was a shirt with a big "Y" on it and a blue pair of pants. Mr. Wid graduated from Flat Plains High School and was tenth in his class which consisted of eleven students.

Mr. Wid was not sure if he wanted to go to college. Until one glorious day while he was walking down the road he went past the sewage plant and smelled the raw sewage, "Ahhhhhhh," said he, "That must be the life." He decided to go to college.

After six years of hard work he graduated from the Tom Wilson Institute of Technology(TWIT) with a degree in waste product management.

Looking and looking and looking, but he finally found a job. working in the New York City garbage pit. This is where a long friendship would be started. One day while Mr. Wid was looking the through the pit for a bite to eat he found an oddly shaped steak bone burried in a flower pot. He failed to see a feeble dog saying "Grrrrrrr!" at him. He thought it would make a good good luck charm so he put it in his pocket and walked away. From then on this strange albino dog followed him everywhere, so Mr. Wid named him Scott, which stands for "Santa Claus Of Toledo". He and Scott then roamed the streets of Harlem yelling, "The Yankees are awesome!" and, "Grrrrrrrr!"

After two years of roaming they decided to rent an apartment in Harlem. Color didn't matter because they were both colorblind. They got a nice one-room apartment in a rustic old building. Scott would have something to do, chase rats, while Mr. Wid was at work. It was about this time that Mr. Wid was promoted to waste styrofoam manager. It was also about this time that he started to develop extremely bad allergies and a habitual blowing of

the NOSE. He went to an allergist who's test showed what Mr. Wid was allergic to: his own hair. So he shaved his head an it stopped for a while, but soon after it started again because of the carpet of hair in his nose.

It was in 1999 that he made the smartest decision of his life, he bought twenty stocks in the Kleenex Tissue Company of America. After a few years he was a multi-millionaer living in a "Y"-shaped mansion with a giant "Y"-shaped pool. Scott lived in his own half of the house which has house-breaking weee-weee pads all around. Even in his brightest hour Mr. Wid was shunned by society.

He and Scott took everything they had and flew his erector set plane, "The Loose Goose", to the only "Y"-shaped island in the world, Jeffit Island in the Arctic Ocean. Here they lived in a one-room igloo with two gay eskimos. After the two eskimos rubbed noses and went away, Mr. Wid was dumbfounded, "What is this strange

tradition they have?" He was wondering all week long.

One day while Mr. Wid was walking on the ice he saw the North Pole in the distance. His nose was not cold because he was wearing annose glove that one of the gay eskimos knitted him. When he reached the Pole he was in a daze, he thought, "Hmmmm... that pole," he started rubbing his nose on the metal North Pole, the temperature suddenly dropped fifteen degrees and Mr. Wid's wool nose glove froze to the pole. Poor Mr. Wid couldn't get it off! He stayed there all winter long and when the spring came the ice sheet the pole was on started drifting away. Last seen he was drifting through the Bering Strait. WHO NOSE WHERE HE WILL TURN UP???

MEANWHILE: Scott went back to the "Y"-shaped mansion and lived there for two years until the Kleenex Company went bankrupt and the estate was taken away. Last seen Scott was leading a rally at the Capital. He was showing his support for presidential candidate Paul "Crush" Rickman. The huge crowd was frantic and crazy being led by a dog who said "Grrrrrrrr!" and whose brain hasn't thawed yet. The only two familiar faces were the gay eskimos, Nanuk of the North and Kubunkchunk the Igloo Builder.

LOOK FOR PART TWO OF THE MR. WID STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE

OF THE NEW ADVENTURES OF SUPER WID AND SCOTT!!!!!!

I'm Still A TWIG

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