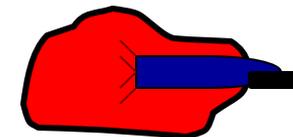
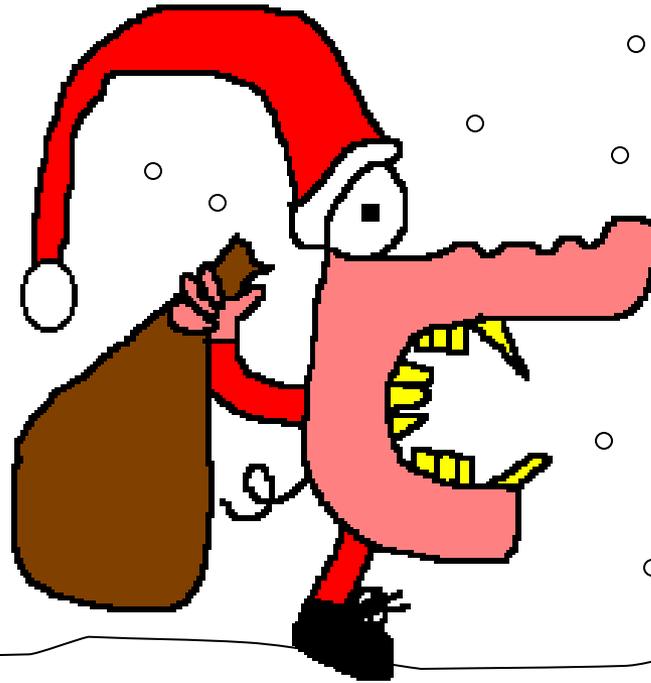


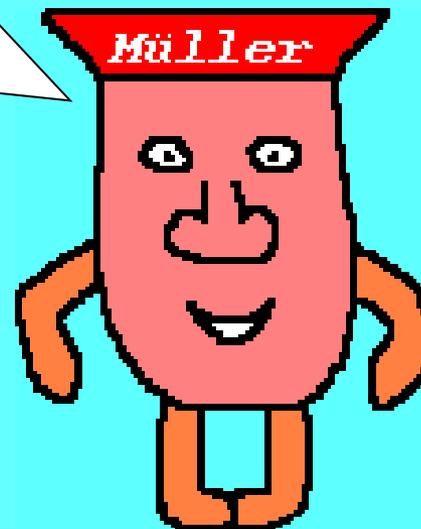
„Das Irrenhaus“ präsentiert:

Die Müller-Weihnachtsgeschichte

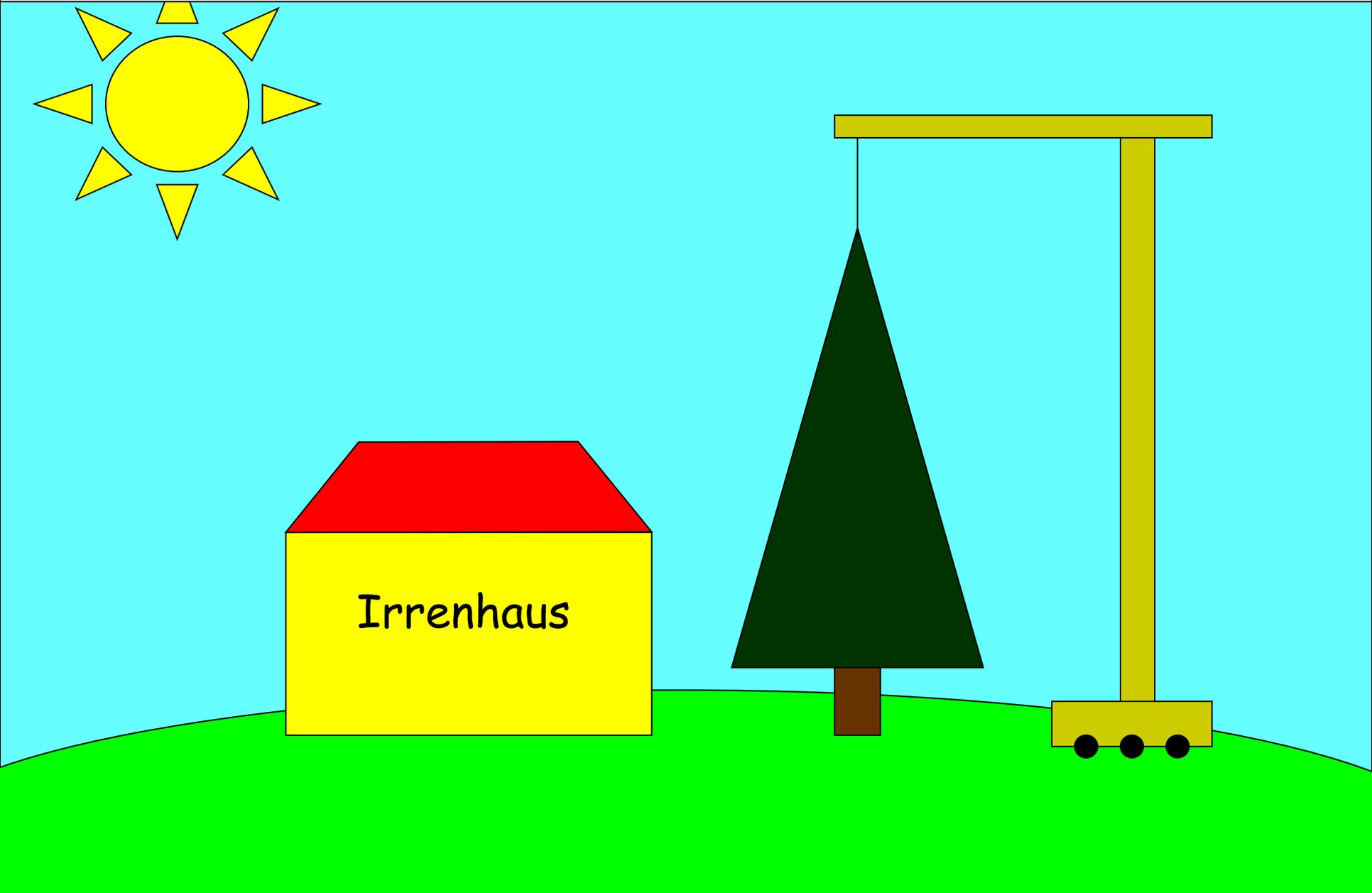
VIII (7.)



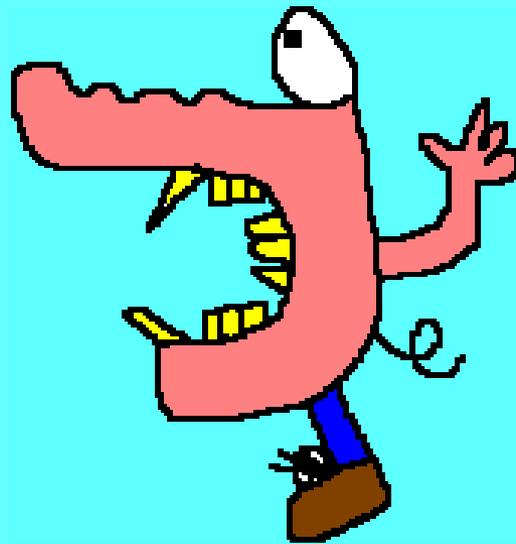
Heute fahre ich mit
dem Irrengesindel
in den Urlaub.
Hoffentlich stellt
meine Frau in der
Zwischenzeit nichts
an!



Frau Müller hat indessen Lust auf Weihnachten bekommen;
also wird im Irrenhaus Weihnachten gefeiert...



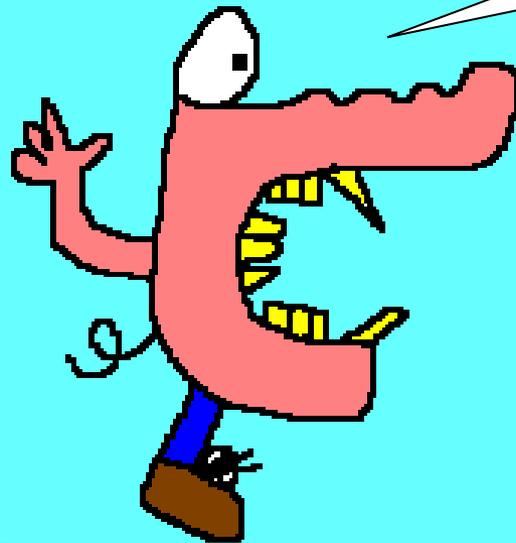
Ganz schöner Brocken,
der Tannebauuum!



Ich freue mich, dass Sie hier sind, Skelettor! Ihr Cousin, Herr Knochen, freut sich...

...dass Sie hier auch hier sind.

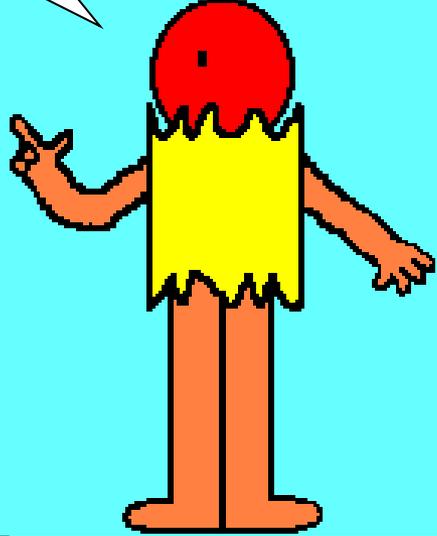
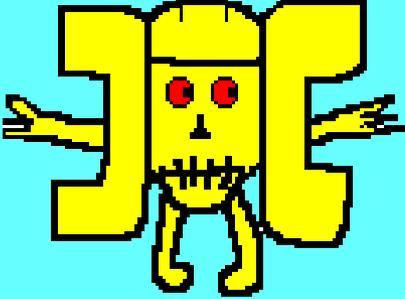
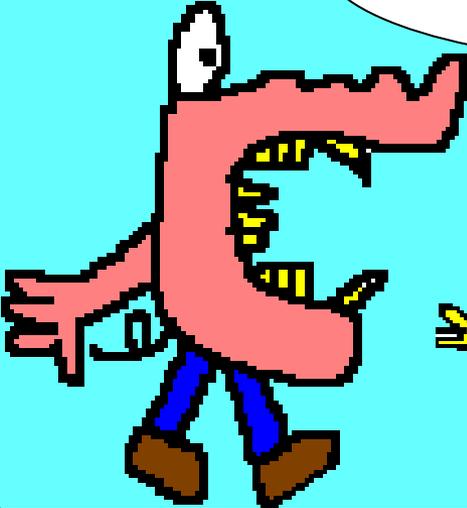
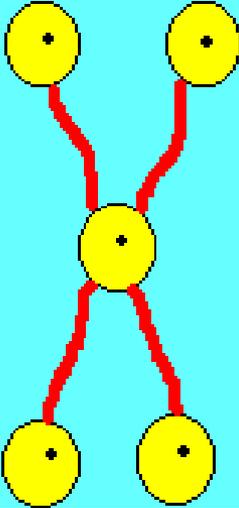
Aha!



Später

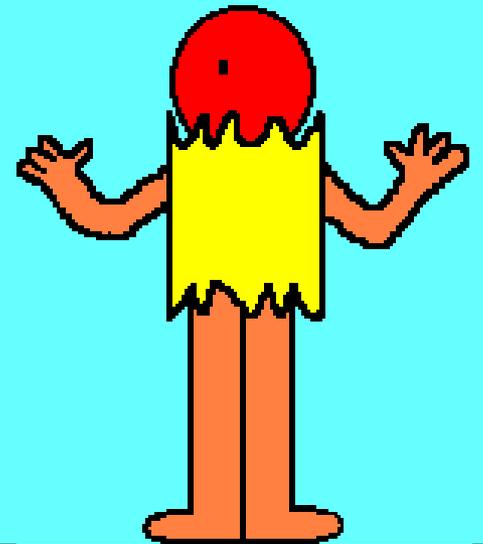
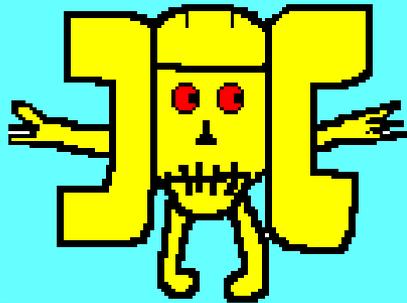
Ich brauche zwaji
Freiwillige für mein
neues Experiment!

Das klingt auch
interessant!

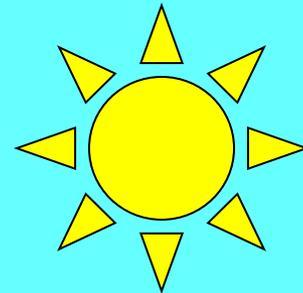
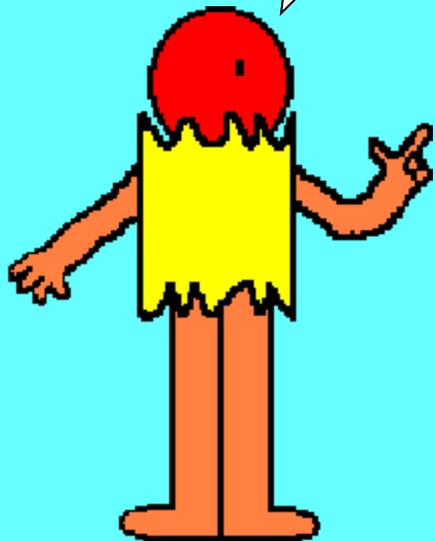


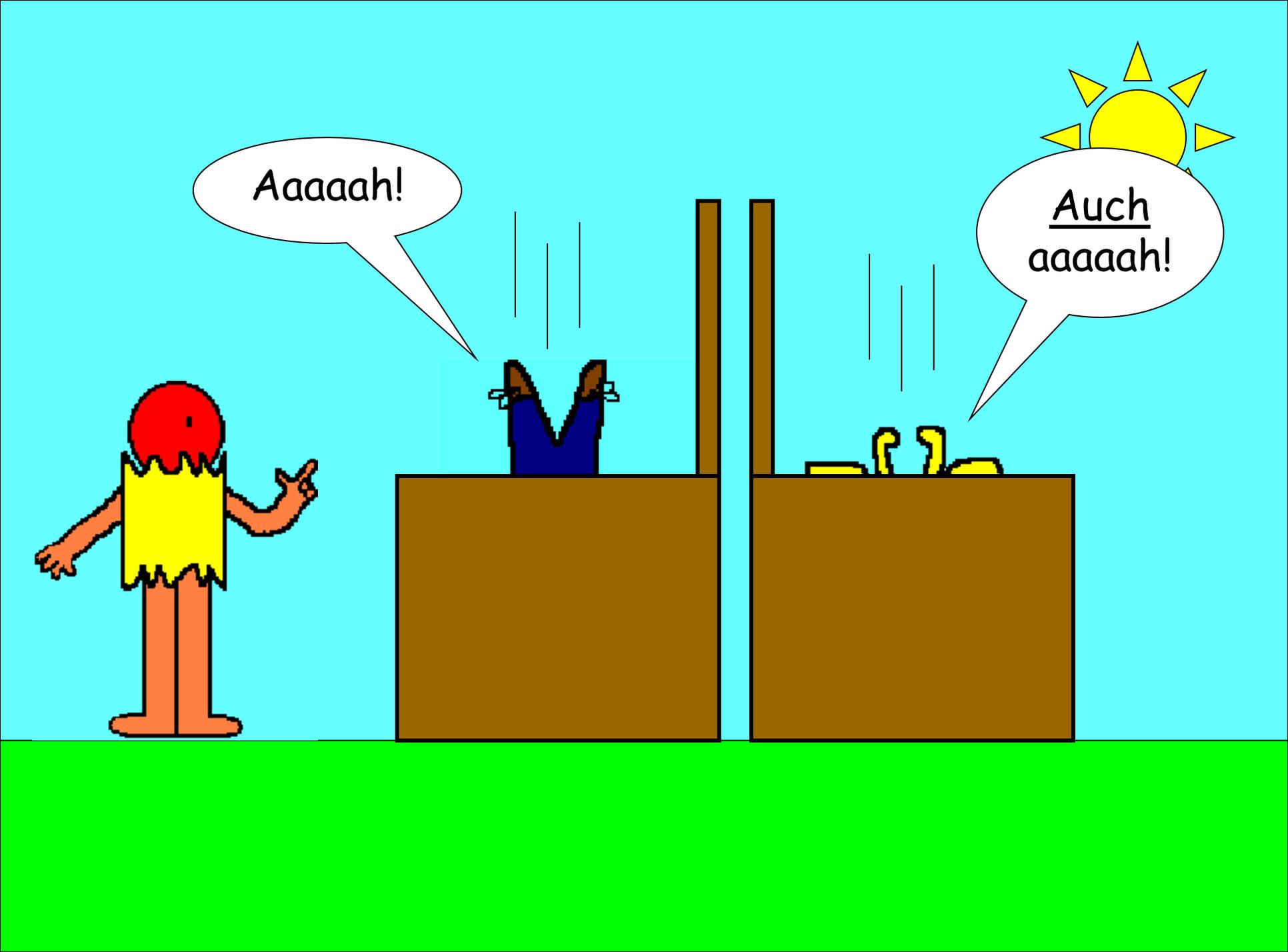
Ich mache mit!

Ich auch!



Gut, dann
geht in diese
Kästen rein!

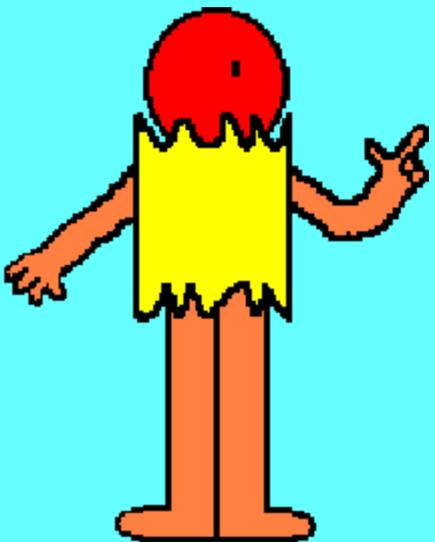
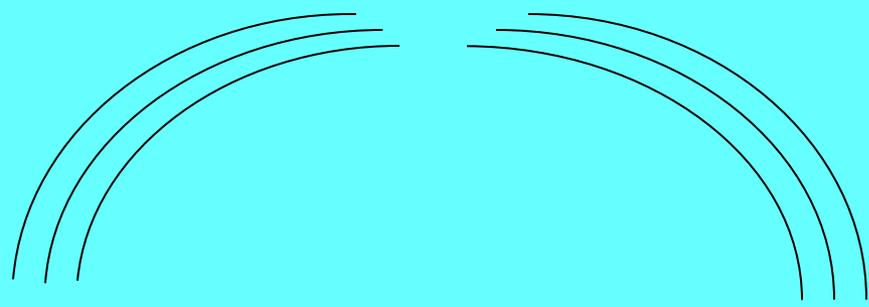
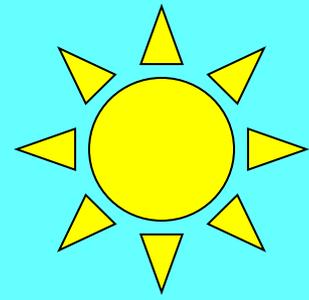




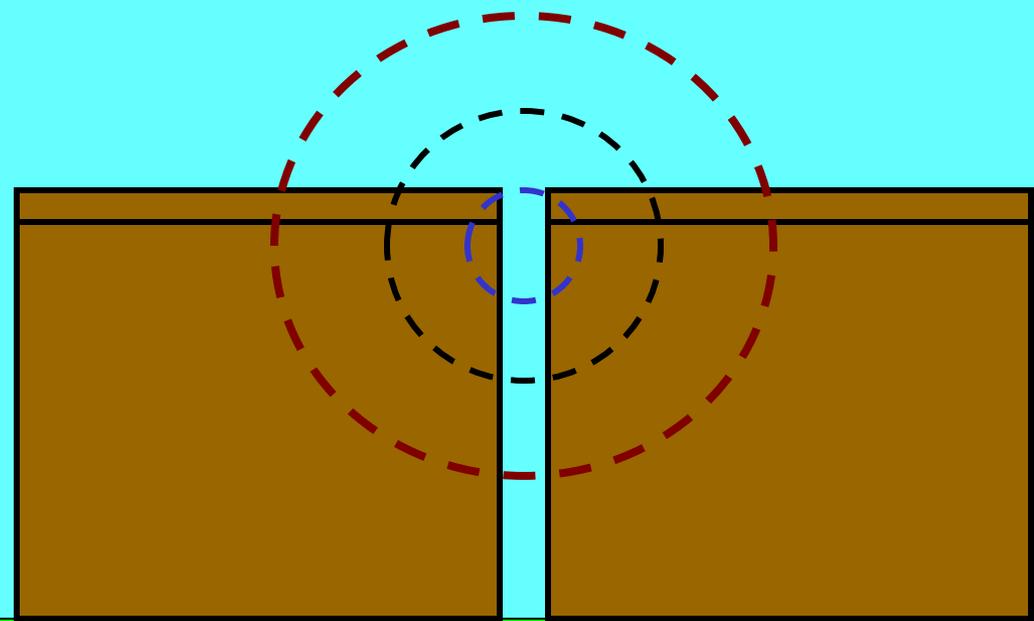
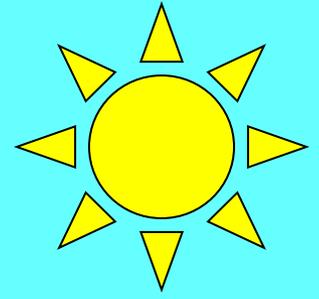
Aaaaah!

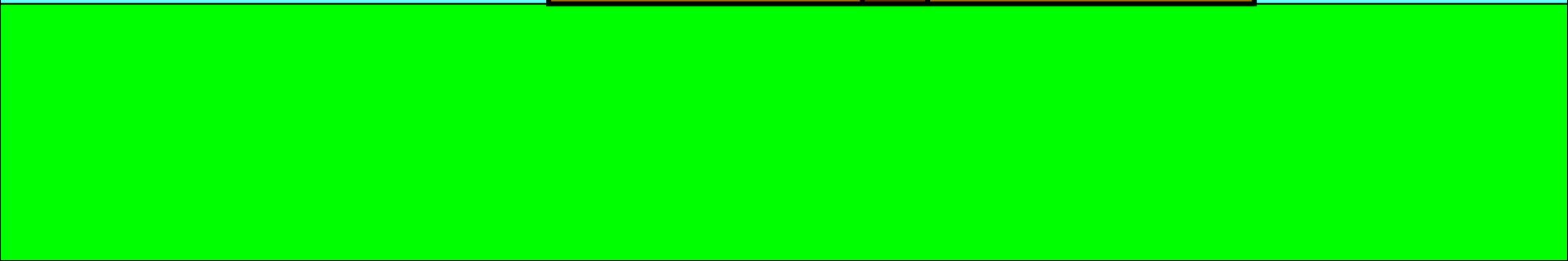
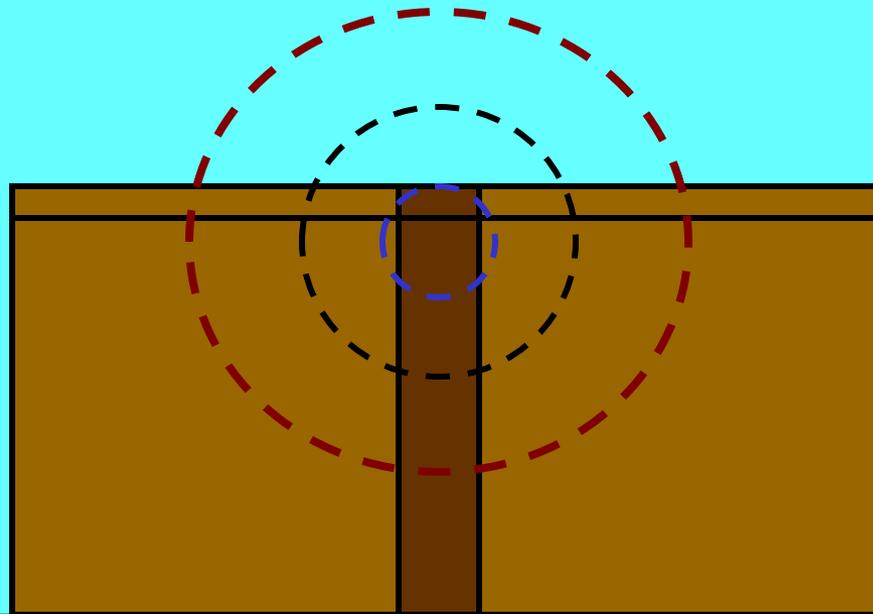
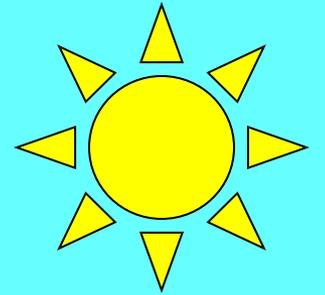
Auch
aaaaah!

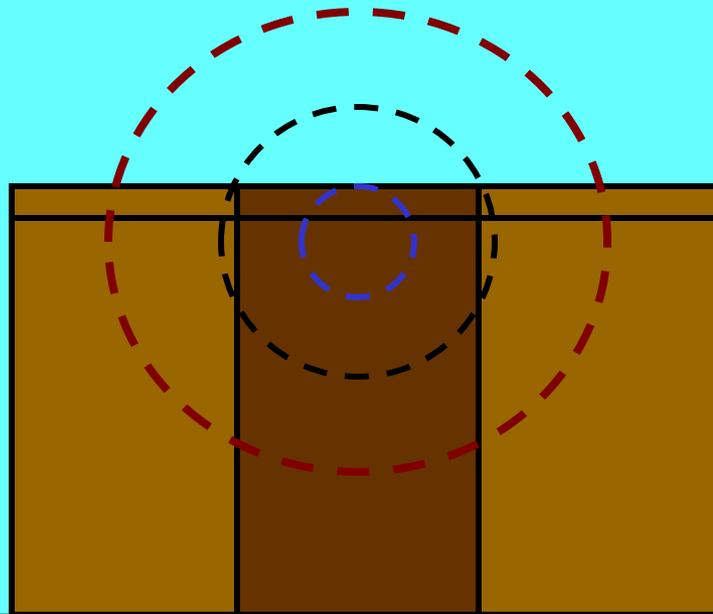
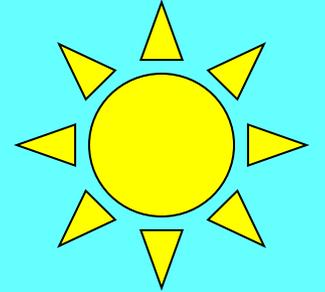
Plötzlich

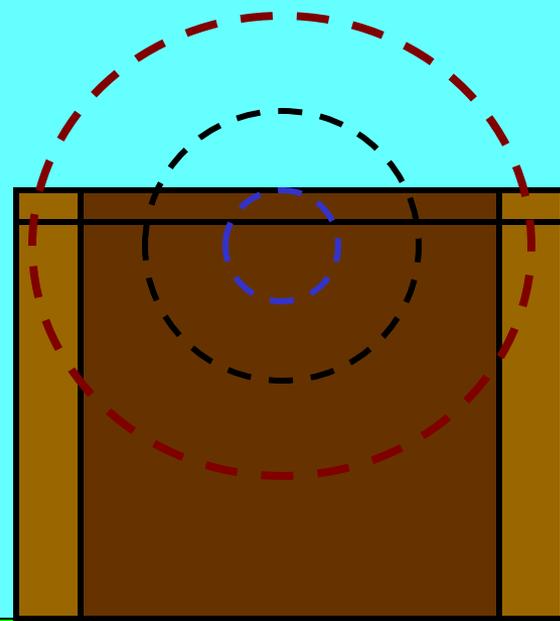
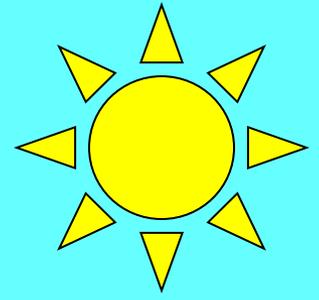


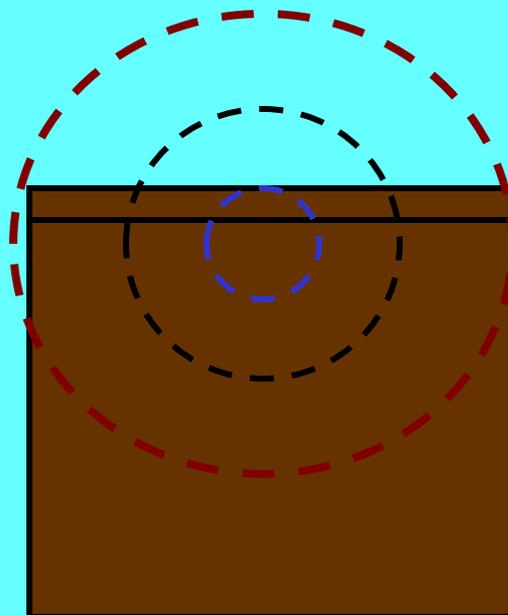
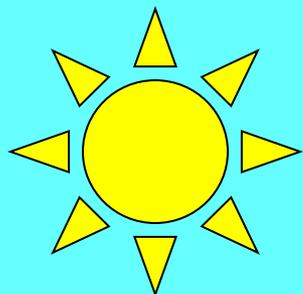
Und das Experiment beginnt...





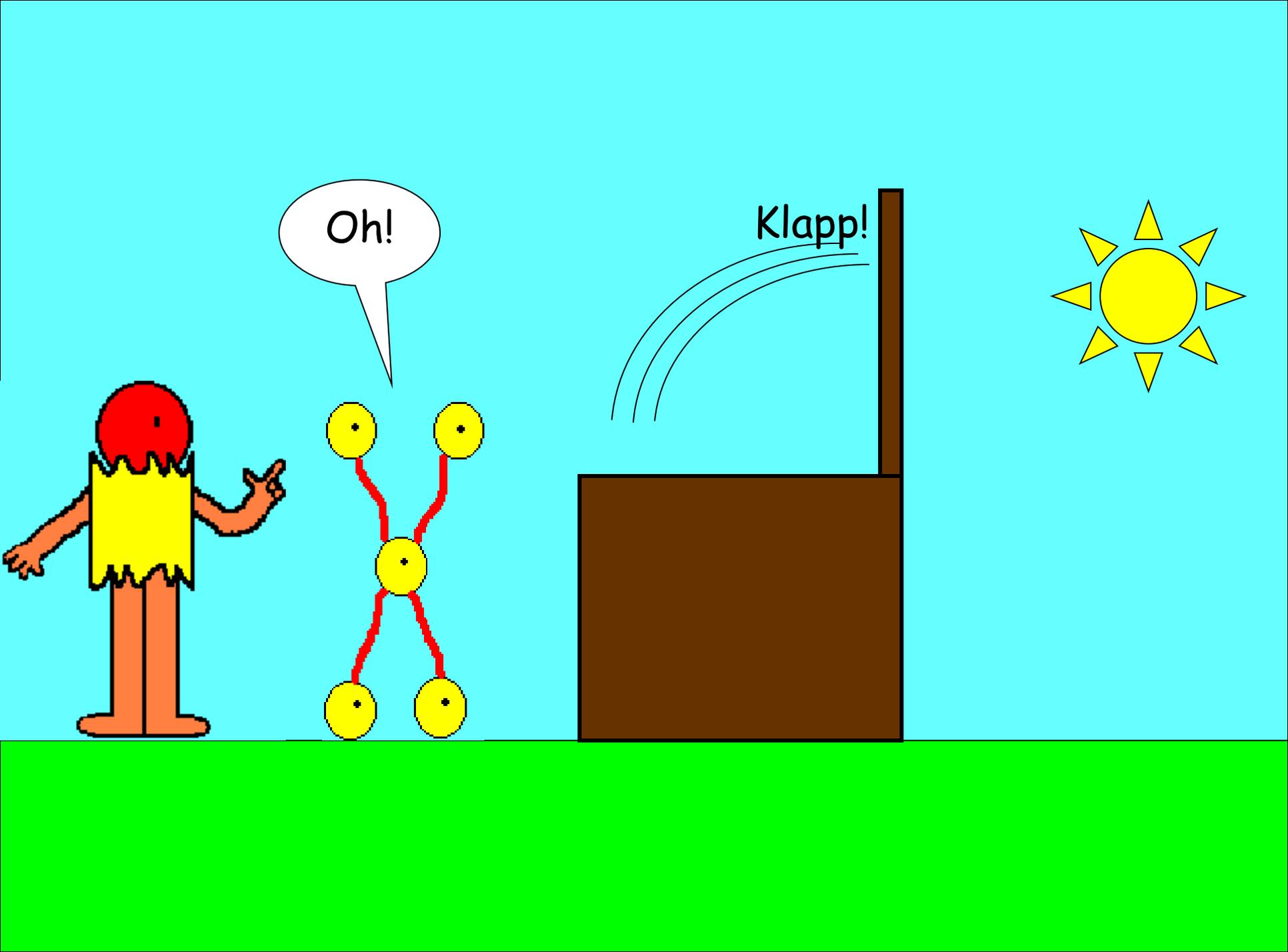






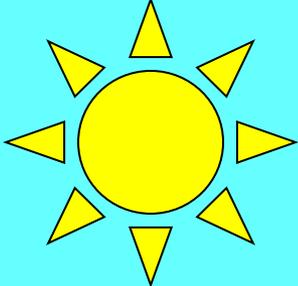
Die Zuschauer erwarten gespannt das Ende des Experiments...



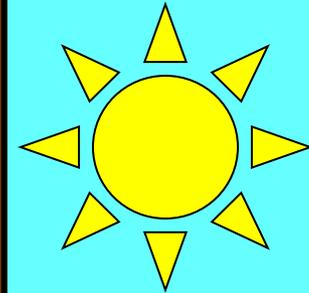
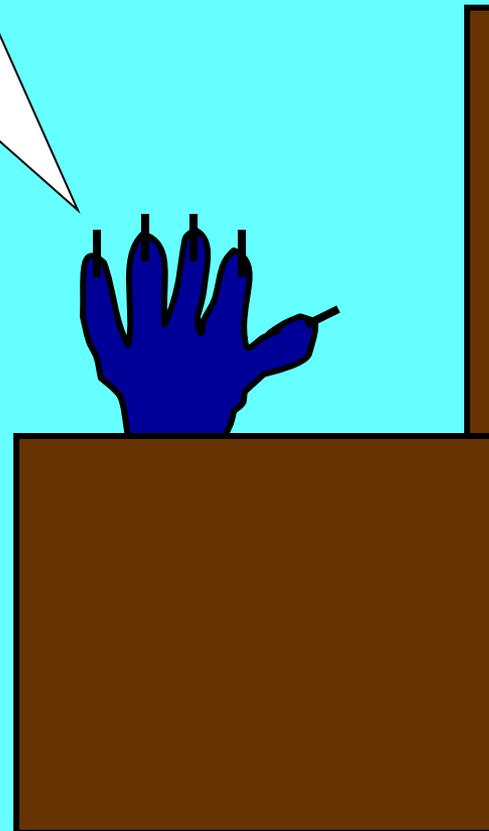
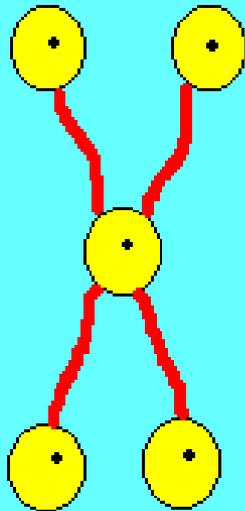
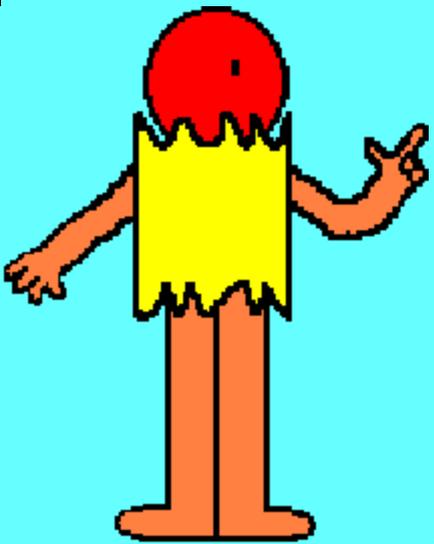


Oh!

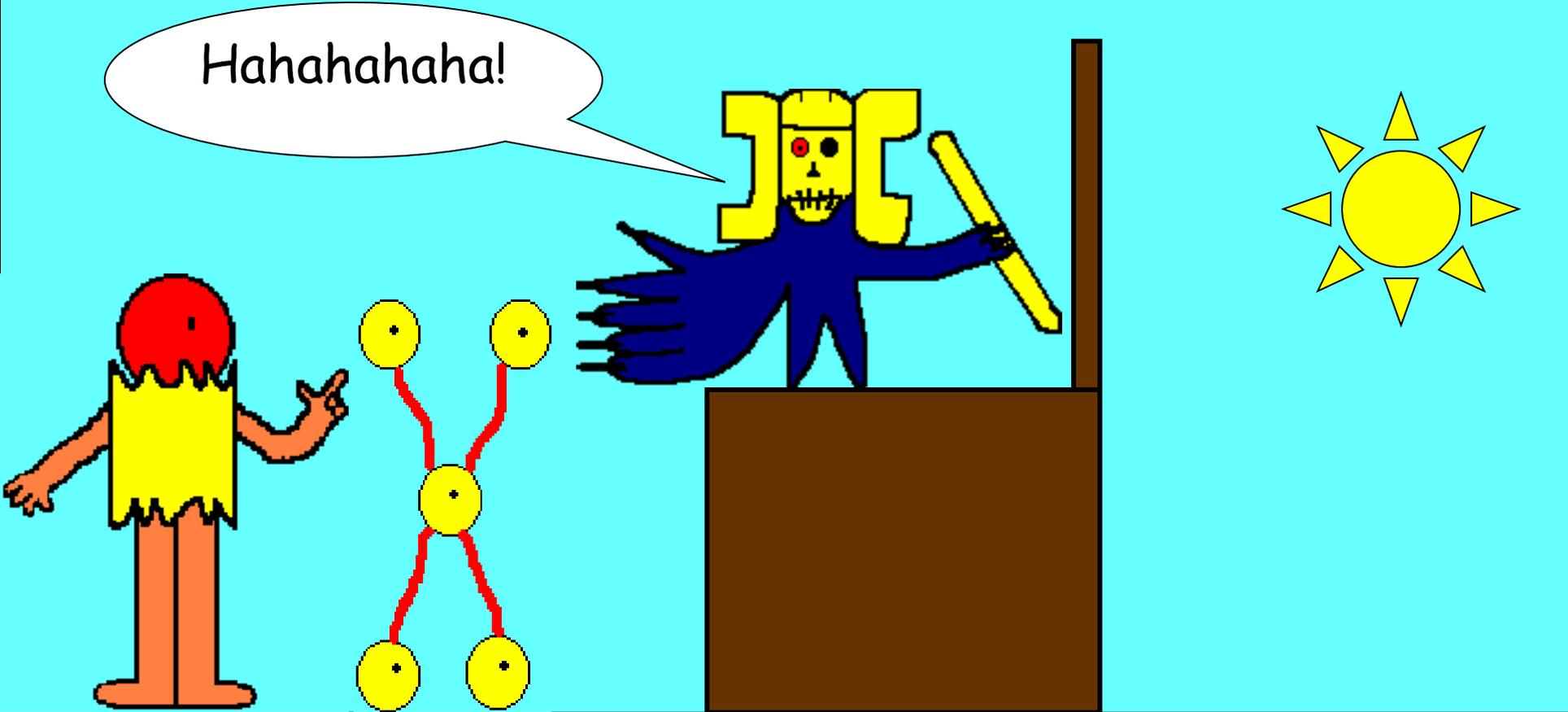
Klapp!



BRÜLL!

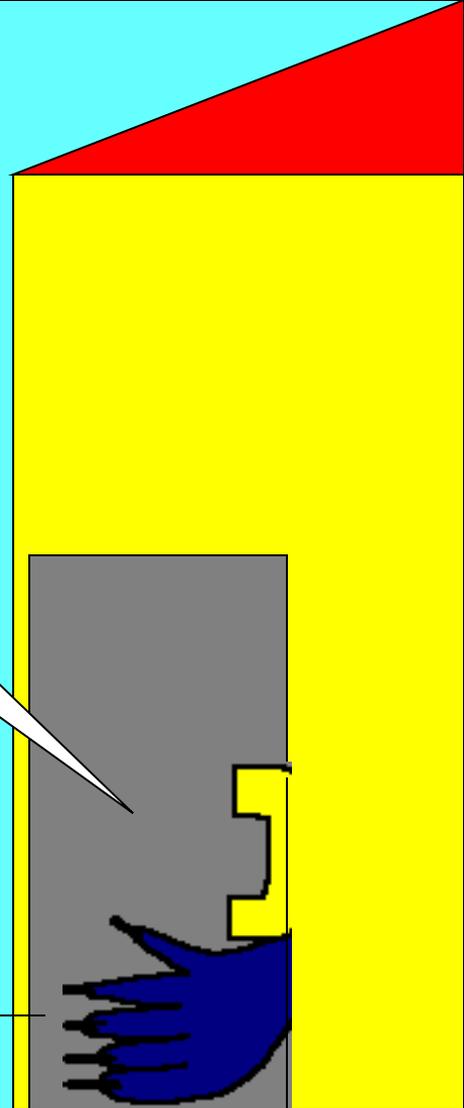
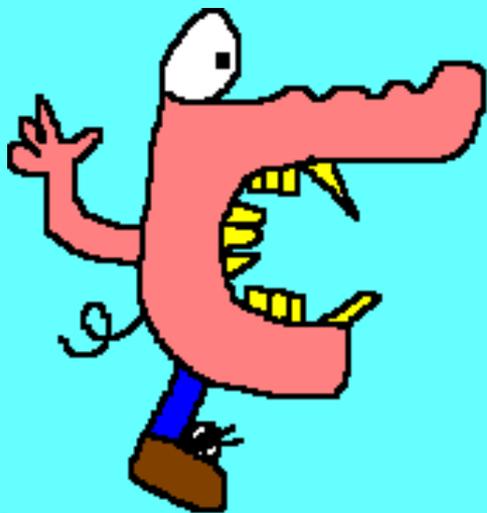
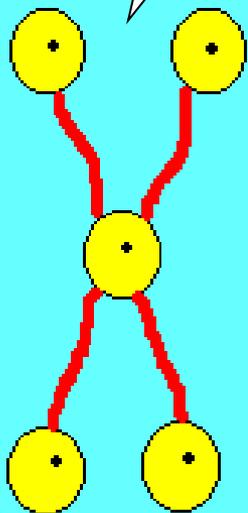


Hahahahaha!

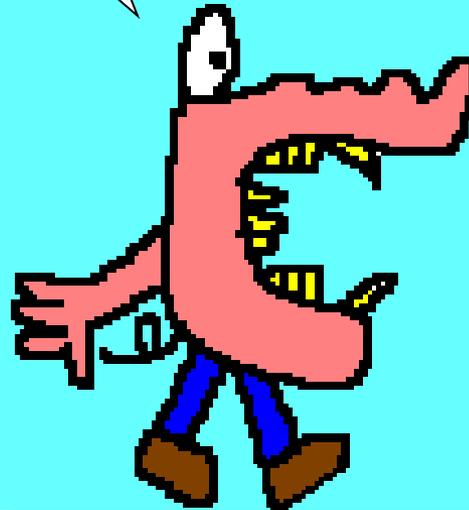
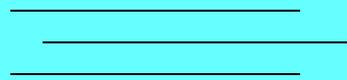
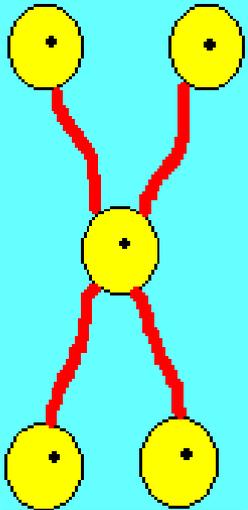


Ih, es
rennt ins
Irrenhaus!

Hahahahahaha
ahahuhahiho!

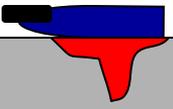
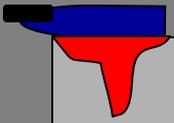
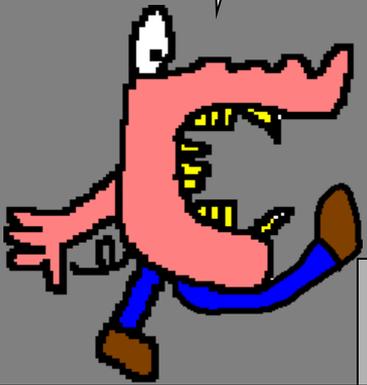


Ich werde es
wieder einfangen!

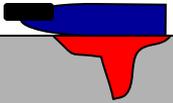
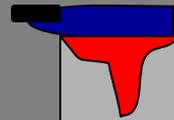
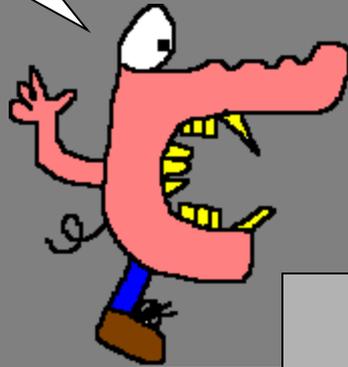


Im Treppenhaus

Hinauf,
du Sch-
eißbein!



Da liegt
ja ein
Finger!

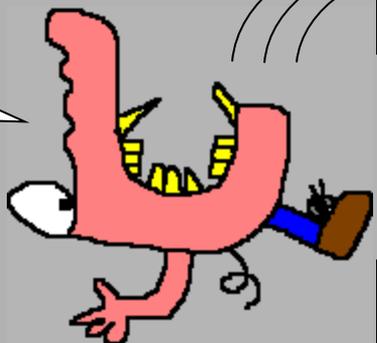


Im zehnten Stockwerk

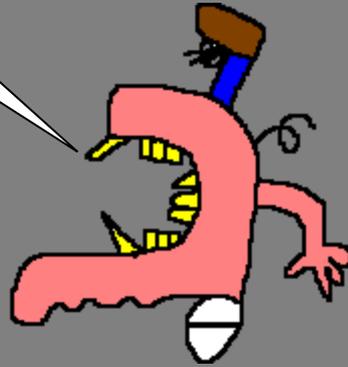
Puh! Zum
9975689. Mal:
Hinauf du Sch...

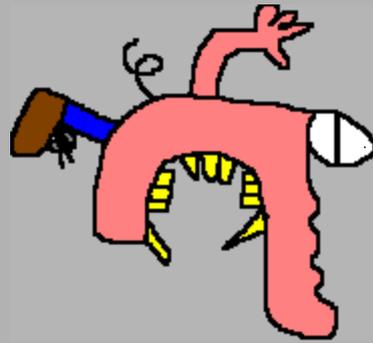


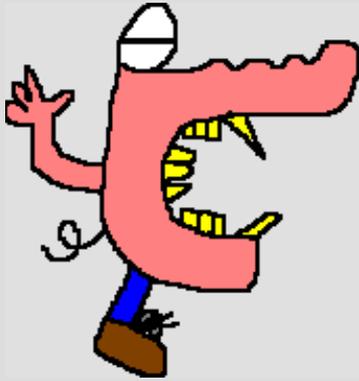
Noch ein
Finger!!!
Iiiiiiiiiiiiiih!

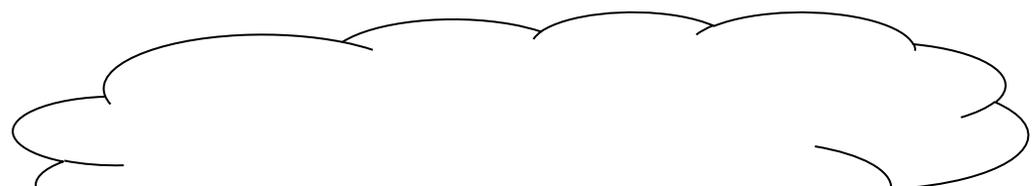
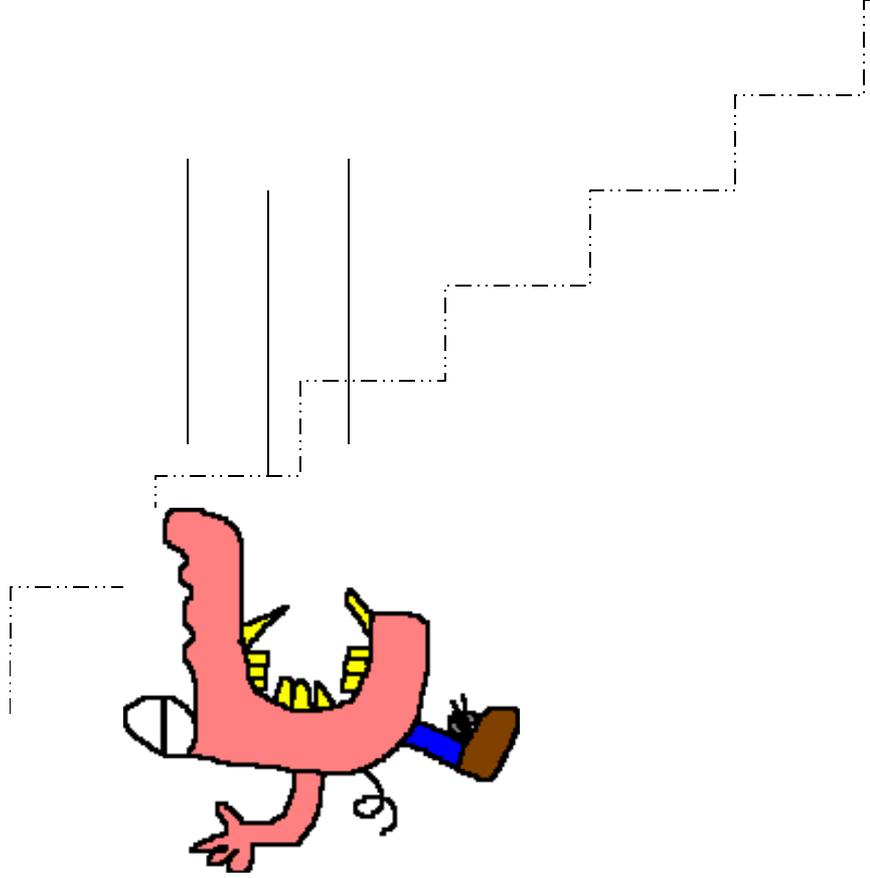


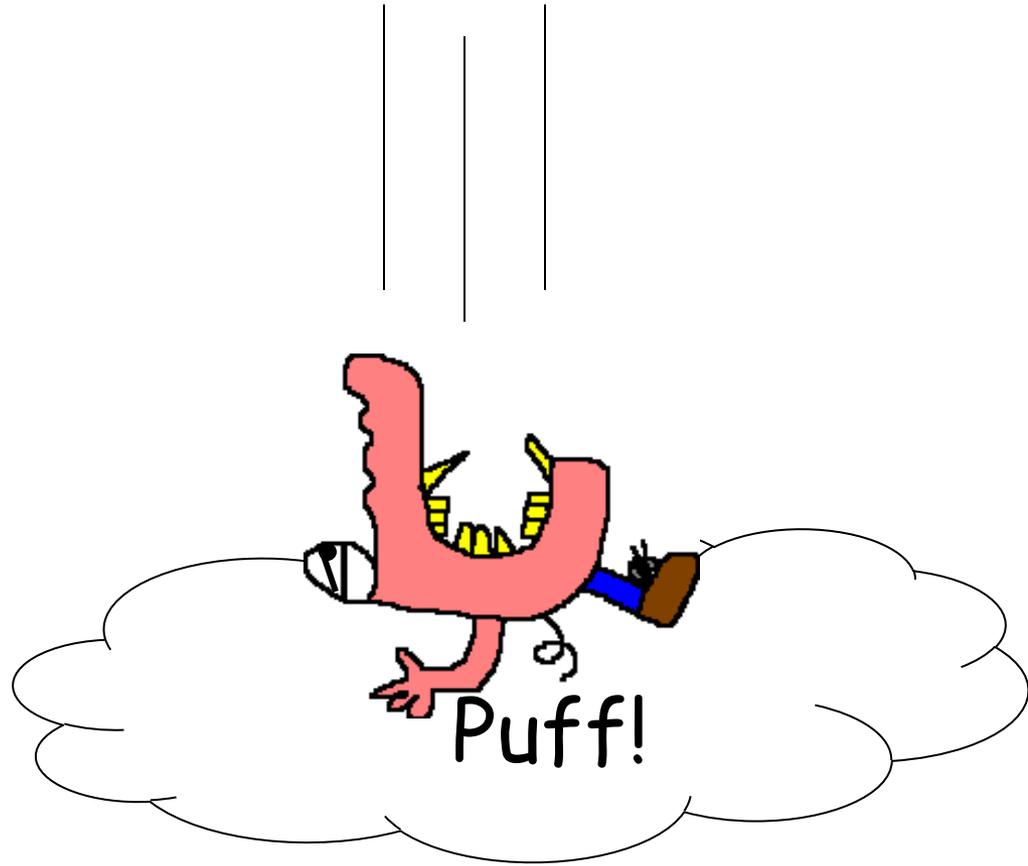
Aaaaah!





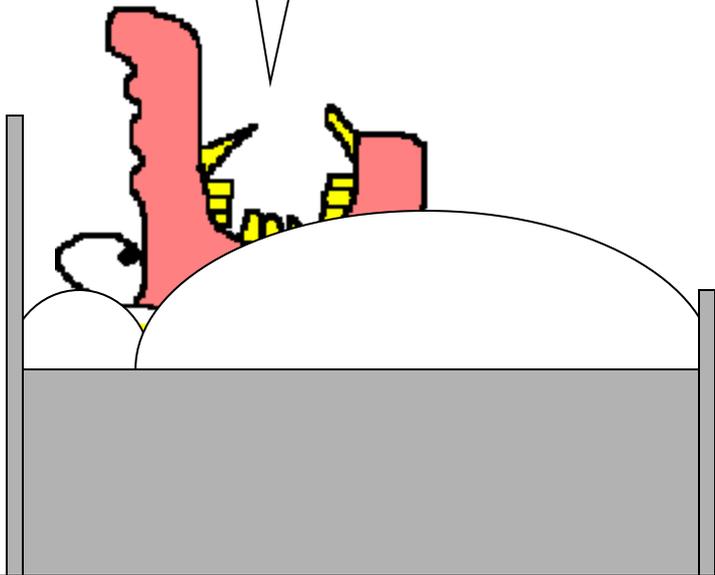






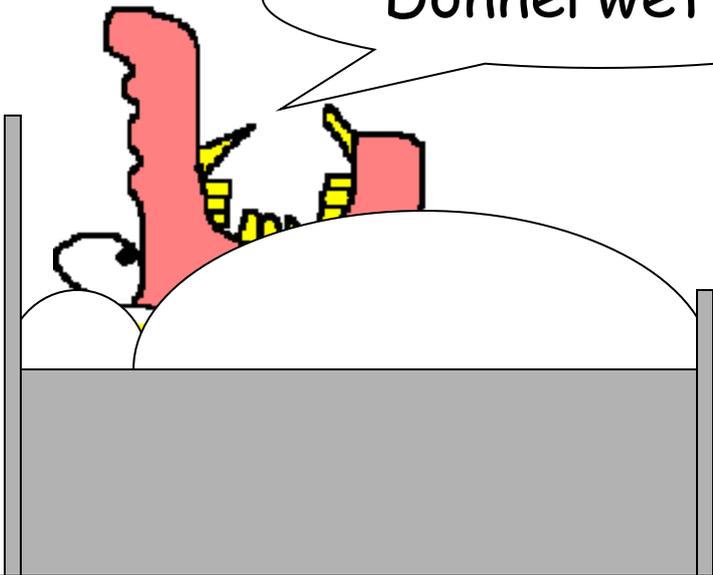
Nanu! Wo
bin ich?

Sie sind im
Krankenhaus! Ihnen
ist ein riesiger
Tannebaum auf den
Kopf gefallen...



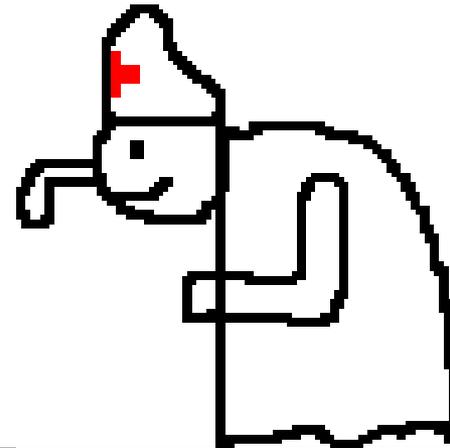
Dann wurden Sie von einem gewissen Skelettor ins Krankenhaus gefahren, wo Sie bis jetzt geschlafen haben!

Donnerwetter!

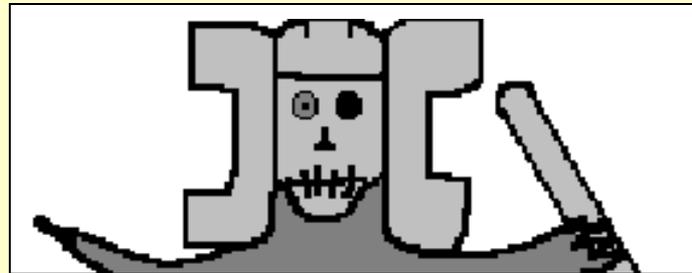


In der Zwischenzeit haben Sie
geträumt und im Schlaf
gesprochen. Ich habe den Traum
dann auch gleich aufgeschrieben
und als Buch herausgegeben!

Oje!



Zeitung



„Traum einer Irren“: Neuer Bestseller!

Weiteres:

Irrenhaus-Folge 8 bald im Handel erhältlich!

ENDE

Und was hatte
diese Folge mit
Weihnachten zu
tun?

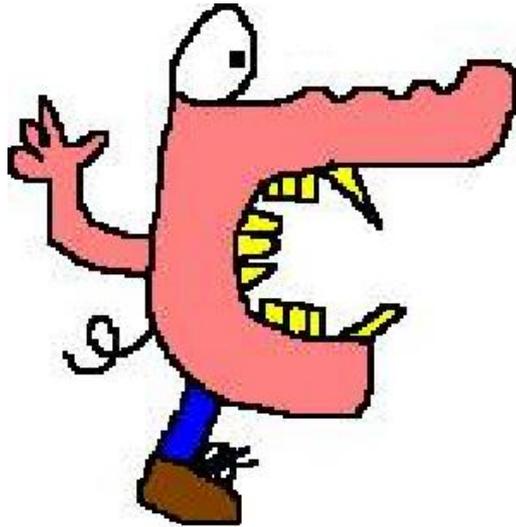


von
Oliver Rösner
und
Stefan Rösner

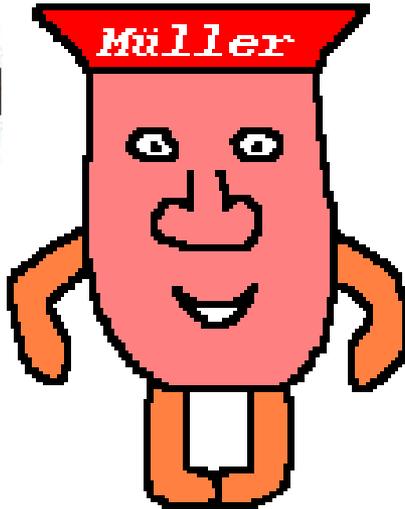
Copyright: 11. 12. 1994

(Digitalisierung durch Stefan: 14. - 15. 5. 2004)

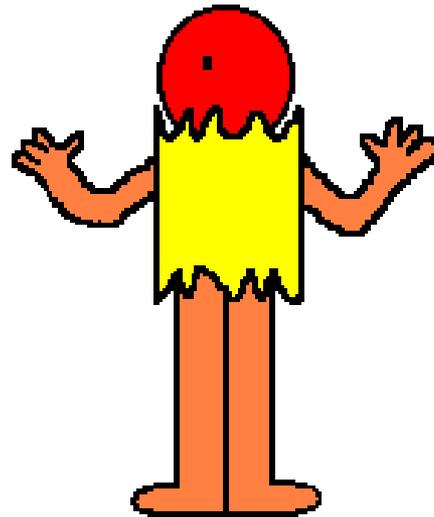
Irrenverzeichnis:



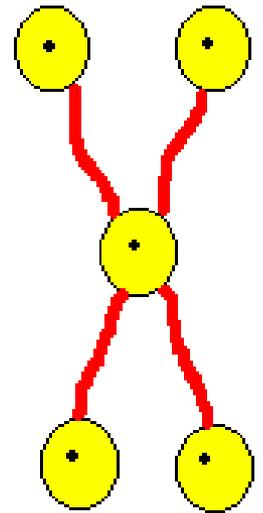
Frau Müller



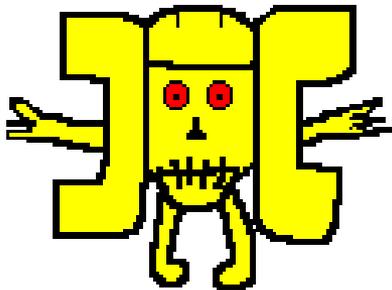
Herr Müller



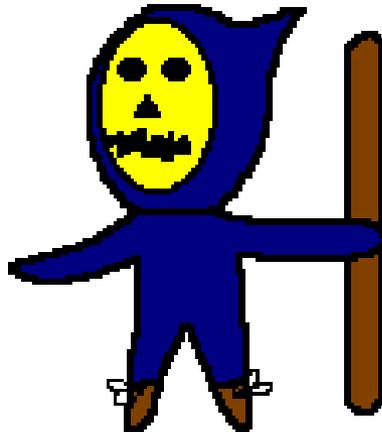
Glubschi



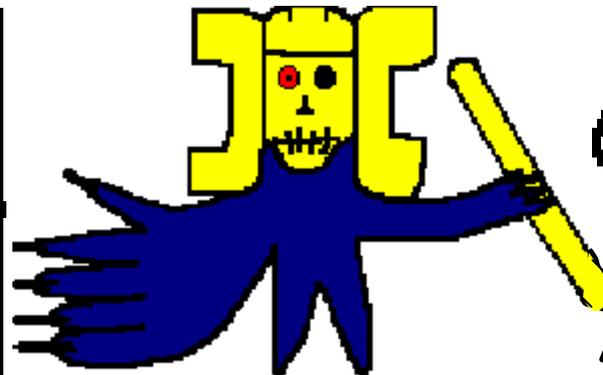
Irrengucker



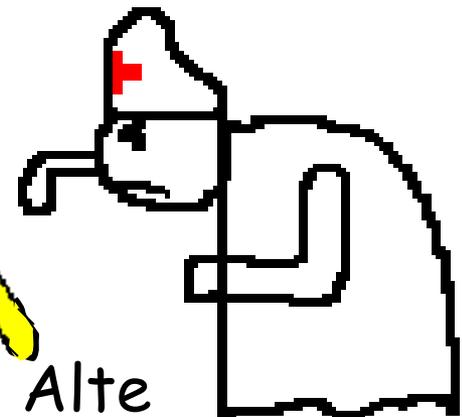
Herr Knochen



Skelettor



Monstermix



Alte
Trottelkranken-
schwester