

Monkey Stamp Comics Presents:
Issue 10 6/1/2008

Old Guy Super Hero

Kat Krap
The NoZone
The trip home
Dadtassterfy

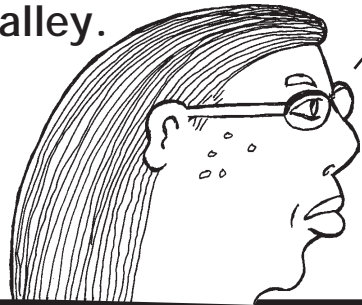


By Robert Joy

Cost: \$5.00/Monthly Issue

The Old Guy: Kat Crap!

What a cheap bunch of Kat Krap! You cats are just a bunch of phonies and I fell for your little tricks like a complete idiot, but no more. I'm taking back my cab money and I'm taking a cut of the loot I found in the alley.



This one is not like the others Pom Pom.



I'm heading down town to have myself a vacation. No more of this Way of the Cat Crap!



Master Meoworamadama Megakatmainoia warned us that you were a super hero, but Pom Pom thought you looked like a chump, so we decided to play the game on you. We were wrong! Please don't go back and blab on us to the Master. He will cast us out of the order of the Kat. We will have to go back to the Alley!



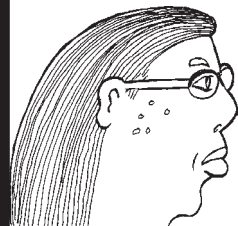
Hey! This operation is Kat History unless I see C-note in my mail once a month. Just miss one payment and you can kiss the good life goodbye!



And by the way... Where can I get a good hot dog in this town?



Juat walk a couple of blocks East of here and you'll come to Central Park. Cross over to the other side on the mid-town bus and there is this guy with a cart right in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and he had the best in the business. Pom Pom and I raid his trash at least once a week.

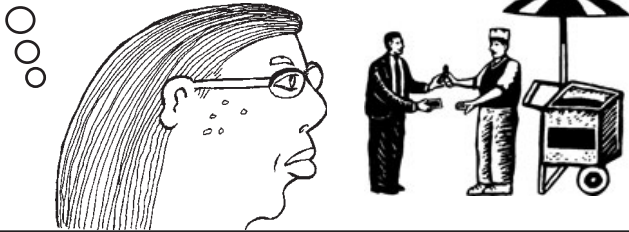


Thanks! And one more thing! The dude in 4-F doesn't have a TV, so stop sending him notes for him to turn it down.

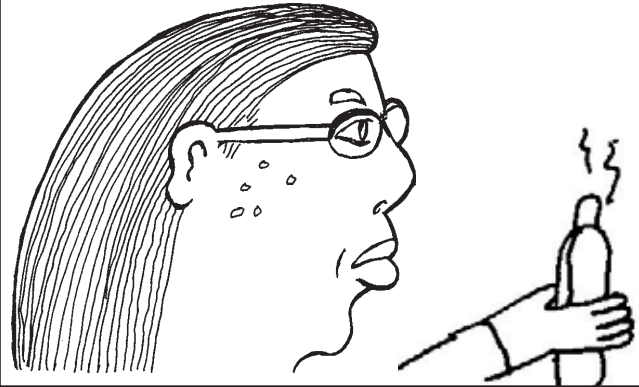


The Old Guy: The NoZone!

It really felt good to let that big burner out just as I left their apartment. Just a little reminder not to mess with a super hero! Now, that must be the hot dog place.



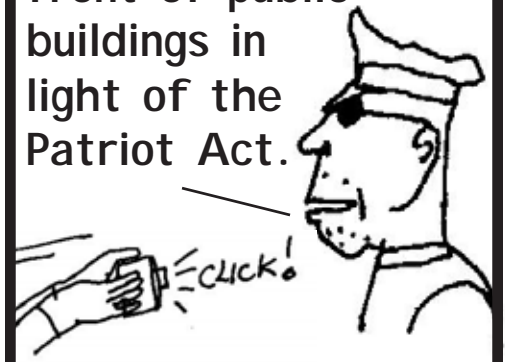
Food of the Gods!



Metropolitan Museum of Art. Is that a statue of Teddy Roosevelt adorning the front steps? Look what those pigeons are doing to him!



I'm sorry sir, but it is forbidden to take photographs of the front of public buildings in light of the Patriot Act.



Crap!



Can I take photographs inside the gallery?



You may under the strict guidelines outlined on pages 175 thru 193 of the Patriot Act. You may send for a copy and receive it in about two months after an FBI and CIA sweep of your records.



What if I take the photograph when you're not looking?



That would be considered an act of terror; and if apprehended, you would be subject to rendition, sent to a foreign nation to be tortured, questioned and incarcerated for an undetermined period of time not subject to any judicial or civil rights. I know because I had to turn in my brother for the same act of terror.



What if you don't catch me?



We catch everyone, old dude. We have cameras everywhere and we watch everyone very carefully. We pick up every thousandth person with a camera just for the hell of it. If you think you can out smart the United States Intelligence Service... then I say, go for it!"



Later that afternoon



The Empire State Building! That, I'm going to get a picture of... Crap! There's that cop. He's following me.



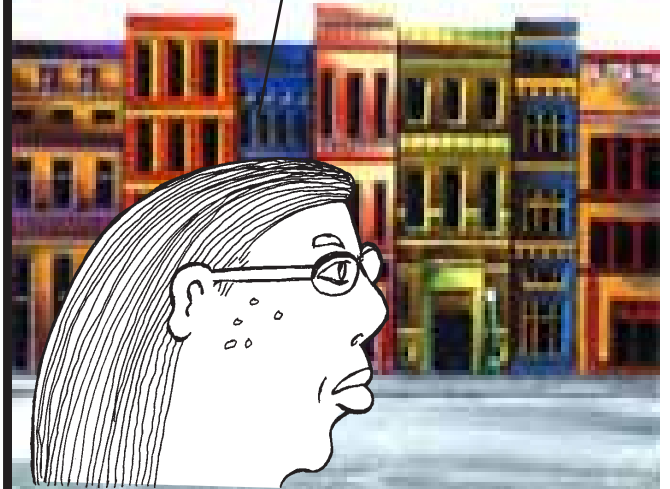
Crap! He's in front of the UN!



Crap! He's at the Statue of Liberty!



Lost him!



So far... this whole town sucks. Now I'm lost!



Kind sir... would you be so kind to direct me to the nearest corner with a street sign, so that I might find my way back to 94th Street. I am lost.



I too am lost, but I did it on purpose. Hi! My name is Daily.



Hi, Mr. Daily. I seem to be really lost, because I was inside New York trying to get away from this cop who didn't want me to take pictures and now I'm in this place without street signs or anything. I don't think I'm in Manhattan any longer.



It's not Mr. Daily. It's Daily Lama. Mr. Daily Lama and no relationship to the dude in Taiwan or Tibolo or where ever it is.



Hello. I go by the name of Ambros Demiritus Offlinger, Esq., but you can call me bob with a small 'b.' I have come to the Big Apple with instructions from Master Meoworamadama Megakatmainoia to learn the way of the cat, but so far I haven't learned shit!



You are just frustrated, my son. The way of the Kat is a very difficult journey, but as you see it has brought you to where you needed to be.



You know of the way of the Kat? How do you know about some alley cat living under a bridge at Dartmouth, KS?



Dartmouth is the center of the Vortex. I trust you've noticed the vast amounts of rusted, smashed and flattened bottle caps scattered about the area. I trust you have spoken to the the great Master Meoworamadama Megakatmainoia and he has instructed you to come to the NoZone for further instruction? Once I am able to leave the NoZone, I am going to the Vortex.



Crap!



Well... Okay, just point to the nearest subway entrance and I'll figure it out from there.



You do not wish to continue in the way of the Kat? I am confused with your attitude?



Listen to me Mr. Lama. This Kat stuff is just a bunch of old litter. It's all just a bunch of phoney Voo doo. It's just a way for cats to get rich off the labor of humans.



You think so!
Huh? Well watch this!

Meow!



Poof!

What do you think of them apples, bob? Turning New York on its head is just one of the beginner powers in the way of the Kat.



Poof!

Meow! ... And... back to NoZone!

I'm impressed. I could use a power like that back in Great Bend, Kansas.



Well it's not as effective as it looks. Most New Yorkers don't even notice they're upside down, but they do lose all the change out of their pockets and the homeless get it off the sidewalks and spend it on cheap wine.



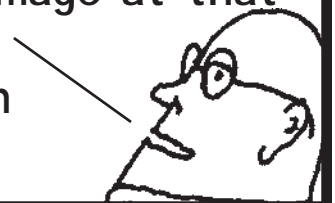
I have noticed that you have noticed there are no street signs or the appearance of buildings or streets or people about you and yet you think you are still in the city?



You have noticed correctly!



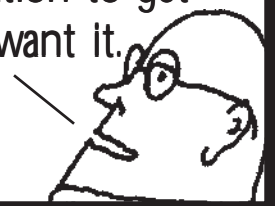
You are in NoZone. It is a section of the city where things seem to disappear. It is the result of too many glass sided buildings being constructed in the same area. One building reflects off the other so many times the image is blurred into oblivion. One must be standing in exactly the right place to enter the NoZone. It is like the place in the human eye where the optic nerve attaches to the back of the eyeball and there is no image at that place. A blind spot. I am here, because I live off of people who accidentally slip in and I charge them ten bucks to get out. I need to break the habit.

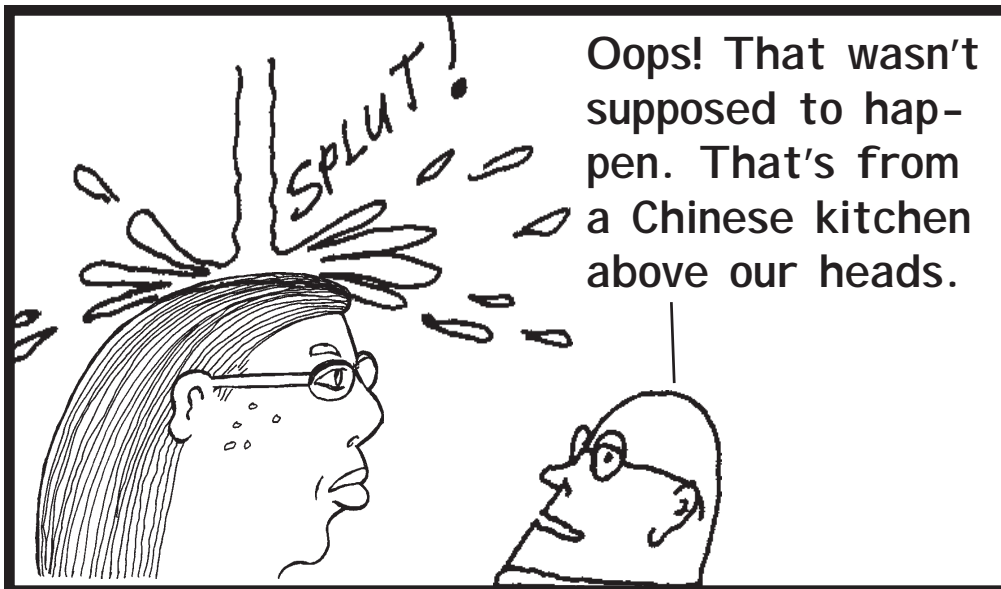


The turning the city upside down is just a NoZone illusion also! I knew the way of the Kat was just smoke and mirrors. I need to find a real Guru.

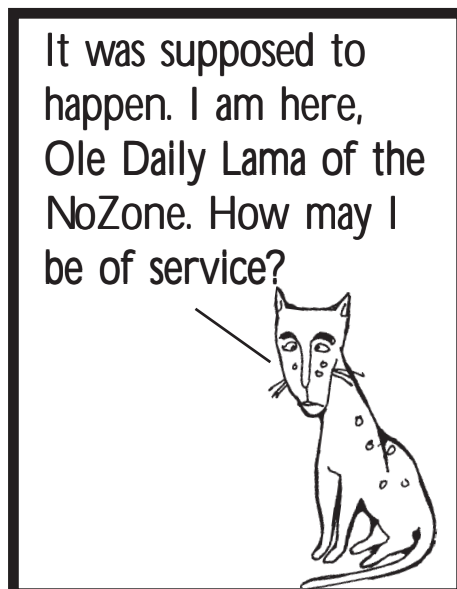


Oh! Ye of little faith... You have much to learn. "Oh, Master Meoworamadama Megakatmainoia come forth and prove to this unworthy grasshopper that the way of the Kat is more than a simple meow to get food in a bowl. More than a manipulation to get what one wants when they want it.

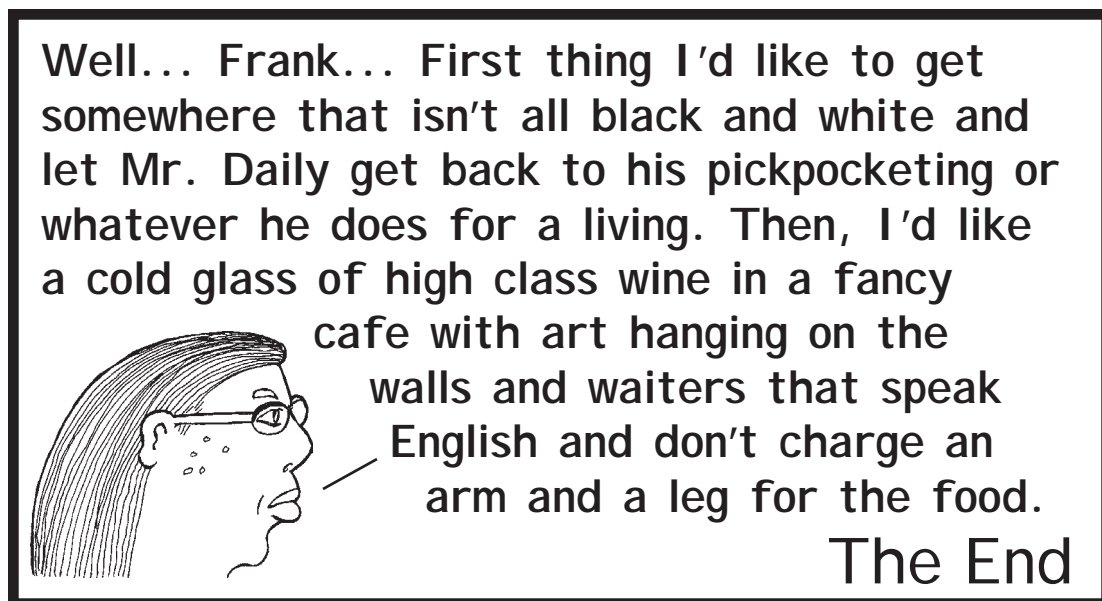
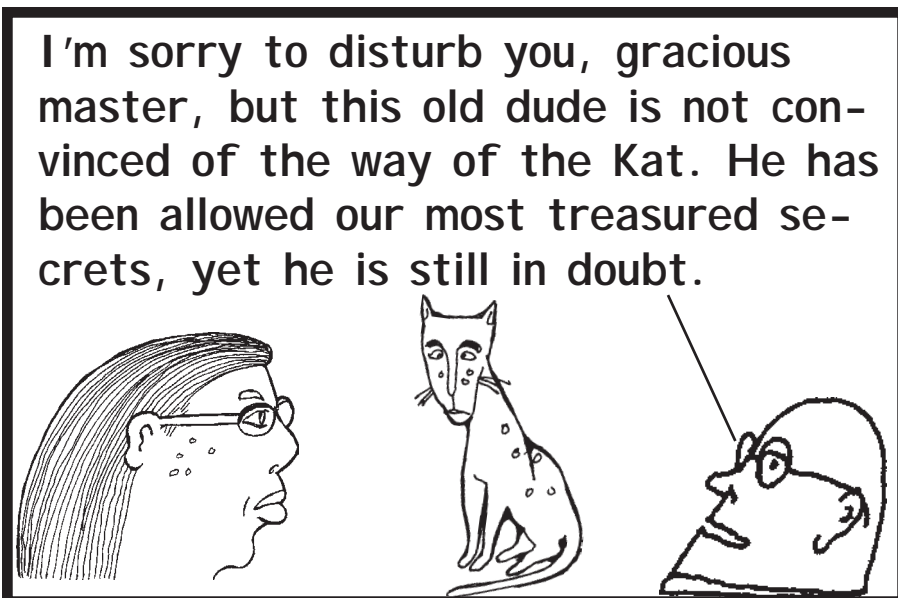
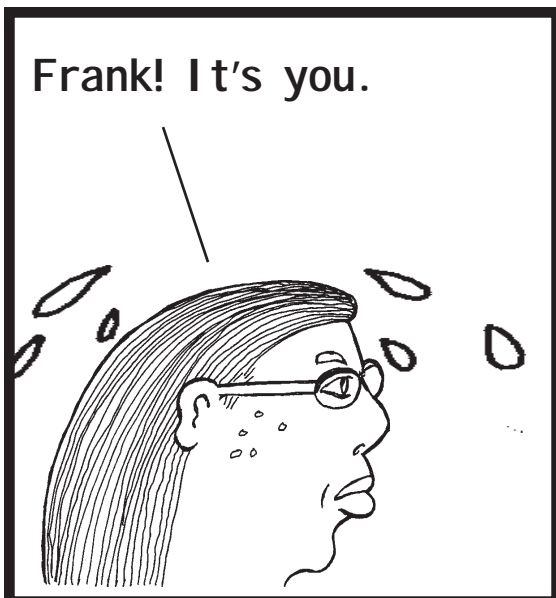




Oops! That wasn't supposed to happen. That's from a Chinese kitchen above our heads.

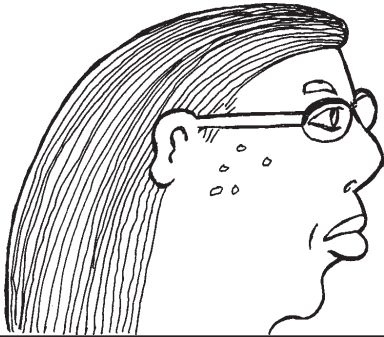


It was supposed to happen. I am here, Ole Daily Lama of the NoZone. How may I be of service?



The Old Guy: *La Vin Moo*

Your needs are simple and obtainable. You have learned much in a short time. Mr. Daily Lama.. you are condemned to seven more years in the NoZone for failure to notice brilliance.



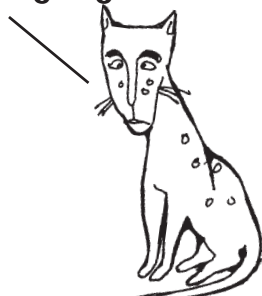
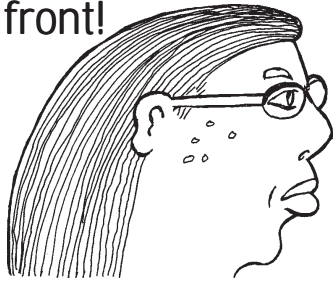
Please Master...
Not seven more
years in the
NoZone!



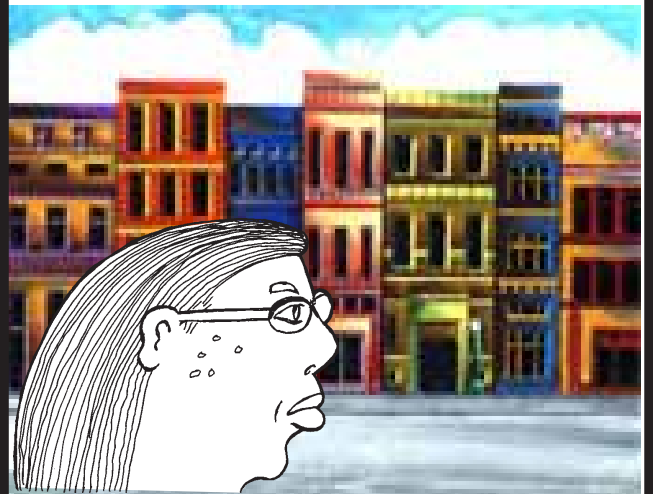
Away with you and
speak of it no more!



I know of a place just outside the NoZone. It sells the finest of Moo at a fair price and the table service is the best in town. It is called, "La Vin Moo!" Turn around, take one step and you will be standing right out front!



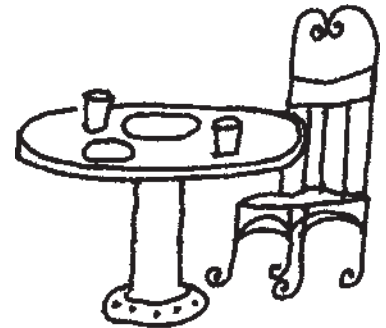
One step later:

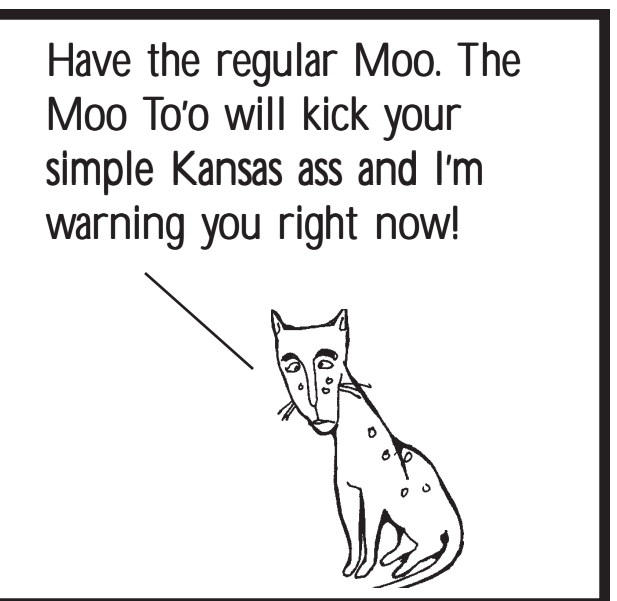
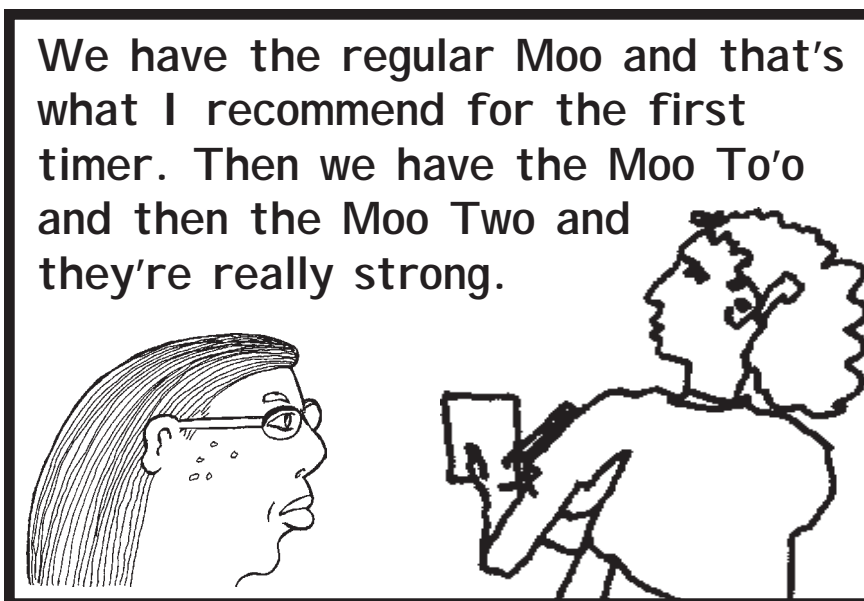
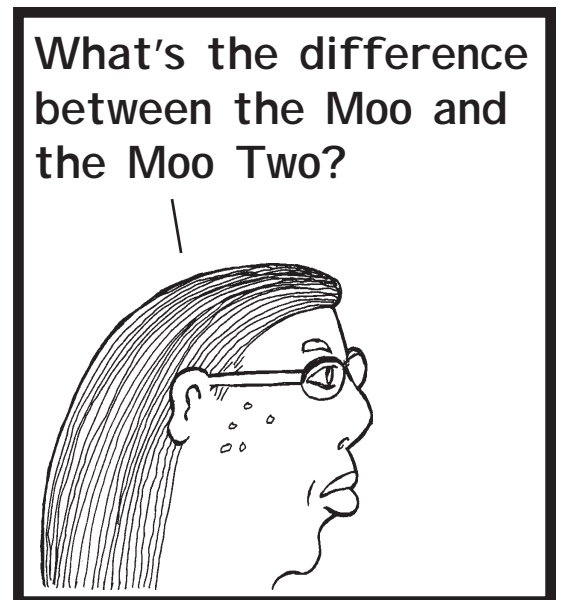
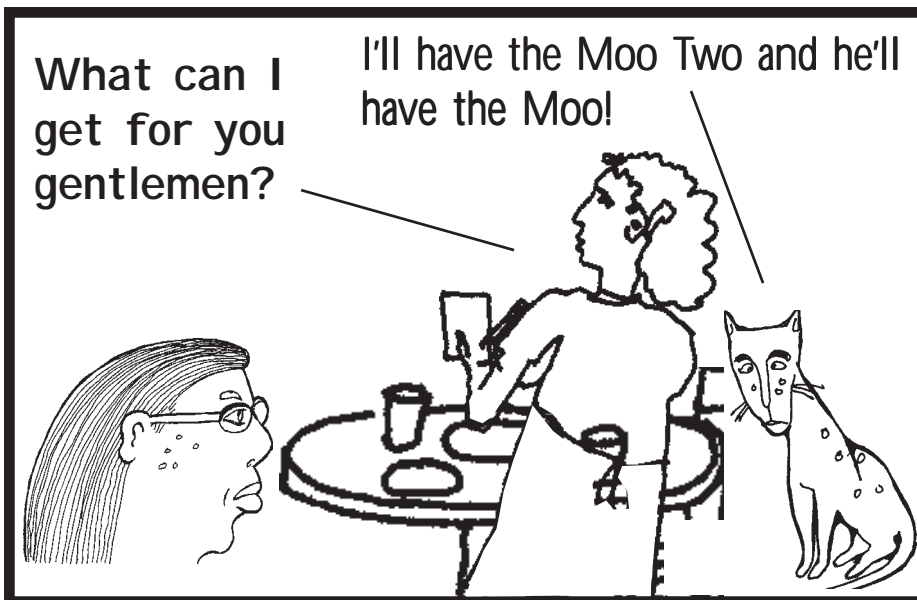
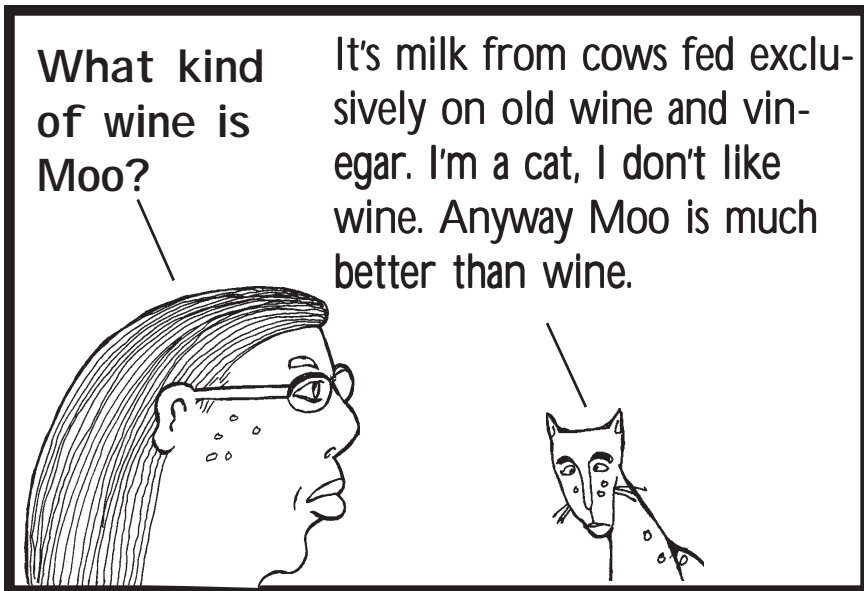


La Vin Moo



I think you will like this place. The Moo is good. The food is fair and the service is the best. They have a clerk who used to live near the Dartmouth Bridge back home!





Hey! Wow! I'm from Kansas! Where are you from in Kansas? Hey! I know you... You're the Old guy. Don't you recognize me. It's me, Alexis from Great Bend!



Wow... I had no idea you were in town. I've seen the Kat Master, Meoworamadama Megakatmainoia for like a year now, but like..I've never really Meowed with him much.



I'm in town for a couple of days. Hey cat Meoworamadama ...this is my old friend Alexis from good ole GB. I used to take ballet lessons in her mother's tap dance class. I didn't like black clothing they had to wear during performances so I switched to ballet, because the tutus were cute and I always had a thing for pink.



I like, ran away from home to come to New York to start a career in preparing Moo, and so here I am!



I always thought you were going to become a great tap dance instructor following in the foot steps of your multi-talented Mother! I thought you studied in Paris to become Master of the soft shoe.



I rebelled and mother, bless her heart, just covered for my actions. I actually went to Paris to study Moo from the Moo Master Marcelle Bove de Hoove'.



After my two year apprenticeship that more resembled a stint in commercial slavery, I graduated and become white-belt Moo Master. I then applied for a job with the Prestigious and highly sought after Moo Cafe' Olat'e here in New York and I was hired...and so I moved here, got a fine apartment on the upper east side and after one week on the job I was fired by the new manager that thought I was too young and inexperienced to become a Moo Master. Well... to be truthful, I was fired after I tap danced on his head after knocking him to the floor.



Wow... What a story. What did you do then?



I ran from the Moo Cafe' Olat'e with tear filled eyes. I ran for blocks not knowing what I should do. I couldn't call home and admit my failure. I'd already hurt my parents enough and I just couldn't face all the "I told you so's", so I kept on running until I got lost. I found myself in the NoZone.



There in the NoZone I met this little man named Daily Lama and he took me under his wing and taught me to make a living off of the tips I'd earn in a regular mundane job.

I said to myself... "I can do this myself and I don't need any fancie-smancy highflutt'in job like I had over at the Moo Cafe to make a go of it here in New York."

I now have a date to be on the David Letterman Show and I have an appointment with both Rachael Ray and Martha Stewart to go on the air and talk about how I exist off the tips given by customers of Moo.



I guess in that case, I'll have a double To'o Moo and mix up one for the cat master. Give me the check.



Give me a single Moo Two. That's all I can handle.



Well... I guess then, this is your own little place... Nice!



Hey! Alexis... What's-a-ta-matter. The Moo; she don't sella herself. You get'ta no tip if you don'ta sella no Moo. Hey...



What'sa going on? No animals allowed in the La Vin Moo!.... aaaa! I'm sorry Mr. Meoworamadama Megakatmainoia. I didn't realize it was you over there!



Mr. Daily! My good man. I can see the NoZone wasn't a good enough place for you. I now have the perfect spot for you and that fake Itallian accent of yours.



Alexis, as of this moment you are the owner the La Vin Moo! I will make out all the paper work, pay the taxes and settle the odds and ends with the city establishment. Mr. Lama will now be your exclusive employee for tip wages only. I will show you the power to flip him up-side-down if he gives you any problems. He will live in the NoZone.

Please Mr. Kat... Not this... Not this!



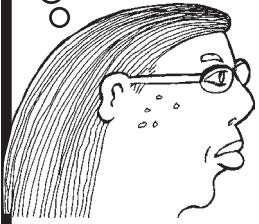
How about that Moo we came in for? The service in this joint is terrible! Move it son or I'll be leaving no tip.



The End

The Old Guy: The trip home.

It's been two days and Meoworamadama Megakatmainoia has gone back to his bridge at Dartmouth. I've almost recovered from that double Moo Too I shouldn't have ordered and drank down in one giant swig. The Kats over on 94th street have deposited the agreed on amount into my checking account and I get a lifetime cup of Moo from La Cafe' Moo whenever I come to town.



Time to head for home.

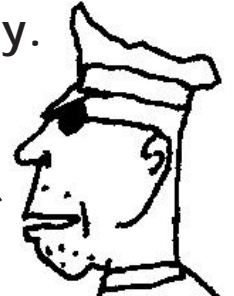


At the Airport:

Well, well, well! Look who we have here. Mr. Photograph himself. The smartass who thinks he can out smart the law.



I guess it would be my duty to see to it, a terrorist didn't sneak any photographs out of our fair city. Wouldn't it now?

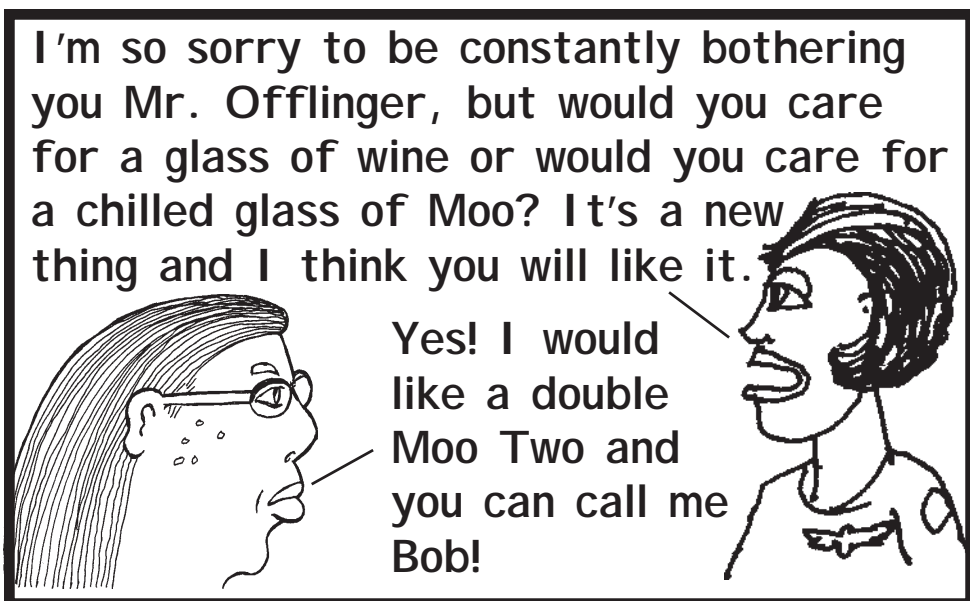
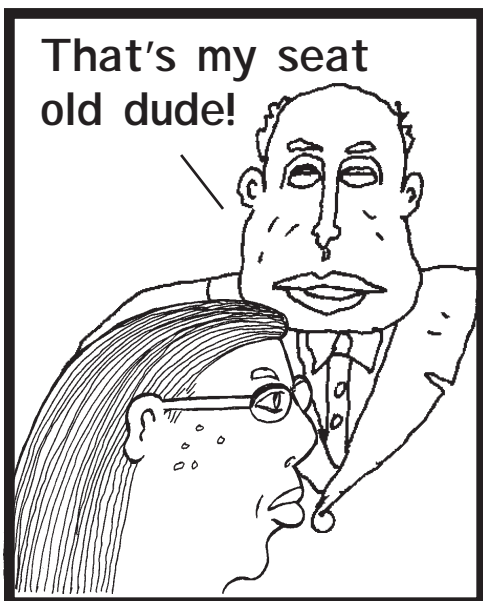
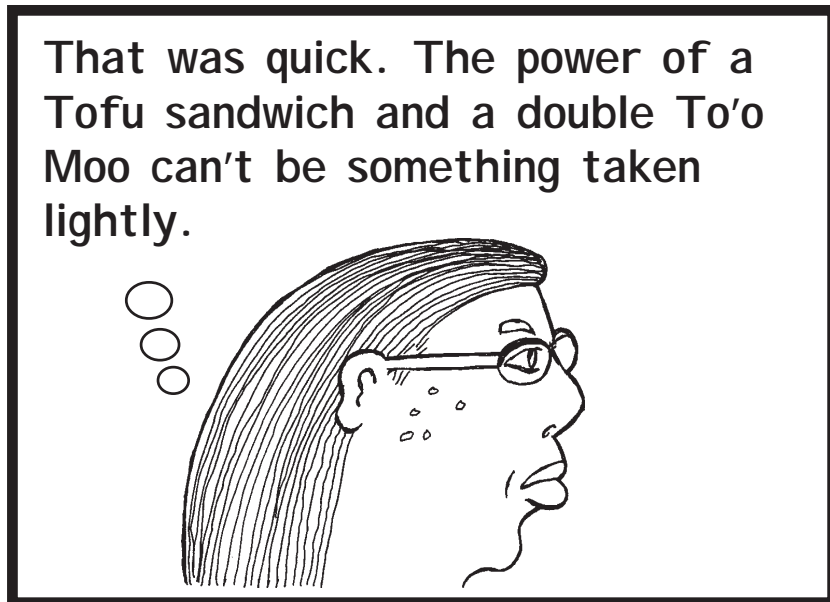


You know the drill. Step behind the curtain and take'm off right down to the skin.



It is my duty as a Super Hero to inform any and all uninformed persons the consequences of messing with the official comings and goings of said Super Hero. I am on official as we speak. Cease this action!





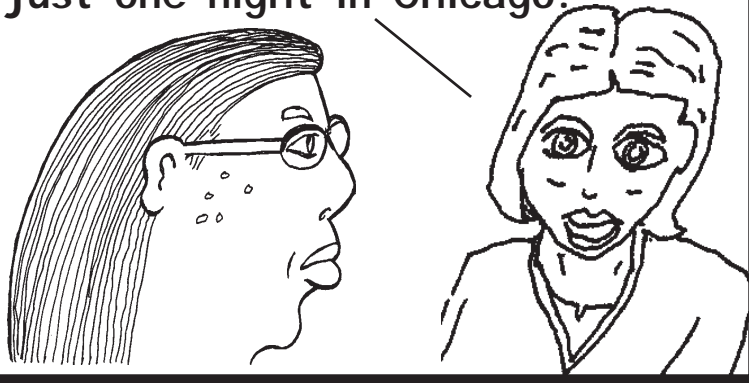
It's me, Britney! Remember flying with me a week ago on the way to Chicago.



Just a few minutes ago I thought they were going to set this giant lard ass beside me. Jet Blue messed up his seating and they almost put him here in first Class.



I hope your stay in New York was as good as mine. I decided to come on to the city after just one night in Chicago.



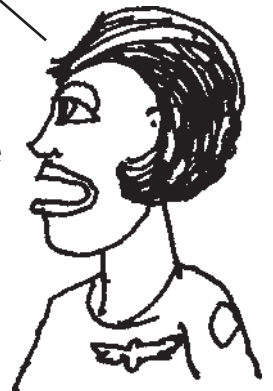
My trip was very rewarding. I pulled in sixteen thousand dollars plus change ...and I do remember you. Your hair is different and I like it and you look happy.



I have your fresh chilled glass of Moo Two, Bob! Oh yes, Miss Spears, would you care for a fresh glass of Moo. It's a wonderful new drink from Italy.



Thank you for offering, but no thanks. I no longer drink or take drugs of any kind.



I'm sorry, but she just called you Bob... and I didn't even ask if I could sit here with you!



My name is Bob, but I use a cover name when I'm on duty. I'm officially off at the moment...and yes

you may stay as long as you wish. I must warn you that I am a super Hero.



... and I want you to remain completely calm while I go back on duty for just one instant. Please excuse my foot.



Okay... no one move... this is a hijacking! I am a member...



...of the church of the yesterday saints.. And this is in retaliation for...



Now, where were we? You can call me Bob again. I'm off duty again.

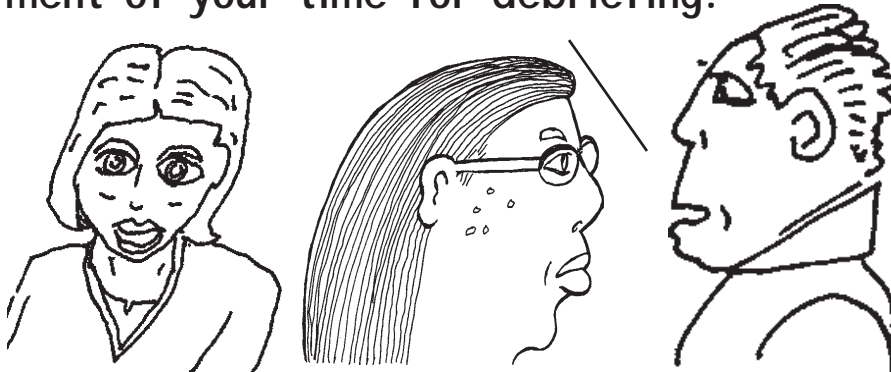


Oh my god, that was the most horrifying moment I've ever experienced in my life. You saved all our lives, Bob. How did you know what to do?



It is my duty as a super hero to be on the alert at all times. I could see he forgot to retie his shoe when he removed it to take out the knife he was holding. I simply stepped on it as he passed. Things will be back to normal in one more moment after I get him tied up with his other shoe string. These idiots are all so stupid.

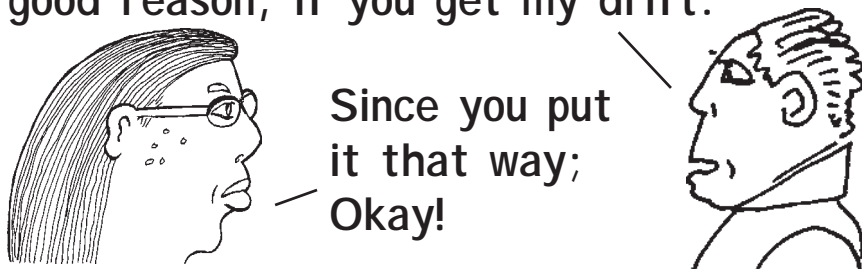
The flight attendant says your name is Offlinger. I am the Air Marshall assigned to this flight. I will need a moment of your time for debriefing.



You can see I'm with a young lady at the moment. I will do so at my convenience.



I am sorry, sir, but if you do not come at my orders, I will be forced to send for the rest of my sleeping companions to wrestle you to the floor of the plane. They do not like being awoken for no good reason, if you get my drift.



Since you put it that way;
Okay!

Britney, hold that thought. This won't take long.



Wow... Bob. That didn't take long at all. What did you tell them?



I told them they better hold their noses, but they didn't listen to me, like I expected they wouldn't.



I'm sure glad you don't drink. One Moo drinker on this flight is enough...



Well, tell me about your trip to New York. What happened that made you so happy.



Well... My agent called me in Chicago and said I should go to New York and be on the Letterman Show. He claimed it would be good for me to get more exposure. Well... I'm not so stupid to believe Dave Letterman would be nice on the air, so I told them NO! In fact I got a personal call from Letterman himself, asking me why not and I told him he could go take a flying leap... and Bob... you have no idea how good that felt.



Then I called Kevin and told him the same thing. I told him that I was going off to a wonderful Hermitage in Cortaro, Arizona near Tucson to find some peace and quiet and to get in touch with god. I told him I was going to start getting my life back in order. I've heard this Desert Hermitage is the best and it's the most wonderful life-changing atmosphere in the whole country. I told Kevin to have a good time for now, but be ready when I come back, because he's going to have a handful to deal with.



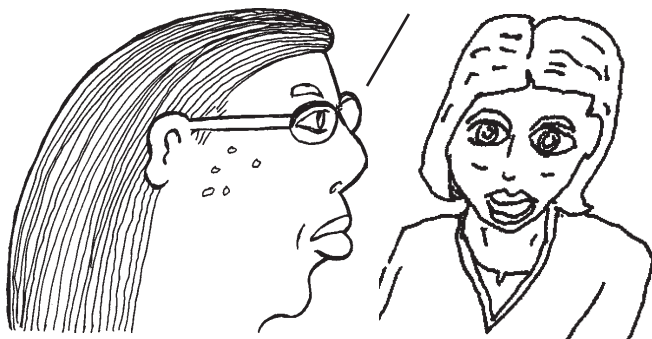
I've been talking to my children on the phone and they still love me and that's all that matters. Someday we will all be together again.



Please excuse me, Bob, but all the coach passengers would love to have a personal autograph. Would you please give them a few at a time?



Well... I really didn't do anything to deserve such an honor. I only performed my duty as a super hero and no more.



You saved all our lives. that's all!



I want one too!



The End

The Old Guy: Dadtassterfy!

The next day back in Great Bend.

That's the whole story just as it happened. Britney promised to write me a letter once a week from now on. It



can't get any better than that! It sure is nice to be back and outside in the sunshine of Kansas.

I sure hope you're finished, so the wind can die down and maybe we can all take a breath.

You don't really expect me to believe any of that, do you?



Well....
Yes!



Which part? Britney Spears or the bullshit about sitting in First Class?



Both! ...
All of it!



Well... Mr. Boob! What if I told you that while you were away in New York City playing tootsie with Britney Spears... A seventy year old man, that isn't my father, has been coming in here without any pants on? So... don't come in here with a bunch of super hero stories if you can't top what goes on right here in Great Neck Kansas.



So...?



Worst part... Boob, is it's happened before and the possibility of it re-occurring is at about a three thousand percent level. And it's someone I know and it's so disgusting and pathetic.



The next time it happens, just ignore it. It's obvious the old fart just wants some attention. When you react... he gets what he wants... a reaction.



Gee whiz Boob... A pat answer from the guy with all the pat answers. I have a real problem for the big Super Hero to solve and what do I get for my efforts? Well, Mr. Super Hero... Take a



look over my shoulder and behind me you will see the naked guy coming in this direction. I hope for both our sakes you've had a big glass of Moo for breakfast.

I am required to inform you, as a super hero, am completely helpless in this situation. I am afraid even a double Moo two couldn't stop this from going down. What we have here is a failure to communicate on any rational level. All that any sane person would do at this point is to run like hell and hope the old fart falls down and breaks his wing wang on the sidewalk.



Remember this... only in this situation will I admit you make complete sense...

Run!

The End

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Published by:
Monkey-Stamp Publishing Company
Ellinwood, KS 67526

